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MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

MAY, 1839.

From the Edinburgh Review.

PUBLIC CHARACTERS IN THE REIGNS OF GEORGE III. AND IV.

The Biographical Treasury: containing Memoirs, Sketches, or Brief Notices of the Lives of Eminent Persons. 8vo. London: 1839.

We have upon two former occasions walked through the mighty gallery of Portraits which the reigns of the last two Georges furnished out. The figures which we there contemplated were, for the most part, those of the greater men of their age;—men whose genius has raised or adorned their country, and whose superiority, not merely to the bulk of mankind, but to the men whose names sound in the mouths of the multitude, is at once confessed as soon as they are mentioned. History, however, performs but half her office, nor perhaps the most useful portion of it, if she commemorates only those lights of the world, and preserves no lineaments of men whose place is less ambitious, whose merits are more unpretending, but whose virtues, for that very reason, are the more easily emulated, and thus may produce a wider and more salutary influence upon the fortunes of future times. The habit of looking down upon useful mediocrity is not founded in any reason, and is apt to produce hurtful consequences. It is fitting, no doubt, that the oratorical efforts of a Fox, a Pitt, a Burke, be held up to admiration—that the ancient virtue and brilliant talents of a Romilly should be handed down to posterity—and that other ages, as well as his own, should know how justice was distributed by Mansfield, as well as what thunders from Chatham shook the senate and awed the meaner natures of grovelling contemporaries. Justice to those great men, is thus consulted, while the natural curiosity of mankind is gratified by the exhibition of their genius; but although the spectacle may kindle in a few congenial minds the desire of emulating their renown, the wonder which it is calculated to excite is all the effect that it can produce upon the great bulk of mankind. They will find it more permanently useful to have displayed before them merits of a less unapproachable elevation—to have their eyes pointed towards heights of excellence, the ascent to which may seem a less hopeless task. An incident which actually happened may illustrate this position:—A young person of good capacity, and who had laboured hard to acquire the knowledge and the habits of composition which oratory requires, and was entering upon a profession where it is to a certain degree essential, never having been present at any display of debating powers, was taken by a friend to witness a great and, as it proved, a very successful exhibition of practised eloquence upon a subject of extraordinary interest. He came away as soon as the speech was closed, and thus addressed his adviser: 'I give the whole thing up. This is quite out of the question—for I cannot even form any notion how such things are done.' Had he heard a good third-rate speaker, he would not, in all probability, have arrived at the position in which Gibbon found himself, when the bad speakers filled him with terror, and the great ones with despair.

There is only one consideration which makes us hesitate about making this addition to our Gallery. The dislike of mediocrity is great in proportion as the contempt, or affected contempt, for it is universal. The giddy multitude, composing the great vulgar rather than the more natural and rational class of the little vulgar, seem to think that they raise themselves by adopting an extravagant standard of excellence which they use to measure men's pretensions to fame, and consider that, by despising many whom they never can even approach, they exalt themselves to the higher levels of merit. With this insignificant rabble, virtue is its own reward: a strictly honest man in public life passes for little if he be of a middling genius, and have not the faculty of making his name much heard in the world. Hence we are apprehensive that the being ranked in this our second list, will mortify the friends of the parties, when we are sure it would not have offended themselves. But, beside this general censure which we have given to such fancies, we may remark, that some will also find their places here whose excellence is of the very highest order;—men who would have infallibly shone amongst the brightest lights of their age, had not their pursuits accidentally led them into the lines of exertion which do not conduct to the pinnacles of fame. It is also to be observed that accidentally some have been omitted in the former series of sketches, to whom we must now render a tardy justice; while some have found their places in that series who can in no respect be deemed to have pretensions above the ordinary run of those whom we are about to describe, and very inferior to some of them. The one with whom we shall begin is an example, and we purposely pitch on it for the first sketch.

Mr. Justice Holroyd was one of the most able, most learned, and most virtuous men that ever in any age adorned the profession of the Law. Endowed with feeble spirits, and having never cultivated the gifts of fancy, and probably not possessing any range of imagination, he chose for his study the severer branches of forensic exertion; and by assiduous labour long bestowed upon that dry study, became possessed of all the knowledge of our jurisprudence which industry can acquire, and the greatest natural sagacity marshal. Until the Practice is added to the Study of the law, the most diligent student cannot be said to have made himself a good lawyer; nor can he even ascertain whether or not he is destined ever to attain that eminence. After he began to plead below the bar, which is the particular branch of the profession that tends more directly than any other to unfold and to improve the faculties leading to this most desirable station, he soon became known for the conscientious application of his powers and his knowledge to the business he was entrusted with; and both his pupils benefitted largely by his instructions, and his clients were comforted with a full and ready assistance in all their difficulties. When he had attained considerable reputation in this walk, he entered Westminster Hall; and soon rose to the first eminence upon that great circuit which distributes the streams of justice from the centre of the judicial system, through the vast counties of York and Lancaster, and the four northern provinces.

It was soon found that this distinguished person was far indeed from being a mere special pleader. He possessed a clearness and quickness of apprehension, a vigour and firmness of understanding, a just and becoming confidence in his own opinion, that shone through his natural modesty—a modesty singularly graceful, and allied to a most amiable and gentle nature, which neither the contentions of the forum could roughen, nor the severest of studies harden. To whatever branch of investigation he had devoted his life, in that he would have eminently excelled; and as in the stricter sciences he would have been a great discoverer, so he might be truly said to have a genius for law. His views were profound, and they were original. He saw points in a light that was unexpected and felicitous. But he reasoned, and he decided upon no affected conceits, such as Westminster Hall terms crotchets, or fancies, or whims. His admirable judgment always maintained its sway; and his opinion upon all matters submitted to him was still more remarkable for being sound than his reasonings were for being learned and ingenious. A result of all this great merit, which did more honour to him than to the other branch of his profession, was, that although no one enjoyed so high a legal reputation, few gained their professional income with harder labour. Whenever a difficult and important question arose, Mr. Holroyd's opinion was eagerly sought upon all the cases which grew out of it, or became connected with it; and when ordinary matters of easy solution came into dispute, or where opinions upon questions of course were to be taken in point of form, or where causes were coming into court of which any one could settle the pleadings, or conduct the minor departments of the suit after it came into court, others were selected to perform the easy, every-day, lucrative work; the love of a little patronage operating on the attorney's mind more than a sense of justice. Nothing was more common, therefore, than to see this great lawyer answer eight or ten questions upon the construction of a cramp and obscure will? or the course of action fit to be pursued in seeking for the establishment of complicated rights; or the course of pleading most safe in defending nice positions; while ordinary men were in the same time reaping the golden harvest of ordinary business, presenting no kind of difficulty, and level to the most humble capacity.

In Court, he of course shone less than in Chambers. His figure was low, but his voice was pleasing; until interrupted by an affection of the trachea, which gave him a kind of constant cough for many years, and at last terminated his valuable life. His delivery was, if not striking or commanding, perfectly correct and natural. His style of argument was of the very highest order, although somewhat less venturous in topics than it ought to have been with so great a jurisconsult, or rather steering too near the defined and bold coast of authority. But his language was choice; his order lucid; his argumentation close; his discussion of cases, and his application of them, masterly;—showing an easy familiarity with all principles and all points, whether recondite or of common occurrence; and a profound judgment in weighing differences and resemblances, and tracing analogies and consequences, which was in vain sought for elsewhere. His famous argument in the case of Parliamentary Privilege* is truly a masterpiece. The history of the law is there traced through the stream of cases with a superior hand, while the bearings of all authority in favour of the argument are given, with a felicity only equalled by the dexterity with which the adverse cases are got rid of, and their force dissipated. The taste, withal, considering the exciting nature of the subject, is throughout severely chaste; nor can the most fastidious critic descry a spot whereon to fix for blame; while the most zealous enemy of Parliamentary oppression cannot find any ground for complaint in the strenuous exertions of the advocate. Arguments like these at once control the judge, as if they came from a higher authority; edify the party in whose cause they are urged; diffuse the useful light of information among the profession; and conserve pure and untainted the most refined taste in composition.

Although the habits of this illustrious lawyer did not often place him, and never voluntarily, in the position of a leader, it yet would occasionally happen that he might conduct some cause of importance before a jury; and then his admirable judgment, ready knowledge of his subject, and all its legal relations, correct taste, and inimitable suavity of temper, united all voices in his praise. His arrangement of the subject, and his diction, were alike perfect; what he wanted in the vigour of declamation, to which he made no pretension, was amply supplied by the combined force of his reasoning and by his luminous statement of facts; nor was he ever engaged in causes which demanded resources of wit or of pathos, the only portions of the rhetorical art to which he neither laid any claim, nor could find substitutes in his own proper stores.

In his conduct at the bar, whether at consultation or in court, whether as a leader or a junior and pleader, he was perfect. No man was more respectful to his leaders when a junior; none less assuming when he led. But though never wanting in courtesy, whichever station he filled, he never failed firmly to assert his own opinion, whether as to the law of the case or the discretion of conducting it, when he had a leader; nor to act with the entire resolution that belonged to his responsible position when he led himself. In every instance, however, the cause and the client were observed to be his sole object. To advance them was always his aim; to put himself forward, never. The most happy illustrations, the most sound legal topics, were suggested by him quietly, almost secretly, to his leader; from whose far less learned lips came forth, as if they had been his own, the sense of Mr. Holroyd; who, so far from giving the least indication of the sources whence the point had come, only said a word in its support when absolute necessity required.

Having long adorned the bar, he was raised to the bench, chiefly, it was believed, through the exertions of Lord Ellenborough, who had known him intimately, and had always felt for him unbounded respect and esteem. As a Judge, he fully sustained the high character which he carried with him from the forum. When he sat at *Nisi Prius*, it was delightful to see the familiar ease with which he handled all points that could be made before him, come they ever so unexpectedly upon him, or be they ever so much out of the every-day course of business. The manner, too, in which he dealt with them attracted especial admiration. 'Sir,' said Mr. Sergeant Hullock, captivated with this, 'he is like one of the old men, the great fountains of our law.'—'But with a good sense and a just taste, rather belonging to our age than to theirs,' —was the proper and correct addition of one to whom the Sergeant's remark had been addressed. The only defect which any one could charge on his judicial performances, was that from which it is so difficult for any one to be free who has been raised to the bench from behind the bar, and without the experience of leading causes. He cannot well take the larger and more commanding view of cases, which the leader naturally adopts, and to which he confines himself rather than to details. Hence, at least before experience of trying many causes has lent such lawyers expertness, they feel some difficulty in grappling with large and complicated cases; are apt to lose themselves in particulars; and are found unable to dispose of more than a very limited number of causes, however well they may try those which they are able to dispatch. To this remark Mr. Justice Holroyd formed no exception. While no man tried a great case better, few so well, he would suffer a heavy cause paper to fall into arrear, from not apportioning his labour justly amongst the more important and more trivial matters. Indeed, except Lord Tenterden, and one or two of the later judges raised to the bench before the habits of the pleader had been formed, there are hardly to be found any exceptions to the rule which we have stated, as deduced from long experience of the profession.

Than this eminent and excellent person, no man was more beloved in private life, or could be more justly prized in all its relations. Of the strictest integrity, of unsullied professional honour, of the most sweet and equal temper, whether amidst the cares of private life (nor was he unacquainted with both its sorrows and difficulties), or in the discharge of his public duties as a magistrate, exposed to the wranglings of the bar, or in the part which he so long took as an advocate among all the contentions of the forum, his good-humour was constant and unruffled; so much so, that it seemed to cost him no effort at all either to exercise unwearied patience on the bench, or to command his suavity of temper at the bar. Of his valuable arguments, and of his learned and luminous judgments, the monuments remain in the 'Term Reports' for the last thirty years of his life; of his eminently expressive countenance, at once sagacious, thoughtful, and mild, a likeness remains in Reynolds' portrait and print. It is only speaking the sense of all Westminster Hall, to add, that, as his loss was deeply felt by the profession, so it will be very long indeed, in all probability, before such a great luminary of the law shall arise to shed a light over its dark precincts, and to exalt the glory of the bar.

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* See Burdett v. Abbot, East, 14.

Contemporary with this great lawyer, and for many years his associate upon the Northern Circuits, and afterwards for nearly as long his brother upon the bench, was the late Mr. Justice Park, a Scotchman by birth, but who early in life settled in England, where he was called, when young, to the bar, formed his connexions, and spent his whole life. His diligence as a student having attracted the regards of Lord Mansfield, his natural kindness, and his national regard for Scotchmen, made him patronize the candidate for practice; and, under his encouragement, he wrote a useful book upon the law of Marine Insurance—a subject on which at that time some such work was not a little wanted both by mercantile and by legal men. This task he performed very respectably; and perhaps the success of the work, and the consequent rise into professional notice of its author, were not impeded by its plainness and want of all pretension, except to explain the subject, and record the points fixed by authority—claiming no praise for originality or profoundness of views, or for any very acute line of remark, either upon the cases or the principles. The same unambitious character marked the author's professional exertions; distinguished him on all occasions from those who affected loftier flights, and attempted the more difficult paths of the ascent; and contributed eminently to the favour which he soon gained and long enjoyed amongst the body of clients.

The plan of writing a Law-Book, as it seems one of the most natural, so it is found to be among the most certain means which an unemployed barrister can take to make himself known, and obtain the emoluments of his profession. After he shall have studied the various departments of our jurisprudence generally, it seems an easy transition to fix his attention upon some one subject which has never been fully illustrated; or never accurately discussed in any separate work; or which has only been handled in books of former days—books which the changes in the law, and the multitude of more recent decisions in the courts, have now made out of date, and comparatively useless either to the student or the practitioner. Time at this period of a professional life is of no value, for the party has no business to occupy it; books are accessible in various ways; the practice of the courts is open to his daily observation; and he can profit by the suggestions and the experience of his brethren; by his intercourse with others both of his own standing and of his seniors;—an intercourse so easy, by the social habits of the English bar, both in town and on circuit, as to prevent any difference of age or professional rank from interposing obstacles to the fullest communication of doubts or difficulties, and the readiest solution of them. It is equally certain that a successful legal work powerfully assists the rise of the writer at the bar. He is known to have studied one subject at least, and to understand that thoroughly. In cases connected with it, he is taken in as a useful helpmate for the leader, whose knowledge of any branch of law is often comparatively scanty or superficial; nay, the author of such a treatise will often be preferred to much abler and even more eminent men, by the ill-judging zeal of attorneys, or added to them somewhat unnecessarily, by their excessive anxiety for the success of the cause. Hence this species of authorship has become, like attendance at sessions, or pleading below the bar, one of the avenues to practice; insomuch that the old saying, 'There be three roads to success in the common law—sessions, pleading, and miracle'—may well be amended by adding a fourth, hardly less certain than either of the first two—authorship. Of circuit we have said nothing; going any but the very smallest circuits being as little attended with certain success as attendance on the Courts of Westminster; and a young barrister, on the Northern, or Western, or Oxford Circuits, being as little likely to obtain briefs if he comes among his ninety competitors for the business done by the remaining ten, unless recommended by pleading connexions, or by sessional practice, or by authorship, as if he took his seat at once on the back rows of the King's Bench or Exchequer.

It thus happens that this Law-book Writing has become a kind of traffic; and has on the part of some dealers been subject to expedients and contrivances incident to other branches of business, and more bluntly than courteously denominated 'tricks of trade.' The choice of a subject is the first matter of important consideration; and herein it is to be observed, that the motives which guide other authors in their preferences, do not much operate in this department of letters. Thus the novelty of the subject is no ground at all of choosing it; on the contrary, it rather is an impediment; because the more new, the less it is connected with matters of frequent occurrence in actual practice. So its difficulty, from the older books and the cases decided in courts being nearly silent upon it, is no ground of preferring any subject. This is, no doubt, a very good reason why some book should be written, because it proves the demand for it; but it is no kind of reason why any given candidate for practice should be the person to supply that demand. For why? His object is not to write a book, but to gain clients, by making himself known as having much studied a particular branch of the law; and business is his object, not book writing, which he only takes as he does his post-horses, to help him on his way to briefs; and unless he shows his knowledge on a subject which is frequently brought into court, he might as well have dead horses, or travel by the stage wagon. Again,—as the book is wholly a secondary, and, as it were, accidental matter in the speculation, it signifies little whether it be very well executed or not, so it be reasonably well done, and without any glaring omissions or errors; for literary fame is no part of the thing sought after,—hardly professional fame,—but only just so much notoriety as may lead to the opportunity of acquiring professional emolument and reputation; and if that can only be obtained through the medium of the authorship, whether the work be a first-rate or very moderate performance, signifies no more than the colour or the pedigree of the horses that shall afterwards take to York the author whom his book has converted into a leader of the Northern Circuit.

It is not very difficult to perceive, that all these circumstances together, derived from the nature and object of this department of literature, have a direct tendency to lower the excellence of the law books which are now given to the profession; and to explain their great inferiority to the older works which we possess, handed down from the lights of other days. Instead of a Littleton, a Coke, a Plowden, a Blackstone, a Fearn, all, except one, men who had attained the heights of their profession before they took upon themselves the office of instructing mankind upon its mysteries, the student now becomes our teacher, and lawyers write law books before they have held half-a-dozen briefs. These books, too, being written to gain practice by pleasing the attorney, rather than to gain fame by pleasing the critic, are far, indeed, from being elaborated with diligence, or from displaying the utmost force of their authors; not to mention that time being of incomparably more value than excellence, the object is rather to bring out a middling performance soon enough, to suit the plan of appearing on a particular circuit at a time certain.

We have said nothing of a yet less creditable practice which has flowed from pursuing the same course. As the object is to make a kind of advertisement of the author, to announce him for a person who has attended much to one branch of the law, if this can be effected without any book at all ever appearing, so much the better; the existence of the book being wholly immaterial, except as tending to notify its author to what is technically termed 'the other branch of the profession.'* Hence many works upon important branches of the law are from time to time advertised as about to be published, which yet never appear. But none of these advertisements are anonymous; the names of the learned authors are affixed in large characters, very legible, on the blue covers of the 'Term Reports' and other books which are wont *volitare per ora* of legal men. It would be more easy than gracious to give specimens of this very humble species of legal book-making, if, indeed, it can with any propriety be so termed—

> If book it might be called which book is none,
> Distinguishable in volume, page, or line,
> Or substance might be called that shadow seemed.

Some men have lived a while on such compositions; their whole authorship being confined to writing four lines of an advertisement, and its direct profits, to the payment of a few pounds for the printing of treatises, of which the conciseness is more remarkable than the honesty.

The work of Mr. Park on 'Marine Insurance' is not exposed to all these observations; although unquestionably it was greatly above his, or any other young and inexperienced hand to undertake so large, important, and, in some respects, difficult a subject. Accordingly his book is at the most respectable; it is by no means an excellent performance; and as for its usefulness, although it is the best we have upon the subject, its appearance has in all probability prevented us from having one more adequate to the exigency and importance of the branch of law which it handles. But though a middling work, it had an eminent success. The subject was admirably well selected; the execution was *par negotio neque supra*, and it soon lifted the author to a certain consideration among practitioners. Having now obtained, by Lord Mansfield's favour, the rank of King's counsel, he joined the Northern Circuit, which at that period offered a favourable opening to his business-like talents. Lee had just left it; Wallace was soon after made Solicitor-General, and quitted it also; Scott, afterwards so famous under the name of Lord Eldon, had already given up the eastern half, and only came to Lancaster; Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, and Cockell, were rising into the lead; and Topping was beginning to make himself known, although he then confined his practice to the circuit, nor had come regularly to Westminster Hall. In a short time Mr. Park obtained a sufficient share of practice to justify his having taken rank, and he soon after began to lead with Cockell, Law, and Chambre. When Law became Attorney-General in 1802, Mr. Park succeeded to the lead, which he retained without a rival, until, in 1815, he was made a puisne judge: for many years, too, he divided that of London and Middlesex with Gibbs and Garrow.

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* The circumlocution of 'the gentleman near me'—'the professional gentleman'—'the respectable gentleman by whom I am instructed'—'the other branch of the profession'—are eminently absurd; and how attorneys themselves should be pleased with them, or otherwise than offended at them, it is hard to conceive. In like manner, 'solicitor' is often used as more grateful to the ear than plain attorney. Not so thought T. Lowton, who, being examined as a witness, when the soft-spoken counsel asked, 'You are a solicitor, sir, I believe,' would answer somewhat gruffly—'No, I am an attorney.' In fact, a solicitor is in Chancery—an attorney in courts of law.

He was a person admirably well qualified for conducting all ordinary business; any thing which required no great display of eloquence—that is to say, the vast bulk of the advocate's multifarious duties. He was no great lawyer, yet possessed abundant knowledge of the common points that occur at *Nisi Prius;* quite enough to become master at consultation with such men as Holroyd, and Richardson, and Littledale, of any thing beyond the matters, chiefly relating to evidence, which occur without notice or the means of preparation; and he had the qualities necessary for taking up at the moment the suggestions of his more learned juniors, in meeting any unexpected objections in court. He had no considerable general knowledge, except that which all men acquire at *Nisi Prius*—the useful knowledge of men; and, accordingly, he was never for an instant above his audience, when he addressed even a country common jury. To eloquence he made slender pretension; but he had an easy flow of plain language, which, if it never rose high, nor even was always very correct, yet never sinned against good taste; while his voice was agreeable, neither low nor loud, and yet not monotonous; and his action singularly easy, natural, and good. Without any wit, or even humour, he would occasionally make the court laugh; and succeeded in casting ridicule upon an adverse cause or hostile witness, by a broad, laughing, staring kind of treatment, rather set off and borne out by his own good-humoured and animated visage accompanying his words, than by any thing in those words themselves which could lay claim to affect the hearers. Of the pathetic he was, if possible, yet less a master; and could no more touch the feelings than arouse the passions, or excite terror by declamation. But, in the stead of eloquence, he had that in which eloquence mainly consists—the power of being, or of seeming to be, himself strongly affected; he was earnest, anxious, agitated; his client was the best and most amiable of men, and the most injured by far;—if plaintiff, injured by the advocates of the defendant's conduct—if defendant, by the unexampled atrocity of an action being absolutely brought against him, and dragging the good and dear man into court. The shadow of a suspicion never could cross the jury's mind, that the shadow of a doubt crossed the advocate's, of his case being the very best and clearest that ever came into a court of justice; and such is the magic of real emotion (for in him it could hardly be said to be put on), that a juror who had smiled during half the harangue, while not yet inclosed in the box, at seeing this continually renewed display of confident feeling in the counsel, no sooner 'came to the book and was sworn,' than he too in his turn, with all his fellows, unless some retired barrister should happen to be among the twelve, fell a victim to the earnest manner and confident and wheedling tone of this eminently successful performer.

In dealing with evidence his *forte* chiefly lay; and he did this with much success, whether in examining witnesses or commenting upon their testimony. Without the extensive talent for examination in chief which distinguished Mr. Topping above almost all men, and enabled him to paint, through the mouth of his witnesses, a complete, coherent, and vivid picture of his case, Mr. Park could obtain nearly all he wanted; while he almost equalled Mr. Topping in his other great and useful faculty of comforting, restoring, and setting up again his witnesses, damaged by the fire of a successful cross-examination. Without the brilliant cross-examination of Mr. Garrow, in one particular line perhaps the most remarkable at the bar, he yet could shake an adverse witness very powerfully; and often in the other department of getting round and surprising a witness, or seducing him into admissions, could obtain from him more than Mr. Garrow himself could by such a stratagem; of which he was a less skilful master than of fierce assault.

His discretion in the conduct of a cause was great; his judgment being sure, and his command of himself, generally speaking, perfect; and his devotion to the cause—the single object of getting the verdict—absolute and entire. With the Court he always endeavoured to make friends, and for the most part with success; with his clients his decorum was becoming, not harsh or supercilious, nor yet crouching; with his professional brethren his manner was unexceptionable,—showing neither fear of his superiors, jealousy of his equals, nor haughtiness to his inferiors. His temper, partly through long and painful disease, was occasionally irritable, but never violent, nor ever testy, or even peevish. He had his little weaknesses, like other men, which at the bar, and still more afterwards on the bench, afforded matter of good-humoured merriment; nor was he himself apt to be offended when the laugh resounded 'at his own proper cost and charge.'

As he was in Westminster-Hall, so he proved when he became a judge—excellently suited to the ordinary demands of business; though occasionally found less equal to great occasions, chiefly of a legal kind. He could dispatch the business of a heavy circuit with great satisfaction to both the bar and the suitors; and even in his latter days, when nearly threescore and ten years of age, in trying a great Will cause,* he showed a vigour of body and acuteness of mind, extraordinary certainly for any period of life;—summing up the evidence, after six or seven day's trial, in an address which lasted with unbroken fluency from mid-day to past midnight. This cause also exhibited one of his worst weaknesses, that of taking an early and unalterable bias, arising from an amiable belief in some party's good faith, or, it might be, a laudable indignation at some other party's misconduct. He suffered this to influence him, and throughout the long trial, made every thing bend to it; and really mistook, perversely though most unintentionally, the drift of the proofs adduced, in order to make the whole chime in with his scheme of the transaction. He was at heart a just man, however; and never suffered himself to be led away by any partiality towards counsel; neither showing the least apprehension of the most powerful leaders, nor the least prejudice in favour of one over another. No advocate, were he ever so powerful in himself, or so popular in his following, could hope to intimidate him; none, be he ever so obsequious, might expect to wheedle him into an act of unjust favour.

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* Wright *v.* Tortham.

The opinions of Mr. Justice Park were all along those of a high Tory in church and state. He never mingled in politics, and therefore could be only indirectly and accidentally known as a party man. But his religious principles were strong, and the fervour of his devotion great. He seemed to love the Church as by law established, fully as much as he did the religion to preach which it is maintained; and he regarded a departure from the doctrines and discipline of the hierarchy, with feelings of as much alienation, not to say repugnance, as one from the creed of the dispensation itself. The only occasions, out of the profession, on which he appeared as an author, were connected with his religious or his ecclesiastical feelings. He published a tract exhorting to the Sacrament, called, 'The Benefit of Frequent and Early Communion;' and he printed, for private circulation, a biographical sketch of an old gentleman, long secretary of Queen Anne's bounty, and chiefly remarkable for that which assuredly obtained for him the somewhat equivocal blessing of so learned a biographer,—his old-fashioned, steadfast, dogged adherence to the Establishment in all its parts, and his aversion to all forms and shades of dissent.

The contemplation of Mr. Justice Park's rise and success in life is calculated to be of material service; and to exercise a salutary influence over the minds of by far the most numerous class of well educated society. His talents were not above mediocrity,—unless that he was endowed with natural quickness, and had some power of steady application. He had nothing profound in the cast of his thoughts; nothing remarkably perspicacious; no fury, no fire, no natural dignity or grace, except what a good voice and an unconstrained action bestowed. He had amassed no store of legal learning; he had no classical, no scientific attainments; he was without fortune, without rank, without any political or other powerful connexions. Yet did he live as happy and as respectable a life for above half a century that he was in the profession, as any man could desire; and after having been one of its leading members, he sat for four-and-twenty years on the bench, with the just reputation of being a good judge. He enjoyed large emoluents, high rank, and general respect. To what did he owe these valuable possessions? To no rare genius, or even great talents, or extraordinary accomplishments, but to prudent conduct; sufficient but not excessive industry; steady attention bestowed upon one object—that object being his profession; from which nothing either in politics, or in literature, or in amusement diverted him; to uniform suavity of demeanour; to constantly making in business the success of his cause the paramount object; and never being drawn aside from the point of his clients' interest by any selfish feeling of feeding his own vanity, or making any sacrifices either to amusement or to display. Such sacrifices, such gratifications, may with more safety be indulged, when the gifts of genius or commanding eloquence accompany the more homely powers which common business requires. Even then they are perilous relaxations from the severity of forensic discretion. But where such rare endowments are wanting, their place being supplied by prudence and by conduct, the ample measure of success which Mr. Justice Park reached may be pronounced as of tolerably certain attainment.

Among those whose names have been incidentally mentioned in portraying Mr. Justice Park, is Mr. Abbott, afterwards Lord Tenterden;—a man of great legal abilities, and of a reputation which, though high, was by no means beyond his merits. On the contrary, it may be doubted if he ever enjoyed all the fame that his capacity and his learning entitled him to. For he had no shining talents; he never was a leader at the bar; his genius for law was by no means of the depth and originality which distinguished Mr. Holroyd; nor had he the inexhaustible ingenuity of Mr. Littledale; nor perhaps the singular neatness and elegance of Mr. Richardson. His style of arguing was clear and cogent, but far from brilliant; his opinions were learned and satisfactory, without being strikingly profound; his advice, however, was always safe, although sometimes, from his habitual and extreme caution, it might be deficient in boldness or vigour. The course of publication, so successfully pursued by Mr. Park, was likewise adopted at a subsequent period by Mr. Abbott, but after he had secured his place among special pleaders: it accelerated his rise in the profession, but did not cause that rise. His subject, the 'Law of Shipping,' was well calculated to interest both lawyers and traders; and the merit of the work is much superior to that of Mr. Park. It displays far greater learning; is better arranged; more fully handles the subject, and is better written. It is to be classed amongst the standard works in our law; whereas Mr. Park's only receives the humbler praise of having filled up reasonably well an acknowledged blank in the legal library.

With these qualifications for the profession, with the respectful demeanour towards his superiors, and especially the court, which he always maintained in some excess, and with the principles of an Oxford Tory, as well as the standard accomplishments of an Oxford scholar, also in considerable excess, it was to be expected that he should make his way steadily at the bar. He was first a successful pleader; then a barrister well employed in the junior departments of the profession; a favourite first in the Oxford circuit, and afterwards in Westminster Hall; finally, the standing council to all the great Government departments; and besieged late and early by clients desiring his advice both upon their cases and their pleadings. As a leader, he very rarely, and by some extraordinary accident only, appeared; and this in a manner so little satisfactorily to himself, that he peremptorily declined it whenever refusal was possible. Indeed he showed none of the capacity which distinguished Mr. Holroyd, where the same unwelcome chance befell him; for he seemed to have no notion of a leader's duty beyond exposing the pleadings and the law of the case to the jury, who could not comprehend them with all explanation. His legal arguments, of which for many years the books are full, were extremely good, without reaching any very high pitch of excellence; they were quite clear, abundantly full of Case Law; betokening some dread of grappling with principle, and displaying none of the felicitous commentary that marked Mr. Holroyd's.

Like most English lawyers, he married early in life, and lived wholly in his own family; associating less with his brethren at the bar than any man of the day. But his hours of relaxation were not passed in idldness. The classical acquirements, in which he surpassed most men, formed the solace of his leisure; and to the end of his life he not only had a high relish for such pursuits, but wrote Latin verses with peculiar elegance and perfect ease. What is far less rarely met with,—especially added to such tastes and such acquirements,—he was well versed in natural philosophy, particularly in the various branches of mechanical science. Nor did any one out of the trade better understand all the details of machinery, in examining which his accurate mind took a peculiar pleasure.

Although his reputation at the bar was firmly established for a long course of years, it was not till he became a judge, hardly till he became Chief-Justice, that his merits were fully known. It then appeared that he had a singularly judicial understanding; and even the defects which had kept him in the less ambitious walks of the profession,—his caution, his aversion to all that was experimental, his want of fancy,—contributed with his greater qualities to give him a very prominent rank, indeed, among our ablest judges. One defect alone he had, which was likely to impede his progress towards this eminent station; but of that he was so conscious, as to protect himself against it by constant and effectual precautions. His temper was naturally bad; it was hasty, and it was violent; forming a marked contrast to the rest of his mind. But it was singular with what success he fought against this, and how he mastered the rebellious part of his nature. It was, indeed, a study to observe this battle, or rather victory; for the conflict was too successful to be apparent on many occasions. On the bench it rarely broke out; but there was observed a truly praiseworthy feature, singularly becoming in the demeanour of a judge. Whatever struggles with the advocate there might be carried on during the heat of a cause, and how great soever might be the asperity shown on either part, all passed away—all was, even to the vestige of the trace of it, discharged from his mind, when the peculiar duty of the judge came to be performed; and he directed the jury, in every particular, as if no irritation had ever passed over his mind in the course of the cause. Although nothing can be more manifest than the injustice of making the client suffer for the fault or the misfortnne of his advocate,—his fault, if he misconducted himself towards the judge—his misfortune, if he unwittingly gave offence; yet, whoever has practised at *Nisi Prius* knows well how rare it is to find a judge of an unquiet temper, especially one of an irascible disposition, who can go through the trial without suffering his course to be affected by the personal conflicts which may have taken place in the progress of the cause. It was therefore an edifying sight to observe Lord Tenterden, whose temper had been visibly affected during the trial (for on the bench he had not always that entire command of it, which we have described him as possessing while at the bar), addressing himself to the points in the cause with the same perfect calmness and indifference with which a mathematician pursues the investigation of an abstract truth; as if there were neither the parties nor the advocates in existence, and only bent upon the discovery and the elucidation of truth.

His eminence as a judge was great and undeniable: it was in a short time confessed by all, even by those who had some prejudice against him at first, from marking the extreme contrast between him and his more brilliant precedessor; and from the impression, generally prevailing, and in general well founded, that men who never have led causes at the bar make indifferent judges, and are unequal to the despatch of judicial business. Lord Tenterden from the first displayed great judicial capacity; yet it is certain that, for some time, he formed no very remarkable exception to the rule. He took no general and comprehensive view of a case; he examined its details part by part; he did not, like a leader, get up on an eminence, and from thence survey the subject in all its bearings; nor was he aware of the relative importance of its different portions. But in order to perform his office, he would select one particular compartment, and he would choose not the most difficult. To this he bent his attention, and seemed a good deal troubled, and even impatient, if it were drawn away to other points not within the limits which he had chosen to trace. It is remarkable not only how this habit wore off, instead of being confirmed and extended; but also how great a start he made in improvement after he had been five or six years chief of his court; and, on the occasion of a long and severe illness, that seemed to render his retirement from the bench inevitable. His temper was softened; his attention became more comprehensive; he viewed things more upon an enlarged scale; his industry was not relaxed,—increased it could not be; and during the last seven or eight years of his time he exhibited a very eminent instance of great judicial capacity. At all times his law was safe, and accurate, and ready; but he could now deal far more ably with facts. He never was without great influence over the jury; but as he now could enlighten their minds more fully, his weight was increased. His patience became greater as his sway over the bar was extended; and as men compared the somewhat violent despatch of the preceding reign with the more deliberate march of justice while he was her minister, they deemed the greater vigour and more manly capacity of his celebrated predecessor well exchanged for the fuller and more satisfactory discussion of all causes during his rule. It is true that fewer cases were despatched, and the Paper fell into arrear; but there is something better than speedy decision; and that is substantial justice, which requires full hearing before judgment.

It may, indeed, well be questioned if ever Lord Ellenborough could have despatched the business of the Guild-Hall Sittings with the same celerity that marked his reign, had he survived to the later times. The suitors as well as the bar were no longer the same body, with whose interests and with whose advocacy he had to deal. In his time, the whole city business was in the hands of Gibbs, Garrow, and Park; with occasionally, as in the cases of the Baltic risks, the intervention of Topping;* and it was a main object with them all to facilitate the despatch of business. This they effected by at once giving up all but the arguable points of law, on which they at once took the judge's opinion; and the maintainable questions of fact, on which they went to the jury. Fifteen or twenty important causes were thus disposed of in a morning, more to the satisfaction of the court and the benefit of the counsel, than to the contentment of the parties or their attorneys. It is true that no real loss was, in the vast majority of instances, sustained by any one through this kind of arrangement, while the time of the public was saved. But it is equally true that every now and then a slip was made and a benefit lost; and that nothing can guard against such accidents but the right course of thoroughly sifting each case, as if it were the only one in which the advocate was retained, or which the judge had to try. Nor must it be forgotten that the right decision of causes is only one, though certainly the most important office of justice. Another, only second in importance to that, is the giving parties satisfaction,—such satisfaction as is enough for reasonable persons. Now, as every person is impressed with the idea that there is but one cause in the world, and that his own, however unmindful of this the court and the counsel may be, discontent, heart-burnings, feelings of injustice suffered, desire of redress in other ways, and among these, oftentimes by means of other suits, is sure to be left in the train of Themis, when the pace she moves at is too rapid for ordinary eyes to follow, and breaks through the surrounding ties and feelings of interest too rudely. Hence, the despatch effected is frequently more apparent than real; of which a remarkable example used to be afforded by Sir John Leach, whose swift decisions, without hearing, only produced appeals to the Great Seal. But in whatever way these opinions may be disposed of, one thing was certain;—the kind of arrangement which has been described as prevailing among the leaders in Lord Ellenborough's time could only be found practicable as long as the lead should be confined within a very few hands. When it was at all scattered, such a thing was altogether out of the question; and in Lord Tenterden's time this distribution undeniably took place.

It may be supposed from what has been said of his scientific as well as classical acquirements, that, in trying causes where these accomplishments could be displayed, he rose above the ordinary level of his great merit. To see him preside over a complicated Patent case was a very great treat, whether to a lawyer or a man of science. It was a singular exhibition of legal combined with mechanical skill,—each keeping within its own proper sphere, but each conspiring with the other to obtain the full investigation of the cause in all its bearings, and its clear elucidation to the jury. He it was, too, who first leant against the absurd, unjust, and mischievous refinements by which almost all former judges conceived it fit that they should display a constant astuteness to defeat the claims of a Patentee, upon the unreflecting notion of his right being a monopoly, and the public interest being damaged by it; wholly forgetting that his genius and labour had been first given to the public in reversion to purchase the temporary possession of that monopoly.

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* The mention of this most honourable man, in connexion with those cases, recalls an incident so creditable to himself, and to the renowned profession to which he belonged, that it ought not to be passed over in silence. A general retainer of a thousand guineas was brought to him, to cover the Baltic cases then in progress. His answer was, that this indicated either a doubt of his doing his duty on the ordinary terms known in the profession (one guinea particular, and five guineas general retainer,) or an expectation that he should do something beyond the line of his duty, and therefore he must decline it. His clerk then accepted of the usual sum of five guineas, and he led on these important cases for the defendants.

The merits of this distinguished judge having been recited, it is fit that we advert to his few defects. These were borrowed from his temper in part; and in part transferred from the professional habits of his limited walk while a practitioner. He never could endure the 'trick' of the bar, as displayed in its leading advocates; nor was there any great harm in this, had it stopt here. But he seemed always to suppose that an address to a jury could be framed on the model of a special plea, or the counts of a declaration, only without the prolixity and repetition habitual with pleaders; and to forget that the surest way of bringing out the truth in any case is to let the conflicting feelings and interests of parties come into their natural collision. His impatience was thus very manifest; and had his nerves been in the same proportion firm as his dislike to declamation and illustration was strong, a struggle would have ensued in which the eloquence of the bar would either have been extinguished, or have silenced and discomfited the bench. In like manner, when, during the interlocutory discussions with the counsel, whether on motions in Banc, or on objections taken before him at *Nisi Prius*, he was uneasy, impatient, and indeed irascible, at nothing so much as at cases put by way of trying what the court had flung out. Being wholly void of imagination to supply cases in reply, and even without much quickness to sift the application of those put, he often lost his temper, and always treated the topic as an offence. But it was chiefly in obstructing cross-examination, which he wholly undervalued, from his utter incapability of performing his part in it, that his pleader-like habits broke out. Had he been submitted to in this matter, cross-examination would have been only known as a matter of legal history. His constant course was to stop the counsel, by reminding him that the witness had already said so; or had already sworn the contrary, and this before the question was aswered; to which it was natural, and indeed became usual, for the counsel to make answer that this was the very reason why the question had been asked; the object being either to try the witness's memory or to test his honesty.

It must be admitted that, in all these respects, the position of a judge while sitting at *Nisi Prius*, is somewhat anomalous. He presides, indeed, over the whole proceedings; but the jury holds *divisum imperium;* and he sits there as the nominal chief while the advocate is sometimes dealing with the witness as if no judge were present, and sometimes addressing the jury, careless whether the judge hears him or not;—equally indifferent whether he approves or disapproves what he says. Princes, it is said, cannot allow any one to address another in their awful presence; nay, the code of etiquette has embodied this feeling of sensitive royalty in a rule or maxim. The ruler of the court has as little love of a proceeding which, in the prefatory words, 'May it please your lordship,' seems to recognise his supremacy; but in the next breath leaves 'his lordship' as entirely out of view as if he were reposing in his bed, or gathered to his fathers. Few judges, accordingly, are so considerate as to be patient of eloquence, whether in declamation or in witty illustration; few regard these flights otherwise than as in derogation from the respect which is their own especial due. To address passions which they are forbidden to feel—to contemplate topics that must be suited to any palate rather than theirs—to issue jokes by which they ought not to be moved while all others are convulsed—seems incompatible with their station as the presiding power, or a violation of that respect which it ought to inspire. Lord Tenterden, more than most judges, appeared to feel this; and it was a feeling wholly founded in a forgetfulness of the very nature of jury trial, as it was unworthy of his solid sense and great sagacity. In the distribution of criminal justice the case is widely different. The anxiety necessarily attendant upon the judge's highly responsible office here leads him to court all help from the ingenuity of counsel. Before the addressing the jury was allowed in cases of felony, the chances of collision were of course more limited; but even now nothing of the uneasy feeling to which we have been adverting has been found to have taken place since the recent change of the practice in criminal courts.

It was a considerably greater fault than any we have noted, and proceeded from a much less creditable cause, that Lord Tenterden showed no little variety of firmness and of temper on different occasions, and towards different persons. Of him it might be said that he had a different measure of patience and courtesy for different classes,—even for different individuals. It could not be said of him that he was no respecter of persons. The bar felt this somewhat; the witnesses felt it more; the parties never felt it at all. Its scope was confined to the mere accident of outward behaviour and manners; nothing beyond that. When on one occasion he had, with some roughness, addressed to a witness, who was looking another way, an advice not unusual with him, and not very delicately couched, 'to hold up his head, and speak out like a man,' it was amusing to observe the fall of both countenance and voice when the witness turned upon the judge the face of the Chairman of the Honourable East India Company.

If from this, and from his known opinions in Church and State, it should be inferred that he was obsequious to power,—or made himself more an instrument of convicting libellers than all, or nearly all, have done who have filled his exalted station,—a great mistake would be committed. That he acted up to the general standard of dislike towards the licentiousness of the press; that he overstept with them the true bounds of that dislike, and with them confounded free with criminal license—is as certain as that he did by no means outstrip them in his warm affection for tame and decorous writing. But although this is undeniable, it is equally certain that he performed his part more successfully than Lord Ellenborough; because more skilfully and more temperately; nor could any thing have been more unfortunate for the press in this country, than that, under his administration of the criminal law, attempts should have been made to put it down by prosecutions; because few things which never happened can be more certain, than that he would have obtained many a verdict of conviction where his vehement predecessor would have failed.

We have omitted to mention one quality that eminently distinguished Lord Tenterden; and the omission has been designed. We allude to the regularly correct, succinct, and appropriate language in which his statements and his reports were clothed. In this kind of diction he was surpassed by none; and hardly equalled by any. No doubt his success in expressing his ideas was in part owing to his avoiding all large or venturous matters; and confining himself within limits not difficultly surveyed and scanned. But within that range his diction was extremely happy. When he, for the first time, appeared in political affairs, this distinguishing excellence was shown with considerable effect. The judges attending the scandalous mockery of justice, falsely called the Queen's Trial, in 1820, were represented by Chief-Justice Abbott, he not then having been raised to the peerage. Many occasions arose for putting questions to those learned persons, and their answers were returned through their learned chief. The correct and luminous language in which these opinions were couched drew forth universal applause; the soundness of some of the opinions may well be doubted; nor can the most remarkable decision to which the cause gave rise—that upon questioning a witness as to what he had before written, without showing him the paper, if any there were*—be defended upon any principle, or regarded as otherwise than founded on a gross fallacy. This seems now to be pretty generally admitted, although unfortunately the rule is still acted upon as law by all the judges.

Here began and here ended the success of this eminent lawyer in political life. When raised to the peerage in 1827, he took no part in public affairs, beyond entering his strong protest in the debate, and giving his vote in the division against the Reform Bill.

But he was the author of some improvements of much value in that important part of the law which relates to limitation of actions. By two bills which he introduced and carried through, the statute which limits actions, has first received a truly beneficial application, a new promise in writing, being required to evade the statute; and the claims of the church were, by his other bills, for the first time, made subject to any limitation at all. Other rights are also required to be prosecuted within a specific time; though the structure of this portion of his second bill is liable to many objections. It is known that he particularly valued himself upon his skill and diligence in framing statutory enactments. His title to the latter praise is unquestionable, for he bestowed on his draughts the greatest pains. His skill is much less conspicuous; although one might have expected him to display uncommon excellence in this department, who had pronounced so severe, and, it must be admitted, so just a sentence upon the works of the legislature, as to declare that though not '*inops concilii*, it seemed to be *magnas inter opes inops*.'

It is not possible to find a more marked or a wider contrast between two men in any department than was presented by the two succeeding Chief-Justices of England, one of whom we have just been endeavouring to describe; and the task of describing his predecessor, is in consequence of this great diversity far easier. Instead of the cautious circumspection which we have been tracing in all its forms and consequences, Lord Ellenborough despised even much of what goes to form ordinary discretion; and is so much overrated by inferior natures as the essence of wisdom, but so justly valued by calculating ones as the guarantee of success. Of compromise, whether regarding his opinions or his wishes, he knew not the meaning; of fear, in any of its various and extensive provinces, he knew not even the name; or, if he saw its form, yet he denied its title, held its style in mockery, and would not, even for an instant, acknowledge its sway. Far, indeed, from cradling himself within the details of a subject, he was wholly averse to such narrow views of particulars; and took a large and commanding survey of the whole, which laid open before him all its parts and all their relations. Bred a pleader, he, however, on coming to the bar, early showed that he only retained the needful technical knowledge which this preparatory practice had bestowed on him; and he at once dashed into the leading branch of the profession. The famous case of Mr. Hastings—the opprobrium of English justice, and, through mismanagement and party violence, the destruction of the greatest remedy afforded by our constitution,—soon opened to Mr. Law the highest walks of the bar. He was the defendant's leading counsel; and his talents, both as a lawyer and a speaker, shone forth conspicuous even upon that great occasion of oratorical display;—the only fruits produced by this proceeding, so costly to the country, so much more costly still to the free constitution of England. He soon rose to the unrivalled lead of the Northern Circuit, to which, by birth, he belonged; his father being Bishop of Carlisle, and himself born at the village of Salkeld,* in Cumberland. In Westminster Hall he had also good success, though he never rose there into the first lead; having indeed to contend with able advocates, and among them with Erskine, the greatest of all. Lord Kenyon, whose favour for this illustrious ornament of his court we have already had occasion to remark, was supposed, or was felt by Mr. Law, to be partial more than became him to this formidable antagonist; and a quotation to which this feeling gave rise, is often cited, and justly, as singularly happy. Mr. Erskine had been, somewhat more than was his practice with any adversary, triumphing over him, when Mr. Law, first addressing him, and then Lord Kenyon, thundered forth these fine, and expressive, and singularly applicable lines, with the volume of tone which he possessed beyond most men—

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* This *if*, were there no other argument against the rule laid down, completely destroys its foundation.

——Non me tua fervida terrent
Dicta ferox; Di me terrent et Jupiter hostis.

Here he bowed sarcastically to the Chief-Justice, while he dwelt and paused upon the name of the heavenly archetype.

As a lawyer, without being very profound, and confining his learning to the ordinary matters of common law, he yet knew quite enough for ordinary occasions; and afterwards, as generally happens with able men, greatly extended his information when raised to the bench. As an advocate he was vigorous, impressive, adventurous; more daring than skilful; often, from his boldness, not a safe leader; always despising the slow progress, the indirect avenues to victory, which the rules of art prescribe;—always preferring to vault over obstacles, follow the shortest line, and cut the knot rather than waste time in untying it. But he could powerfully address the feelings, whether to rouse indignation at cruelty, or contempt at fraud, or scorn at meanness. For his own nature had nothing harsh in it, except his irascible temper, quickly roused as quickly appeased; his mind was just, abhorring any deviation from equity; his nature was noble, holding in utter contempt every thing low or base; his spirit was open, manly, honest, and ever moved with disgust at any thing false or tricky; his courage was high, leaving him more scorn than compassion for nerves less firm than his own. Nor was it only the thunder of his fierce declamation—very effectual, though somewhat clumsy, and occasionally coarse—with which he could prevail against an adversary, and master an audience. He had no mean power of ridicule,—as playful as a mind more strong than refined could make it; while of sarcasm he was an eminent professor, but of the kind which hacks, and tears, and flays its victims, rather than destroys by cutting keenly. His vigorous understanding, holding no fellowship with any thing that was petty or paltry, naturally saw the contemptible or inconsistent, and so ludicrous aspect of things; nor did he apply any restraint on this property of his nature when he came into stations where it could less freely be indulged. His interrogative exclamation in Lord Melville's case, when the party's ignorance of having taken accommodation out of the public fund was alleged—indeed was proved—may be remembered as very picturesque, though perhaps more pungent than dignified. 'Not know money? Did he see it when it glittered? Did he hear it when it chinked?' On the bench, he had the very well known, but not very eloquent Henry Hunt before him, who, in mitigation of some expected sentence, spoke of some who 'complained of his dangerous eloquence'—'They do you great injustice, sir,' said the considerate and merciful Chief-Justice, kindly wanting to relieve him from all anxiety on this charge. After he had been listening to two Conveyancers for a whole day of a long and most technical argument, in silence, and with a wholesome fear of lengthening it by any interruption whatever, one of them in a reply to a remark from another judge said, 'If it is the pleasure of your lordship that I should go into that matter.'—'We, sir,' said the Chief-Justice, 'have no pleasure in it any way.' When a favourite special pleader was making an excursion, somewhat unexpected by his hearers, as unwonted in him, into a pathetic topic—'An't we, sir, rather getting into the high sentimental latitudes now?'

It was observed with some justice, that his periods occasionally, with his manner, reminded men of Johnson. When meeting the defence of an advocate for a libel on the Prince Regent, that it had been provoked by the gross, and fulsome, and silly flattery of some corrupt panegyrist—'What,' said he, 'an offence against the law of the land, provoked by an offence against the laws of taste! How frail is the tenure by which men hold their reputation, if it may be worn down and compromised away between the mischievous flattery of fulsome praise, and the open enmity of malignant abuse.' But it was observed with much less correctness that his sarcasms derived adventitious force from his Cumberland dialect. From his manner and voice, both powerful, both eminently characteristic, they assuredly did derive a considerable and a legitimate accession of effect. But his dialect was of little or no avail; indeed, except in the pronouncing of a few words, his solecisms were not perceivable. It was a great mistake to suppose that such pronunciations as *Marchant*, Hartford, were provincial; they are old English, and came from a time when the spelling was as we have now written the words. He was of those, too, who said 'Lunnun' and 'Brummagem;' but this too is the good old English dialect, and was always used by Mr. Percival, who never crossed the Trent except twice a-year going the Midland Circuit. Mr. Fox, a lover of the Saxon dialect, in like manner, always so spoke—and preferred Caees, and Sheer, and Groyne, to Cadiz, Shire, and Corunna.

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* This village is now remarkable as the residence of Mr. Gaskin, a man of the most sterling merit as an astronomer and maker of exquisite telescopes; father of the tutor of Jesus College, Cambridge, so well known for his mathematical accomplishments.

When his powerful mind was brought to bear upon any question that came before him, whether sitting alone at *Nisi Prius*, or with his brethren in Banc, the impression which he made upon it was immediate, sure, and deep. Sometimes it required the modification of the whole court revising what he had done alone; sometimes the interposition of his fellows sitting with him; but its value was always great, and no man doubted the energy or could avoid feeling the weight of his blows.

The Books are perhaps not the only quarters, whither we should resort to find the memorials of a Chief-Judge's learning or talents for transacting judicial business. All that relates to sittings and circuits—that is, nearly two-thirds of his judicial labours, and by far the most important portion of them—leaves no trace whatever in these valuable Repertories of legal learning. Yet the Term Reports bear ample testimony to the vigour of this eminent individual's capacity, during the eighteen years that he filled the first place among the English judges.

His manner has been already mentioned in one particular. It was much more faulty in another. He was somewhat irascible, and occasionally even violent. But no one could accuse him of the least partiality; his honest and manly nature ever disdained as much to trample overbearingly on the humble, as to crouch meanly before the powerful. He was sometimes impatient; and, as his mind was rather strong than nimble, he often betrayed hastiness of conclusion more than he displayed quickness of apprehension. This slowness was shown by his actually writing his speeches for many years after he was a leader; and to the end of his professional life, he would occasionally commit to paper portions even of his intended reply to the jury. It was a consequence of this power of his understanding, and of his uniform preference of the plain, sound, common-sense views which vigorous minds prefer, that refinements or subtleties were almost as little to his liking, as to the taste of his more cold and cautious successor. But he was not so much disturbed with them. They gave him little vexation, but rather contributed to his mirth, or furnished fuel for his sarcastic commentary. 'It was reserved (said he, respecting a somewhat refined and quite a new gloss upon a well known matter)—'It was reserved for the ingenuity of the 'year 1810, to hit upon this crotchet.'

In his political opinions, Lord Ellenborough was originally like the rest of his family, a moderate Whig. But he never mingled in the associations or proceedings of party; and held an independent course, with, however, considerable disinclination, at all times, to the policy and the person of Mr. Pitt. He joined Mr. Addington's Administration as Attorney-General, and came into Parliament, where he did not distinguish himself. Lord Kenyon's death soon after made way for him on the bench; and he was, at the same time, raised to the peerage. The quarrel between that administration and Mr. Pitt did not reconcile him to that minister; and against Lord Melville he entertained a strong personal as well as party prejudice, which broke out once and again during the proceedings on his impeachment. The accession of the Whigs to power, in 1816, was accompanied by their junction with Lord Sidmouth; and, as he required to have a friend in the strangely mixed cabinet, the unfortunate choice was made of the first Criminal and Common Law Judge in the land, of whom to make a political partizan;—he whose high office it was to try political offences of every description, and among others the daily libels upon himself and his colleagues. This error has ever been deemed one of the darkest pages of Whig history. Mr. Fox made a dexterous and ingenious defence, quoting a few special precedents against the most sound principles of the constitution; and defending an attempt at corrupting the pure administration of criminal justice by appeals to instances of Civilians and Chancery lawyers sitting in Parliament. But Lord Ellenborough's own son lately took occasion honestly to state that his father had told him, if it were to do over again, he should be no party to such a proceeding.

On the bench, it is not to be denied that he occasionally suffered the strength of his political feelings to break forth, and to influence the tone and temper of his observations. That he ever, upon any one occasion, knowingly deviated one hair's breadth from justice in the discharge of his office is wholly untrue. The case which gave rise to the greatest comment, and even led to a senseless show of impeachment, was Lord Cochrane's. We have the best reason to know that all who assisted at this trial were in truth convinced of the purity with which the judicial duties were discharged, and the equality with which justice was administered. Lord Ellenborough was not of those judges who, in directing the jury, merely read over their notes and let them guess at the opinions they have formed;—leaving them without any help or recommendation in forming their own judgments. Upon each case that came before him he had an opinion; and while he left the decision with the jury, he intimated how he thought himself. This manner of performing the office of judge is now generally followed and most commonly approved. It was the course taken by this great judge in trying Lord Cochrane and his alleged associates; but if any of those who attacked him for it, had been present at the trial of the case which stood immediately before it or after it in the Paper, he would have found Lord Ellenborough trying that case in the self-same way—it being an action upon a bill of exchange or for goods sold and delivered.

Of the Government under which Lord Ellenborough made his entry into political life, Lord Liverpool was one of the most distinguished, useful, and respectable members. But before proceeding to record his merits and his defects, after having so long dwelt upon great English lawyers, we shall naturally enough be asked, if the ancient kingdom of Scotland has produced no lights of the law in later times—no worthy successors of the Stairs, the Hopes, the Dirletons, the Mackenzies, the Erskines of former times—that we must resort to the sister kingdom for our examples of judicial or of forensic renown? This warms us to do justice by our own countrymen—to look at home—and at least to make a small selection from, and portray one or two favourable specimens of native, before continuing our sketches of foreign talent. Let it not be thought, that in only sketching Erskine and Blair, the list of distinguished Scottish lawyers is limited to these two. No one who knows any thing of Lord President Campbell, of Lords Kames, Hailes, Monboddo, Braxfield, and Eldin, or of Mr. William Tait, and Mr. Matthew Ross, can entertain any doubt that the bench and the bar of those times were adorned by many men of vigorous and varied ability, profound learning, extensive capacity, and penetrating acuteness. But other reasons than the want of subjects, oblige us to limit ourselves to two whose very different characters and talents present some favourable points for contrasted delineation.

Exaggeration is ever hurtful to its object. It is foolish, then, to pretend that there was any equality between the two celebrated brothers who, for so many years, filled the first stations at the Scottish and the English bar. But, as their talents were so different, that it is more easy to say in what they differed than where they were alike, so a just comparison can hardly be said to place one over or under the other, any more than if their pursuits had been wholly diverse. Henry Erskine had nothing whatever of the genius which marked his illustrious brother; it might not, indeed, be incorrect to say, that he was not a man of genius at all. But he was a man of splendid talents. The finest wit would have been his, had it only been trained in a more refined school, and exercised in a larger sphere, instead of being confined to a provincial one. Of a most ready as well as retentive memory; of a miraculous quickness of apprehension, if not always as sure as rapid; of perfect judgment and discretion, above all in the management of causes, in the absolute prudence of conducting which he resembled —and in that almost alone resembled—his celebrated relation; of learning, such as our Scotch law learning is, quite enough to meet the ordinary demands of practice, though never making pretensions to the fame of a first-rate lawyer; of versatility much greater than his brother's, inasmuch as he could handle his subject in any way, and rather preferred the gay, the humorous, even the droll, to the serious and the pathetic; a great master of argument, greater than his brother, but diversifying it much less with the flowers of imagination, his fancy being confined to happy allusion or effective jest; this eminent person enjoyed, for many long years, the undivided supremacy of our bar; rose rapidly to the place of Dean of Faculty, bestowed by the elective voice of the profession; and became Lord Advocate at one step, when his political friends acceded to power, upon the overthrow of Lord North's administration and the consequent removal of Mr. Dundas.

As men will never allow any one to possess two qualities of an apparently incompatible kind, and when they must make their election, find it easier to concede the faculty that pleases them best, it was the custom to say, 'The Dean is witty, not a reasoner;'—'he can joke, but is no great orator.' He was witty, but he was a close and a logical reasoner; he could joke, no man better, but he was an orator of a very high order. Full of life and vigour; actively searching and penetrating through his whole subject; ever keeping the cause in view, and never deviating from what could best serve its interests; abounding in happy illustrations from apt cases, strong analogies, striking comparisons; a very great master of the passions, when, which but rarely happened, he had occasion to work by them, or to play upon them—rarely, because in those days jury trial was confined to criminal cases;

at all times a most subtle, close, and powerful arguer, with a force of language in which he resembled his brother, and far, very far, surpassed all his brethren of the Scottish bar—it is in vain to deny him a very high place among reasoners and among orators, merely because he had no talent for declamation, and had the good sense never once in his whole life to attempt it. But who ever heard his brother declaim, as far as energy of voice is concerned? and yet, who denies him a place amongst the greatest orators of the day, when the only doubt amongst orators is, whether or not he was the first of them all? It is true, however, that Henry Erskine, beside the want of a declaiming voice, was without the topics of which declamation is composed. So it is, if possible, yet more absurd and senseless to withhold from him his just place among reasoners and orators of a graver kind, merely because somewhat excited by his exuberant fancy, still more by the inferior taste of the audience whom he addressed, or of the provincial society in which he mixed, he, far more than was becoming, or expedient, or accorded with correct taste, indulged in jests, and particularly in a kind of merriment well enough suited to society, but impossible even to be attempted in the courts or the senate of our southern neighbours—the relating of merry tales, more or less applicable to the subject in hand. It is quite certain, that much of his wit was, like Mr. Fox's, closely connected with the argument, and bore upon it, and helped it onward. It is equally certain, that although none of it had touched the arguments, this surplusage, intended for mere amusement and relaxation, did in no wise prevent the rest of his discourse from being considered, as it was, a piece of close reasoning or happy illustration. Partly spoiled by the habits of society, partly by the indifferent taste of the court in which he practised, partly, too, seduced by his excellent and social nature to gratify those whom he saw delighted to hang upon his lips, and wishing every deviation from severe taste augmented and prolonged tenfold, he certainly did lower the standard of his oratory to suit inferior natures; and, though an universal favourite, failed to attain the celebrity of a first-rate orator, even among his own admiring countrymen.

As Henry Erskine did not come into Parliament until very late in life, it would be unfair to make any comments upon his political exhibitions. He did not, certainly, there much distinguish himself, less, indeed, even than his brother. In the debates of our General Assembly of the Church he loved to bear a part; but the nature of the subjects there discussed was rarely such as to excite or to reward the exertion of great debating powers. Nevertheless, a most acute and sagacious judge of such talents,[*] and one as severe as discerning, affirmed that he never heard him speak and miss any of the points of the question; and that when he had handled any subject, though he might have said a good deal that could well have been spared, he had left nothing to any one who followed him in any view of the subject.

On the whole, it may safely be affirmed, that this eminent person wanted only a metropolitan theatre earlier in life, to rank him amongst the first orators of his time. But there wanted no such change in his position to make him a more delightful member of society, for that change was quite impossible. He was in all respects one the charms of whose social converse was unbounded. Of a demeanour that every instant showed his noble birth; in manners, of perfect ease, polish and grace; of a temper the most sweet, and of spirits the most joyous and gay, without ever being turbulent, boisterous, or obtrusive; of conversation the most various, never refusing a serious turn, though delighting in every species of mirth, from refined comedy to broad farce—he was the life and soul of every circle with which he mixed. Affable to those below him; full of firmness and independence to his superiors; altogether without a particle of envy, or jealousy, or gall in his whole composition—no wonder that he was the darling of the age and the country in which he lived; and was most happily and most justly described by one who knew him well, as 'the best beloved man in all Scotland.'[*] It is truly painful to think, that the violence of political animosity should ever have interfered to darken the career of such a man. But the French Revolution had created almost a madness of party on opposite sides of the controversy which it engendered; and as those dismal times are past, far be it from us, by any word of ours, to revive their sad recollection.

The other great lawyer whom we have named, as cotemporary with Henry Erskine, eminent as he was, offers incomparably fewer points of description, because his endowments, however remarkable, were far less various. Mr. Blair, so long Solicitor-General, and afterwards, during three years, Lord President of the Court of Sessions, had a mind singularly framed for the successful study and practice of the law, to which he devoted all his days; and, as far as an indolent nature would permit, all his faculties. His indolence, however, was rather the *vis inertiæ* that often attends genius, than the ordinary listlessness or aversion to labour that marks little minds. For he had been a steady and diligent student; had mastered all the principles of our jurisprudence in a manner little known among our professional men; and never failed to show whatever powers of application were required by any amount of business that could devolve upon the advocate most trusted and most followed by clients. His talents were peculiarly fitted for legal pursuits. His understanding was bold and masculine; his sagacity penetrating; his reflection profound. With much less quickness of perception than many others,—without any of the subtilty that distinguished such men as Matthew Ross—with little of that quick and piercing acuteness for which William Tait was famous—with no fancy in discerning topics, and hardly any nimbleness in meeting or escaping objections—he yet brought to bear upon each subject a plain and homely vigour, to which all ordinary difficulties yielded, and before which almost all antagonists gave way. He thoroughly comprehended every portion of his subject, and he impressed his hearers with the intimate belief, that he both understood it and could master it. Despising the vulgar arts of ordinary advocates, he unfolded it to all as he saw it himself; and he commented upon it with such force, so plainly yet so strongly, so earnestly, yet with so much gravity and sustained dignity both of thought and of expression, that it rather seemed as if a Daniel had come to judge, than an advocate to address his judges. Accordingly his sway over the bench was supreme; and there are many now alive who may recollect, that when the court found themselves compelled to decide against him, they faltered, paused, would fain have avoided the hard necessity,—seemed distrustful of their own opinion, and all but apologised for taking so extraordinary a liberty with such a great legal authority.

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[*] The late Rev. Sir Henry Moncrief.

[*] The late Lord Kinnaird in the House of Commons, himself amongst the most quick and delightful, as well as honourable of men.

Of external qualities he had none, or next to none, that were calculated to deepen or even to sustain the impression which his matter was fitted to make. His diction, though quite correct and plain, was somewhat meagre and jejune; his ideas were constantly more and greater than he had the means of expressing; often matter apparently good, struggled for birth, and was denied access to the mind of the hearer; much hesitation obstructed the flow of the discourse; and though the personal presence was fine, and the countenance expressive, the voice was guttural and harsh. When he ascended the bench, his talents for despatching business were thought by some to have been rather overrated; but his high and dignified demeanour commanded universal respect, whilst his judgments were marked by that great learning and ample capacity for which he had so long been famed.

We have been turned aside from our sketch of those with whom Lord Ellenborough came into political life, by the wish to render Scotland justice, and to show that she can boast of great men among the luminaries of her ancient republican bar. We now resume the thread where it was broken off, and recall to the recollection of our readers a distinguished person, who presided over the councils of this country for a longer period than any other minister, excepting Walpole and Pitt; and for a period incomparably more glorious, in all that is commonly deemed to constitute national renown.

Lord Liverpool was Prime Minister of England for fifteen years, after having filled in succession almost every political office, from under-secretary of state upwards; and passed his whole life, from the age of manhood, in the public service, save the single year that followed the death of Mr. Pitt. So long and so little interrupted a course of official prosperity was never, perhaps, enjoyed by any other statesman. But this was not his only felicity. It happened to him, that the years during which the helm of the state, as it is called, was entrusted to his hands were those of the greatest events, alike in negotiation, in war, in commerce, and in finance, which ever happened to illustrate or to checker the annals of Europe. He saw the power of France attain a pitch altogether unexampled, and embrace the whole of the continent, except Russia alone, hitherto believed safe in her distant position and enormous natural strength; but he saw her too invaded, her numerous armies overthrown, her almost inaccessible capital destroyed. Then followed the insurrection of conquered Germany—the defeat of victorious France—the war pushed to her territory—the advance of the allies to the capital—the restoration of the ancient dynasty. By a singular coincidence, having signalized his outset in political life by a supposition which he propounded as possible—a march to Paris—this was then deemed so outrageous an absurdity that it became connected with his name as a standing topic of ridicule; yet he lived to see the impossibility realized, was Prime Minister when the event happened, and did not survive the dynasty which he had mainly contributed to restore. Peace was thus brought back, but without her sister plenty; and intestine discord now took the place of foreign war. He saw the greatest distress which this country had ever suffered in all the departments of her vast and various industry; agriculture sunk down, manufactures depressed to the earth, commerce struggling for existence, an entire stop put to all schemes for lightening the load of the public debt, and a convulsion in the value of all property, in the relations of all creditors and all debtors, in the operation of all contracts between man and man—the inevitable effects of a sudden and violent alteration of the currency, of which his colleagues, twenty years before, had interfered to change the standard. Gradually he saw trade, and agriculture, and industry, in all its branches, again revive, but public discontent not subsiding; both in Ireland, which he mainly helped to misgovern, and in England, where he opposed all political improvement, he witnessed the tremendous effects of a people becoming more enlightened than their rulers, and the last years of his life were spent in vain efforts to escape from a sight of the torrent which he could not stem. It made an interlude in this long and varied political scene, that he consented to the worst act ever done by any English monarch, the persecution of his Queen for acts of hers and for purposes of his own, connected with a course of maltreatment to which the history of conjugal misdemeanour furnishes no parallel. Yet, prodigious as is the importance, and singular as the variety of these events, which all happened during his administration,—and although party ran higher and took a far more personal turn during those fifteen years than at any other period of our political history,—no minister, nay, few men in any subordinate public station, ever passed his time with so little ill will directed towards himself, had so much forbearance shown him upon all occasions, nay, engaged uniformly so large a share of personal esteem. To what did he owe this rare felicity of his lot? How came it to pass that a station, in all other men's cases the most irksome, in his was easy—that the couch, so thorny to others, was to him of down? Whence the singular spectacle of the Prime Minister—the person primarily answerable for any thing which is done amiss, and in fact often made to answer for whatever turns out unluckily through no possible fault of his own, or indeed of any man—should, by common consent, have been exempted from almost all blame; and that whoever attacked most bitterly all other public functionaries, in any department, should have felt it no business of his to speak otherwise than respectfully, if not tenderly, or if not respectfully, yet with mild forbearance of him, who, having been all his life in high office, a party to every unpopular and unfortunate proceeding of the government, and never a changeling in any one of his political opinions, even in the most unpopular of all, was now for so many long years at the head of the national councils, and in the first instance, by the law of the constitution and in point of fact, answerable for whatever was done or whatever was neglected?

This question may perhaps be answered by observing, that the abilities of Lord Liverpool were far more solid than shining, and that men are apt to be jealous, perhaps envious, certainly distrustful, of great and brilliant genius in statesmen. Respectable mediocrity offends nobody. Nay, as the great bulk of mankind feel it to be their own case, they perhaps have some satisfaction in being correctly represented by those who manage their affairs. Add to this, that the subject of these remarks was gifted with extraordinary prudence;—displaying from his earliest years a rare discretion in all the parts of his conduct. Not only was there nothing of imagination, or extravagance, or any matter above the most ordinary comprehension in whatever he spoke (excepting only his unhappy flight about marching to Paris, and which for many years seemingly sunk him in the public estimation)—but he spoke so seldom as to show that he never did so unless the necessity of the case required it; while his life was spent in the business of office, a thing eminently agreeable to the taste, because closely resembling the habits of a nation composed of men of business. 'That's a good young man, who is always at his desk,' the common amount of civic panegyric to a virtuous apprentice, was in terms, no doubt, often applied to Mr. Robert Jenkinson. 'Here comes a worthy minister whose days and nights have been passed in his office, and not in idle talking,' might be the right transformation by which this early eulogy was adapted to his subsequent manhood and full-blown character. Nor must it be forgotten that a more inoffensive speaker has seldom appeared in Parliament. He was never known to utter a word at which any one could take exception. He was besides (a much higher praise) the most fair and candid of all debaters. No advantage to be derived from a misrepresentation, or even an omission, ever tempted him to forego the honest and the manly satisfaction of stating the fact as it was; treating his adversary as he deserved; and at least reciting fairly what had been urged against him if he could not successfully answer it. In these respects, Mr. Canning furnished a contrast which was eminently beneficial to Lord Liverpool, with whom he was so often, absurdly enough, compared; for no better reason than that they were of the same standing, and began life together, and in the same service. But, in another respect, he gave less offence than his brilliant contemporary. A wit, though he amuses for the moment, unavoidably gives frequent offence to grave and serious men, who don't think public affairs should be lightly handled, and are constantly falling into the error that, when a person is arguing the most conclusively, by showing the gross and ludicrous absurdity of his adversary's reasoning, he is jesting and not arguing; while the argument is in reality more close and stringent, the more he shows the opposite picture to be grossly ludicrous,—that is, the more effective the wit becomes. But though all this is perfectly true, it is equally certain that danger attends such courses with the common run of plain men. Hence all lawyers versed in the practice of *Nisi Prius*, are well aware of the risk they run by being witty, or ingenious and fanciful before a jury; unless their object be to reduce the damages in an absurd case, by what is called laughing it out of court; and you can almost tell, at a great distance, whether the plaintiff or the defendant's counsel is speaking to the jury, by observing whether he is grave, solemn, and earnest in his demeanour, or light and facetious. Nor is it only by wit that genius offends; flowers of imagination, flights of oratory, great passages, are more admired by the critic than relished by the worthy baronets who darken the porch of Boodle's,—chiefly answering to the names of Sir Robert and Sir John; and the solid traders,—the very good men who stream along the Strand from 'Change towards St. Stephen's Chapel, at five o'clock, to see the business of the country done by the Sovereign's servants. A pretty long course of observation on these component parts of Parliamentary audience, begets some doubt if noble passages (termed 'fine flourishes,') be not taken by them as something personally offensive.

Of course, we speak not of quotations—these, no doubt, and reasonably, are so considered,—especially if in the unknown tongues; though even an English quotation is not by any means safe, and certainly requires an apology. But we refer to such fine passages as Mr. Canning often indulged himself, and a few of his hearers with; and which certainly seemed to be received as an insult by whole benches of men accustomed to distribute justice at Sessions—the classes of the

—Pannosus vacuis ædilis Ulubris.—

—him whom Johnson called (translating)

The wisest justice on the banks of Trent.

These worthies, the dignitaries of the empire, resent such flights as liberties taken with them; and always say, when others force them to praise—'Well, well—but it was out of place. We have nothing to do with King Priam here—or with a heathen god, such as Æolus;—those kind of folks are very well in Pope's Homer and Dryden's Virgil;—but, as I said to Sir Robert, who sat next me, what have you or I to do with them matters? I like a good, plain man of business, like young Mr. Jenkinson—a man of the pen and the desk, like his father before him—and who never speaks when he is not wanted:—let me tell you, Mr. Canning speaks too much, by half. Time is short—there are only twenty-four hours in the day, you know.'

It may further be observed, that, with the exception of the Queen's Case, there was no violent or profligate act of the Government, nor any unfortunate or unpopular measure, which could not, with some colour of justice, be fixed upon some of Lord Liverpool's colleagues, in ease of himself, if men were thus favourably disposed. Lord Castlereagh was foreign minister, and had conducted our whole negociations abroad in person. He was, therefore, alone held accountable for all the mistakes of that department; and especially for the countenance given to the designs of the Holy Allies. So, notwithstanding his known liberality upon Irish questions, and his equally certain opposition to the cruelties by which the history of the Government during the rebellion of 1798 had been disfigured, he had committed the sin, never by Irishmen to be forgiven or forgotten,—the carrying through of the Union; and abating the greatest public nuisance of modern times, the profligate, shameless, and corrupt Irish Parliament. Hence, all the faults and all the omissions of the Ministry, in respect of Irish affairs, were laid upon his single head by every true Irishman; while Lord Liverpool, himself a party to the worst policy of past times, was, in his own person, as head of the Government for so many years, the main obstacle to the repeal of the Penal Code; and yet he escaped all censure in the perspicacious and equitable distribution of Irish justice. For obstructing all Law Reform, and delay in the administration of justice in practice, Lord Eldon offered a convenient object of attack; and on him all the hostile fire was directed,—being thus drawn off from the favourite premier. Even the blunders committed in finance, though belonging to the peculiar department of the First Lord of the Treasury, were never marked in connexion with any name but Mr. Vansittart's: the boast of prosperity,—the schemes of bank discount which accompanied it, exacerbating the malady of speculations one year, and the misery of the panic the next,—were as much Lord Liverpool's as Mr. Robinson's; but the latter alone was blamed, and even named in reference to these great calamities. Nay, even the violent revolution suddenly effected in the currency, and effected without the least precaution to guard against the country repaying twenty-five shillings for every twenty shillings borrowed,—was reckoned exclusively the work of Mr. Peel, as if he, being out of office altogether, had been at the head of the Government; while the whigs stept in to claim their share of the public gratitude and applause for this great, but not very well-considered, operation..

It was curious to observe the care with which, all the while, these selections were made of parties on whom to lay the blame. No popular outcry ever assailed Lord Liverpool. While others were the objects of alternate execration and scorn, he was generally respected, never assailed. The event that befel him was that which might have mortified others; but well suited his tastes, to be little thought of, less talked about—or if, in debate, any measure was to be exposed—any minister to be attacked—means were ever found, nay, pains were taken, to 'assure the House that nothing was meant against the respected nobleman at the head of His Majesty's Government, for whom we all entertain feelings of *et cetera*, and of *et cetera*, and of *et cetera*.'

Such was the happy lot of Lord Liverpool; such are the comforts which a respectable mediocrity of talents, with its almost constant companion, an extreme measure of discretion in the use of them, confers upon its possessor in lieu of brilliant reputation, with its attendant detraction and hate. While the conqueror mounts his triumphal car, and hears the air rent with the shouts of his name, he hears, too, the malignant whisper appointed to remind him, that the trumpet of fame blunts not the tooth of calumny; nay, he descends from his eminence when the splendid day is over, to be made the victim of never-ending envy, and of slander which is immortal, as the price of that day's delirious enjoyment; and all the time safety and peace is the lot of the humbler companion, who shared his labours without partaking of his renown, and who, if he has enjoyed little, has paid and suffered less.

Accordingly, it is fit that one thing should be added to what has been recorded of the general forbearance exercised towards this fortunate minister: it was nearly akin to neglect or indifference, though certainly not at all savouring of contempt. There was nothing striking or shining in his qualities, which were the solid, useful, well-wearing ones of business-like habits and information. While great measures were executed, no one thought of Lord Liverpool. When men came to reflect, they found he was still Prime Minister; but he retired so much from public view that he was seldom thought of. Thus, if he had no blame when faults were committed, or things wanting; so he had no praise for what was well done, or gratitude for many signal successes. He was, in truth, hardly ever considered in the matter.

He was a plain, every-day kind of speaker, who never rose above the range either of his audience or his topic; and chose his topic so as to require no strength of persuasion beyond what he possessed. He was clear and distinct enough, without even, in that first essential of business speaking, being distinguished for his excellence above almost any one who is accustomed to state a case or take part in a debate. His diction was on a level with his matter; it had nothing rare, or adorned, or happy; but though plain enough, it was not pure, or more pure than the sources from which he derived it—the Parliamentary debates, the official despatches, and the newspapers of the day. If, adopting the middle style, or even the *humile genus dicendi*, he had maintained in his language the standard purity, he would have passed, and justly, for a considerable artist in that kind;—as Swift is always praised for being a model of one style of writing. But it would be very wide, indeed, of the truth to say that the three-fold nature of Mr. Jenkinson, Lord Hawkesbury, and Lord Liverpool, ever presented a model of any thing,—except perhaps safe mediocrity: of a pure or correct style, he assuredly was no sample. He 'met the question'—when 'on his legs' he would take upon himself 'to assert, as he had caught the Speaker's eye,' that no 'influential person' of 'his Majesty's actual government,' had ever 'advocated liberalism,' less than 'the humble individual who now addressed them,' and whose duty it was 'to justify the proposed bill.' In short, he showed plainly enough that a man might avoid lofty flights, and stick to his native earth, without habitually walking in clean places; and that he who is not bold enough to face the perils of the deep, may hug the shore too near, and make shipwreck upon its inequalities.

In council, he was safe if not fertile of expedient. He seldom roused his courage up to bold measures; and was one of the narrow minds whom Lord Wellesley quitted, when he found them resolved neither to make peace nor to wage war with any reasonable chance of success; and whom the prodigious attainments of his illustrious brother, contrary to all probability, and beyond every rational hope, united, with the madness of Napoleon and the severity of a northern winter, to rescue from the position which their puny councils had so well earned, and so richly deserved. He had not the spirit or the political courage required for great emergencies; yet could he be driven, by the fear of losing office, to patronise the most disgraceful attempt ever made in this country by Royal caprice; and thus encountered the imminent peril of civil war. This is, indeed, the darkest spot in his history; and another is connected with it: he lost his head entirely when the people had defeated a body of the troops at the Queen's funeral; and is understood to have given orders for resorting to extremities—orders to which the cooler courage of the military commanders happily postponed their obedience.

The candour which he ever displayed in debate has been already marked. It was a part of the natural honesty of his character, which power had not corrupted, and no eagerness of Parliamentary warfare could interrupt. His general worth as a man was always acknowledged; and this added very justly to the prevailing good opinion which he enjoyed among his countrymen, almost without distinction of party. It may be gathered from our former observations that we regard this good opinion to have been somewhat overdone; and that justice did not at all sanction the distribution of praise and of blame which the country made between him and his colleagues.

As it is difficult to find a more correct representation of the Addington ministry than the noble person of whom we have just been speaking; so the popularity of that government was like his, very much owing to the moderation of both its talents and its principles. After the somewhat violent and overbearing, as well as warlike and arbitrary administration of Mr. Pitt, they who both made peace with France, composed the internal dissensions of the country, and restored its free constitution, presented at the same time to its confidence only second-rate genius in every department save two;—a genius diluted and lowered to the moderate standard which suits the public taste. These two exceptions were the Law and the Navy. Of Lord Eldon we have already spoken; the present sketches would be imperfect if Lord St. Vincent were passed over in silence; for he was almost as distinguished among the statesmen as the warriors of his age.

This great captain, indeed, presented a union as rare as it was admirable, of the brightest qualities which can adorn both civil and military life. He early distinguished himself in the naval profession; and was associated with Wolfe in those operations against Quebec, which crowned our arms with imperishable glory, and loaded our policy with a burden not yet shaken off; though, as Lord St. Vincent early foresaw, becoming every day more difficult to bear. An action which he soon after fought with the *Foudroyant* line-of-battle ship, was the most extraordinary display of both valour and skill witnessed in that war, so fertile in great exploits; and it raised at once his renown to the highest pitch. The peace then came; and it was succeeded by a war, the only one, in which the fleets of England reaped no laurels; until just before its close the bravery and seamanship of Rodney retrieved our naval honour. For near twenty years Sir John Jervis was thus unemployed; and in part this neglect must certainly be ascribed to the side in politics which he took,—being a Whig of Lord Shelburne's school,—highly prized and unreservedly trusted by that able, sagacious, and consistent statesman; than whom none ever entered into the combats of public life with an ampler provision of combined capacity and information, and none ever sustained the useful part which he acted, with more unsullied honour. This tribute to truth and justice is due from Whigs to one whom it suited the policy of 1783 to run down by every species of slander,—partly in the prose of pamphlets, partly in the verse of pasquinades, partly in the mixed fiction and prose of speeches,—merely because, not belonging to the party, he was audacious enough to act for himself, instead of making himself a tool of those who boasted that they never had confided in him, at the moment they were complaining of his deserting their councils.

While Sir John Jervis remained during this long and eventful period on shore, and unemployed in any branch of the public service, he accomplished himself by constant reading, by much reflection, by the intercourse in which he ever delighted with men of learning and talents, as a statesman of profound views, and of penetration hardly equalled by any other man of his time. His natural acuteness no obstacle could impede; his shrewdness was never to be lulled asleep; his sagacity no man ever found at fault; while his provident anticipations of future events seemed often beyond the reach of human penetration. We shall give a remarkable example of this in a matter of deep interest at the present moment. When Lord Shelburne's peace, (1783,) was signed, and before the terms were made public, he sent for the Admiral, and showing them, asked his opinion. 'I like them very well,' said he, 'but there is a great omission.' 'In what?' 'In leaving Canada as a British province.' 'How could we possibly give it up?' inquired Lord Shelburne. 'How can you hope to keep it?' replied the veteran warrior. 'With an English republic just established in the sight of Canada, and with a population of a handful of English settled among a body of hereditary Frenchmen.—It is impossible; and rely on it you only retain a running sore, the source of endless disquiet and expense.' 'Would the country bear it? Have you forgotten Wolfe and Quebec?' asked his Lordship. 'Forgotten Wolfe and Quebec? No; it is because I remember both. I served with Wolfe at Quebec; having lived so long, I have had full time for reflection on this matter; and my clear opinion is, that if this fair occasion for giving up Canada is neglected, nothing but difficulty, in either keeping or resigning it, will ever after be known.' We give the substance of this remarkable conversation as we have it from more sources of information than one; and the recollection of the parties is confirmed by the tone of the Earl's letters in 1813, which we have seen. There was then no question of a surrender; but he plainly shows the greatest distrust of our being suffered to retain the colony.

When the war broke out in 1793, Admiral Jervis was soon employed on the Mediterranean and Lisbon stations. What wonders he effected with an inadequate force is well known to the profession. All the world is aware of his glorious victory over the Spanish fleet in February, 1797, when he defeated an enemy of nearly three times his force. Nor is there any one who has not heard of the steady determination of purpose, so characteristic of the man, by which his fleet was made ready to sail from the Tagus in as many hours as all but himself said days would be required for the preparation; after overland advices had arrived at Lisbon of the enemy having put to sea. But the consummate vigour and wisdom of his proceedings during the dreadful period of the Mutiny are no less a theme of wonder and of praise. It was the practice to despatch mutinous vessels to serve under his orders, and he soon, by his masterly operations of combined mercy and justice, reduced them to order, restoring discipline by such examples as should be most striking, without being more numerous than absolute necessity required. The humane ingenuity of his contrivance, to make one execution produce the effect of many, by ordering it on an unusual day (Sunday morning) is well known. His prompt measures of needful, and no more than the needful severity, were as effectual to quell a formidable mutiny which broke out in the fleet, that had just returned from foreign service, and was suddenly ordered to the West Indies to watch the French expedition there. The revolt was at once subdued; the fleet set sail; and there never again was heard the whisper of discontent respecting the painful disappointment to which the men were thus subjected.

When the Addington ministry was formed, he was placed at the head of the Admiralty; and now shone forth in all its lustre that great capacity for affairs with which he was endued by nature; and which ample experience of men, habits of command, and an extended life of deep reflection had matured. He laid the foundation of a system of economical administration which has since been extended from the navy to all the departments of the state. But it was bottomed on a searching scrutiny into the abuses of the existing system. The celebrated 'Commission of Naval Inquiry' was his own work, and it both led to numberless discoveries of abuse and extravagance, and gave the example to all the similar inquiries which soon after followed. It did more: it introduced the whole subject of Economical Reform, and made it become, both in and out of Parliament, the principal object for many years of all our patriotic statesmen;—an object which alone they carried through in spite of those ministerial majorities, omnipotent upon every other controversy among the parties in Parliament. It is impossible to calculate what would have been the saving effected to the revenues of this country had Lord St. Vincent presided over any great department of national affairs from the beginning of the war, instead of coming to our assistance after its close. But in proportion to his services in this line of reformation, was the clamour which his operations excited against him. His unsparing rigour, his inflexible justice, his fixed determination to expose delinquents how high soever—to dispense with useless services, how many hands soever might be flung out of the superfluous and costly employment,—raised against this great and honest statesman a host of enemies, numerous in exact proportion to the magnitude of the objects he had in view, and exasperated in proportion to the unjust gains of which he was depriving them: in other words, the hostility to which he was exposed was in an exact proportion to his merits. Nor did the gratitude of the country, whom his courage and disinterestedness was thus serving so essentially, at all keep pace with the great benefits which he bestowed. The spirit of party interposed with its baleful influence; and when the Pitt and the Fox parties combined to forget their animosities, for the purpose of unseating Mr. Addington, the ground chosen by the new allies upon which to celebrate their union, and to commence their joint operations, was an attack upon the naval administration of the only great man whom the ministers could boast of having among their number;—the illustrious warrior who, after defeating the enemies of his country by his arms, had waged a yet more successful war against her internal foes by his vigour as a reformer, his irreconcilable enmity to all abuses, and his resistless energy in putting them down.

It is hardly necessary to add, that of eloquence, or debating power, Lord St. Vincent had nothing whatever; nor to such accomplishments did he lay any claim. Indeed, he held the arts of rhetoric in supreme contempt; always contenting himself with delivering his own opinion when required, in the plainest language—and often expressing what he felt in sufficiently unceremonious terms. Not that he had any thing at all of the roughness often found in the members of the naval profession. On the contrary, his manners were those of a highly polished gentleman; and no man had more of the finished courtier in all his outward appearance and demeanour. His extreme courtesy, his admirable address in managing men, the delicacy with which he could convey his pleasure to inferiors, or his dissent to equals, or his remonstrance to superiors, being the external covering of as firm a determination as ever guided a human being, were truly remarkable; and gained for him with persons of superficial observation, or imperfectly acquainted with his character, the reputation of being cunning and insincere; when, in truth, it only arose from a good-natured desire of giving as little needless uneasiness as possible, and raising as few difficulties as he could upon matters foreign to his main purpose. When he went to the Tagus at the head of the expedition and the commission in 1806, the object being, in case Portugal proved indefensible against the threatened French invasion, to make the royal family and principal nobility transfer the seat of government to the Brazils, the proceedings of this chief, in his twofold capacity of captain and statesman, were justly remarked for the great talents and address which they exhibited. He began by cutting off all communication between his fleet and the land; this he effected by proclaiming an eight days' quarantine. His colleagues in the Commission having joined him, he still prevented his officers and men from landing; but threw open all his ships to the natives of the place, whose multitudes never ceased pouring through those gallant vessels, lost in admiration of their beauty, their resistless force, and the discipline of the crews. With the court his intercourse now began; and the terror of his name, even without his armament, would there have made him supreme. The reluctance to remove was, of course, universal and deep-rooted; nor could any arrangement the expected conqueror might offer prove less palateable, than expatriation and banishment for life across the Atlantic to pampered voluptuaries; the extent of whose excursions had hitherto been the distance between the town and country palaces. But he had arranged every thing for their voyage; and he was quite ready to compel their embarkation. His plan would have exposed his own person to some danger; but would have required no application of military force, if nothing was attempted against the fleet. It seemed to have been borrowed from the celebrated seizure by Cortez, of the Emperor Montezuma's person, in his capital of Mexico; and the very few to whom he communicated it, while struck with the boldness of the design, saw that it was as happy as it was bold, and had no doubt whatever of its perfect success.

Although we have noticed his contempt for the artifices of oratory, it is remarkable that some of his most intimate friends were those who chiefly owed their renown to its practice. Among these was Lord Erskine; and he enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Fox and Lord Grey. But he made a great difference between the eloquence of the senate and the bar—a difference not perhaps marked by his accustomed sagacity and liberal views, yet sufficiently easy to account for. Parliamentary speaking he regarded as mere 'talk.' He saw the noblest exertions of the orator, and also the speeches of longest duration (a circumstance much fitted to rouse his impatience) end, as he phrased it, in wind. The decision came, which he reckoned the result of the battle, and he could trace no connexion between that and the preceding debate. Hence, he deemed the whole 'nonsense,' a 'farce,' a 'child's play;' without reflecting that in the long run discussion produces, directly or indirectly, its effect; as he probably would have done had he viewed the scene from what he would call 'a safe distance;'—that is, so far off as not to have his early hours interfered with, and his patience assailed by length of speech. The trial of causes he viewed with other eyes. That he considered as business—as acting and not talking; and, having the highest admiration for the skill of an advocate, there was no society in which he delighted so much as in that of the bar. To hear his acute and even profound remarks upon the conduct of a cause,—and the play of adverse counsel, every point of which, to the most minute and technical, he clearly comprehended and highly relished,—was one of the things that impressed the listener with the greatest opinion of his extraordinary capacity. He viewed it as a fine operation of attack and defence; and he often said that there was nothing which he ever more regretted than not having been able to attend the proceedings in the Queen's case.

In recounting the triumphs of his military genius, we have not adverted to the extraordinary promptitude, and powers of combination which he displayed, when he equipped the finest expedition that ever was detached from a fleet, and sent it under Nelson up the Mediterranean. That illustrious hero always acknowledged, with the most affectionate gratitude, how much his victory of the Nile was owing to this grand operation of his chief, for whom he felt and ever testified the most profound veneration. Nor was any thing ever more disgustful to his truly noble and generous nature, than the attempts of that tribe, the worst kind of enemies, (*pessimum inimicorum genus, laudatores,*)—the mean parasites who would pay their court to himself by overrating his services at St. Vincent in 1797, and ascribing to him the glory of that memorable day. Their affection became thus grounded upon thorough knowledge of each other's merits, and the admiration which these commanded was mutual; nor did the survivor once omit an opportunity of testifying the love he bore his illustrious friend, and his grief for the blow which took him from his country. On board his flagship, on all those great occasions when he entertained his numerous followers, Nelson's *Dirge* was solemnly performed while they yet surrounded the table; and it was not difficult to perceive that the great warrior's usual contempt for displays of feeling here forsook him, and yielded to the impulse of nature and of friendship.

So little effect on exalted spirits have the grovelling arts of little souls! He knew all the while, how attempts had been made by Lord Nelson's flatterers to set him up as the true hero of the fourteenth of February; but never for an instant did the feelings towards Nelson cross his mind, by which inferior natures would have been swayed. In spite of all these invidious arts, he magnanimously sent him to Aboukir; and, by unparalled exertions which Jervis alone could make, armed him with the means of eclipsing his own fame. The mind of the historian, weary with recounting the deeds of human baseness, and mortified with contemplating the frailty of illustrious men, gathers a soothing refreshment from such scenes as these; where kindred genius, exciting only mutual admiration and honest rivalry, gives birth to no feeling of jealousy or envy, and the character which stamps real greatness is found in the genuine value of the mass, as well as in the outward splendour of the die; the highest talents sustained by the purest virtue; the capacity of the statesman, and the valour of the hero, outshone by the magnanimous heart, which beats only to the measures of generosity and of justice.

Nor let it be deemed any abatement of this praise if the undeniable truth be stated, that no two men in the same professional career, and both of consummate excellence, ever offered more points of marked diversity in all the particulars which distinguish character and signalize the kinds of human genius. Alike in courage; except that the valour of the one was more buoyant, more constitutional—of the other, more the steady result of reflection, and the produce of many great qualities combined, than the mere mode of temperament;—alike without any difference whatever in that far higher quality, moral courage, and political, which is the highest pitch of it; alike in perfect nautical skill, the result of talents matured by ample experience, and of the sound judgment which never disdains the most trifling details, but holds nothing trivial connected with an important subject;—yet, even in their professional abilities, these great captains differed: for the more stern mind of the one made him a severe disciplinarian, while the amiable nature of the other seduced him into an habitual relaxation of rules whose rigorous enforcement wounded, or at least galled his kindlier feelings. Not that either Jervis stooped to the fopperies by which some little minds render the service entrusted to their hands as ridiculous as themselves; or that Nelson failed to exact strict compliance with rules, wherever their infraction would be manifestly hurtful; but the habits of the two men upon ordinary occasions were opposite, and might be plainly seen by an inspection of the ships that bore their flags. So, too, Nelson was less equal to the far-seeing preparation, and unshaken steadfastness of purpose required to sustain a long-continued operation; and would, therefore, ill have borne the monotony of a blockade, such as that which kept Collingwood for years on shipboard, or that which Jervis maintained off Brest with the Channel fleet. It is also undeniable, that, although nothing could exceed the beauty and perfect fitness of his dispositions for action when the whole operations were reduced to their ultimate point, yet he could not, like Jervis, have formed the plan of a naval campaign; or combined all the operations over a large range of coast and sea, making each part support the other, while all conduced to the main purpose. Thus, too, it may be doubted if St. Vincent would have displayed that sudden, almost intuitive promptitude of decision, the result more of an ardent soul than a penetrating sagacity, which led Nelson to his marvellous course from the old world to the new in 1805; when he in an instant discovered that the French fleet had sailed to the West Indies, and having crossed the Atlantic in chase of them, again discovered that they had returned; and appeared in Europe almost as soon as the enemy arrived, whom the mere terror of his tremendous name had driven before him from hemisphere to hemisphere. That the movements of his illustrious master would have been as rapid, and his decision as prompt, had the conjecture impressed itself on his mind with the same force, none can doubt; and it may be further admitted, that such a peremptory will as the latter showed, such a fixed resolution to be obeyed,—such an obdurate, inflexible, unteachable ignorance of the word "impossible," when any preparation was to be made,—formed no part of Nelson's character; although he showed his master's profound and crass ignorance of that word—the mother tongue of little souls—when any mighty feat was to be done, such as souls like these cannot rise to comprehend. He who fought the great fight with the *Foudroyant*, would have engaged his Spanish first-rates, had his flag off St. Vincent's floated like Nelson's over a seventy-four; but Nelson could not have put to sea in time for intercepting the Spanish fleet; any more than he could have cured or quelled the mutinous contagion which infected and distracted Jervis's crews on the eve of the action.

If, even in a military view, these great warriors thus differed, in all other respects they are rather to be contrasted than compared. While it was hard to tell whether Jervis excelled most in or out of his profession, Nelson was nothing on shore—nay, had weaknesses, which made the sea air as necessary, if not to his mental condition, at least to his renown, as it is to the bodily health of some invalids. The great mind of the one was the natural ally of pride; the simpler nature of the other became an easy prey to vanity. The latter felt so acutely the delight of being loved and admired by all—for to all he was kind himself,—that he could not either indulge in it with moderation, or conceal it from others. Severely great, retiring within himself, occupied with his own reflections, the former disregarded the opinion of those whom he felt destined to command; and only descended to gain men's favour that he might avail himself of their cooperation, which he swiftly converted into service. While Nelson thought aloud, Jervis's words were little apt to betray the feelings that ruled, or the meditations that occupied his mind. The one was great only in action; the other combined in a rare, perhaps an unexampled manner, all the noble qualities which make counsel vigorous and comprehensive, with those which render execution prompt and sure. In the different temper of the men's minds, you could easily tell that the one would be generally popular, from the devotion which the multitude always pay to brilliant valour, and the affection which a gentle, kind, and innocent nature is calculated to win; while the other, with courage as undaunted, though eclipsed by greater and rarer qualities, stood too far removed from the weaknesses of ordinary men to appear in such an amiable light; and by the extent of his capacity and his habits of command, secured the respectful submission of others more than he won their love. Yet, while of Nelson it was justly said that no serious breach of discipline was ever overlooked by him; of Jervis it was as truly observed, that all good officers—all men employed under him, whether in the civil or military service—spoke of him as they felt, with admiration of his genius, approaching to enthusiasm; although the followers of his illustrious friend adored their idol with yet more fervent devotion. In his political opinions, this great commander was liberal and free, ever preferring the humane and enlightened side; and though loyally attached to the constitution of his country, yet careless what offence he might give to existing rulers by the unrestrained openness of his sentiments upon public affairs. Accordingly, he was even less a favourite with George III. and his court, than his great master, whose party was always opposed to that narrow-minded and bigotted prince.

It is truly painful to fling in that shade, without which this comparative sketch would lose all likeness to its original. The conduct of Lord St. Vincent was always high and decorous; and although he had a singular aversion to cant of any kind, nor to any more than that of an overdone and pharisaical morality, he never lowered, in his own person, the standard of private any more than of public virtue; wisely holding all conspicuous men as trustees for the character of the people, and in some sort representatives of the people's virtues. Lord Nelson, in an unhappy moment, suffered himself to fall into the snares laid for his honour by regal craft, and baited with fascinating female charms. But for this, he might have defied all the malice of his enemies, whether at sea or on shore, in the navy or at the court; because nothing is more true than that great merit is safe from all enemies save one—safe and secure, so its possessor will only not join its foes. Unhappily, he formed this inauspicious junction, and the alliance was fatal to his fame. Seduced by the profligate arts of one woman, and the perilous fascinations of another, he lent himself to a proceeding disfigured by the blackest colours of treachery and of murder. A temporary aberration of mind can explain though not excuse this dismal period of his history. The sacred interests of truth and of virtue forbid us to leave the veil over these afflicting scenes undrawn. But, having once lifted it up, on seeing that it lays bare the failings of Nelson, we may be suffered to let it drop over a picture far too sad to dwell upon, even for a moment!

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NOTE RESPECTING LORD PRESIDENT BLAIR.

After the foregoing was printed, we happened to learn that a brief character of Lord President Blair, written by the late Professor Playfair, who for many years had lived much in his society, appeared in the newspapers immediately after his Lordship's death; and having succeeded in procuring a copy of it, we here reprint it entire, as an appendix to the sketch contained in the article; thinking that as the production of so very eminent a writer, and one devoted to such different pursuits, it could not but be viewed as both interesting and curious in no ordinary degree.

'It is with the deepest regret that we perform the painful task of announcing to our readers the irreparable loss which the country has suffered by the death of the Right Hon. Robert Blair of Avontoun, Lord President of the Court of Session. His Lordship entered upon the duties of the present Session, with every symptom of health and vigour, and at no time, for a number of years, did his appearance indicate a longer continuance of his valuable life. He complained of some slight disorder on Sunday, which appears to have gone off in the course of that day. But on Monday, while returning from his ordinary walk, his appearance was observed to be less regular and steady than usual. He was able, however, to reach his own door, which had just been opened to receive him, when he fell into the arms of his servant and expired in a few minutes.*

'In consequence of this public calamity, a meeting of the Faculty of Advocates was held early on Tuesday morning, when, upon the motion of the Hon. Henry Erskine, seconded by John Clerk, Esq., it was unanimously resolved, that the Dean of Faculty should move the court to adjourn till Thursday. The court having soon after met, and the chair of the first division having been taken by Lord Craig, as the senior judge, who expressed in strong terms, his sense of this national loss, both divisions of the court adjourned till Thursday. The meeting of the Faculty of Advocates was afterwards resumed, when it was unanimously resolved to attend the funeral as a body.

'To those who had the happiness of intimately knowing the late Lord President Blair, and of seeing him in the intercourse of private life, enjoying and promoting all the innocent relaxations from severer duties, it may seem unnecessary to dwell upon other causes of regret. But the calamity which will be long and deeply felt by the country, is the loss of that rare union of great qualities which, after calling him forth into early notice, conducted him to the highest honours of his profession, and exacted the palm of distinction from the common suffrages of his brethren, during the whole course of a long and unblemished life. Of the first years of that life, or of the course of severe study by which he prepared himself to be what he became, little is known beyond the circle of his private friends; but never surely was there exhibited upon the great theatre of public business a more profound erudition, greater power of discrimination, nor a more stern and invincible rectitude, combined with a degree of personal dignity that commanded more than respect, even from his equals. If any one, indeed, were to be selected from many great features as peculiarly distinguishing his character, we should certainly be apt to fix upon that innate love of justice, and abhorrence of iniquity, without which, as he himself emphatically declared, when he took the chair of the court, all other qualities avail nothing, or rather they are worse than nothing; a sentiment that seemed to govern the whole course of his public duty. In the multiplicity of transactions, to which the extended commerce of the country gives rise, cases must occur to illustrate the darker side of the human character. Such questions seemed to call forth all his energy, and they who heard the great principles of integrity vindicated and enforced, in a strain of indignant eloquence, could scarce resist the impression, that they beheld, for a moment, the earthly delegate of Eternal Justice.

'During the short period for which his Lordship filled the chair of the court, it seemed to be his object to settle the law of Scotland upon great and permanent foundations. Far from seeking to escape from the decision of points of law under an affected delicacy, which he well knew might be a cloak for ignorance, he anxiously dwelt upon such questions; and pointed them out for discussion, that, by means of a deliberate judgment, he might fix a certain rule for the guidance of future times. With all his knowledge of law, his opinions upon these subjects were formed with singular caution, and what was at first thrown out merely as a doubt, was found, upon examination, to be the result of profound research, matured by the deepest reflection. But to enter into the merits of such a character, to describe the high sense of decorum, and the opposition to all affectation and insincerity, which carried him through the straight line of professional duty, not seeking the applause of men, but consulting only the spotless rectitude of his own mind, would carry us far beyond our present limits, even if it were possible. His true value is best estimated by the general gloom which his death has cast over the profession and the country.

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* Lord President Blair died on Monday, the 20th of May, 1811.

'His Lordship was within a few months of 70 years of age. He was the son of the Rev. Mr. Blair, minister of Athelstonford, author of the celebrated poem of "The Grave." He entered Advocate in 1764, and on the appointment of President Campbell to the Bench, he succeeded the present Lord Chief-Baron[*] as Solicitor-General, in which office he continued till the year 1806. On the promotion of Mr. Robert Dundas to be Lord Chief-Baron in 1801, he was unanimously chosen by the Faculty of Advocates to be their Dean, in which honourable station he continued till 1808, when he received the appointment of Lord President of the Court of Session, on the resignation of Sir Islay Campbell, Bart. He married Miss Isabella Halket, one of the sisters of Lieutenant-Colonel John Halket, by whom he has one son and three daughters.'

From the Quarterly Review.

LETTERS ON PARAGUAY.

1. *Letters on Paraguay, comprising a Four-Years' Residence in that Republic, under the Government of the Dictator Francia.* By J. P. and W. P. Robertson. 2 vols. London. 1838.
2. *Francia's Reign of Terror: Sequel to Letters on Paraguay.* By the Same. 1839.
3. *The Reign of Dr. Joseph Gaspardo Roderick de Francia in Paraguay; being an Account of a Six-Years' Residence in that Republic, from July* 1819, *to May*, 1825. By Messrs. Rengger and Longchamps. London. 1839.

Some fifty years ago, we happened to be acquainted with the captain of an East Indiaman—a keen, shrewd Scotchman—who, when any of his passengers had related something bordering on the marvellous, was in the habit of stopping the narrator short, exclaiming—'Show me the book; I won't believe it unless I see it in print!' If being in 'the book' were the test of truth now-a-days, even the old captain would have quite enough to believe.

It is far from our intention to impugn the veracity of Messrs. J. P. and W. P. Robertson; but we must suspect, with all deference, that many of their pages are much too highly coloured. Baffled as they were in their mercantile speculations, and expelled from the country where a fine field had opened to their prospects, it is natural enough that their hatred of the tyrant, who had persecuted them and their friends, should have survived even twenty or thirty years; but undoubtedly Mr. Rengger knew Francia much longer and later than they did, and we incline to prefer his more sober statement of facts, as well as of opinions.

The territory of Paraguay, according to Arrowsmith's map, lies between 21° and 27° S. lat. and 54° to 58° W. long.; or, roughly, is 400 English miles from north to south and 200 from east to west. This fine tract of country is shut in by two magnificent rivers, the Paraguay on the west and the Paraná on the east, the latter of which, taking nearly a right-angled turn at the southern extremity of the province, joins the former at Corrientes, whence the united flood, continuing its course to the southward, under the name of Paraná, falls into the mighty Rio de la Plata: thus three of the sides of Paraguay are completely inclosed by two noble and navigable rivers. 'With respect to the northern frontier,' says Mr. Rengger, 'no one could attempt to pass in that direction without being amply provided for the journey, for there is a desert of more than one hundred and fifty leagues to be crossed.' The course of the Paraguay, from its source in Matto Grosso, in Peru, to its confluence with the Paraná, is about 1200 miles; that of the united waters to the La Plata 750 miles—in all about 2000 miles. The numerous branches of the Paraná rise in the mountains of Brazil. The Uruguay, to the eastward of the Paraná, has also its sources in those mountains; and it also falls into the La Plata, after a course about equal to that of the Paraná. These two rivers include the province immediately to the southward of Paraguay, called Entre Rios, or the interfluvial country.

The inhabitants of Paraguay, estimated by some at 200,000, but by others at 300,000, are composed of the old Spaniards, Creoles, and Indians. A very few of the latter are the descendants of those who formed the population of the Jesuit missions, which were dissolved, and the whole fraternity expelled from South America in 1767,—and whose place was supplied by Franciscan friars—a most unfortunate change for the Indians. But the Franciscans themselves were in their turn either secularised, or expelled the country, by Francia.

The soil of Paraguay is generally good—intersected by numberless tributaries of the great bounding rivers. The climate also is delightful, and would be still better if the people were to drain the swamps. The products are various, but commerce has nearly been annihilated, between the caprice of the Dictator and his just-enough jealousies of the Buenos Ayres republic. The chief productions are tobacco, coffee, sugar, Indian corn, yuccaroot, lemons, oranges, pine-apples, grapes, apricots, and grain of different kinds; but the most valuable is the *yerba—the* herb—(as it is called *par excellence*), and known generally by the name of Paraguay tea (*Ilex Paraguayensis*). It is chiefly met with in its native state among thick woods, just as the Assam tea, recently discovered, was found intermixed. One of the Robertsons visited the *yerbales*, and gives a long account of the process of preparation, which consists chiefly of roasting quickly the tender branches and twigs over a fire till the leaves are crisp, when they are crushed or pounded into a powder, and rammed into hide bags of 200 lbs. each. This tea, or maté, is in eternal use throughout the whole of South America.

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[*] The late Right Hon. Robert Dundas.

Another prime article is the *lapacho*, the most magnificent of all trees, in Mr. Robertson's estimation—superior even to English oak. The trunk of one, scooped out, formed a canoe, which carried eight men, a hundred bales of yerba, twenty packages of tobacco, and a great number of other articles. The grain of the wood is said to be so close, that neither worm nor rot can assail it; vessels built of it, when fifty years old, may still be called young. What name this remarkable tree may bear, in systematic botanical nomenclature, we are not aware. But we must hasten to the two brothers.

Mr. J. P. Robertson sailed from Greenock in December, 1806, then fourteen years of age, anxious, he says, like other ardent young men, to visit a land so often described in glowing colours. His destination was Buenos Ayres; but on reaching the coast, he found the Spaniards had regained their ground there, having taken General Beresford and his army prisoners. The vessel, therefore, made the best of her way to Monte Video, then in possession of the English. Here the youth was well received in the best society, and invited to their evening *tertulias*—to get home from which, after he had torn himself from the señoras, was still, it seems, rather difficult. For, he says,—

> 'Around the offals of carrion, vegetables, and stale fruit, which in huge masses accumulated there, *the rats* absolutely mustered in legions. If I attempted to pass near those formidable banditti, or to interrupt their meals or orgies, they gnashed their teeth upon me like so many evening wolves. So far were they from running in affright to their numerous burrows, that they turned round, set up a raven cry, and rushed at my legs in a way to make my blood run chill. Between them and myself many a hazardous affray occurred; and though sometimes I fought my way straight home with my stick, at others I was forced to fly down some cross and narrow path or street, leaving the rats undisputed masters of the field.'—vol. i. pp. 107, 108.

He left Buenos Ayres in December, 1811, being now about nineteen years of age. The expedition was purely mercantile, and the ship that carried his adventure had before her 1200 miles of laborious navigation up the river Paraná, in sailing and warping alternately against a stream running at the rate of three miles an hour. As her passage, he was told, would occupy three months, while the distance might be performed on horseback in fifteen or sixteen days, he determined to travel by land. His equipment was something of the same nature as that of Sir Francis Head when he scoured the Pampas, and his fare on the road was not much different. He also had to pass through the *cardales*, as they are called, 'higher than the horse with the rider on his back;' but his brother found the 'thistleries' of the Pampas, compared with those of Scotland, as the serried ranks of the Brobdignagians, to a few scattered Lilliputians; 'they hemmed you in on either side as completely as if you were riding between walls *fifty feet high*.' But, according to him, the thistles are quite in keeping with everything else; which he illustrates by the reply of General Paroissien, a provincial officer, to a cockney, who asked him what sort of a country South America was? 'Sir,' said he, 'everything in these parts is on a grand scale. Their mountains are stupendous—their rivers are immense—their plains are interminable—their forests have no end—their trees are gigantic—their miles are three times the length of yours—and then' [here the General took a gold doubloon out of his pocket and laid it on the table] 'look at their guineas!'

Though the face of the Pampas was not very inviting, the curate of Luxan, on his arrival, gave Mr. J. P. Robertson a good solid dinner, consisting of an *olla podrida*, followed by *carne con cuero*, or beef roasted in the skin, which he pronounces to be one of the most savoury dishes he had ever tasted. Proceeding from this place at the rate of ninety miles a day, he came to Santa Fé, distant from Buenos Ayres 340 miles.

> 'If asked what I saw after I left Luxan, I saw two miserable villages, three small towns, one convent, containing about twenty monks; and the post-house huts. I saw thistles higher than the horse with the rider on his back; here and there a few clumps of the Algarroba tree; long grass; innumerable herds of cattle, wild and tame; deer and ostriches bounding over the plain; bearded biscachas (a sort of rabbit) coming out at evening by groups from their thousand burrows: now the whirring partridge flying from under my horse's feet, and anon the little mailed armadillo making haste to get out of the way. Every now and then I came within sight of the splendid Paraná. But its broad pellucid surface was undisturbed by any bark. I saw a stream two miles broad and ten feet deep at the place from which I surveyed it, and that place was one hundred and eighty miles from the mouth of the Plate and two thousand from its source. There was no cataract to impede navigation—no savages sought to interrupt traffic. The land on both sides was as fertile as Nature could make it. The climate was most salubrious, and the soil had been in undisturbed possession of a European power

for three hundred years. Yet all was still as the grave.'—vol. i. pp. 194–196.

All the inhabitants of Santa Fé were sitting in the porches of the doors, or in the street on the shady side, the gentlemen in shirts, white trousers, and slippers, the ladies in '*primitive chemises,*' a low vestment, and some loose and transparent upper garment, scarcely at all confining the body; every man, woman, and child either smoking cigars, sipping *maté* through a tube, or eating water-melons. 'Conceive,' he says, 'how much I must have been shocked to see, for the first time, a great proportion of the ladies openly and undisguisedly not only smoking, but smoking cigars of a size so large that those of their male companions bore no comparison with them. The maté, the melon, the shirts, the *chemises*, might have been overlooked, but the large cigar in a female mouth—'oh! it was a terrible shock to my nerves!'

Don Luis Aldao, to whom he had letters of recommendation, received him most hospitably, and, after having rested and refreshed himself, a whole party of both sexes set out on a bathing expedition; and here again our young traveller's nerves were as much shocked as he had been at the large cigars in the lips of the ladies.

'Guess, my friend, if you can, my astonishment, when, on reaching the banks, I saw the Santa Fecina Naiads, who had taken to the stream before our arrival, bandying their jokes in high glee with the gentlemen who were bathing a little way above them. It is true they were all dressed, the ladies in white robes, and the gentlemen in white drawers; but there was in the exhibition something that ran rather counter to my preconceived notions of propriety and decorum.'—vol. i. p. 204.

Returning home, a hot supper, with abundance of wine (notwithstanding the heat), was served up, and the same exhibition of water-melons and cigars was repeated by the ladies. We are now to be entertained by a very extraordinary character:—

'One day, after the siesta-hour, as now half transformed into a Santa Fecino, I was sitting, without jacket or waistcoat, with the family party, under Aldao's porch, there came slowly riding up to us on horseback one of the finest-looking, and most gorgeously-equipped old gentlemen I ever beheld. "There," said Aldao, "comes my uncle Candioti."

'I had often heard of Candioti: who had not, that had ever been in that country? He was the very prince of Gauchos, lord of three hundred square leagues of territory, owner of two hundred and fifty thousand head of horned cattle, master of three hundred thousand horses and mules, and of more than half a million of dollars, laid up in his coffers, in ounces of gold imported from Peru.'—vol. i. pp. 208, 209.

Two hundred and fifty thousand head of horned cattle! Three hundred thousand horses and mules! Had the old Scotch captain lived to read this passage, it would have tried his faith in 'the book.' He must have allowed that even the scale of things in Sutherland or Breadalbane was quite outgone. Why, the horses and mules alone, if haltered together and marched in a single file, would reach from John o' Groat's house to the Land's-end.

On the opposite side of the Paraná, which is here about three miles in width, is the *port* of Santa Fé, with its town, Baxada, erected on the summit of a cliff. This *Golgotha of cattle*, as Mr. Robertson calls it, will show in what manner some at least of Candioti's herds are disposed of:—

'It was quite surrounded by slaughter-grounds and corrales; or rather, instead of these *surrounding* the town, they constituted part of it. The ground was soaked with the blood of the animals; and the effluvia from their offal, from large piles of hides, and from manufactories of tallow, emitted under the hot rays of a burning sun with tenfold intensity, were nearly insupportable. The air over the site of those corrales was almost darkened by birds of prey. Vultures, carrion-crows, and carrion-gulls, hovered, skimmed, and wheeled their flight around the carcasses of the slain. Here were a dozen clamorous assailants fixing their talons, and thrusting their curved beaks into the yet warm flesh of an animal, which had yielded its hide and tallow (all for which it was deemed valuable) to the Gaucho executioners of the matadero. There, so many pigs were contending for mastery in the revels; and close by, some ravenous dogs were usurping and maintaining an exclusive right to the prey. Ducks, fowls, turkeys, all seemed to prefer beef to any thing else; and such a cawing, cackling, barking, and screaming, as were kept up by the heterogeneous family of quadrupeds and winged creatures which were voraciously satisfying the cravings of nature, was never heard out of Babel. I wended my way to the house of the governor; was received with the pompous, yet awkward decorum of a village chieftain newly elected to office; got my passport signed; and in two hours from the time of my landing I left, at a hand-gallop, the carnivorous Baxada.'—vol. i. pp. 226–228.

On the second day's journey he was hospitably received by one of the young Candiotis, who, with five and forty servants, superintended thirty thousand head of cattle, and some fifty thousand horses and mules.

Our traveller having at length crossed the Paraná, proceeded to Neembucú, the first establishment in Paraguay. The difference on the two sides of this river was remarkable.

'The open Pampa was exchanged for the shady grove; the pastures, protected by the trees, and irrigated by abundant streams, were in most places beautifully green; the palm-tree was a frequent occupant of the plain; hills, and more gently-sloping eminences, contrasted beautifully with the valley and the lake. Wooded from the base to the top, those hills and slopes exhibited now the stately forest-tree, and anon the less-aspiring shrub, the lime, and the orange, each bearing, at the same time, both blossom and fruit. The fig-tree spread its broad dark leaf, and offered its delicious fruit to the traveller, without money and without price;

while the parasite plant lent all its variety of leaf and flower to adorn the scene. Pendent from the boughs of many of the trees was to be seen, and yet more distinctly known by its fragrance, the air-plant. Squirrels leaped, and monkeys chattered among the branches; the parrot and parroquet, the pheasant, the moigtû, the toocan, the humming-bird, the guacamayo or cockatoo, and innumerable others described by Azara, inhabited, in all their gaudy variety of plumage, the woods through which I rode.'—vol. i. pp. 259, 260.

The only torment experienced was from the mosquito, but here necessity has pointed out a simple mode of avoiding its nightly attacks. A roofed stage on the top of four trunks of palm trees, about fifteen feet high, is the general sleeping-place for the whole family; and to this height the insect enemy never rise. The children first mounted up the ladder one by one; then up mounted Mr. Robertson; then 'up came Gomez (his companion); up came the host and his wife; up came three peons; and, finally, up came the ladder, in all eighteen persons,' and thus they defrauded a whole swarm of their feast. Nothing could exceed the urbanity and hospitality of the inhabitants on his route to Assumption, the capital. At twelve miles from this place commenced a road embanked on each side to the height of twelve feet. Trees entwined their branches across it, affording a cool and sylvan passage to the town, all its approaches being of the same kind, originally intended as defences against the Indians.

Our traveller alighted at the house of Dr. Bargas, a lawyer and graduate of the University of Cordova, but who, having a vineyard at Mendoza, was also a dealer in wine at Assumption. His first visit was to the government house, where a junta of three members, with an assessor, and a secretary, transacted all affairs. Two of the junta were military officers, who had been mainly instrumental in defeating Belgrano's army, and deposing the Spanish Governor Velasco; the third was a lawyer. Mr. Robertson was received with cold and formal civility, and after a few questions, told he might retire. The Doctor and Gomez were ordered to remain. On their return home they brought intelligence of some awkward reports having reached the government:—that Mr. Robertson, by his large property, had created great jealousy among the native merchants; that he had in his ship munitions of war; that he had been employed in making a map of the country, and other observations of a suspicious kind, &c.: the result being, that they must look to Dr. Bargas for the care of his person, and vigilant observation of his conduct; and that both he and Señor Gomez, as supercargo, must give security in two thousand dollars for the strict observance of all regulations.

When the ship arrived, the cargo was placed under rigid restrictions, and every package strictly examined. However, by cultivating the friendship of the most influential persons, abstaining from all political and religious discussions, every thing, he says, went on smoothly, and whatever he undertook prospered. The assessor, Don Gregorio Cerda, became his intimate friend. But our traveller, now twenty years of age, soon made another acquaintance of a more interesting description, whom he introduces with remarkable frankness to his sympathising reader:—

'Don Gregorio introduced me one day to the great-grandmother of one of his comrades or gossips. The old lady was eighty-four years of age; rich, hale, healthy, vigorous, and active; and she was in the habit of riding to Assumption from her country-house and back again on a gallant palfrey, three times a-week. Though a wrinkled skeleton, and brown as an Egyptian mummy, she was erect; she did not totter at all; and her utterance, even in Spanish, was clear, unbroken, and distinct. Her name (and it was a very old family name) was Doña Juana Ysquibel.'—vol. i. pp. 304, 305.

In a few days he received a note from this dowager, intimating that she had heard he wanted a country-house, and that hers, though none of the best ('it was the *very* best,') was open for him whenever he liked: —'I will take no excuse; I shall hold three apartments, and the necessary attendance, at your service.' Mr. Robertson accepted her offer—was entertained *en Prince*—every thing was put at his disposal. Her civility and attentions were quite overwhelming. Among her valuables, and they were numerous, whatever he praised was instantly made over to him in such a way that the acceptance of it was unavoidable. An accident brought out the *dénouement* of all this. He had expressed a fondness for the plaintive airs of the Paraguayans, accompanied by the guitar. One day on returning home, he found his amiable hostess under the tuition of a master, 'endeavouring, with her cracked voice, to sing a *triste*, and with her lank, brown, and wrinkled fingers to manage an accompaniment to it on the guitar.' On hearing and seeing this, our merchant of Greenock, whose education had not been finished off in Mayfair, exclaimed 'For God's sake, Doña Juana, how can you, fourteen years after the time when, according to the laws of humanity, you should have been in the grave, either make yourself such a butt for the ridicule of your enemies, or such an object for the compassion of your friends?'

'Down she flung the guitar; she ordered the singing-master unceremoniously out of the house; the servants she sent out of the room; and then, with a fierceness of aspect, of which I little thought her capable, she astounded me by the following address:—"Señor Don Juan: little did I expect such an insult from the man whom I have loved:" and on the latter word she laid no ordinary emphasis. "Yes," (she continued), "*loved*. I was prepared, I am *still* prepared to offer you my hand and my estate. If I was learning to sing, and to play the guitar, for whose sake was it but yours? What have I studied—what have I thought of—for whom have I lived during the last three months but for *you*?

And is *this* the return which I meet with?' "—vol. i. p. 311.

Next morning a reconciliation took place—the Paraguayan Ninon had recovered her senses; admitted she had been very foolish—but 'that is all over'—and as a proof of her forgiveness, proposed to celebrate the day of St. John at her house on Campo Grande by a fête champêtre. This fête is then painted with circumstantial minuteness, equal to any thing that could be done by the *Morning Post;* and we may add, it was not inferior, by the description to any *déjeûné à la fourchette* at an English villa.

We must now introduce our readers to a still more important personage than Doña Juana. Not far from her house, Mr. Robertson says, one fine evening, in pursuit of game, rambling into a peaceful valley, he came upon a neat and unpretending cottage. 'Up rose a partridge; I fired, and the bird came to the ground. A voice from behind called out "Buen tiro"—"A good shot."'

'I turned round, and beheld a gentleman of about fifty years of age, dressed in a suit of black, with a large scarlet capote, or cloak, thrown over his shoulders. He had a mâté-cup in one hand, a cigar in the other; and a little urchin of a negro, with his arms crossed, was in attendance by the gentleman's side. The stranger's countenance was dark, and his black eyes were very penetrating, while his jet hair, combed back from a bold forehead, and hanging in natural ringlets over his shoulders, gave him a dignified and striking air. He wore on his shoes large golden buckles, and at the knees of his breeches the same.'—vol. i. p. 331.

On the young man's offering an apology for firing so near the house, the owner said there was no occasion for any excuse; that he was welcome to amuse himself in his grounds with his gun whenever he pleased; invited him to sit down, to take a cigar and some mâté. A celestial globe, a large telescope, and a theodolite were under the little portico, and Mr. Robertson immediately inferred that the person before him was no other than Doctor Francia. He showed him over his house and his library, talked freely of the state of Paraguay, contemptuously of the members of the junta and their system of government; but Mr. Robertson could neither recognise in his manner, nor deduce from his conversation, a trace of the sanguinary propensities, or of the ungovernable caprice, by which Francia has in the sequel attained so bad a celebrity.

Mr. Robertson having made a good speculation in his first voyage, proceeded down the Paraná to Buenos Ayres, laid in another cargo, and in the course of a month set out again for Assumption. Soon after his second arrival, an envoy was sent from Buenos Ayres to endeavour to arrange a treaty of amity and commerce with Paraguay; but such a hatred existed against that Republic, that the envoy was shut up in the custom-house, and remained there till the National Congress, then assembled for the election of two Consuls in place of the junta of three, had resolved to reject all intercourse with Buenos Ayres, when he was glad to take his departure after the inhospitable reception he had met with. The choice of first consul fell on Francia. In the course of this year (1814 it would appear, but dates are sparingly given), a younger brother, W. P. Robertson, made his appearance in Assumption, and established himself there as a resident. The elder adventurer now meditated a voyage to England, and the port of Assumption being closed against all egress, it was necessary for him to obtain permission from Francia to leave the country. On this occasion the consul laid open his system of non-intercourse with the other provinces of South America, to preserve Paraguay 'from contamination by that foul and restless spirit of anarchy and revolution, which has more or less desolated and disgraced them all.' He expressed his special hatred of Buenos Ayres, and his great wish to promote an intercourse with England, direct; and, pausing, ordered the serjeant in waiting to bring in, emphatically, '*that*.' In three minutes, four grenadiers entered, bearing among them a large hide packet of tobacco, of two hundred weight, a bale of Paraguay tea, a demi-john of Paraguay spirits, a large loaf of sugar, and several bundles of cigars, tied and ornamented with variegated fillets. These Mr. Robertson doubted not were intended as a present for himself, a parting manifestation of regard; but the doctor soon undeceived our friend:—

'I desire that, as soon as you get to London, you will present yourself to the House of Commons; take with you these samples of the productions of Paraguay; request an audience at the bar; and inform the assembly that you are deputed by Don Gaspar Rodriguez de Francia, Consul of the Republic of Paraguay, to lay before it these specimens of the rich productions of that country. Tell them I have authorized you to say that I invite England to a political and commercial intercourse with me; and that I am ready and anxious to receive in my capital, and with all the deference due to diplomatic intercourse between civilized states, a minister from the Court of St. James's: I also will appoint to that Court an envoy of my own. Such a treaty may then be framed as shall comport at once with the dignity and interests of the great empire of England, and with those of the rising state which I now rule. Paraguay will be the first republic of South America, as Great Britain is already the first of European nations. Present yourself," continued he, 'at the bar of the house, and there deliver my message, as of old the ambassadors of independent states delivered theirs to the senate of Rome. According to the reception which they shall give to you, (one of their countrymen, and above the suspicion, therefore, of being a witness in my favour,) shall be the reception (acogimiento) which I will extend to their ambassador to this republic.'—Vol. ii. pp. 283–285.

A fortnight after this, Mr. Robertson left Paraguay for Buenos Ayres; but, finding that the voyage to England would be prejudicial to his affairs, he resolved on returning to Paraguay. On this occasion he was consulted by Alvear, the director of Buenos Ayres, as to the probability of Francia's sending men to Buenos Ayres in return for arms and ammunition. As a neutral, Robertson could not accede to be the bearer of a proposal of this kind; but suggested that a sealed letter might go in the same vessel. To conciliate Francia he took with him some swords, pistols, and a few muskets, with the consent of the Buenos Ayres government. These, however, on his arrival at Santa Fé, were taken from him by his old friend Candioti;—the Prince of Gauchos being now the lieutenant-governor of Artigas, who had overrun the province of Entre Rios. In proceeding up the Paraná he took to his boat one day in quest of game, and was seized by 'a company of tattered and ruffian-looking soldiers,' who forced him on board his own vessel.

'Here I was immediately pinioned, and fastened by a rope to a ring-bolt on the deck. What a scene of desolation presented itself to my eyes! The crew of Paraguayans had been all put on shore; the deck was in possession of between thirty and forty of the very worst class of the marauding soldiers of Artigas; the hatches of the vessel were open, and the cases and bales of merchandise, every one of them more or less violated, layed strewed about. My own poop-cabin, which I had left the picture of neatness and comfort, was rendered desolate by every evidence of spoliation and debauch; my scattered wardrobe was partitioned out among the robbers; wine was spilt and glass broken in every direction; one man was lying on my bed in a state of intoxication; by his side sat three more in wrangling contention over a pack of cards; and, as if gambling were not of itself a sufficient excitement, they were quaffing large libations of raw spirits. Every one of the demon-like gang was, more or less, in a state of intoxication; and while, with frequent reference to me, significant gestures were passing from one to the other, commingled with open threats of instantly taking my life unless I discovered to them all the valuable property, and especially the money, they supposed to be in the vessel, I was left in profound ignorance of the cause and origin of so barbarous a violation of law. As you may conceive, neither enviable nor comfortable were my forebodings of what was likely to be the issue of an outrage so ominously commenced. Night came on; sentinels were placed over the crew on shore; I was more tightly bound; and, after witnessing for hours a scene of license and debauch too frightful to be conceived, and too gross to be portrayed, I was thrust down into the hold of the vessel, and had the hatches closed over my head. Awful as such a predicament was—hearing over my head, as I did, the clanking of steel scabbards, and the loud jar of contentious words as to what should be done with me and my property—my situation was yet tolerable as compared with what it had been upon deck.'—vol. iii. pp. 75, 76.

Having described the horrible treatment he met with from these marauders, he relates an incident of the serio-comic kind, as he calls it, which took place three days after his capture. He happened to have a flageolet on board, on which they compelled him to play.

'There, seated on the poop of the vessel, in my scanty Artigueno habiliments, was I fain to play duets to the satyrs, savages, and imps around me, among whom dancing to my music became a frequent amusement. But there are few evils without their corresponding alleviation in this life; and in the present case mine was to perceive that the intercourse brought about by an unskilful performance on a little reed, had a softening influence on my captors. I can say that thenceforward the only real inconvenience to which I was put by them was that of being obliged, at their pleasure (how little it could be at my own you need not be told), to "play the flute."'—vol. iii. pp. 84, 85.

He was now told by the serjeant that his orders were either to shoot him or to take him back to Baxada; and the vessel was steered for that port.

'I was marched to the small and wretched jail appropriated to the reception of murderers, robbers, and other felonious caitiffs of the worst dye. There they sat, each upon the skull of a bullock, in chains, in nakedness, in squalid filth, and yet in bestial debauch and revelry. There was a fire lit in the middle of the floor, amid a heap of ashes which had been accumulating, apparently, for months. Around this fire there were spitted, for the purpose of being roasted, three or four large pieces of black-looking beef, into the parts of which already done the felons, with voracious strife, were cutting with large gleaming knives. "Aguardiente," or bad rum, was handed round in a bullock's horn; and as the fire cast its flickering glare on the swarthy and horrible countenances of the bacchanals, their chains clanking at every motion of their hands or legs, the picture was truly startling.'—vol. iii. pp. 86, 87.

He remained here but one night:—towards the afternoon of the following day,—

'A serjeant entered with a coat, shirt, and stockings, which he said had been furnished by my friend, with Hereñu's permission. When I had dressed myself (for I was *all but* in a state of nudity), the same serjeant told me to follow him. I did so, with not very comfortable forebodings, for I had been told a dozen times during the day that the Englishman (that was myself) would certainly be shot. The serjeant, however, conducted me to a separate cell, in which were a chair, hide, and jar of water. He told me his orders were to place me where no one should have access to me; but that my meals should be regularly sent in twice a day. So saying, he took his leave; and again thrown for comfort upon the resource of contrast, I was glad this time to find it in my favour. The solitude and clothing of to-day, as contrasted with the nakedness and society to which I had been doomed yesterday, made me once more think myself a comparatively happy man. Dreary enough was my cell, but still I was *alone*. I looked through the iron gratings upon the flocks of vultures and gulls which hovered over the dead carcasses of cattle all round; and truly I wished that, like them, I had wings with which to fly from my bondage, were I even, as a consequence, to live upon carrion.'—vol. iii. pp. 89, 90.

After eight days confinement, an order for his liberation arrived from General Artigas. It appears that an old servant of Mr. Robertson, named Manuel, happening to see his master dragged to prison, immediately set off to Buenos Ayres, and told the story to Captain the Hon. Jocelyn Percy, then commanding the squadron there. The Captain had given Mr. Robertson a license to proceed up the Paraná, and without delay he now sent a lieutenant to demand his liberation; but to recover the amount of the property seized, Mr. Robertson saw no chance, but from a personal application, backed by a letter from Captain Percy, to Artigas, then at a village on the banks of the Uraguay, called Purificacion. In the revolutions and disturbances of the southern provinces of South America this man had played a prominent part:—

'Descended from a good family in Monte Video, he passed his youth amidst smugglers and robbers. The Spanish government, wishing to suppress these marauders, appointed Artigas lieutenant of the chase; and in this capacity he now led the pursuit after his former comrades. During the revolution he was a patriot, and distinguished himself in the war against the Spaniards, and at the siege of Monte Video. He was elected chief of Banda Oriental, and soon kindled the devouring flame of civil war. He made an attack on Buenos Ayres; he invaded Entre Rios; excited a revolt in Santa Fe; armed the savage Indians of Great Chaco, and laid waste parts of Paraguay by acts of unheard-of cruelty. His standard was the rallying point for the dregs of the human race. Brigands, assassins, pirates, robbers, deserters, all were equally acceptable to him.'

When Buenos Ayres could no longer maintain its ascendency over the interior provinces, Artigas, being the most powerful and popular of the insubordinate chiefs, obtained possession of the whole territory between the Paraná and the Grand Chaco, almost to the eastern base of the Andes. At the different towns, Candelaria, Corrientes, Santa Fé, and others, he had now his lieutenants, more savage and barbarous than himself. Rengger says, 'it is fair to add, that, had Artigas been left to himself, he would not have acted so ferociously; but he was surrounded by a set of villains, on whom he was obliged to place some reliance;' and he adds, 'that the most infamous of those was a monk of mercy, who was secretary and privy counsellor to Artigas, and who stifled every sentiment of humanity in his bosom.' His whole army at and near Purificacion, horse and foot, consisted of about 1500 tattered followers; their camp was made up of hide huts and mud hovels. Mr. Robertson was ushered to the presence chamber, and 'What,' says he, do you think I saw there?'—

'Why, the most excellent Protector of half of the New World seated on a bullock's skull, at a fire kindled on the mud floor of a hut, eating beef off a spit, and drinking gin out of a cow-horn! He was surrounded by a dozen officers in weather-beaten attire, in similar positions, and similarly occupied. All were smoking, all gabbling. The Protector was dictating to two secretaries, who occupied, at one deal table, the only two dilapidated rush-bottom chairs in the hovel. It was the scene of the Baxada prison all over, except that the parties were not in chains, nor exactly without coats to their backs. To complete the singular incongruity of the scene, the floor of the one apartment of the mud hut (to be sure it was a pretty large one), in which the general, his staff, and secretaries were assembled, was strewn with pompous envelopes from all the provinces (some of them distant 1500 miles from that centre of operations), addressed to his "EXCELLENCY THE PROTECTOR." At the door stood the reeking horses of couriers arriving every half hour, and the fresh ones of those departing as often. Soldiers, aides-de-camp, scouts, came galloping in from all quarters. All was referred to "HIS EXCELLENCY THE PROTECTOR;" and his excellency the Protector, seated on his bullock's skull, smoking, eating, drinking, dictating, talking, despatched in succession the various matters brought under his notice, with that calm, or deliberate, but unintermitted nonchalance, which brought most practically home to me the truth of the axiom, "Stop a little, that we may get on the faster." I believe that if the business of the world had been on his shoulders, he would have proceeded in no different manner. He seemed a man incapable of bustle, and was, in this single respect (if I may be permitted the allusion), like the greatest commander of the age.

'On perusal of my introductory letter, his Excellency rose from his seat and received me, not only with cordiality, but with what surprised me more, comparatively gentleman-like manners, and really good breeding. He spoke facetiously about his state apartment; and begged of me, as my hams and legs might not be so accustomed to the squatting position as his, to seat myself on the edge of a stretcher, or open hide bedstead, which stood in a corner of the room, and which he desired to be drawn near the fire. Without further prelude or apology, he put into my hand his own knife, and a spit with a piece of beef beautifully roasted upon it. He desired me to eat, and then he made me drink, and presented me with a cigar. I joined the conversation, became unawares a gaucho; and, before I had been five minutes in the room, General Artigas was again dictating to his secretaries, and getting through a world of business, at the very time that he was condoling with me on my treatment at Baxada, condemning the authors of it, and telling me how instantaneously, on the receipt of Captain Percy's just remonstrance, he had given orders for my liberation.

'There was a great deal of talking and writing, and eating and drinking; for, as there were no separate apartments in which to carry on these several operations, so neither did there seem to be any distinct time allotted for them. The Protector's business was prolonged from morning till evening, and so were his meals: for as one courier arrived another was despatched; and as one officer rose up from the fire at which the meat was spitted another took his place.'—vol. iii. pp. 101–105.

By-and-by Mr. Robertson seized what seemed a suitable moment 'to intimate his claim for compensation:'—

'"You see," said the General, with great candour and nonchalance, "how we live here; and it is as much as we can do, in these hard times, to compass beef, aguardiente, and cigars. To pay you 6000 dollars just now is as much beyond my power as it would be to pay you 60,000, or 600,000. Look here," said he, and, so saying, he lifted up the lid of an old military chest, and pointed to a canvass bag at the bottom of it—"There," he continued, "is my whole stock of cash; it amounts to 300 dollars; and where the next supply is to come from, I am as little aware as you are."'—vol. iii. p. 108.

Though no money was forthcoming, Mr. Robertson says, 'I obtained from the most excellent Protector, as a token of his gratitude and good will, some important mercantile privileges connected with an establishment I had formed at Corrientes;' and these privileges, he admits, more than retrieved his loss. Artigas gave him an escort of two of his own body-guard, and a passport to Corrientes, which procured him every thing he wanted—horses, entertainment, lodging, on the whole route of four days' journey. From hence he determined to proceed to Assumption; but on his way thither he reseived a letter from his brother, entreating him not to come on, as Francia was exasperated against them both, and he, the junior, was ordered to quit Paraguay in two months at farthest. Francia, it would seem, had some cause for this proceeding. It will be recollected that Mr. J. P. Robertson recommended the letter of Alvear, which offered Francia arms in exchange for recruits, to be sent in his ship, the Inglesita. Artigas had got hold of this letter, and caused a report to be circulated, that Francia was selling Paraguayans like dogs for muskets, all of which was duly reported to the Doctor. He had expressed to Mr. W. P. Robertson great indignation on hearing that the arms intended for him had been seized at Baxada. He told him, if the English could not guarantee a free trade in arms, he would not allow a commerce in English *rags*. 'Artigas,' he continued, 'is a scoundrel, a robber, a highwayman; but I know how to make him repent of his rashness in meddling with my affairs. But, sir, both you and your brother must leave the republic. Go to your naval commander—go to your consul, and tell them from Francia that they are fools!' But the finishing blow to the Robertsons was the letter from Alvear:—

'"See," said he, "what your brother has had the insolence and hardihood to do! He has trafficked with the vile Alvear for arms against the blood of the Paraguayans! He has offered men for muskets!—he has dared to attempt to sell my people! Let him beware!—let him at his peril tread this republic! Write to him never to set foot on it again!—and, as for yourself, depart immediately with what you have. The world shall still see that, whatever be the provocation, justice and leniency towards neutrals preside over the counsels of Francia."'—vol. iii. p. 122.

Mr. W. P. Robertson asked for time to wind up their affairs. 'How long,' he asked, 'would it take?' 'Two months,' was the answer. 'Very well, in two months from this day, or sooner if you can, you will leave the republic.'

The elder brother would not take the younger's warning—he went on, speedily arrived, and insisted on waiting on Francia to exculpate himself. He was admitted. 'What' (said Francia to him, without further prelude than a scowl) 'has emboldened you to come into my presence, after receiving express orders from me not to dare to set your foot upon my territory?' While attempting to explain, Francia burst forth—'The letter, Sir!—the letter!—what have you to say to that?' The adventurer made some effort to vindicate his conduct, but he was cut short with 'Look ye, Sir!—see that, at the expiration of forty-eight hours, you are no longer to be found in Paraguay, or beware—beware of the consequences!'

Thus ended, in the year 1815, all the mercantile transactions, the flourishing schemes, and promising prospects of the two brothers in Paraguay. Of the occasional profits of a commercial intercourse with this now prohibited territory, Mr. Robertson affords us some extraordinary examples. For instance, a friend of his took to Paraguay, as ballast, a quantity of salt which cost two hundred dollars. Immediately on his arrival he sold it for four thousand dollars. Another merchant, who had an exclusive license from the Dictator to export two cargoes of produce, sold one-third to the other, who had an English passport as a protection against the Artigueños, for which he paid a trifle more than the produce of his salt just sold. On reaching Buenos Ayres, 'the two cargoes sold for the incredible sum of two hundred and sixty thousand dollars; and, after a variety of heavy charges and duties paid, the two hundred dollars' worth of salt yielded a clear profit of *more than sixty thousand dollars!*' After this statement we may readily conceive the grievous disappointment of the two brothers, and the indignation felt by them at the treatment they received from Francia. And now that more than twenty years have passed over their heads, they have, to be sure, drawn his portrait in characters of blood. Of his caprice and tyranny, we presume there can be no doubt; but still we strongly suspect that the Robertsons have painted the devil blacker than he is.

Francia's Father was a Frenchman; he received his education at the university of Cordova, and was admitted to the degree of Doctor of Theology, but his studies were chiefly confined to jurisprudence. On returning to Assumption he took up the profession o an advocate. 'He distinguished himself,' says Rengger, 'by a degree of courage and integrity which nothing could surmount. Never did he sully his function by undertaking an unjust cause. He readily defended the weak against the strong—the poo against the rich.' An instance is mentioned by the Robertsons of his volunteering the cause of his enemy against his own intimate friend, because he saw it t be a case of oppression and injustice, and he carried i against his friend. His habits were retired and un social—apparently very studious. 'He had the misfortune,' says Rengger, 'to be subject to fits of hypochondria, which sometimes degenerated into madness. His father was known to have been a man of very singular habits; his brother was a lunatic; and one of his sisters was out of her mind for many years.'—(p. 7.)

Mr. Robertson says this poor brother was subject to fits of insanity of a harmless character; but the Doctor became jealous (of what?), and immured him in one of his prisons; that there the mental malady, heretofore only slight and occasional, became confirmed and incurable; 'and there his ruthless and most unnatural brother left him to expire.' But the writer adds, 'This was many years after my departure from Paraguay.'

When Paraguay had defeated the Buenos Ayrean troops, the inhabitants proceeded at once to assert their independence, and established a triumvirate government, of which Francia was the secretary; but, in point of fact, the prime mover of all their proceedings. Francia, however, retired in disgust; and the reigning junta, or senate, acknowledged the necessity of a change. A congress of one thousand deputies were summoned for the purpose, as already stated, of electing two consuls. Dr. Francia, from his superior intelligence, as Rengger says, but, according to the Robertsons, by intrigue, was elected one of the consuls, and Don Fulgencio Yegros, a member of the late junta, the other, for one year. The new consuls took their posts in the senate-house, where two curule chairs had been provided, on one of which was inscribed the name of Cæsar, on the other that of Pompey. Francia at once sat down upon Cæsar, and left Pompey to Yegros—a tolerably broad hint. In the plan of the constitution, however, they were declared to be equal: all the troops, arms, and ammunition, equally divided between them, they were to preside over the tribunals alternately, for four months at a time each, with the title of 'Consul in turn,' and not 'Consul presiding,' 'lest that designation should give rise to mistakes.' Francia, however, as Cæsar, took the first turn, by which he, of course, got eight months, leaving only four for Pompey. Sir Woodbine Parish, in his lucid and interesting volume on the 'Provinces of Rio de la Plata' (and, when *chargé d'affaires* at Buenos Ayres, he had to do with the first consul), says:—

> 'Francia, having thus obtained one-half the power he aimed at, was not long ere he secured the other. When the thousand deputies met, in virtue of the 13th article of the Constitution, it was intimated to them that the substitution of one governor for a pair of consuls would be a great improvement; and Don Gaspar was, as a matter of course, elected sole Dictator of the republic of Paraguay. His nomination in the first instance was for three years; at the expiration of which time he took care to have his power confirmed for life. The deputies who passed this act, in their simplicity, returned to their homes exulting in an arrangement whereby they were saved all further trouble, whilst the tyrant they had set up commenced a reign which, for systematic selfishness, cruelty, and unrestrained despotism is almost unparalleled in the history of any country.'

Having, in fact, thrown out defiance to Buenos Ayres, to Artigas, and to all the neighbouring states, and resolved to play the despot among his own subjects, Francia found himself surrounded by enemies on every side; but, like another Richard, he resolved never to yield:

> 'I have set my life upon a cast,
> And I will stand the hazard of the die.'

One measure, however, which he took during his three years' dictatorship, gave great satisfaction—'he abolished the Inquisition.' Rengger says, 'As the bishop of the place was so shocked by the revolution as to have his reason disordered, Francia directed that his vicar-general should perform all the duties of the episcopal office.' The Robertsons improve on this:—'Harassed, jaded, insulted, and alarmed by Francia's daily invasions of the prelatical jurisdiction, by his open ridicule of the church, and by his hostility to its members, the bishop was driven to insanity, superseded by a vicar-general, and died in a state of mournful imbecility and destitution.' There is no doubt of Francia's fixed hostility to all monks and friars; nay, he once said to Rengger, 'If his holiness the pope should come to Paraguay, I should make him merely my almoner.'

We think it just to our readers to give, by way of specimen, one incident as stated by Rengger, who was in the country, and by the Robertsons, who had left it several years. Rengger says that, in order to stimulate their natural ability in the artisans of Paraguay, Francia had recourse to intimidation:—

> 'He caused a gibbet to be erected, and he threatened a poor shoemaker to hang him up, because he had not made some belts of the size he required. Thus it was that out of blacksmiths, shoemakers, and masons he created a race of whitesmiths, saddlers, and architects.'

From this brief text the brothers spin the following amusing history: having previously told us that Francia had erected a gibbet before his window, they proceed thus:—

> 'In came, according to custom, one afternoon, a poor shoemaker, with a couple of grenadiers' belts, neither according to the fancy of the Dictator. "Sentinel!" said he; and in came the sentinel; when the following conversation ensued:—
>
> 'Dictator.—"Take this bribonazo" (a very favourite word of the Dictator's, and which, being interpreted, means "most impertinent scoundrel")—"Take this bribonazo to the gibbet over the way: walk him under it half a dozen times; and now," said he, turning to the trembling shoemaker, "bring me such another pair of belts, and instead of *walking* under the gallows, we shall try how you can *swing* upon it."

'Shoemaker.—"Please your Excellency, I have done my best."

'Dictator.—"Well, bribon, if this *be* your best, I shall do *my* best to see that you never again mar a bit of the state's leather. The belts are of no use to me; but they will do very well to hang you upon the little framework which the grenadier will show you."

'Shoemaker.—"God bless your Excellency, the Lord forbid! I am your vassal, your slave; day and night have I served and will serve my lord; only give me two days more to prepare the belts; y por el alma de un triste zapatéro" (by the soul of a poor shoemaker), "I will make them to your Excellency's liking!"

'Dictator.—"Off with him, sentinel!"

'Sentinel!—"Venga, bribon!" ("Come along, you rascal!")

'Shoemaker.—"Senor Excelentisimo, *this very night* I will make the belts according to your Excellency's pattern."

'Dictator.—"Well, you shall have till the morning; but still you must pass under the gibbet: it is a salutary process, and may at once quicken the work and improve the workmanship."

'Sentinel.—"Vamonos, bribon; the Supreme commands it."

'Off was the shoemaker marched: he was, according to orders, passed and repassed under the gibbet; and then allowed to retire to his stall. Whether the electric shock which he had undergone strung his nerves anew, or whether his genius was quickened by a keen perception of the danger of being a sloven, or an ignoramus, in a vocation so important as that of belt-maker to his Excellency, it is very certain that the shoemaker appeared the next morning before Francia with a couple of belts, so entirely to the Dictator's fancy, as to save the operator's neck from the halter, and to procure for him the station of belt-maker-general to the army.

'The example was so salutary, that blacksmiths, gunsmiths, architects, tailors, tambourers, cap-makers, all became better tradesmen. The "*Tradesmen's gibbet*" was the terror of them all, and a single peep at it, even in the distance, sent every man home to his respective calling, with a combination of alacrity, fear, and dexterity, which I doubt much if any other stimulus, however exciting, would have produced.'—vol. iii. p. 314-317.

Sheridan's post-boy from Northamptonshire, with a double knock at the door, fails in comparison with this as a bit of circumstantial narrative.

The Robertsons inform us that a friend of theirs, Mr. Okes, proceeded to Assumption on a mercantile speculation. He waited on the Dictator, and informed him that in his cargo were some very fine mathematical and astronomical instruments. 'Ah, that is good! that is good!' said Francia, with great glee. 'I must see them: do you understand the use of them?' Okes bowed. 'Very good, very good; I am extremely pleased to hear it. Go now, arrange your business; you have perfect freedom to trade here. You appear to be a man of sense and education: meddle not with state affairs; mind your own matters; and, whenever I may send for you, endeavour to come and give me a little of your time.' He did so; gave lessons in mathematics and practical astronomy; and was treated as a friend. In three months Okes wound up his affairs, and obtained permission to return a second time from Buenos Ayres. In parting he said, 'You have no doubt heard, and perhaps are inclined to believe, that my government is despotic and unnecessarily severe; but, believe me, Don Henrique, I had only a choice between this severity and the anarchy of my country. But,' he went on, 'judge by yourself; you have come here freely—freely you depart; and I shall always be happy to see you in this republic.'

Nothing could be more civil and reasonable. Mr. Okes, in a few months after his return to Buenos Ayres, died. On hearing this, Francia sent to seize all the property he had left with one Zelaya, as being that of a deceased foreigner whose estate had lapsed to the treasury. Zelaya's books showed a large property under his charge belonging to a native of Paraguay, then in Buenos Ayres; what more was discovered we are not told; but charges were brought against the stranger in Buenos Ayres and Zelaya as an accomplice. 'Without form or process the unhappy victim, amid the heart-rending cries of his family, was dragged to the front of Francia's window, and there, in his sight, *butchered* by his janissaries. The whole of the property under the murdered man's charge was confiscated to the state by the *murderer*.'

Francia had his public prisons and state prisons, both of which are described by Robertson, and also by Rengger: the latter says:—

'We frequently visited these frightful prisons, either to see some sick prisoner, or to give an opinion on some question of forensic medicine. There might be seen confounded the Indian and the mulatto, the white man and the negro, the master and the slave: there were mingled all ranks and ages, the guilty and the innocent, the convict and the accused, the highway robber and the debtor; in fine, the assassin and the patriot—and in several instances it happened that they were bound by the same chain. But what completes this frightful picture is the ever-increasing demoralization of the great majority of the prisoners, and the ferocious joy which they exhibit on the arrival of a new victim.

'The female prisoners, of whom there are fortunately but few, occupy an apartment in an inclosure divided from the principal court by a pallisading. They have, however, more or less, an opportunity of communicating with the other prisoners.

'Women of a respectable rank, who had drawn upon themselves the anger of the Dictator, are there confounded with prostitutes and criminals, and exposed to all the insults of the male prisoners. They are also loaded with irons, an exemption from which is not granted even to those in a state of pregnancy.'—pp. 139, 140.

These prisons had always, according to our authors, a standing gibbet attached to them; but the most common mode of execution was by musketry on a stage, or *banquillo*. Rengger says the Dictator allowed no more than three men for each execution; so that sometimes an unhappy victim was despatched by the bayonet: that Francia was a witness of those scenes of horror—that they took place always beneath his window, and frequently in his presence. W. P. Robertson mentions one Chilabar being shot, mangled, and hung upon a gibbet;—he adds, 'The Dictator, with his snuff-box in his hand, gazed from the window of his room on the bloody proceedings which went on before him.' This, we conceive, wants authority. Who would venture to look at Francia, in his window, with his snuff-box in his hand, after the following order, which Rengger says was given by the Dictator to the sentinel, in consequence of a poor woman looking in at his window?—'If any passenger should dare to fix his eyes upon the front of my house, you will fire at him; if you miss him, this is for a second shot (handing him another musket, loaded with ball); and, if you miss again, I shall take care not to miss you.' There is no accounting, however, for tastes. The conduct of Francia, in looking at an execution through his window, is not more atrocious than that of Savary, who from the ramparts was a needless and voluntary spectator of the murder of the Duc d'Enghien.

Man is the creature of circumstances, and those in which Francia found himself placed would no doubt, in his own opinion, furnish him with as plausible a plea, as Cromwell and his 'Praise-god Barebone's Parliament' set up for the murder of their sovereign, or for any of the many atrocious assassinations sanctioned and committed by such agents of this canting crew, that had usurped the government, as the brutal Kirke and the sanguinary Jefferies. Francia, the elected Dictator of Paraguay, had some pretext for his severities. Surrounded by enemies within and without, he determined at all hazards and at every sacrifice of friends and foes, to preserve the integrity and independence of the country intrusted to his government.

So early as the year 1820, he was apprised of a conspiracy to effect a revolution in Paraguay, in favour of Buenos Ayres: one of the conspirators, at confession before a Franciscan friar, revealed the plot. Every person named was immediately apprehended—among others, Fulgencio Yegros, formerly Francia's brother-consul. At first Francia contented himself with sending the whole of them to prison and confiscating their property. But by-and-by a letter of Ramirez, the lieutenant of Artigas, addressed to Yegros, fell into Francia's hands, and convinced him of the truth and extent of the plot;—and upon this the prisoners were sent for examination to the 'Chamber of Truth,' or, as the Robertsons call it, the 'Chamber of Torture,' where confession is said to have been extorted by blows of a leather whip on the back. The examinations being ended, 'they proceeded to execution, when the accused were shot by four or eight at a time.' One young man, not mortally wounded, rose up to give orders for a fresh discharge; another individual resolved to exempt himself from torture and execution by an act of suicide. 'The following words,' says Rengger, 'traced in charcoal, were found on the walls of his dungeon—"I know that suicide is contrary to the law of God and of man; but the tyrant of my country shall not strengthen himself with my blood."' Here we have another instance of the high colouring of the Robertsons:—

> 'Three demons were alone accessory to the inquisitorial investigations of the Chamber of Torture—Francia himself, a legal functionary, and a registrar. No one but these ever knew the result of the examinations. That result was only revealed to the public by the corpses of the prisoners, as day after day they perished on the banquillo—glutted the eyes of the despot—tempted to voracity the birds of prey—and, after exposure to these for a whole day, were conducted in the evening, often mangled, by their despairing relations, to a dark and silent grave. Poor Don Fulgencio Yegros was first shot and then bayoneted; Don Fernando de la Mora followed in the same way; Galvan, Yturbide, and fifty others, all went in succession.'—vol. iii. pp. 331, 332.

About the same time the Dictator had, or thought he had, reason to suspect the old Spaniards, the most respectable inhabitants of Paraguay, and determined at once to strike a blow that would remove them from all future suspicion. All those who inhabited Assumption, and places within a league of it, were ordered to assemble at the square in front of the government-house. When about three hundred were collected, they were marched to prison—crowded together in fifties—the rooms having one general door and one corridor for all: he called them his *recluses*. After some time those of poor and humble condition were released, but compelled to withdraw several leagues from the capital; the more affluent were kept in prison nineteen months. Many, in the mean time, died in prison—among whom was Velasco, the old Spanish governor previous to the revolution, an inoffensive, humane, and charitable man. In December, 1822, those that remained were set at liberty on condition of paying to the state a fine of 150,000 piastres.

It is not surprising that, after these and many other enormities, the fear of assassination should have seized upon the tyrant. That busy monitor, conscience, is able to shake the nerves of the most hardened criminals—even of those whom the world styles heroes. The description which Hume has given of Cromwell answers so exactly to Francia, that it is only necessary to transcribe it:—'Each action of his life betrayed the terrors under which he laboured. The aspect of strangers was uneasy to him. With a piercing and anxious eye he surveyed every face to which he was not daily accustomed. He never moved a step without strong guards attending him: he wore armour under his clothes, and further secured himself by offensive weapons, a sword, falchion, and pistols, which he always carried about him. He returned from no place by the direct road, or by the same way which he went. Every journey he performed with hurry and precipitation.'

At home the Dictator was equally anxious as to the persons he allowed to approach him. He never, says Rengger, admitted into his room more than one person at a time, nor must he approach nearer than six paces. His arms must be held close to his body, with the hands open and hanging down. 'At our first audience, as I was not acquainted with this etiquette, it happened that my hands were not in the position required by the Dictator, when he gruffly asked me if I was endeavouring to draw a poniard from my pocket. On my replying that such was not the custom among the Swiss, he became appeased and continued the conversation.' The same writer tells us he is pleased when the person addressing him looks him straight in the face and returns prompt answers. 'Speaking on this subject one day,' he says, 'as I was about opening the body of one of the natives, he told me to see if his countrymen had not one bone more than the usual number in their necks, which prevented them from holding up their heads and speaking out.'

We strongly suspect that the Dictator, like the rest of his family, is subject to fits of insanity, which Mr. Rengger calls hypochondria. The Swiss surgeon says it is during these paroxysms that he is most prone to order arrests, and to inflict the severest punishments; that he then thinks nothing of issuing a sentence of death; and he adds that, when the wind is north-east, accompanied by sudden and frequent rains, the Dictator is most subject to such fits; but that his good humour is restored when the wind changes to the south-west: then he sings, laughs to himself, and chats very readily with all persons who approach him. Neither is he deficient in acts of generosity—one of which was displayed towards his great enemy, Artigas. This hero being hard pressed by his lieutenant, Ramirez, who attacked him with eight hundred of his best cavalry in the Entre Rios, had been forced to retire, with about a thousand followers, to the left bank of the Paraná, near which was one of the posts of Paraguay. The once Most Excellent Protector sent, in his distress, begging the Most Excellent Dictator to receive him under his protection. A squadron of horse was despatched to bring him, and such of his followers as remained, into Paraguay; but most of the latter had dispersed to follow their old occupation of plunder. Artigas himself had the treatment of another Themistocles. He was placed in the Convent of Mercy for a few days, and thence sent, without obtaining an audience, to the village of Curuguaty, eighty-five leagues north-east of Assumption. Here his old foe assigned him a house and land and a liberal stipend in money besides; orders were sent to the governor to treat him with great respect, and to furnish him with whatever additional accommodations he might require. And here, Mr. Rengger says—

> 'Artigas wished to expiate, at least in part, the course of iniquity in which he had so long wallowed. At the age of sixty he cultivated his farm with his own hands, and became the father of the poor of Curuguaty; he distributed the greater part of the produce among them, gave up all his pay in relieving them, and afforded all the assistance in his power to those of them who laboured under sickness.'

Thus terminated the political and marauding career of the Protector Artigas.

The last alleged atrocity of Francia that we shall mention is his capture and detention of M. Bonpland, the friend and fellow-traveller of the celebrated Humboldt. The French government had not been able, on the return of these two naturalists, to offer to M. Bonpland any situation worthy of his acceptance. He therefore embarked for Buenos Ayres, and from thence proceeded into the interior, and settled himself for some time at Candelaria, on the southern side of the Paraná, in the territory of Entre Rios. Here he set about forming plantations of the *yerba*, to supply the southern provinces with an article difficult at all times to be procured from Paraguay. His little colony of Indians soon became a model of industry, order, and happiness. In the course of two years, however, (at the close of 1821) this rising prosperity was arrested:

> 'At midnight a body of *four hundred men*, which had been gradually and silently gathered on the opposite shore, passed over in canoes from Ytapua to Candelaria. With drawn sabres and loaded muskets they rushed upon the colony of M. Bonpland. Amid the cries and shrieks of the inmates, the soldiers *massacred* all the male Indians of the establishment; they beat and wounded the women; they set fire, in every direction, to houses, implements, crops, plantations, and reduced the whole to a heap of black and smouldering ruins; they stunned M. Bonpland with the blows of their sabres; they loaded him with irons; they dragged him from among the corpses of all the faithful servants, who, three hours before, had surrounded him in health, happiness, and affection; they mocked his mental anguish on witnessing the horrors which surrounded him; they heeded not the agony of his bodily sufferings; but, pushing and thrusting him on board of a canoe, they carried him across the Paraná to the town of Santa Maria.'—vol. iii. p. 278.

So says Messrs. Robertson. The following is Francia's own account given by himself to Rengger, who, on his return from a country excursion, waited on him:—

> 'After some questions, he informed me that Mr. Bonpland was his prisoner some days. "Mr. Bonpland," said he, "formed an establishment for the preparation of the herb of Paraguay, with the Indians, who, after Artigas's submission, settled themselves in the ruined missions of Entre Rios. He wanted to establish relations with me, and came twice for the pur-

> pose to the left bank of the Paraná, opposite Ytapua, with despatches from the Indian chief, written in his own hand. Now I could not allow the herb to be prepared in those countries, which, besides, belong to us—it would injure the commerce of Paraguay; and I was under the necessity of sending four hundred men there, who destroyed the establishment, and brought away several prisoners, among whom was Mr. Bonpland." I endeavoured, adds Rengger, to excuse the celebrated traveller, but he immediately imposed silence on me, adding, in an angry tone, "It is not for attempting to prepare the herb upon my territory that I feel offended with him; it is because he has made an alliance with my enemies, the Indians, whom you yourself, during your captivity amongst them, must have well known. In short, I found amongst Mr. Bonpland's papers two letters, one from Ramirez, the other from his lieutenant, Garcia, who commands at Baxada, both corroborating my suspicions, that this establishment was formed for no other purpose than to facilitate the invasion of Paraguay."
>
> 'From what I have since learned, I perceive that the Dictator told me only half the truth—for he suppressed the fact, that his soldiers had massacred a party of Indians—that Mr. Bonpland, without the least provocation, received a blow of a sabre from one of them—that his property was plundered—and that, without any pity for his sufferings, they conducted him with irons on his feet to Santa Maria, the chief place of the missions, on the left bank of the Paraná.'—pp. 80, 81.

Rengger adds, that as soon as the Dictator was informed of the treatment which M. Bonpland had received, he ordered his irons to be removed, restored the property which had escaped the plunder of the soldiers, and assigned him a residence near the town of Santa Maria, at a spot called Cerrito, or the little hill; and here, with philosophic resignation, he fixed his abode, until the year 1831, when, just as suddenly and unexpectedly as at Candelaria, the Dictator a second time reduced him to beggary. The Robertsons say:—

> 'He was visited one evening by the commandant of Santa Maria, or one of his officers, with a few men, and he was told that an order had just come down from Assumption to remove him from Paraguay *that very night.* He was allowed to take with him a few clothes, as much money as would pay his expenses to Corrientes, and *nothing more.* All the rest of his property was abandoned, and to this day he has never received a farthing of it. He was conducted in darkness and in solitude to the banks of the Paraná; a canoe lay ready to receive him; he was taken across to the Entre Rios side, under the escort of soldiers; there they landed, and there they left him. Such was the conclusion of M. Bonpland's nine years' detention in Paraguay.'—vol. iii. pp. 288, 289.

But the most extraordinary part of the story is, that in 1832, when Bonpland returned to Buenos Ayres, Messrs. Robertson conversed at length with him, and so far from expressing himself with dread of Paraguay and horror of Francia, the Frenchman spoke of the latter with philosophic serenity, and only regretted, over and over again, that there was no chance of the Dictator's *allowing him to return to Paraguay.*

Mr. Parish, the British chargé d'affaires at Buenos Ayres, in the early part of 1825, in writing to Francia to acquaint him of the recognition by England of the new American Republics, solicited permission for the English *détenus* to be allowed to leave the country with their effects; in consequence of which, twelve Englishmen removed to Buenos Ayres. Soon after this, passports were given to Messrs. Rengger and Longchamps, accompanied with an order on the public treasury for the services the former had rendered in his medical capacity, with permission at the same time, rarely granted, to take their money out of the country, and also to carry away their collections of natural history.

> 'We thus (says Mr. Rengger) after a sojourn of six years in Paraguay, during four of which we were forcibly detained, were granted permission to quit it. It is only justice to state, that Dr. Francia never directly threw any difficulties in the way of our researches; but on the contrary, gave us, more than once, proofs of his good will. Would that I could speak as favourably of his administration! To the conduct of the inhabitants of Paraguay, both Creoles and Spaniards, towards us we can only allude in terms of praise; and we shall always recollect with gratitude the hospitable reception which they gave us.'—p. 120.

Mr. Rengger gives a brief account of the private life of the Dictator. He dwells in the house of the ancient governors of Paraguay: his establishment is four slaves, a negro, one male and two female mulattoes, all of whom he treats with great mildness. The negro and mulatto are his valet and his groom; one of the mulatto women is his cook, the other has charge of his wardrobe. His life is extremely regular; he rises with the first rays of the sun; he washes, dresses, and prepares his *maté* himself. He then walks in the interior peristyle, looking into the court, and smokes his cigar, which he always unrolls to ascertain that there is nothing dangerous in it. At six his barber arrives—a filthy, ragged, and drunken mulatto, who has his confidence. He then puts on his calico dressing-gown, and walks the outer peristyle. At seven he enters his closet; at nine the officers and public functionaries bring their reports and receive his orders. At eleven his secretary attends him, and writes from his dictation till noon. He then dines alone on the frugal fare he has himself ordered: his meal ended, he takes his *siesta*, drinks his *maté*, smokes a cigar, rides out, inspects the public works, visits the barracks, returns towards night, retires into his library, and reads till ten, when he goes to bed, taking care to fasten all the doors himself. When not in one of his paroxysms of insanity, for such they unquestionably are, 'You perceive him,' says Rengger, 'to be a man of great talent: he turns the conversation upon the most varied subjects, evinces considerable powers of mind, great penetration, and very extensive acquirements.' Disinterested and generous, his private fortune has not been increased by his elevation: he has never accepted a present, and his salary is always in arrear; and Mr. Rengger says that, on several occasions, he has proved that gratitude was not a stranger to his breast.

Such is the outline of the character of this extraordinary personage, drawn by one who, during six years, had frequent access to him, and occasionally in his medical capacity. He must now be about eighty years of age; and great is the wonder that, if half or the tenth part of the stories told be true, he should have managed to live so long. In the course of nature he cannot hold out much longer—and whenever he dies, it is probable that Paraguay will once more join the confederation of her sister provinces—if that confederation be not already dissolved. Meantime, it is only fair to observe that stern as this despot's sway may have been, the country subjected to it has escaped thereby a thousand evils to which the other Spanish colonies have been exposed during the same period. It must be confessed that neither Rengger nor the Robertsons afford us much really valuable information on the internal history of Paraguay, as compared with that of the other states in the same quarter of the globe; but we should not be surprised if it were to turn out hereafter that, *on the whole*, this district, hermetically sealed by its half-crazy Dictator, has made more progress than any of the rest.

From the Edinburgh Review.

FALSE TASTE—DR. CHANNING.

Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton. By William Ellery Channing, LL.D. Third Edition 12mo. London: 1838.

As the name of Dr. Channing stands high in American literature for several works which have shown much vigour of thinking, some talent for declamation, and generally considerable success in composition, we are bound to observe that, had nothing from his pen ever reached us but the tract now before us, we should have been at a loss to comprehend the grounds of the reputation which he enjoys to a certain degree on either side of the Atlantic. The taste which it displays is far from being correct; his diction is exceedingly affected; and the affectation is that of extreme vigour and refinement of thought, often when he is only unmeaning, contradictory, or obscure. His opinions on critical matters likewise indicate a very defective taste, and show that, in his own practice of writing, he goes wrong on a false theory; and in pursuit of the 'striking'—the 'grand'—the 'uncommon.' That his style should be perspicuous can, indeed, hardly be expected, when he avows the incredible opinion, that a composition may be too easily understood, and complains of the recent efforts to make science intelligible to the bulk of mankind, that their tendency is to degrade philosophy under the show of seeking after usefulness. The tract before us is, indeed, less obscurely written than the ventilation of this absurd notion by its author might have led us to expect; but, if not so unintelligible, it is fully as shallow in most of its remarks as could well have been imagined of any writing that proceeded from a very respectable quarter.

It seems to be the especial office of sound periodical criticism to watch over the purity of the public taste, and, above all, to prevent it from being tainted, by timely warning against the influence of theoretical errors committed by eminent authors, or the contagion of their evil example in practice. Men of some note, and whose names have risen into a fame beyond their real merits, may contaminate the taste of their age, both by laying down false rules of criticism which the weight of their authority has a tendency to enforce, and by themselves forming their own writings on a false model of excellence. It appears to us quite undeniable that Dr. Channing has succeeded in both these ways on the present occasion.

We had hardly opened the tract, and not proceeded through the second page, when we found such writing as the following; a grievous sample of the havoc made in the works of able and eloquent writers by the determination to say what looks striking rather than what is just, and to strain after effect rather than truth. Not content with describing Milton as 'a profound scholar and a man of vast compass of thought, and imbued thoroughly with all ancient and modern learning'—(which is an exaggeration of the truth, for Milton had little or no scientific knowledge; but still it is like the truth which it exaggerates, and at all events it is quite intelligible)—Dr. Channing must add for effect, and in order to say something out of the ordinary way, that he was 'able to master, to mould, to impregnate with his own intellectual power his great and varied acquisitions.' Now, this is saying not only something quite out of the ordinary way, but something beyond ordinary comprehension. A man may master, and he may mould by his intellectual power;—but what is he to master? Dr. Channing says 'his own acquisitions'—as if he had said, 'this man is so wealthy that he is about to buy his own estate.' Nor is this the worst by a good deal. What meaning does the eloquent Doctor attach to the act of 'impregnating his acquisitions with his powers?' These are words—absolutely words only, and devoid of all, even the least meaning;—yet will we hold any one a wager that the author deems them a piece of fine writing; forgetting the sound old definition of 'that which is natural without being obvious,' and falling into the too common error of fancying that every thing not obvious is worth saying, however little natural or even intelligible. Next comes a contemptuous dismissal of the commonly received opinion, which he calls 'the superficial doctrine of the day,' that poetry flourishes most in an uncultivated soil—a position somewhat less conclusively put down by Dr. Channing's bare dictum, than supported by the admitted fact, that the poem of an age so rude as to be now unknown even in point of date, stands at the head of all poetry. We next have some writing which, though its meaning may be traced through the words, yet is neither natural, nor graceful, nor at all distinct, even when comprehended; but then it looks showy, and is, as it were, covered with finery, until we examine it closely. Milton was conscious of that within him which could quicken all knowledge, and mould it with ease and might; give freshness to old truths, and harmony to discordant thoughts; *bind together by binding ties and mysterious affinities the most remote discoveries*, and rear fabrics of glory and beauty from the rude materials which other minds had collected.' Though we have admitted the meaning here to be discernible, we believe we have admitted too much; for were the author asked to specify what he really intended to convey by the member of this sentence here printed in Italics, we are quite certain that he would be completely puzzled. He afterwards tells us that 'mind is in its own nature diffusive, and that 'it will see more and more common bearings, and hidden and beautiful analogies in all the objects of knowledge.' In any writer who deemed the purposes of language to be the conveyance of distinct ideas, and making the reader know the author's meaning, we should not hesitate to set down '*hidden*' here as an error of the press; but we cannot profess to be sure of this at all in the present instance; nor, indeed, to have any thing like a distinct conception of what the writer would be at.

Nor is it by any unaided efforts of our own that we have been enabled to infer from Dr. Channing's practice, the account of his theory or principle of composition, to which we have just adverted. He has himself betrayed his own secret. The following passage, we verily do believe, stands unequalled among all the follies or affectations (for we can hardly conceive it to be seriously delivered) of all critics:—

> 'We know that simplicity and perspicuity are important qualities of style; but there are vastly nobler and more important ones;—such as energy and richness,—and in these Milton was not surpassed. The best style is not that which puts the reader most easily and in the shortest time in possession of a writer's naked thoughts; but that which is the truest image of a great intellect, which conveys fully and carries furthest into other souls the conceptions and feelings of a profound and lofty spirit. To be universally intelligible is not the highest merit. A great mind cannot, without injurious constraint, shrink itself to the grasp of common passive readers. Its natural movement is free, bold, and majestic, and it ought not to be required to part with these attributes that the multitude may keep pace with it. A full mind will naturally overflow in long sentences; and in the moment of inspiration, when thick-coming thoughts and images crowd upon it, will often pour them forth in a splendid confusion, dazzling to common readers, but kindling to congenial spirits. There are writings which are clear through their shallowness. We must not expect in the ocean the transparency of the calm inland stream. For ourselves, we love what is called easy reading perhaps too well, especially in our hours of relaxation; but we love too to have our faculties tasked by master spirits. We delight in long sentences, in which a great truth, instead of being broken up into numerous periods, is spread out in its full proportions, is radiated with variety of illustration and imagery, is set forth in a splendid affluence of language, and flows like a full stream, with a majestic harmony which fills at once the ear and the soul. Such sentences are worthy and noble manifestations of a great and far-looking mind, which grasps at once vast fields of thought,—just as the natural eye takes in at a moment wide prospects of grandeur and beauty. We would not indeed have all compositions of this character. Let abundant provision be made for the common intellect. Let such writers as Addison (an honoured name) "bring down philosophy from heaven to earth." But let inspired genius fulfil its higher function of lifting the prepared mind from earth to heaven. Impose upon it no strict laws, for it is its own best law. Let it speak in its own language, in tones which suit its own ear. Let it not lay aside its natural port, or dwarf itself that it may be comprehended by the surrounding multitude. If not understood and relished now, let it place a generous confidence in other ages, and utter oracles, which futurity will expound. We are led to these remarks not merely for Milton's justification, but because our times seem to demand them. Literature, we fear, is becoming too popular. The whole community is now turned into readers, and in this we heartily rejoice; and we rejoice too that so much talent is employed in making knowledge accessible to all. We hail the general diffusion of intelligence as the brightest feature of the present age. But good and evil are never disjoined; and one bad consequence of the multitude of readers is, that men of genius are too anxious to please the multitude, and prefer a present shout of popularity to that less tumultuous, but deeper, more thrilling note of the trump of fame, which resounds and grows clearer and louder through all future ages.'

First of all, though we can with difficulty suppose all this nonsense serious, and more than half imagine it is given as the means of showing what the author thinks his power of fine writing, yet, as he certainly acts upon the principles it contains, we are led to enter our early and decided protest against all and every portion of it. Any thing more pernicious, more hurtful to all good writing, and indeed more prejudicial to accurate thinking, cannot be imagined, than the propagation of such wild absurdities, under the authority of considerable names. For, absurd as such a theory is, it falls very easily in with the careless and loose habits in which shallow thinkers and loose reasoners are prone to indulge. Once persuade them that clearness and distinctness is not an essential requisite of diction, and there is no end to the propagation of flimsy trash, under the cover of sounding phrases; nor any limit to the prolixity of the ready and wearisome pen. All men beside Dr. Channing have held that perspicuity is the first quality of style; that whatever of ornament it may have besides, shall only be taken cumulatively, and not substitutionally (to adopt in courts critical the language of the courts of law)—as an addition, not a substitute; and whoever would give us fine words for clear ones, the life and soul of composition, does a thing quite as fatal to good writing as the act of depriving a man of air (while you give him fine clothes and rich food), would be fatal to his natural life. All other critics, in all ages, have deemed the sense the principal object, and the language only accessory, or rather subsidiary and ancillary to the meaning it is intended to convey. Accordingly, a great writer or a great orator will not suffer us to think of the words he uses, and by which he effects his purpose. 'No,' says the Quintillian of Boston, 'the language is every thing, the sense nothing; and instead of not detaining us from the ideas, it should always be obscure enough to prevent us from too easily and too quickly getting at them.' All other men had thought that the object of a journey was to reach the end of it:—'No,' says our new guide; 'your true travelling is that which stops you every half mile with the mire or an accident, to make you examine the construction of your carriage or your road.' All other men had supposed that words were used for the purpose of telling one person what another meant—all but Dr. Channing—who conceives that the great object of authors is the same with that of riddle-makers,—to display their own skill in hiding their meaning, and exercise the ingenuity of others in finding it out. His favourite is the enigmatic style, not the lucid, not the perspicuous: his cry is 'riddle my riddle;' he stops you after a period with 'Ha! do you follow me? I'll warrant you can't tell what *that* means?' And certainly, in one particular, he differs from the old-fashioned riddle-monger, who always had a meaning, and only puzzled you to get at it; while the Doctor sometimes puzzles you when he has not much more meaning than the celebrated person of quality had in writing the well-known song recorded by Dean Swift.

As to the senseless, despicable trash about 'literature becoming too popular,' and writers now being in danger of sacrificing solid fame (what he is pleased to call very affectedly the 'deep, thrilling note of the trump of fame') to gratify the multitude and 'catch the present shout of popularity,' there never was any delirium more complete. Why, it is all the other way! Dr. Channing is the person who is running after empty shouts and heedless multitudes; for he wraps up his meaning, which is often so successfully concealed that its existence is very questionable; he is trying to pass off tinsel for sterling metal—fine sounding phrases for distinct and valuable ideas—flimsy, vague, shadowy, half-formed, half-pursued ideas, for deep thoughts;—as if every thing that looks magnified in the mist he raises round it by his volume of long words were therefore larger than what we see clearly in broad daylight;—and, having thus done, he gravely tells us that it is the attribute of a great genius to be above ordinary comprehensions, and conceal its meaning under such language, until, like the prophetic enigmas of the oracle, their meaning is discovered in some future age of the world.

When we find authors professing, and indeed laying down such absurd and at the same time dangerous principles of taste, we cannot wonder at their practice betraying the corruption of their doctrine. It is as little to be expected that their writings should be of the purity required by a just standard, as that men who hold and proclaim a profligate code of morality should lead virtuous lives. The natural temptations of passion are not more powerful allies of such a vicious system of ethics in seducing men to transgressions, than the natural indolence and carelessness which render labour irksome, and the natural self-complacency which makes severe revision and the 'sæpe stylum vertas' distasteful; or the natural impatience to appear before the world which shuts the ear to all advice about a 'nine years' suppression,' are incentives to sin against the rules of good taste, and fall into that rapid and slovenly style which proverbially makes easy writing hard reading.

To this rule of conduct we have already seen that Dr. Channing's style affords no exception. In every page we trace its evil influence in most careless thinking and most faulty diction—a constant mistaking of strange things for strong ones—a perpetual striving after some half brought out notion, of which the mind had never formed to itself any distinct picture—a substitution of the glare of words for harmonious ideas; and, we are sorry to add, not rarely that worst vice of bad writers, the assuming to use words and phrases in a sense peculiar to themselves, partly in order to strike by novelty, partly in order to save the pains of more legitimate and more correct composition. We have passed without comment such phrases as 'giving freshness to old thoughts'—but how can we allow any one to speak of Milton's poetry 'as always healthful?' unless, indeed, a style so affected as this may be termed morbid, and therefore Milton's be considered as the opposite? Can any thing be more useless, and less precise, or even comprehensible, than ambitious writing like the following description of Milton's power over language? 'It belongs not to the musical ear, but to the soul! It is a gift or exercise of genius' (as if a man should say 'that pound you gave me, or spent for me, which is quite the same thing') 'which has power to impress itself on whatever it touches' (so that genius has been turned from a giver and an exerciser, into a die or mould), 'and finds, in fancies, in sounds, motions, and material forms, correspondences and harmonies with its own fervid thoughts and feelings.' No one can tell what it has *now* become. Sometimes the meaning is plain enough, but quite absurd; as where he expounds the object which he he has had in view in making these remarks on Milton. It seems, he had 'a higher aim than to assert the dignity of Milton as a poet; that was to endear and recommend his divine art to all who would cultivate and refine their nature.' Had it stood thus, we could have complained but little. This, however, though not a very common-place phrase, is far too much so for Dr. Channing, who must needs sublimate it by saying 'all who *reverence* and would cultivate and refine their nature.' What nonsense it is to speak of reverencing our own natures as a duty, or a merit of any kind!

If Dr. Channing were the only transgressor of sound critical rules—if he did not belong to a School which has of late years threatened the corruption of all correct taste, and even the subversion of our old and pure English language—we should hardly have dwelt at such length as we have done on his style; and should not have extended our reflections further than a protest against his respectable authority being used to propagate his vicious taste. But, though he is among the most distinguished, he is yet but one of a pretty large class of writers, who, chiefly in affectedly written works of exaggerated sentiment, dictated by a Nircissus-like love of their own fancied charms—in many departments of the periodical press, and still more recently in the Annuals written by ladies and gentlemen amateurs, are filling the republic of letters with productions all the more hurtful to the public taste, that these great faults of one class cannot be committed, any more than Dr. Channing's, without some talents, though of a showy and shining rather than a sterling kind; while the emptiness of the other is balanced and set off by the arts of the engraver. It is fair to add, that Dr. Channing's language is generally free, as far as the words go, from the barbarisms with which so many of these writers, and chiefly of the periodical caste, are deforming our mother tongue. 'Tis true, his diction has nothing racy or idiomatic to recommend it; it is heavy and pompous, and far enough from the pure Saxon phrase; but it is at least of the standard currency; whereas the others utter a base gibberish of their own coining, which bids fair to supplant all the good and lawful English of the realm. They 'advocate,' and 'compete,' and 'carry out.' They 'call attention' to things which 'transpire' (occur) in all the 'grades' of society. They consider on what a thing is 'based.' Their common friends have become 'mutual.' They 'respond' when required to answer. They see nothing afar off, but every thing 'in the distance.' Behaviour and demeanour they take no mark of, but are mighty observers of men's 'bearing' and 'port.' They will not condescend to speak of any thing as gotten or obtained; be it ever so trifling, it must be 'achieved;' be it ever so little, it must not be granted but 'conceded;' and conceded, not in spite of opposition, but 'despite' of all 'resistance.' All such words as fine, or fair, or beautiful, or blue, or red, or black, are discarded: we have, in their stead, an endless succession of things, magnificent, splendid, stupendous, azure, crimson, sable—(as if any thing could be more blue than blue, or any thing more black than black). So that really, Swift or Addison, should they come alive, would run some chance of being driven back to their own periodical writings, in order to read something which, though containing little new, was yet in a language familiar to them without the help of a Dictionary. Some of the older writers, indeed, might find themselves more at home. Shakspeare, and even Milton, would be somewhat more surprised than pleased to find certain of their loftiest flights and most violent expressions used as common words, upon every most ordinary occasion, and as if there were no other phrases in the vocabulary to serve the purpose. Thus, none would they see described as changing their mind —but 'a change had come o'er the spirit of their dream;' none as dancing, but all 'tripping it on the light fantastic toe;' none mentioned as sad, but as 'most musical, most melancholy.' They would find, too, that men had wholly ceased to marry and be given in marriage, but that they 'lead one another to the hymeneal altar.' Music, like marriage, they would find to have ceased out of the land; but replaced by 'the concord of sweet sounds;' and as to finding any thing like a pastoral poet, or even a poet at all, it would seem impossible, though at every corner of a street would be found many 'warbling their wood-notes wild.' Nay, the Christian duty of comforting the afflicted would be supposed, by these '*revenans*,' to have fallen into disuse among our community, though some unknown operation seemed in practice by the name of 'ministering to a mind diseased.' From these faults of language Dr. Channing is almost entirely free; but the new, and Narcissus or self-amatory school of writing, has worse faults than these, in which he partakes considerably; and one of the very worst we have seen that he formally and upon a perverted principle vindicates.

How well does the admirable maxim of old Roger Ascham express the principle which we have been endeavouring to inculcate, and which the new school so habitually violates! 'We ought,' said he, 'to think like great minds, and speak like the common people.' The adepts of this new school cannot certainly be said to reverse while they break this rule; they speak unlike either ordinary or extraordinary men; and it would be far better if their thoughts more nearly resembled those of every-day mortals, than the kind of things which proceed from them,—out of joint, discoloured in their hue, distorted in their proportions,—seemingly reconciled by no one thing but their being what never would have entered any mind in its ordinary and natural state. The perpetually hunting after effect is one vice, the making language an end, not an instrument, is another; nor is there any thing less sufferable in their whole follies than the self-admiration which marks them, and has made us call them the school of Narcissus. They are themselves the centre to which all things are referred—round which all their ideas revolve. In an extatic contemplation of their own perfections, their soul lies entranced. A 'reverence of their own nature' is nearly the only reverential feeling which they know; and this we have seen is in terms inculcated by Dr. Channing. All the moods of their own mind become to them objects of contemplation. All that touches themselves, however remotely, rises into enormous dimensions in their eyes; nor can they ever be brought to imagine that other eyes than their own convey ideas to their readers. Above every thing, all that proceeds from themselves is stamped with the mark that denotes not merely sterling currency, but incalculable value; so that they would not thank you for admitting the coinage of their mint to be genuine, but you must also take it at the denomination they choose to give it; and theirs is a mint which issues nothing under thousands. A really great poet in our own times helped to encourage this absurd fancy of self-contemplation. He seems hardly to have studied any other sample of human nature than himself; and he draws all his pictures after that model. But let not the prose members of the school rock themselves in the delusion that they may with impunity imitate the worst faults of him in whose genius they have no share; else they will surely find what was to be lamented in him, only laughed at in themselves.

The worst of all, however, is the determination that pervades these compositions of never saying any thing that is of every-day use; or, if any such thing escapes them, never saying it, though a plain and ordinary thing, in a plain and ordinary way. To strike and dazzle, at all hazards and costs—at all risks of failure, at all costs of natural beauty and simplicity—is the constant aim of their penmanship, to use Lord Kenyon's happy phrase for designating one subdivision of this class of authors,—the Auctioneers. The reason, too, why all the rest of the class fall into the same error is, that, like the knights of the hammer, their reputation is from hand to mouth; and as, like comedians, they live to please, so must they please to live. Hence the unavoidable temptation rather to seek after, to think on, and to do whatsoever things are striking or showy, rather than 'whatsoever things are just and true.' Simplicity and nature in the ideas is sacrificed to far-fetched conceits; sobriety and chasteness in the colouring, to glitter and glare; clearness and perspicuity in the language, to what are deemed picturesque expressions; but which, nine times in ten, are only forced and fantastical words, and as often words used in new, and therefore unexplained senses, as in their established meaning. Then, when a broken fragment of a figure is caught hold of, it is mistaken for the production of true genius, while it is most commonly nothing more than a clumsy and shapeless bit of mixed metaphor; or an approximation to some confused image, of which no precise idea had ever any where been formed. Yet surely it requires no argument to prove that the first of all virtues in language is precision and clearness,—precise adaptation to the ideas intended to be expressed, and a plain and certain expression of them. To be sure, this imposes the twofold necessity of having ideas to express; and of perceiving them clearly in the mind before clothing them in words; nor is it doubtful that much of the bad writing we complain of arises from the defect in both these essential particulars; and from a vain attempt to make a string of words supply the thing wanting. Nor is it more to be questioned that simple and just, and, above all, correct images, are infinitely preferable to those which are overstrained and far-fetched. See how the greater painters always did. Far from laying their imaginations under contribution, they always copied nature scrupulously. Appelles formed his Venus by surveying all the most famous beauties of the Greek islands, and selecting the actual features from the whole. Modern painters seek out in nature the very root, or branch, or rock, or rill, which they would paint; and are always manifestly uneasy and disturbed when they have to depart from their actually existing models. Sir Walter Scott, whose great art lay in exact descriptions of nature and of character, was continually in pursuit of some piece of natural scenery, or some existing character, or some real display of passion or feeling; and he would only draw on his own fancy for filling up the interstices, or supplying vacancies in the models which nature furnished. So, when the painter has covered his canvass, he spreads over it a clear, pellucid, almost colourless varnish, to soften and harmonize its tints, never to distort or obscure them. But our most clumsy and most inventive artists, despising nature and her works, will have square blue trees, amidst round green rocks, and scarlet lawns watered by yellow streamlets, as far more striking and surprising; and, having so filled in their picture, they must cover it over with a varnish which, by way of giving it expression, is so troubled as to let but little of the outline be seen through it.

And so they conceive that, as Dr. Channing hath it, 'they are following the laws of immortal intellect;'—'blending into new forms, and according to new affinities;'—'fulfilling their higher functions of lifting the prepared mind from earth to heaven;'—placing generous confidence in other ages—uttering oracles which futurity will expound.'

If any one thing can be more preposterous than another in all this, it is the notion taken up by Dr. Channing that plainness and simplicity are inconsistent with force. He says in the passage—the incredible passage above cited—that though 'simplicity and perspicuity are important qualities of style, there are vastly nobler and more important ones,—such as energy and richness;' as if a man were to say, 'Air is good for health, but perfume is far better.' This is exactly the blunder our author has here fallen into. The perfume is useless to men who are stifled for want of air; and the access of the air, far from excluding the perfume, is required to waft it. Who ever heard before of clearness and simplicity being incompatible, of all things, with energy? Why, common parlance almost weds the two together. Thus, we say, 'simple energy'—'simple and energetic'—and did our critic ever hear of one Dante? or, peradventure, of one Homer? Who ever thought that he was solving a riddle, as far as the diction was concerned, when he read the energetic passages of those great masters of the sublime? Not only do the combinations of the words all present the correct solution of the meaning, but the plainest words are always employed in all the passages of greatest energy. To give instances would be endless. We are stating things of proverbial truth, and of every day observation. A learned divine like Dr. Channing must have often made the same remark on the more powerful passages of the Scriptures. The writings of the Greek orators and Greek tragedians, as well as the finest passages of both Herodotus, Thucydides, and Livy are full of similar instances.

Much of the evil taste of which we complain, no doubt arises from the prevalence of periodical writings, and the daily demand of the reading public for matter of amusement or excitement. The reader's appetite gets thus to be somewhat depraved, by being jaded; so that it requires incessant stimulants; and then the demand is to be supplied by those who, being allowed a very limited time in which to cater for the propensity they have helped to create, must be content to do the best they can; so they drug the potion high which they have not the leisure to make delicate; and, above all, they take the materials nearest at hand, and which may be compounded with the least labour or skill. As ever happens in such cases, things act and re-act on one another; and while the constant and easy supply of highly, though coarsely seasoned matter, vitiates the appetite more and more, this degradation renders it necessary to make the stuff more coarse and more stinging to the palate.

The necessities of the Quarterly Purveyor are considerably less urgent and less hurtful in this respect; but we are very far indeed from standing aloof, taking ourselves out of the caste to which we belong, and, with folded arms and self-satisfied aspect, thanking God that we are not as other writers are. Nay, we know, we lament, and we complain, that we have often had the charge,—the awful charge—of dulness, or heaviness, brought against Numbers of this Journal, containing various papers of the utmost ability, the greatest originality, the purest composition, on subjects of the highest importance,—but,—not variegated or set off by what are called *brilliant* or *striking* articles. We hope that we have not often yielded to such clamours in the exercise of our functions; but we are conscious, upon the retrospect, of having been sometimes compelled to surrender our own better judgment to the prevailing taste; although, upon the graver charges which we have been discussing, our principle has uniformly been to abide by the standard, long established, of correct taste; to make head against all innovations in it; and to cry down all base coin by whomsoever uttered.

Yet, let us add, that as evil example is eminently contagious, the corruption of which we are complaining has extended to works, the composition of which offered no such excuse as the necessities of Periodical publication; and the subject of which rendered the offence far more inexplicable. The scientific writings of later years have been debased by the vitious taste, the foolish vanity of running after ornaments on matters that deny themselves to the ornamental; and *should be* content with the didactic. The yearly assemblages of scientific men—professedly to argue and confer, where investigation or even consultation is utterly impossible, really to display themselves before multitudes wholly incapable of appreciating any valuable matter uttered before them, and only likely to comprehend the trash unavoidably spoken upon such occasions—have greatly lowered the standard of taste among our men of science. There lies before us a book in which you can perpetually trace an unnatural twisting of the subject under consideration for a page or more, and cannot tell what it is the author is running after; till behold a long quotation in blank verse or rhyme makes its appearance, and shows that all the effort was to introduce it. Another really writes on some of the stricter sciences in trope and metaphor; nor he among the least of our mathematicians. A third, and one the greatest of all, will have it that Laplace's great work is a 'kind of scientific poem.' Let us hope that the contagion will spread no further; or, if it does, that we shall no longer speak of French tinsel; for, assuredly, no name of any renown, amongst our neighbours, can he cited as giving the least countenance to aberrations like these. The offenders should learn to be content with their own domains, and bear in mind, that even if they possessed the arts, the inferior arts, of the orator and the poet, to use them on their own subjects or in any connexion with these, would be just as absurd as if Mr. Wordsworth or Mr. Campbell were to put Euclid into a ballad, or an orator at some public meeting were to declaim upon the principles of dynamics.

It remains that we say something respecting the substance of Dr. Channing's tract; although we have already stated that it is the faulty style and the heterodox critical matter which induced us to undertake this discussion. Some, however, of the same errors also pervade the opinions which he delivers respecting Milton, although here we find far more that is valuable and deserving of unqualified commendation. He has a strong and lively sense (as who, indeed, in these days has not?) of the prodigious merits of that great man, both as a poet and a citizen; nor are these, as might be expected, lessened in his eyes, by the accident which makes the modern and the ancient republican, the Unitarians of the nineteenth and the seventeeth century, the Independents who abhor church establishments on either side of the Atlantic, coincide in all their opinions, religious as well as political. Our author's, however, is a discriminating and sober, not a blind admiration; he feels the beauties of the illustrious poet as a critic, not as a partizan; and if he sometimes misplaces his praise, and sometimes fancies he is discovering beauties long since well known and universally admired, we can pardon these little excesses, proceeding, as they do, from a laudable fondness for so noble and so inspiring a theme.

Thus, after describing his almost unrivalled sublimity and immense power—though somewhat as if neither Homer nor Dante had ever lived—he adds, 'His sublimity is in every man's mouth: it is felt that his poetry breathes a sensibility and tenderness hardly surpassed by its sublimity?' After some not very happy remarks, and, truth to say, not very intelligible, on 'great minds, being masters of their own enthusiasm,' and 'having a sensibility more intense and enduring,' and 'being more self-possessed and less perturbed than those of other men, and therefore less observed and felt, except by those who understand, through their own consciousness, the workings and utterance of genuine feelings'—he gives instances to prove that Milton could write with pathos and tenderness. Two are from 'Comus;' and the discovery made by Dr. Channing through this 'congenial feeling and consciousness' to other men denied, is the *unknown* passage beginning, 'Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould.' After this we are the less surprised at the other *unknown* passage of 'Paradise Lost,' now brought to light, painting our first parents meeting in the morning, in which every other line is still as much the subject of constant quotations as Hamlet's soliloquy—*e. g.*, 'Heaven's last best gift,' the bee 'extracting liquid sweet,' 'temperate vapours bland,' &c. &c. But it is as well to note that he does not quote a far better instance, and one very much less hackneyed by the followers of Dr. Pangloss, namely, Adam's address to Eve, beginning,

> 'Sweet is the breath of morn when she ascends
> With charm of earliest birds,' &c.

There is a great deal said, and certainly not too much, on the character of Satan; but of all the magical power displayed by the great bard, we believe there is none more transcendent, and none where his truly original genius more appears than in his picture of Death,—by Milton first made awful and horrid, without any mean or low association,—because by him first severed from the picture of a skeleton, and involved in impenetrable and terrible obscurity, which for that very reason, we may add in passing, Fuseli never should have committed the gross blunder of endeavouring to paint, because, for that very reason, the subject was necessarily withdrawn from the dominion of the pencil. Indeed, nothing is so remarkable as the manner in which Milton always sustains the same idea as often as he has occasion to mention the dreadful and hated being —never delineating one trait by which a picture can be formed in the imagination—never realizing a lineament in any material form, but ever keeping up the fear and the hatred which he had associated with the idea. He is the 'grisly horror'—'the execrable thing' —the 'grim feature;' as when he paints, or seems to paint him, delighted at the Fall, after describing the joy of vultures over a distant battle which they scent from on high—

> 'So scented the grim feature, and upturned
> His nostril wide into the murky air,
> Sagacious of his quarry from so far.'

But we are falling into Dr. Channing's error—'smit with the love of sacred song:' only it is singular that he should make no allusion whatever to this extraordinary portion of 'Paradise Lost.'

We think, too, that no sound critic of a manly understanding should have treated of the subject without entering his protest against the pedantic, affected displeasure shown by Addison upon one famous passage, and all the more strange in an acknowledged wit and even humorist, as well as man of undoubted taste; but it is plain that the 'parson in the tye-wig' got the better of the author of the 'Drummer.' We allude to his somewhat sharp censure on the striking and happy picture of the fiends' mirthful joking, perhaps imitated from, or at least suggested by, Dante's famous dialogue between Sinon and Adamo in the 'Inferno.' It is remarkable that Addison seems really unable to find any other matter of blame in the whole twelve Books; though assuredly the harshness of some parts, and the dulness of others, which have, as Johnson truly observed, given 'Paradise Lost' so many more examiners than readers, might have furnished better scope for criticism.

From the poetry, Dr. Channing turns to the prose writings of Milton; and he at once pronounces it to be a 'lesson long known to the initiated, and which the public are now learning, that they contain passages hardly inferior to his best poetry, and that they are marked throughout with the same vigorous mind which gave us '*Paradise Lost*.' Now, as we are not amongst the initiated, we must take leave to pause upon this dictum, which prefaces the eulogy upon obscure composition already cited and discussed. We entirely deny the superlative merits of Milton's prose compositions; without, of course, doubting that they have great beauties of a certain kind, and contain occasionally fine passages. Nor is our denial grounded, as Dr. Channing would suppose, from his defence of obscurity, upon that or upon their difficulty, for indeed we do not see any obscurity or difficulty in them; but they are written in a style the reverse of natural; the matter is always, or almost always, very inferior to the stilted diction; the author is ever labouring to look big; he is making a vast noise, and you cannot tell why; he is writing about it, and about it, without coming to the point. Nor is his diction, either in the arrangement, or the words, any thing like English. Does any one really believe that we should use a language such as the following—only remarkable for its involution, and for being pompous, whilst it says nothing! It is part of a passage cited by our author as exemplifying Milton's 'noble style.'—'Conceiving, therefore, this wayward subject against Prelaty, the touching whereof is so distasteful and disquietous to a number of men, as by what hath been said I may deserve of my readers to be credited, that neither envy nor gall hath entered ever upon this controversy, but the enforcement of conscience only, and a preventive fear least the emitting of this duty should be against me, when I would store up to myself the good provision of peaceful hours.' Nor do we much more admire the description of poetry ending with 'Whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave; whatever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtilties or refluxes of man's thoughts; all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to point out and describe.' So where he alludes to his immortal work then planned, possibly begun, he describes it as 'not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourant, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite, nor to be obtained by the provocation of Dame Memory and her syren daughters.' Again, he speaks of 'God and his secretary, conscience,' and 'a conscience that could retch.' The prayer at the end of the 'Reformation in England' has been always much admired; and its impressive and solemn magnificence is not denied, any more than that so great an occasion as prayer to the Most High justifies lofty diction. Yet how does it conclude? 'In supereminence of beatific vision, progressing the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity, shall clasp inseparable hands with joy and bliss in over measure for ever.' Now, when we humbly venture to reject this style altogether (and we might give far worse samples, for indeed these are taken from the very finest passages), we have on our side no less than the high authority of Milton himself, to set against Dr. Channing's. Who ever could trace the faintest resemblance to such diction in any of those divine compositions, where, being at home, he writes at his ease and naturally—walking without stilts, and thinking not of himself but of his great subject? What line in all the 'Paradise Lost' ever approaches in the least degree to such turgid inflation? There all is simple, and easy, and light, and natural—even where the theme is most lofty, and would excuse, nay, almost demand, a swelling in the diction. The truth is, that Milton wrote Prose upon a False system, and Poetry on a True. He seems to have thought that a man must never write as he would speak. Whatever he had got to say must be delivered in an out of the way fashion. Not a sentence can be found in all the prose works which is easy or natural. Not an idea meets us which a person would have expressed in the same way had he followed the simple course of telling us plainly what he thought and meant. It is an eternal labour of language, very sonorous doubtless, but very often out comes nothing, or but little, from all the heavings of the mountain. Ask you an example of the contrast which the poetry affords, so as almost to make us fancy he thought and talked in blank verse, and only composed when he sat him down to write in prose, 'numeris lege solutis?' It may be found in every line, but certainly in all the finest passages. Take the exquisite address to Eve, already referred to, at almost any part, from the beginning, which we have cited, to the end.

> 'But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
> With charm of earliest birds, nor herb, fruit, flower,
> Glittering with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
> Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,
> With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon
> Or glittering starlight, without thee are sweet!'

So the famous morning prayer—

> 'Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
> Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune His praise!
> Ye mists and exhalations, that ascend
> From hill or streaming lake, dusky or grey,

Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance His praise!
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters sweep,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your heads, ye pines,
And every plant, in sign of worship, wave!'

Nay, the marvellous description of Death is itself as simple in the diction as may be; and can any thing exceed its power? In all this there is nothing inflated, swollen, unnatural; nothing of 'solid or treatable smoothness'—or 'trencher fury'—or 'flowing at waste' —or 'Dame Memory'—or 'conscience God's secretary' —or 'conscience retching'—'and men splitting their faith,'—nothing of 'irrevoluble and dateless' or 'inseparable hands'—or even of 'over measure.' The same language might be used in a speech at this day, where the subject was grave, and the matter was duly wrought up, and the hearers prepared. In all the description of Death, there is not a word above the common standard of conversation—not a phrase out of the ordinary way of speaking. Does Dr. Channing imagine it to be the less powerful because of this plainness? Indeed, even if many inflated passages should be shown in the poetry, what an account of a prose style is it to say, that it is always of the same inflation with certain passages of a poem undertaking to describe Heaven and Hell, and record the battles of devils with the Almighty and his seraphic host? But it is also to be added, that, find out inflated passages when you may, and in whatever numbers, the admiration of ages has been stamped upon the others, as the glory of Milton's name, and that these others are written in a style as plain, as perspicuous, as natural, as the prose diction is turgid and out of nature.

From the Monthly Chronicle.

DIARY OF A DUTCH DIPLOMATIST IN LONDON.

[CONCLUDED.]

Prince Henry Casimir arrives in London, in order to solicit the post of field-marshal; he is very coolly received.

Dykveld reproaches Witsen at table with the old story of the enlistment of 16,000 men, and the consequent punishment of the gentlemen of Utrecht who were cashiered, although they had been originally instigated by the promises made to them in Amsterdam.

Dykveld is continually holding private conferences with the king concerning the affairs of England and Holland, and writes sketches of letters and other papers for him.

Smith, an English merchant, gained more than 20,000*l.* by diving for silver, which had been lost in ships wrecked on the coast.

All the ambassadors are entertained by the king during the space of three days on the occasion of their public entry. Witsen ridicules all this vanity.

Lord Clarendon, one of the first who had joined the Prince of Orange, now abandons his cause, on account of his aspiring to the crown, instead of resting satisfied with the regency; which Clarendon looked upon as inconsistent with his first declaration.

The address which was usual on the public audience of the ambassadors, was spoken by Van Oyen, and during the delivery, Witsen stood behind him with a written copy of it in his hand, in order to prompt him in case he should become confused, as it had happened to him once before; he afterwards went all wrong while addressing the prince and princess of Denmark.

Dykveld relates at table how important a part he had taken in bringing about the revolution in England, and mentions every thing that had occurred to him. Bentinck is accused by the English of selling public offices. His conduct is very freely canvassed in the coffee-houses.

Witsen hears that Dykveld had treated privately with the princess of Denmark when he was last in London, and had then settled the order of the succession with her, so that even at that early period the crown was the object aspired to. The ambassadors receive instructions to negotiate on the subject of the dispute between Denmark and Holstein.

Odyk is quite silent as to the dispute about the precedency, the king's will being his law.

Great scarcity of money continues to prevail in England, because the question of the crown was carried by a majority, and the party is now become a faction, influenced underhand by the clergy. Much time was also lost in intrigues concerning the crown.

Baron Görts had learned confidentially, through the medium of Straatman at Vienna, that France and England had both solicited the emperor formerly to exert himself in favour of the Roman Catholic religion, and to abandon Holland to its fate; in which case France was to convert the truce into a treaty of peace, to restore Alsatia, and to give up the dispute concerning the Palatinate.

The ambassadors having required of Lord Nottingham that our prizes carried into English ports should be tried before the courts in Holland and Zealand, according to treaty, he replied, "The law here is above all treaties; the king concludes treaties, but he cannot make them against the laws; and there is a law here by which we are empowered to detain and to try before our courts all vessels which we find in our ports."

Bentinck, and even the king himself, endeavoured to prevail upon Witsen to take upon himself the charge of Van Beuningen, who was become insane; but he positively refused this trust (though it was attended with both honour and profit), as he was of opinion that no one should be deprived of an office on account of any malady.

On the 20th of June a conference was held on the subject of the pending treaties.

Van Citters objects to a treaty offensive and defensive. The king takes little part in the negotiation, in order to avoid giving umbrage to the English.

Several well-meaning Englishmen intreat Witsen to advise the king not to shut himself up alone with Bentinck, and to be more affable. Dykveld drank Witsen's health at table, and wished him more courage; he took this much amiss, and said he had as much courage as any man.

Hambden reproached Witsen on account of the considerable profits which he said the city of Amsterdam had derived from the sale of arms sent over to England from that city; this was regarded by the latter as a striking proof of British ingratitude.

The king is often gloomy, melancholy, and unwell, and appears very different in England from what he was in Holland; this made Ouwerkerk once observe, "Would it not have been preferable to have kept his honour unblemished, and to have avoided the expense?" Witsen adds, "He misses here the vigorous activity of Fagel." Dykveld himself observes an alteration in his appearance. Our privateers who have brought French prizes into English ports, have in several instances been arrested here, and the vessels claimed by British subjects on the false pretence of a previous transfer of the property.

Heimskerk is accused of having first adhered pertinaciously to Danish interests and then gone over on loose grounds to the Swedish side.

Malicious people call the king the presbyterian Messiah.

The king is desirous that all vessels whatever coming from and going to France may be captured. Witsen represented to him that this would offend the Swedes and other states, but the king insists upon this measure being carried into effect.

The common people say the king thinks of every thing; the queen tells every thing; the prince of Denmark drinks every thing; the princess eats every thing; the Scotch parliament does every thing, but the English parliament does nothing.

The king laughs at the solicitations of our ambassadors for commercial advantages, and the repeal of the act of the year 1651. The latter, he asserts, is utterly impossible. He wastes many hours of his precious time in attending horse-races.

Witsen thinks that the reason of the king's doing less in England than he did in Holland is, that he is here under the necessity of carrying his designs into effect himself; whereas in Holland he had but to give his instructions, and they were immediately realised by those about him.

An attempt has already been made to infringe the treaty regarding the union of the two fleets. According to that treaty, all prizes were to be tried before the courts where the captors resided; but the vessels brought by the Dutch into British ports are now daily arrested.

The ambassadors confer with the king on the subject of a mutual stipulation in the treaty, not to conclude a separate peace; but Witsen, in particular, sees many objections to it. "England," he observes, "may hold out much longer than we can do; we could now make peace with France, but England cannot."

When the king made answer to any proposal that he would take it into consideration, this was found to be equivalent to a refusal; the nation was displeased at this.

He repeated to Witsen what he had before observed to him, that the state ran most hazard from the side of France during the winter, which was now, however, gone by. Witsen reminded him in reply that, according to his majesty's opinion, every thing would be settled in England immediately after he landed, which was far from being the case. He further remarked, "We should not have been involved in the war, if the expedition to England had not been undertaken."

Witsen was informed from undoubted authority, that the king had said he would rather be in any situation than king of England, as he now was, and that no one in Holland would venture to hold such language to him, as the parliament of England did.

The English continue to proceed with the greatest injustice against the prizes brought into their ports by Dutch privateers; the laws of England, they allege, must take their course, although, according to information obtained by Witsen, the law alluded to was never enforced against other nations; Odyk, though a Zealander, opposes Witsen on this question, in order to flatter the king.

The king is well aware of the remarks current in the coffee-houses; that the English nation has beheaded one king, dethroned another, and would know very well what to do with the third.

Witsen made great exertions to procure the release of Captain Wildschut, of Rotterdam, and his prize, but he could obtain no other result than an assurance from Nottingham that he would see whether the affair could be accommodated.

He advises the king to be more familiar with his subjects; to dine with the lord-mayor, and to review the train-bands: his majesty expressed his willingness to visit the lord-mayor. Witsen again complained to him of the jealousy with which the English regarded our commerce and shipping, and the ill usage experienced by our privateers, but it was all in vain.

No progress is made in the treaty, because the English insist upon the condition to make peace and war conjunctly, and to capture every vessel, without regard to the flag.

The king urges the conclusion of the treaty, in order that the crown may be fixed on his head by means of our arms, our men and money, and that we may be kept at war as long as France chooses to assist king James.

The king gives preference to his enemies in bestowing the public offices, thinking that he can always depend upon his friends. Witsen adds, "I have positive proofs of this."

He complains that the Dutch merchantmen are detained many months in England for want of convoy, and one of his own vessels among the rest.

The king said to Witsen, "What would the pensionary say if he were to look up, and to see the fickleness of the people here? I always foretold that it would be the case, but he would not believe me."

The English commissioners refuse to grant any commercial advantages to Holland.

On the 28th of July the king begins to converse with Witsen more freely and confidentially than before, and with the same affability as he did formerly at the Hague.

When the ambassadors mentioned to the king that his ministers often said to them, the king has no power to do this or that, he was very angry.

It was a great advantage for the English that they could appoint convoys for their merchantmen, which the Dutch could not do, because the combined fleet was under the command of an English admiral.

According to what the king told Dykveld, every member of the ministry and of the privy council, with the exception of Halifax only, were unfavourably disposed towards Holland; some of them even went so far as to say that he should resign the office of stadtholder, as it was not consistent with the royal dignity.

Witsen complains bitterly to Dykveld of the imposition practised upon him by the assurances given that the trade of Holland by sea should be protected, and the money advanced repaid; and he declares that he would never have come over if he could have foreseen the result: he gives him full permission to report all this to the king.

Witsen refuses to sign the treaty, which all the other ambassadors, except Van Citters, are ready to do. He wishes to wait the receipt of an answer to a letter which he had written to Heinsius on the subject. Danby declares openly that efforts are making here to establish a republic.

Dykveld censures Witsen very sharply for having written to Heinsius: "I suffer more here," says he, "than I ever had to endure from my parents or at school. I am constantly reprimanded, and I curse the hour I came over to this country, as well as that when this affair was first broached. Oh that I had never been applied to! the injuries my countrymen and myself have suffered, would then be less bitterly lamented by me."

He informs the king that he receives no letters from Amsterdam; that, having no occupation here, he had read the whole Bible through, and a number of English authors. He laments the loss of a half share in a Surinam trader, which, in the heat of the moment, he says, was gone to the devil.

On the 11th of August the Chevalier Chardin tells him that the king had ruined his cause by accepting the crown. This he had already stated to Dykveld three days after the arrival of the ambassadors. Dr. Burnet made the same remark to him. The regency might have been obtained, said Chardin, with honour and enjoyed in peace, but the crown had been preferred with civil war; and, to promote this object, Bentinck and Dykveld exerted their active endeavours, the former particularly, with much zeal, either from the impulse of his own mind, or otherwise. The queen could make long prayers when in the Hague, but at Windsor, when the first sermon was to be preached before her, she did not make her appearance till twelve o'clock. The king was too covetous.

The Dutch ambassadors are recalled without any solicitation on their part, which is an unprecedented occurrence. This was occasioned by Dykveld's letters to Heinsius.

Manshire is of opinion that Ireland was neglected for reasons connected with state policy, in order that the country might be the sooner involved in a contest with France. Witsen differs from him in opinion on this subject. Witsen thought that the king was more attached to Holland than to England, but he could get little done. His majesty endeavours to prevail on Witsen to sign the treaty: he acknowledges that it was unlawful to capture neutral vessels, but alleged that it was necessary. It was cannon law, he said.

He asks Witsen for information concerning the magistracy of Amsterdam—inquired who was to be appointed burgomaster—in what estimation Hop was held, and whether it was probable that he would maintain his influence there, which Witsen answered in the affirmative. "I shall nevertheless nominate your nephew schepen," resumed the king (a casual vacancy having occurred). Witsen did not know to whom he had alluded, whether Blaauss or Bakker, as he had recommended both to the king in the spring of the year, as friends of Hudde and himself. His majesty added, that it was quite indifferent to him which of them was elected: the choice fell upon Bakker, but

Witsen would have been better pleased if Blaauss had been appointed; his name, however, had not been distinguished in the usual manner on the list.

Witsen petitioned the king in vain to permit the free importation of Delft earthenware.

Witsen resolved at last on the 22nd to sign the treaty, being apprehensive that if he persisted in his refusal, affairs in England would be involved in difficulties, which the king would be unable to overcome.

Van Citters, however, still refuses to accede.

Witsen is informed that Bentinck's emoluments continue to be considerable, and may be estimated at 30,000 rixdollars, in addition to the 100,000 he has already realised, but, he adds, God knows whether it be true!

In conversation with Dykveld, the king inadvertently mentioned that the continuance of the war depended mainly upon the city of Amsterdam.

The English commissioners seize every prize brought into Plymouth by Dutch armed vessels, and plunder neutral ships of their cordage.

Dykveld writes numerous letters for the king, and some even to the pensionary Heinsius; his majesty never speaks to Witsen now about state affairs, so that he adds, I am a complete cypher here, as well as all the other members of the embassy, excepting Dykveld. On the 3d of September the treaty was at length signed by Witsen, but not without much perturbation of mind, as his tremulous signature testifies. Heinsius advised him to do it, and he received no instructions to the contrary from the government, or from the city of Amsterdam. Van Citters still deferred signing, being ill at the time.

Immediately after this, Nottingham stated that the king would likewise become a party to the treaty with the emperor. Nottingham had settled this privately beforehand with Dykveld.

The Dutch merchants in England declare to Witsen that they never were treated so ill as at present.

On the 11th Witsen endeavours to speak to the king, but in vain. It was Sunday, and his majesty locked himself up in the afternoon with Bentinck, admitting nobody else.

In a conference on the 23d it was determined to confiscate all Hamburgh and imperial vessels, which had sailed for French ports previous to the declaration of war. It was at the same time judged proper to release the Swedish and Danish vessels, seizing however all enemy's property on board.

A sketch of a treaty with Denmark was then laid before the ambassadors, but they had received no instructions on the subject from their government. On the 25th Witsen was at last admitted to a private audience with the king, after having requested it five times in vain. He took this opportunity to represent to him the critical state of Surinam. "I now perceive," says he, "very clearly, that every thing here, even justice itself, is venal."

Nottingham, Van Citters, &c. were of opinion that the Hamburgh and imperial vessels, which had sailed before the declaration of war, ought not to be condemned; but the king wished it to be so, and it must accordingly be done.

"I now obtained intelligence," writes Witsen, "which convinces me that justice is venal here, even in the courts of admiralty; and several decisions, both for and against our people, had already led me to suspect this." He was informed of the very sums paid.

The king, speaking of the perils attending his passage over to England, related that the whole business would have been marred, had not Captain Van Nes (who commanded the ship in which his majesty was embarked) very imprudently deferred his departure for a whole tide, contrary to the orders he had received: the fleet would otherwise have assembled in the north according to the original plan, and the whole expedition would have miscarried.

Our ships are compelled to pay harbour dues at Plymouth, although the king had relieved them from that charge; but, in answer to every remonstrance made, the English say, the king had no authority to do it.

The English assert that the city of London alone had lost 500,000*l.* by the want of regular convoys, but Witsen proved to the king that Holland had lost a million by the same neglect. Engelburg and Dykveld now obtain from the king permission to appoint the magistrates in their own towns, "whereas," says Witsen, "I could not obtain the appointment of a single schepen of my own choice."

The king offers, through the medium of Bentinck, to make Witsen a baron; but he declined the honour, fearing to excite jealous feelings in Amsterdam.

The king is surprised to learn that Hop is coming over to England in the character of envoy-extraordinary, as he intended him to come merely as a private individual, to give an account of the state of affairs at the court of Vienna. Witsen disapproved of it, on the ground that, if every envoy did the same, great expense would be incurred. Some idea is entertained of keeping Hop in London as ambassador to the king, in order to prevent his return to Amsterdam.

On the 5th of October the ambassadors had their audience of leave.

The king informed Dykveld, that endeavours were made to injure Witsen in his opinion.

On the 7th, Witsen converses with the king in the bedchamber; and, among other subjects, he discusses matters of religion, explains to him the doctrines of predestination and free will, and informs him, that Arminianism was losing ground at Amsterdam.

Goderich, admiral Dartmouth's brother-in-law, who had exerted himself to promote the prince's interest in the north, informed Witsen, that captain Brakel, having been driven out of his course, and near to the coast of England, hailed a fisherman, and inquired whether an insurrection had not broken out in the country, informing him, at the same time, that the prince was at sea with a numerous fleet, and would very soon arrive. The firsherman spread the report, which created much uneasiness in the prince's party, especially among the soldiers who had been gained over to his cause; and their anxiety increased when the fleet did not make its appearance.

Dykveld, says Witsen, takes the upper hand in our house, not only of me, but of our premier Odyk. The king, he adds, dissembles greatly, and praised my conduct at the audience of leave.

The English confiscate Dutch goods in neutral vessels coming from France, and restore English property in the same predicament, on the plea that the parliament had not sanctioned the war when the goods were shipped.

Hop is now daily expected, and this creates a great deal of jealousy. Some apprehend that he will stand in their way, others that he will quite overset them.

Dr. Corel, vice-chancellor of Cambridge, harangued the king on his knees at Newcastle. This looked very idolatrous. He had been three years court chaplain at the Hague, and was banished from thence because he had, by King James's desire, engaged with some ladies in a conspiracy to prejudice the princess against the prince, to carry her away privately, and induce her to marry a French popish Prince. He and the ladies were sent back to England on this account. King James made him vice-chancellor; and now he appeared in the presence of King William, without having seen him or spoken to him since the above occurrence, and made a declamatory speech to him, extolling him as a saint and a saviour, and expressing his detestation of the late government. It was however observed, that he never once looked the king in the face.

His majesty spent a merry evening at Newmarket, drinking rather freely, which is not otherwise his custom, and he got a little tipsy; he hereby advanced much in the good graces of the English lords, who were greatly pleased with his excursion to Newmarket.

Dykveld accused Witsen of making complaints against him at court, which the latter said was false. "Never," adds he, "from my earliest years have I heard so much harsh language as here in England, and that without the least cause."

On the 14th of November, the king's birthday, Witsen appeared at court. It is here the custom only to make a bow, without speaking.

The loss suffered by merchants in Holland, in consequence of the detention of their ships at Plymouth, amounted, says Witsen, to 20,000 florins a day.

Bentinck requests Witsen to employ some Cocceian theologians at Amsterdam, to draw up a plan of union between the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians.

Such was the zeal of Fagel in the prince's service (according to authentic accounts received by Witsen), that he always followed his opinion, though contrary to his own, saying, that the will and opinion of a prince were always a law to him.

Major Wildman asserts, that the king does nothing without the consent of Bentinck. Witsen observed in reply, that he probably only consulted him. No, resumed Witsen, we have paid particular attention to this.

Some persons assure Witsen that he has lost the favour of the king, and that he is only retained here because his services are required. Bentinck, however, positively asserts the contrary, so that Witsen is quite at a loss what to think of it.

Witsen intimates to the king, that Hop would not produce his credentials as envoy, unless it were perfectly agreeable to his majesty, as he set out for England contrary to the opinion of the gentlemen of Amsterdam.

The king wrote to the elector of Brandenburgh, that he trusted to his perseverance in the good cause; but the object of the elector was to gain money, and money could not at this juncture be sent out of England.

Somebody reported to Witsen that the king was displeased with him, because he had not conceded the question of precedence. "This," answered Witsen, "is a pearl in my crown."

The parliament is dissatisfied, because so little has been done this summer.

Some members of parliament express to Witsen their fears that the king will aspire to absolute power; others say, that if the king is desirous of recovering the favour of the nation, he must do something striking, and must remove some lords from his presence.

On the 24th, Witsen set off from London, and arrived in the Hague on the 28th. On the 29th, he made his report to their high mightinesses, the States General, and, a few days after, to the states of Holland; and he concludes his journal with the following words, viz:

"My report occupied more than an hour in the delivery, and thus terminated this deputation and embassy to England, in the course of which I have witnessed many remarkable events, endured much vexation, tasted both of bitters and sweets, beheld the inconstancy and vanity of courts, and finally obtained the conviction, that the private station of the citizen who lives retired and forgotten, is most eligible."

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF MARY STUART.

Lettres inédites de Marie Stuart accompagnées de diverses Dépêches et Instructions, 1558—1587. Publiées par le Prince Alex. Labanoff. 8vo. Paris, 1839.

The historical world and the reading public of Europe have long before now, we believe, made up their minds upon the oft-mooted question as to the guilt or innocence of Mary Stuart, and even in great measure as to the degree in which she was implicated in the plots of the times. Yet the subject will afford an eternal interest. It was not merely a question of dry historical fact, in which conflicting testimonies were to be examined and weighed together, and the value of each witness calmly ascertained: it was not merely mixed up with a political question, nor complicated only by that most difficult of considerations, the tendency and collision of rival and hostile creeds. Yet this alone might suffice, for in this case the best and holiest feelings of our nature, enlisted in the worst of causes, are so liable to perversion and deterioration in themselves, and so easily warped to the vilest courses under the most sacred of sanctions, half hallowing even while it debases, that the severest scrutiny and soundest judgment of inquirers are continually misled in the examination, of feelings and passions that continually deceived even those whom they actuated at the time.

These causes, however efficient to throw doubt over the subject, are not the sole complications. Historic certainties and sectarian violence do not always maintain their importance; the struggle of a rising against a failing religion, even though its epoch was the era of emancipation from political, through religious, thraldom, is not always a matter of equal interest to all, even of the descendants of those who fought the great fight of its liberty. But in regarding the particular case before us, we find a deeper thread is interwoven throughout the web; a softer pulse is awakened, and in the universal breast, that asks nothing from judgment or devotion. Apart from all other considerations, the difficulties of Mary's position, the passions, prejudices, ambition, the vices and violences of her masters and tyrants, whether followers or enemies, stand out in fearful relief, and excuse, in spite of our judgments, her own unnumbered faults. We view her as the subject of Grecian tragedy, the single victim of unrelenting fates; and her youth, her rank, her sex, her isolation; her utter helplessness, and the unrivalled beauty that provoked and exaggerated yet defied, sustained, and half atoned misfortune, all join to form the halo that sheds light on that corruption. We rise from the damning tale of evidence as from a painful romance, and drown unwilling censure in sad and sorrowing admiration. We feel by the head and think by the heart: the truth of history fixes the case in our minds, and imagination invests it with a constant though factitious charm. We read the facts and are convinced; yet turn to fancy, and prefer to doubt.

If anything however were wanting to complete the chain of evidence against the ill-judging and unfortunate Mary, it would be the letters published in the volume before us. Yet if they leave no doubt whatever of the reality of circumstances upon which she was condemned, we question much if they will in the least diminish the personal interest in her fate. Nothing but this could have stood out so long against the accumulated and daily increasing proofs of her guilt: but this we conceive will last as long as her name, and ever plead, and plead effectually, the many extenuating circumstances that excuse and perhaps justify her conduct, while they certainly demand sympathy for that hopeless woman, so unequal to the times in which she was placed; whose political guilt was but weakness; whose sin to heaven was only her religion; whose insincerity was adherence to her creed; while her very birth was treason, and her beauty the real crime that could look for no pardon from her triumphant and vindictive rival.

We need not enter more fully upon a subject so often discussed, but proceed to a general abstract of the volume before us.

Prince Labanoff informs us that in making about eight years since various researches in a rich collection of MSS., which however circumstances forbid his naming at present, he met with various letters of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, and which he believed to be unedited. Unfortunately the copies made for him were found incorrect, and he has therefore now published only his previous collection, from the Bibliothèque Royale and the Archives of the Kingdom, at Paris. This consists of thirty-five letters of the queen's, her testament, the warrant and report of her execution, together with sixteen diplomatic despatches and memoirs concerning especially the later years of her life. With the exception of the warrant and four of M. de Chateauneuf's despatches, which have appeared in Lord Francis Egerton's Life of Chancellor Egerton, a rare book, and unfinished, the prince conceives the rest to be unpublished; for so many and imperfect have been the collections already before the world, and so altered by translation from their original French into English, Scotch, and Latin, and then retranslation, that it is not easy to speak with certainty on the subject.

A fertile source of errors has also been found in the uncertainty of dates, into which two changes were introduced within eighteen years. First by the Edict of

Rousillon, which in 1564 altered the first day of the year from Easter eve to the 1st January; and secondly by Pope Gregory XIIIth's bull, reforming the calendar in Catholic countries, October 5, 1582; while it was not altered in England or Scotland till 1752. Mary Stuart continued, it seems, to date her letters by the old style, while the French king and his ambassadors adopted the new: and the difference of ten days is the exact difference in the two dates of the queen's execution, the 8th and 18th February, 1587; as established by M. de Chateauneuf's despatch of February 27th.

A chronology of Mary Stuart's history, compiled from Castelnau, Robertson, Lingard, Raumer, &c. assists the reader's memory in perusing the collection itself.

The contents of the first letter prove it to have been written 1558–9, shortly after the marriage with the Dauphin, and give a first indication of that injustice with which Mary was afterwards so lavishly treated in France, by an attempt in the former instance to deprive "her and her husband of what the king had given them." A subsequent letter, dated Edinburgh 10th August, 1562, and addressed to M. de Gonnor, superintendent of finance, requests his assistance to recover the balance of her dowry and some compensations for other matters.

An Instruction, July 11, 1566, from the King of France to Castelnau, on his journey to Scotland to congratulate Mary on the birth of her son, (James VI.,) after complimenting Elizabeth on his way, recommends him to present letters of congratulation also to the king (Darnley), but only in such manner as shall be pleasing to Mary; and a similar reservation is placed upon the envoy's communications with the Scottish nobles. The same document, referring to the succours in men and money required by the queen, promises the former if the necessity should be found by the envoy to continue; and the passage regarding the money, so difficult for the French treasury, we extract, as curious:

> "And farther, as the said Sr. de Mauvissière states that he thinks that the said Lady Queen of Scotland will enquire of him what assurance he brings her of the aid which the king wishes to afford her in her affairs, as well in men as in money, if the said Lady speaks of it to him he will answer:
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> "That M. the Cardinal de Lorraine having made known to their Majesties that the said Lady was in want of money, and seeing that the King from the necessity of his affairs, could send her nothing from himself, prayed their Majesties to let him be supplied with the 60,000 livres which were due to him of his pensions, which their Majesties did willingly; and because that there was not then enough ready money in the hands of the treasurer of the Espargne to supply the said sum in deniers, they caused the said treasurer to engage in his own proper and private name to those from whom my said Lord the Cardinal should receive the said amount, which their Majesties conceive he will not have failed to send to the said Lady, knowing as he did the necessity for it. And this said Lady can entertain no doubt that if his Majesty had as much money (deniers) in his treasury as goodwill to supply the sum to the said Lady she would always find his purse open and at her service.
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> "As for sending her supplies of men, their Majesties have understood from various sources that the affairs of her kingdom are at this time in such peace and tranquillity, and she, to whom God has given so fine and desirable an heir, so revered and obeyed, that they confide that she has no desire but to reconcile her subjects with each other if there remains among them any enmity for the past, and to preserve her kingdom in peace and tranquillity, and this is why they have not thought it needful to give on this head any charge to the said M. de Mauvissière. But if matters are otherwise, which they cannot believe, and that the said Lady has need of assistance, she will let this be known, if she pleases, to the Sieur de Mauvissière, in order that at his return, he may report to their said Majesties, who will always act in favour and for the aid of the said Lady, which she may promise herself and rely upon from princes the firmest and dearest friends to her in this world."—pp. 15—17.

The death of Darnley followed, and the fatal affair of Bothwell; if disgraceful to the queen herself, assuredly far more disgraceful to the nation who suffered and their nobility who connived at, this insult to the royal dignity and their own. Prince Labanoff notices, 1567, the pregnancy of Mary by Bothwell, affirmed by Lingard, and her refusal to disavow him and illegitimatize his infant; this was a daughter, born 1568 at Lochleven, and who took the veil at Notre Dame de Soissons.. The fact is stated by Le Laboreur in his Memoirs of Castelnau, and him the prince considers worthy of credit; the more as his confidential situation at the French Court (he was Royal Almoner and Counsellor) allowed him access to state secrets, and to the registers of the Convent of Soissons.

Mary now surrendered herself to Elizabeth (16 May), and the next letter in the collection, October 22, 1568, refers to the appointment of "Rosse, Hereis, and Kilvouin," as commissioners to York, where, according to "Beton, Archbishop of Glasgow," nothing was done, though the Bastard of Scotland was present.

Two succeeding letters from Mary to the Duc de Nemours, May and October 1570, evince her anxiety as to any efforts making in her favour by her family, owing to the difficulty of communicating with them; the letters sent by M. de Pougny being now "old and still here" (Chatsworth).

A letter, June 1578, is to M. d'Humières, once in the service of Mary's first husband, and forwarding the expedition of some seignorial rights with many expressions of kind remembrance for his services: another letter, September 1580, accompanies a present of two geldings for M. de Guise: and one from Sheffield, in February 1581, also to Castelnau, and desiring some boxes of dresses to be sent speedily from her tailor, declares also her vexation at being "counteracted by those of her counsel" in the gift of a benefice to this faithful envoy; "not choosing to suffer that her commands should be traversed as they have so often been, even in matters of her own." She owns her want of money for the payment of her attendants, and even for her own comfort:

> "My malady has become much worse in the last four or five days, and though it has almost brought me to extremity, I have not been able to obtain any one thing necessary and requisite for my health. I am better now, but still feeble and attenuated. I could wish that the Queen of England, Madame my good sister, (!) would have some little regard to the things needful for the restoration and preservation of my health, and allow me to ride on horseback about this place when I recover. Request this, if you please, and send me an answer by the first opportunity."

Unfortunate queen! Her next letter, September 2, 1582, declares that if some amelioration of her captivity does not take place she has little hope of surviving the winter.

The complaints of Elizabeth against the French King and Court occupy the next letter, a despatch from Castelnau to Henry III.; especially with regard to harbouring the traitors and rebels, "my lord Paget and his brother, Charles Arondel, and some others of their accomplices;" and to the communications maintained by the ambassador with various English nobles and others, and his interference with the affairs of the Queen of Scots. This produced a detailed recrimination on the ambassador's part.

> "The said queen perceiving that I spoke in this fashion, and that I knew so much of her conduct by the allegation of infinite cases, she told me that she had thought she had reason to be angry with me, but that my complaints were the strongest. That she had trusted me as a brother in the affair of the marriage; but that now I had taken another course." * * *

The ambassador replied with firmness, alluding to the treatment of Mary in prison, and his duty to interfere.

> "The queen, seeing that I spoke in this strain, and with so much truth and reasons so strong that she could not answer one of them, begged me to discontinue these remarks, and speak of something more agreeable: but I wished to obtain one conclusion, (namely) that she was greatly obliged to you and the queen your mother, in all cases, for the frank manner in which you acted towards her in general."
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> "Archubal Duglæ has requested me to lend him a thousand crowns. * * * The said Archubal, a man of quality and great merit, has refused a pension of two thousand crowns from the Queen of England."

We must pass over the letter of Henry III. to his sister and other passages, to extract one from Mary herself to Castelnau. Du Glas (Douglas) had not attended to her wish to remain out of Scotland.

> "Especially do not let him know in any shape that you maintain the least secret communication in the world with me, for I perceive that the negociations carried on by Walsingham between you and him are only to discover, by the replies made by you on my part, whether you have still any means of communicating with me in secret. * * * Let them fancy what they please as to the means by which you learn my intentions."

In another letter she says—

> "Beale is gone from here; * * * the report he has made of my replies and negociations with him, has been most maliciously perverted and interpreted by some of the council. He is no less angry than myself; for I have never said those things as they have been understood, and he has no way reported and related them thus. Walsingham has acted, I imagine, like his peers in matters of religion; he has cut and falsified the text."—p. 97.

On the 30th of October, 1584, she writes to urge Castelnau, on her intended removal from the custody of Lord Shrewsbury, to insist upon a rigorous examination of the reports about that nobleman and herself, spread by the countess; also to procure that her next keeper shall not be one of the pretenders to her crown, as her life would not be safe; and that it should be a personage of sufficient power and authority to guard this in the possible case of the Queen of England's death, &c.

In a letter dated simply the same year, Mary informs the ambassador, in enclosure, of the discussions between the English deputies and herself, which they desired should be kept profoundly secret! She states also that she had written strongly to her son, whom Elizabeth wished to detach from the French league and join in one with England, against this course. She adds—

> "Tell Archubal Du Glas from me that I know for certain that this Queen has no desire to send him to Scotland; and hereon, that my opinion is that he should accept from her any appointment he receives, labouring by every demonstration in his power to assure Walsingham of his true attachment to the Queen of England, in order if possible to discover her intention with regard to myself and my son. And henceforth require him, from me, to try in conferring with Walsingham, and casually leading to the question of my freedom, to sound his opinion: and what he discovers pray apprize me of, if you please, by the first occasion."

We pass over Leicester's suspicious protestations of good-will, and the jealousy of Elizabeth towards Talbot, Rutland, and others, supposed to be interested in behalf of the imprisoned queen; and whose accord and friendship had thrown Elizabeth into such distrust and anger, that according to Castelnau, who relates all the foregoing, "if she could ruin them she would do it," (p. 113.) Mildmay and Revel, he adds, were to remove her to the castle of Harford; it was said they wished to be excused the task; but "the people here are all so double (faced) and false in every word that one cannot place credit in them, nor assume any certainty."

The letters of the Queen of Scots to Mendoça, the Ambassador of Philip II., 30th of May, N. S. 1586, confirm the testament noticed by Robertson. Mary declares that in case her son, James, did not before her death embrace the Catholic faith, of which she saw little chance, she was determined to leave her right of succession to the king his master; as she felt a greater obligation to support the universal right of the Church than the interests of her posterity. She begs the Ambassador Mendoça to keep this resolution a profound secret, as if betrayed, "it would cause in France the loss of her dowry, in Scotland a rupture with her son, and in this country her total ruin and destruction."

In a subsequent letter to the same, Mary rejoices in the rising spirit of the French king against Elizabeth, and proceeds thus—

> You cannot conceive how the intelligence of the Earl of Leicester's exploits, and Drake's, have raised the spirit of the enemies of the said king throughout Christendom; and how his so long patience towards this Queen of England had lowered the confidence which all Catholics here have ever reposed in him. Myself, I will freely confess to you, was so disheartened from entering upon new pursuits, seeing the little effect of the past, that I have closed my ears to divers overtures and proposals of enterprises, which have been made me these six months here by the said Catholics, having no means of giving them a satisfactory answer. But in what I have newly heard of the good intentions of the said King towards this quarter here, I have most amply detailed to the chiefs of the said Catholics a scheme which I have sent them with my opinion upon every point to determine on its execution conjointly; and to gain time I have directed them to send to you some one of them fully instructed, and with all diligence, to treat with you, according to the general offers already made you, respecting all things which they will have to require in this affair from the said King your master, you can feel secure of them and their faith and word, which they have passed to me that faithfully and sincerely they will accomplish at the hazard of their lives what they will promise by their deputy, and therefore I beg you to give them all credit in the matter, as if I myself had sent them; they will inform you of the means of my escape hence, which I shall take upon myself to effectuate provided I am beforehand assured of the recourse to arms (des armes faictes)."

This letter is dated Chartley, 27th July, 1586, and requests the twelve thousand crowns for her deliverance to be procured from the king, regretting that the last twelve thousand had profitted her so little. The postscript is marked, Aug. 2.

It was about April, 1586, that Gifford and Maude obtained the confidence of Ballard and Morgan; and being thus connected with Mendoça, the Spanish Ambassador in France, and later, with Savage and Babington; so soon as the Queen of Scots had fairly committed herself by writing the above letter, Ballard was arrested by Walsingham's orders, August 4; and four days afterwards Mary was transferred to Tixal, and all her papers and jewels seized.

M. de Bellievre set out from Paris, November 17, and arrived on the 27th at Calais, where he received despatches from M. de Chateauneuf, praying him to use all speed as Elizabeth was urging on the trial of the unfortunate Mary. The wind, being contrary, detained him two or three days, but on the 28th he embarked, at midnight, and reached Dover at nine the next morning. Remaining there one day to recover such of his suite as had suffered from sea-sickness, he reached London, then a two-days journey, on Sunday, 1st of December, at noon. The next day he sent one of his gentlemen to the queen at Richmond, to request an audience. "As the malice of the queen was infinite," this was delayed, though the trial was pressed with activity; and a rumour, first of the plague at Calais, then of an apprehended attempt on Elizabeth's life, afforded the pretext for deferring the ambassador till the 7th of December.

When MM. Bellièvre and de Chateauneuf came into the presence, they delivered the remonstrances of the French king; to this Elizabeth replied by declaring that her own life had been thrice endangered by the attempts of Mary, and that these had cost her more tears than the loss of all her relatives. To the examples in history cited by the ambassadors, she answered, (and with characteristic vanity,) that she had seen and read more books in her life than a thousand others of her sex and quality, but had never met with so cruel an attempt as that made against herself by her kinswoman. She added, that she had found treason where she had placed confidence, and ingratitude for benefits conferred; and that she should shortly forward the proofs to the king and queen of France for them to judge. After expressing her regret to M. Bellièvre that the object of his mission was not more auspicious, she retired to her chamber.

The promised explanations being withheld, the ambassador had audience of leave the 15th of December; and on the 16th the sentence of Mary was pronounced; the city bells were rung for twenty-four hours, and the inhabitants were commanded to light fires before their doors as on festivals. The rest is well-known.

We translate verbatim the farewell letter of the doomed and unfortunate queen to the Duke of Guise; its sad and earnest solemnity is well maintained by the christian patience of insult recorded at its close.

MARY STUART TO THE DUKE OF GUISE.

24 *November*, *O. S.* (4 *December*, *N. S.*) 1586.

My good Cousin, he whom I hold dearest in the world, I bid you adieu, being by unjust judgment on the point of being put to death so as none of our race before God has ever suffered, and least one of my station; but, my good Cousin, praise God for it, for I was useless to the world in the cause of God and his Church, being in the state I was, and hope that my death will testify my constancy in the faith, and readiness to die for the maintenance and restoration of the Catholic Church in this unfortunate island; and though never has executioner dipped hand in our blood, be not ashamed of it, my friend, for the judgment of heretics and enemies of the Church, and who have no jurisdiction over me, a free Queen, is profitable in the sight of God to the children of his Church. If I adhered to them I should not suffer this blow. All those of our house have all been persecuted by this sect, witness your good father, with whom I hope to be received into the mercy of the just judge. I recommend to you therefore my poor attendants, the discharge of my debts, and to cause some annual dirge (obit) to be founded for my soul, not at your cost, but to make solicitation and ordinance as shall be requisite, and you will understand my wishes by these my poor helpless attendants, ocular witnesses of this my last tragedy. May God prosper you, your wife, children, and brothers, and cousins, and especially our head, my good brother and cousin, and all his; the blessing of God and that which I should give to my children, may it be on yours; whom I recommend no less to God than my ill-fortuned and abused (one). You will receive some tokens (rings) from me, in order to remind you to cause prayers for the soul of your poor cousin, devoid of all aid and counsel but that of God, who gives me strength and courage singly to resist so many wolves howling against me, to God be the glory. Believe in particular what will be told you by a person who will give you a ruby ring from me, for I take it on my conscience that you will be told the truth of what I have directed, especially of what concerns my poor attendants, and the share of each. I recommend to you this person for her simple sincerity and honesty, that she may be placed in some good situation. I have chosen her as the least partial and who most simply will report my orders. I pray you that she be not known to have told you any thing in private, as jealousy might injure her. I have suffered much for two years and more, and could not let you know it for an important reason. God be praised for all, and give you the grace to persevere in the service of his Church so long as you live, and never may this glory depart from our race, that men as well as women we be ready to shed our blood to maintain the cause of the faith, all other worldly considerations thrown aside; and for myself, I hold myself born on the paternal and maternal side, to offer my blood thus, and have no intention to degenerate. Jesus crucified for us, and all the holy martyrs render us, by their intercession, worthy the voluntary offering of our bodies to his glory. From Fotheringay, this Thursday 24 November.

"They had, to degrade me, caused my days (dais) to be pulled down, and then my keeper came to me offering to write to their Queen, saying not to have done this act by her command, but by the advice of some of her council. I shewed them instead of my arms on the said dias, the cross of my Saviour. You will understand all the conversation: they have been more kind since.

"Your affectionate Cousin and perfect friend,
"MARY, Q. of Scotland, D. of France."

The volume before us contains, beyond the Testament of the unfortunate Mary, a Memoir from M. Bellièvre's departure till the 25th of February. Also, a letter from M. de Chateauneuf to Henry III. on the 27th, wherein he excuses his silence from the fact of the ports being so strictly guarded that he could not contrive to send off a messenger; a passport which he had obtained in a false name having only procured the arrest of the bearer at Dover, where he had been then detained from the 19th to the 27th of February. This document likewise contains the account of Mary's execution. A report of the same follows, and some letters detailing subsequent events bring us to the decree of the parliament of Paris which concludes the volume, except a few papers of minor importance contained in the supplement, and found during the process of printing the work.

A repertory of such papers and documents as were known to the Prince de Labanoff is given at the end, though this does not include the letters said to have been written by the unfortunate qneen in July, 1586; to Mendoça and Paget on the 6th, to Babington on the 17th and 25th, and on the 27th of that month to Paget; her supposed love-letters also are omitted. It is, however, the Editor's intention to publish all these, as a supplement, in a complete collection.

Of the 352 pieces that form this Repertory, 164 have been already published; 35 are contained in the present volume, the remainder are believed by the prince to be inedited. The collection, too, to which we have alluded in the outset of this article is not included in the enumeration.

From the Monthly Chronicle.

FIELD-MARSHAL SUWAROFF, AND THE CAMPAIGN OF 1799.

"Suwarrow chiefly was on the alert,
  Surveying, ordering, jesting, pondering;
For the man was, we safely may assert,
  A thing to wonder at beyond most wondering."
BYRON.

PART THE FIRST.

If history be philosophy teaching by example, then are her lessons never more impressive than when she traces great events distinctly back to the influence of great character, and when she shows us the noble and the high of heart rising above accumulating difficulties, before which feeble and ordinary men would have sunk prostrate to the earth. The impression is deepened aud saddened, when, having exulted in the progress of genius and courage, we are forced, in the end, to see their best efforts marred, even within sight of the [illegible]; and that, by the outbursting of some dark passion which had lain dormant, unknown, perhaps, in a gallant breast, till, at the turn of fate, it arose in might to tarnish the glory of years by one moment's fatal influence. The life of Suwaroff illustrates this so strongly, that we shall here give a short sketch of his history, and of the last great events in which he was engaged. We have the more pleasure in doing so, because the publication of his letters, written during the campaign of 1799, and Smidt's recent account of his life, enable us to represent this extraordinary person divested of the motley coat in which so many authors have arrayed him. With the exception of Peter Czar, Suwaroff was the greatest man Russia ever produced: his noble qualities belonged to himself; and what he wanted of real greatness was owing more, perhaps, to the half-barbarous state of the people among whom all but the two last years of his life were passed, than to any actual deficiency of his own.

Alexander Wasilowitch Suwaroff, was born in 1722 at the village of Suskoy on the Dnieper. His father, a man of noble family, served in the army, and rose, during the seven years' war, to the rank of lieutenant-general. As education had not at that period made any great progress in Russia, it was fortunate for the young Suwaroff that his father had interest enough to get him placed in the military academy founded by Peter the Great. Considering how little was then taught in these seminaries, the young man must have applied with attention to his studies; for he learned at least to speak several languages with great fluency. In 1742 he obtained an ensigncy; the next year he made, against the Swedes in Finland, his first campaign, and from that period his entire life was one continued scene of active exertion. Present in most of the actions fought between the Russians and Prussians during the seven years' war, he particularly distinguished himself at the battle of Zorundorff, where he served as major, and was wounded. But, regardless of his wounds, he rallied, and brought off, in some sort of order, the remnant of his battalion which had shared in the overthrow of the Russian infantry, when the intrepid Seidlitz, like an avenging Avater, sent to punish the crimes and misdeeds of which this barbarous soldiery had been guilty, burst upon their devoted masses with the full force of the Prussian cavalry. After the peace Suwaroff was made a brigadier; and when Russia embraced the cause of Stanislaus Potoky against the confederated Poles, he took the town of Cracow. In 1769 he was made lieutenant-general, and accompanied the armies of Prince Gallizin and Count Romanzow in their expedition against the Turks. In 1774 he put an end to the rebellion of Puggatchew, by capturing that adventurer, and dispersing his followers. During the subsequent peace he governed the countries which he had before assisted to conquer; but was again employed in the field on the renewal of the war in 1787. And here the brilliant period of his career may be said to have commenced. He first defeated the Osmanli at Kinburn, though he was himself severely wounded at the commencement of the action. Finding, in 1789, that Prince Cobourg was surrounded by the army of the Grand Vizir, and in a very perilous situation, he made a forced march with 10,000 Russians, joined the Austrians, and, in conjunction with them, completely defeated the Turks on the banks of the Rymnick, a rivulet from which he derived his title of Rymniskoy. This victory made Suwaroff a field-marshal, and obtained for him, both from his own sovereign and from the Emperor Joseph, far more rewards than it is here necessary to enumerate. In 1790 he took Ismailow by storm. Glorious as the capture of this fortress was to the general and his army, the ruthless manner in which the victory was used cast a deep stain over the honour of both. Upwards of 30,000 men are said to have fallen in the assault, and in the carnage that ensued after the place was entered.

It is related that Suwaroff gave out the following order on the evening before the attack:—"To-morrow I shall rise an hour before daylight; I shall wash, dress, and pray; I shall then crow like a cock, when the town will be stormed according to the dispositions already issued." Tales of this kind, like the one which describes him as filling, when a very young man, a sack full of the heads of vanquished Janizaries, and of laying the trophies at the feet of his commander, must be received with more than caution. The same may be said of the Kinburn anecdote, which makes the wounded general throw himself off his horse before his fugitive troops in order to arrest their farther flight. It is the fate of all celebrated men to have their names graced, as well as disgraced, by idle stories of this kind. Suwaroff was eccentric, and probably affected more eccentricity than really fell to his share; he also gave the dry and quaint kind of humour for which he was distinguished a pretty fair latitude, even at the expense of others; but the man who spoke and wrote, as we find him writing and speaking, could never act the absolute buffoon. He who exposed the follies and misconduct of others with such stern and unsparing severity, required to keep a guard over his own conduct, and was not likely to act the part of an ordinary mountebank. The following anecdote seems better attested. On the capture of Ismailow a splendidly caparisoned Turkish horse was brought him, which he refused, saying, that "a Cossack hackney had brought him and could carry him away." "It may not be equal to a load of fresh laurels gathered here," was the courtly observation of a by-stander. "It has carried Suwaroff and his fortunes," replied the general.

On the death of that cowardly man of blood and pleasure, Potemkin, Suwaroff succeeded for a time to the government of the Crimea, till the war of Polish succession again placed him at the head of the army. He twice defeated Surakowsky and Kosiusko, the generals of the crown; and then carried Praga, the fortified suburb of Warsaw, by assault. It is supposed that 15,000 Poles perished on this melancholy occasion, and their blood leaves a deeper stain on the character of Suwaroff and his troops than the capture of Ismailow itself; for the gallant and desperate resistance of the Turks, which, although it ought to have claimed the esteem and respect of brave adversaries, might well enough exasperate savage and ferocious victors who had seen 10,000 of their comrades fall beneath the well wielded scimitars of the Moslems. But at Praga there was not even this excuse; the place was ill defended, and the Russians did not lose above 500 men. It is humiliating to our nature to think that nothing but the prospect of indulging in the vilest and most infamous excesses can induce the Russian soldier to mount the breach or scaling ladder. To appease his excited thirst for blood it is not enough that vanquished foes should fall before him; women and children must not only be murdered, but they must be martyred, mangled, and cut to pieces. And yet the Russian soldier is the most obedient and machine-like of men. What then must we think of officers who cannot prevent the recurrence of scenes that have actually inflicted a stain on humanity and on Christianity itself? Posterity will hold the fame and honour of the commander responsible for the life of every human being sacrificed by disciplined armies beyond the fair verge of battle; and the dark days of Ismailow and Praga have overshadowed the brows of Suwaroff with more asphodels than all the laurels gained in his many gallant fields can ever conceal.

Deeply as it is to be lamented that this eminent soldier allowed the lustre of his splendid actions to be darkly dyed with blood, the merit of great military qualities can never be denied him. He was in a high degree brave, loyal, and disinterested: he was active and energetic, had a quick and penetrating understanding, and always took a just and accurate view of the operations in progress. In many points he very much resembled Marshal Blücher: but he never gave proofs of that deep sagacity, foresight, and power of calculating and combining movements, for which the Prussian was distinguished. Both made up by subsequent application for their faulty education, and retained all the vigour of intellect till the last period of their lives; and both were, when more than seventy years of age, the most active military commanders of their time. Both affected singularity: but the affectation of Suwaroff was of a lower kind, intended probably to act on the minds of an ignorant soldiery; whereas Blücher affected hussar manners, only in order to conceal, before strangers, what he deemed his want of polish and acquirements, although he was by no means deficient in either. Both were hasty, irritable, and of fiery tempers. Suwaroff's temper ruined the cause which his sword had so nobly supported, and ultimately brought his grey and laurel-crowned head with sorrow to the grave. Blücher's high sense of duty, on the contrary, kept his temper under control. In the hour of trial, the most passionate of mankind submitted to the vexatious fooleries of that weak vain man, Bernadotte, with the most perfect equanimity of temper; and in moments of the greatest difficulty, even in battle, and when the utmost severity might have been justified, it was his admirable and dignified conduct alone that brought the Russian generals, Langeron and Wizingrode, back to the paths of honour and obedience.

In personal appearance also the Prussian had very much the advantage over the Muscovite. The latter was rather below the middle size and spare of form: it was only by extreme temperance and activity that he had hardened a constitution naturally weak and delicate. His portrait, now before us, represents a keen, open, and animated face, harsh of features, but expressive of considerable humour, with a good deal of cynical indifference to human feeling: we know it at first sight to be the face of a man of high courage and intellect, who would probably be admired in any station, though hardly certain of being beloved by any. His marriage was unhappy, but from his letters to his daughter he was evidently a kind and affectionate father. Blücher, on the other hand, was tall and elegant, and must in early life have been extremely handsome. Even at the time of the battle of Waterloo, when he was 72 years of age, he had still, what physiognomists would call a first-rate countenance; which, though stern and severe, and deeply marked by time, care, and toil, gave evidence nevertheless of the frankness, hilarity, and generous humanity for which he had been distinguished. A passage in one of the Duke of Wellington's lately published letters has given rise to the opinion, that Blücher intended to put Napoleon to death had the latter fallen into his hands. That the old fiery hussar may have thundered out some threat of the kind is more than probable; but his well-known humanity, known indeed to every officer and soldier that served with him, prevents us from believing that he would have carried it into effect had it been in his power. Blücher was a keen patriot, and the sufferings to which his country had been reduced, had made a deep impression on his heart and mind. It is necessary to have known the Prussian army of that time,—and few strangers could have known them better than the writer of these lines,—to form an idea of the rooted hatred which they entertained against their former oppressors, and particularly against Napoleon, as the author of their sufferings. "It is well for you

English to talk of forbearance," was their usual saying; "you have had no enemy in your country; but had you seen your native land trampled under foot, and every species of insult and indignity heaped, for years together, upon friends, kindred, and relatives, you would praise our moderation instead of being surprised at our harshness."

Both of these commanders were extremely beloved by their troops; but Suwaroff was as unpopular with the officers, particularly with those of high rank, as Blücher was cherished and esteemed. Both were celebrated for their wit, and both were authors; though, as far as we know, the Russian only was a poet. Blücher printed the journal he kept during the early campaigns of the Revolution war. The book seems to have disappeared from circulation; but judging from extracts occasionally met with in other German works, it evidently possesses great merit. The general instructions issued by Suwaroff to his army during the Italian campaign, are strongly characteristic of the clear head and energy of the man. Some of his orders are written in a strange doggrel kind of verse, not very intelligible. But though his poetry is as obscure as Cromwell's prose, his own prose, eminently laconic, is as clear and distinct as possible, and his general rules might, with great justice, be termed Golden Rules.

Suwaroff was living in retirement, acting the part of a good landlord, settling disputes among his neighbours and tenants, and never failing to ring the church bell long and loudly if the congregation were late in assembling, when he was called upon to take the command of the allied army in Italy. The campaign of 1799 forms one of the most interesting and instructive acts of the great military drama that originated in the French Revolution. Four generals of the highest reputation—Suwaroff, Moreau, the Archduke Charles, and Massena—appear upon the scene. It shows us seven battles, three forced passages of rivers, and a number of actions of mountain warfare, strongly illustrative of the difficulties of such contests, and of the value, as well as the worthlessness, of mere posts and positions. Its last act presents us with the march of an army over the highest regions of the Alps. It shows us the last effort of a strong, powerful, and energetic mind—a mind that could all things but itself subdue,—placed in novel and most dangerous situations: and the melancholy result of the campaign proves how many evils may result to a good cause, from the inability of commanders to counteract their own, justly perhaps, irritated feelings. Our narrow limits prevent us from giving more than a feeble sketch of the events in which Suwaroff himself was engaged.

The French had opened the campaign in Italy, Switzerland, and on the Rhine, before the arrival of the Russians, though with forces inferior to the Austrians. They had experienced but partial success, and their brilliant victories in the Tyrol and Grissons were counterbalanced by defeats experienced in Italy and Germany. They had destroyed an entire Austrian corps at Taufers, and achieved other advantages; but in Germany the Archduke Charles had repulsed their main army at Stockach, and General Kray had, in like manner, discomfited their Italian army near Verona. These advantages were not very decisive, and had not been followed up with any vigour when, on the 14th of April, Suwaroff, with the first Russian division of 17,000 men, principally infantry, reached head-quarters. His appearance immediately gave a different aspect to affairs.

Only four days elapsed from the time of his arrival till he began his march; and even this short interval was put to some account, for he caused the Austrian infantry to be instructed, by Russian officers, in a new mode of charging bayonets. That this unexpected drilling was not over well received by the Germans may be believed. Some looked upon it as an actual insult, others as a piece of mere folly, though there was probably method in it after all, and the lesson was intended more, perhaps, for generals than for the soldiers, at it intimated pretty clearly the spirit in which operations were expected to be carried on.

The effective force with which Suwaroff took the field, amounted, after all deductions, to 52,000 men. Before setting out, the Austrian chief of the staff, General Chastelear, proposed that a general *reconnoissance* should be made. Suwaroff's answer is far too characteristic and too much to the purpose to be omitted here:—"Reconnoiterings," he said, "I will have none of them; they are fit only for timid people, and for apprising the enemy of your arrival: you can always find the foe when really disposed. Columns, the bayonet, cold steel, to attack and overthrow the enemy, those are my *reconnoissances*." These words which, in most cases, would have been silly bravadoes, were strong and to the purpose, when uttered by one whose "hand was true, and could maintain them well."

The army moved with great rapidity towards the Oglio. General Kray was ordered to storm the citadel of Brescia, and to put the garrison to the sword if they waited the assault. Suwaroff declared that this was indispensably necessary to prevent the allies from losing both men and time before every blockhouse, which might be disposed to hold out, if honourable terms were always granted. This was, no doubt, a good deal in the Russo-Turkish style of proceeding; particularly as the citadel of Brescia, though it was not in good order, is a regular work. The threat, however, produced the desired effect; for General Bouget, seeing that serious preparations were made for the assault, surrendered the same evening, with a garrison of 1,100 men.

While Kray was taking Brescia, Count Melas having got entangled in bad roads which the rain had rendered difficult, his columns having also got into some confusion, halted on the Mella, exactly half way to the place of his destination. It is probable that the Austrians made a good deal of idle fuss about the men having got wet feet, for their delay so exasperated Suwaroff, that he addressed the following most extraordinary letter to the Austrian general; we translate, as closely as we can, in order to preserve, as much as possible, the manner of the original:—"I hear that complaints are made because the infantry got wet feet. Such was the weather of the day. The march was undertaken for the service of two mighty emperors. Dry days are for women, fine gentlemen, and lazy persons. He who, as an egotist, speaks against the high duties of the service will, in future, lose the command. The operations must be carried on without the least delay, so that the enemy may have no time to recover himself. Whoever is ill may stay in the rear.* Italy must be delivered from the yoke of the unbelieving French; and for this purpose every upright officer must be ready to sacrifice himself. Fault finders cannot be tolerated in any army. Quickness of observation, celerity, and perseverance, that is enough for this time."

Nothing can well be objected to this letter except its extreme rudeness; in all other respects it is admirable.

Moreau, who had succeeded Scherer in the command of the French army, continued to fall back as the allies advanced, and offered only partial resistance, while the latter had again to detach General Kray for the purpose of investing Mantua and Peschera: but this retarded not the progress of Suwaroff. Cremona, where the French had considerable magazines, was invested, and taken before it could be evacuated; and on the 25th of April, the army reached the banks of the Adda, behind which the enemy had taken post with the evident intention of disputing the passage. The Adda is no where fordable in its course from the Lake of Como to where it falls into the Po, at a distance of sixty-five miles. As the French were in possession of all the remaining bridges, it was necessary to build new ones, to force those guarded by the enemy, or to cross in boats. All three modes of passage were resorted to, and all were attended with equal success. The most severe contest took place at Cassano, where the French had a bridge head of some strength, protected besides by the Ritarto canal. Suwaroff led the main column of the Austrian troops against it: he no doubt took the first opportunity of thus showing himself to his new soldiers; and he did well. The French defended their works with great resolution, and were constantly supplied with fresh troops from the right bank of the river: their commander, General Argod, was killed, fighting sword in hand, on the parapet; but their efforts were unavailing; the Austrians forced the entrenchments, and followed up their success so energetically, that they crossed the bridge along with the fugitives before it could be destroyed. Every attack succeeded: the French were forced back on all points: they fought with their accustomed gallantry indeed, but were so unskilfully commanded, that an entire division, under General Seruier, remained all day perfectly inactive, listening to the battle that raged around, but taking not the slightest share in the contest. It was only next morning that they were accidentally discovered by one of the allied divisions. They were found strongly posted for mere resistance, but—between two swollen rivulets and an inundation—had left themselves no means of issuing into the plain in the face of an enemy. They were forced to lay down their arms; and two generals, 250 officers, and 4,000 men surrendered, with fifteen pieces of artillery, to less than 3,000 Austrians; and all this under the command of General Moreau, one of those officers whom it has pleased modern writers to hold up as a great general.

The allies had done better; in nine days, from the 17th to the 27th, they had marched seventy-five miles, taken a fortress, gained a battle, and crossed five rivers,—the Chiea, Mella, Oglio, Seria, and Adda; and with a loss to themselves of only 3,000 men, they had killed, wounded, or taken 10,000 of the enemy.

Marshal Suwaroff entered Milan on the 30th of April, and with the retreat of the French across the Po, the Cisalpine republic ceased to exist. The Italians proved themselves rather ungrateful on this occasion for the boasted liberty which the French had so generously conferred upon them; for they no sooner saw the allies victorious, than they flew to arms, fell by bands on small French parties, cut off and murdered stragglers, and carried on a fierce and dishonourable guerilla war against their late brother republicans.

But rapid and energetic as Suwaroff's first operations were, he has been blamed for neglecting to follow up his success; for frittering away his forces by the investment of the strongholds; and for losing much precious time immediately after the victory of Cassano. Military critics pretend that the Russian field-marshal ought to have taken immediate steps for rendering impossible the junction between General Moreau and General Macdonald, who was advancing to his aid with the French army of Naples.

These strictures cannot, we suspect, be maintained. The country was every where in military possession of the French. Moreau was master of Genoa, the strong district of the Riviera, and had thus by Niza an open retreat into France, so that he could not be struck at unless disposed to fight; and to push him out of Italy, unless he could be prevented from returning, was only so much loss of time. The French occupied besides Mantua, Peschiera, Ferrara, Pizzighetone, the citadel of Milan, Orei, Pavia, Tortona, Alessandria, Turin, Velenza, Ceva, and Coni. All these places, with which the theatre of war was actually studded, were well provisioned, all were of some, and several of first-rate, strength. To leave them all unattacked or unmasked seemed impossible; while to mask them, even in the feeblest manner, required so large a force, as for a time to reduce the main army to a mere shadow. It may also be supposed, that the circumstances of his own peculiar situation influenced Suwaroff's conduct on this occasion. He commanded an allied army, of which only one-third were Russians; the rest were strangers, over whom he exercised but precarious control, which, in extreme cases, might perhaps find limits; and we shall see presently that these limits were much nearer than could have been expected. The political views of the Austrian cabinet led them to urge on the capture of the fortresses in preference to all other measures. They wanted to get firm possession of the country, and thought that this could best be effected by the early occupation of the strongholds. That a reverse in the field would instantly have caused the investments to be raised, was evident to all the world, except to the gentlemen at Vienna: nor need their blindness surprise us, for none know better than the officers of the British army the manner in which high functionaries of state decide on military affairs. Thus placed between the hostile fortresses, the Austrian cabinet, and the French army, Suwaroff had a difficult part to act. That it was boldly and successfully acted is certain; and we are bound to add our conviction, judging from the mass of evidence which we possess respecting the campaign, that it was as skilfully acted as possible, considering the trying situation in which the Russian commander was placed. While at Vienna, Suwaroff solicited permission to address his reports directly to the Emperor, instead of addressing them to the Aulic Council. Francis II. granted the request; but the circumstance is said to have displeased Count Thugut, the prime minister, and the Council, who from that moment became the decided enemies of the Russian field-marshal, and used every effort to thwart his views. To what extent such ignoble conduct may have been carried, it is impossible to say; that jealousies would not be wanting, we may easily suppose; and from the period of which we are writing, the complaints of Suwaroff became daily more frequent, till, as we shall see, he applies officially for his recall.

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* Melas was ill when he joined the army.

Writing to Count Tolstoi on the 22nd of May, he says, "The French are much cleverer at offensive war than many other nations. Owing to the defensive system of the Archduke Charles, they had concentrated their forces, and very nearly, quick as I was, devoured my liver near the lake of Como: things are now going on better. The defensive system lost Italy, and brought the French army almost to the gates of Vienna. By offensive operations, the Archduke drove the armies of Jourdan and Moreau out of Germany (1796). The Archduke Charles might, in regard to our operations, not only have kept the French in check, but with the aid of the Swiss, to whom he should have given liberty, he might have made us masters of the Rhine. The frontiers of the imperial states are no where better defended than at the gates of Paris."

But though already displeased, the Russian field-marshal was not inactive, as the leading features of the campaign will show; the minor details we are, of course, obliged to pass over.

The occupation of Turin was evidently of great importance to the allies, both in a military and political point of view, but the attack had to be made under circumstances of peculiar hazard. The sieges of Tortona and Alessandria had to be left uncovered, the march of Macdonald unattended to, or watched only by a detached corps, while, in the advance upon Turin, Moreau's army in the Riviera would be allowed to remain unchecked in rear of the left flank of the allies. Nothing but extreme celerity, and the most accurate combination of movements, could justify so bold an undertaking; but it succeeded nevertheless. Suwaroff appeared so suddenly before Turin, that the town was carried on the first day; and by aid of the vast stores which it was found to contain, the siege of the citadel was pressed so vigorously, that it was reduced to extremity, before the approach of Macdonald called the army back to the foot of the Appenines. Hurrying on the troops on this occasion, Suwaroff writes to General Belgrade, —"money is precious, human life is precious, but time is the most precious of all."

And here we come upon one of those strange transactions, for which co-operations and alliances are so constantly distinguished. The advance of General Macdonald, who, by means of his light troops, was already in communication with General Moreau, rendered an immediate march with all disposable forces towards the Appenines indispensably necessary, in order that a decisive blow might be struck against one of the hostile armies, before the two could form their junction. As the siege of Mantua had not yet begun, Suwaroff sent directions to General Kray to leave only so many troops before the place as were necessary to keep the garrison in check, and instantly to join him with the remainder in the plain of Alessandria. Kray, who was a gallant soldier, expressed great regret at not being able to comply, producing at the same time the emperor of Austria's direct commands not to raise the blockade of Mantua on any account, unless by his, the Emperor's, own orders! The old field-marshal was indignant, and wrote to Count Rosumowsky, the Russian ambassador at Vienna, that he was determined to go home. "This cabinet order," he says, "deranges all my plans; and it is evident that they do not require me here any longer, and I am determined to go home. * * * * * Every individual general addresses himself to the Aulic Council, not only about his own particular affairs, but about general affairs also; and has thus a right to intrigues for his own pleasure and advantage, which gives the council power to direct and to bind him. If the Aulic council would only leave me alone, their one or two campaigns would not cost me more than so many months; but with their hyper-strategy and generalship, one month of their operations will extend over entire campaigns."

But if the Aulic council defeated one plan, it did not prevent Suwaroff from quickly forming and executing another; and the incapacity of his adversaries helped, in a great measure, to atone for the mischievous conduct of his allies. Moreau and Macdonald were already in communication, but instead of uniting their forces, and falling upon the divided Austro-Russian troops, they allowed Suwaroff to get the start of them; and he was not the man to neglect the opportunity. General Kaim remained with a small corps to finish the reduction of the citadel of Turin, and Count Belgrade was stationed with another division in the plain of Tortona, to watch the operations of Moreau, while the field-marshal himself proceeded with about 30,000 men, all the troops he could collect, by forced marches towards Piacenea, leaving the modern Turenne, as Jomini and other historians have been pleased to term Moreau, in rear of his right flank, as he had before left him in rear of his left flank.

General Otto was falling back with a small corps of Austrians before the advance of Macdonald, and had taken post at St. Giovani, on the Tidone, not far from Piacenea, when his outposts were attacked on the morning of the 17th of June. The Austrian, seeing heavy columns directed against him, was about to withdraw in the direction of Stradella, when General Melas arrived on the field with a few thousand Austrians; he was followed by General Bagration, with the advanced guard of the Russians. These troops amounted, in all, to about 12,000 men; and although Melas might naturally conclude that he had the whole of General Macdonald's 35,000 men to contend with, he nevertheless determined, and justly, we suspect, to try the fate of battle. The position of St. Giovani was a good one; the weather was oppressively hot; the troops had been greatly fatigued by their march, those in the rear were hurrying forward—not in the best order, perhaps,—and the Austrian general very properly concluded that, to retire under such circumstances, might, if the enemy pursued, throw the whole army into confusion, and cause an unfavourable impression in the minds of the soldiers; while, on the other hand, they might hold their ground till the rear division should come up. To the influence of these just strategycal views, we may perhaps add another reason for this un-Austrian sort of resolution: it was the fear which the brave, but cautious Melas entertained of Suwaroff. The letter written before the battle of Cassano would not yet be forgotten, and its effect was here evident. Energy at the proper time and place is the most important element of warfare; and here we already find Suwaroff's genius, producing favourable results on a battle-field before he was even personally present.

We cannot, of course, enter into all the details of the action. If Moreau had been inactive, Macdonald was unskilful. Though it was impossible for him to be ignorant of Suwaroff's march, he had only half his troops present in this first day's combat. The slight advantages he had gained over Otto and Melas were completely lost, therefore, on the arrival of the other allied troops; and he was defeated and driven back with loss, when he might have put an end to the battle. The intersected nature of the ground, owing to a number of rivulets, containing at the time little water indeed, but having deep beds,—and the stone walls of the vineyards, rendered pursuit extremely difficult.

All the divisions of the allied army having joined during the night, it was Suwaroff's intention to bring on a general action next day. Macdonald, on the other hand, had no intention to fight, as he wished to rest and wait the arrival of all his troops; the French were so used to be the assailants in all these wars, that they hardly ever expected to see their arrangements disturbed by their enemies.

To give the troops time to rest and refresh themselves, Suwaroff directed that the advance should be delayed till ten o'clock in the morning. But it required even longer time to recover from the fatigue and confusion of the previous day; and it was three o'clock in the afternoon before the leading columns could fall upon the enemy; and five o'clock before the Austrians joined the onset: there was no longer time to produce any great result on so difficult a battle-field. The French, though they fought bravely, were driven back across the Trebia with considerable loss, but they were not defeated; and to resign a contest, unless in a case of absolute extremity, was at that time a thing totally unknown in their army; the fate of battle was again to be tried, therefore, on the following day. But though the result of the two days' action had not been very disastrous to the Republicans, the moral effect on the soldiers must have been considerable; they had, for two days, fought bravely, and yet fought to disadvantage; the number of killed and wounded was nearly alike on both sides—no prisoners or trophies had been taken by either party, and the ground conquered by the allies, from the Tidone to the Trebia, was of no advantage whatever: their only gain consisted therefore in the moral confidence which the French had lost, and it was enough to decide the victory.

After the close of the action one of those events occurred, which tend strongly to show how completely chance may, at times, take the reins of the best disciplined armies out of the hands of the firmest commanders. The wide, and almost dry bed of the Trebia, separated the two armies; on the French side a horse broke loose, overthrew a pile of muskets, and made one of them go off. Two battalions, that were still under arms, instantly advanced to the front; the Austrians, thinking that the attack was to be renewed, opened a fire upon them, and as they retired, followed them up, thinking themselves victorious. The French turned, both parties supported their friends, and a fierce night combat commenced in the very bed of the river. As the ground here was open, every one called loudly for cavalry, who, always slow when wanted, hurried up to augment the confusion of this mass of men, disciplined to war, indeed, but now become wild and ungovernable. The artillery of both armies, to show their ordnance zeal, made round and grape rattle through the scene of madness and suffering, certain that every melancholy shot which struck a friend would be atoned for by an equal error on the part of the foe. This scene of useless slaughter lasted for two hours, and it was past eleven o'clock before the combatants could be separated; and it then required a great part of the night before order could be fully restored.

Macdonald's divisions having all arrived, he determined to become the assailant on the 19th, expecting probably that Moreau would be near enough at hand to fall upon the rear of the allies. His plan of attack, not to surpass the rest of the French operations of the campaign, was nearly as much at variance with common judgment as could well be contrived. With an army not superior in numbers to that of his adversary, and which had for two days fought to disadvantage, and required therefore to be kept particularly compact and well in hand, he made a disposition for turning both flanks of the allies, extended his line, and left himself almost without any reserve. Defeat on all points was the natural consequence of such arrangements; and, after an obstinate combat the French were driven back across the Trebia, though the allies were still unable to establish themselves on the right bank. The Austro-Russians had lost about 6000 men in these three actions, the Republicans only a couple of thousand more; so that, as the armies were nearly of equal strength, no very great advantage had been gained by the allies. But though the latter had gained little, the French had lost a great deal; for three days' reverses had completely exhausted their moral and physical strength. Suwaroff felt his advantage,—and though he knew that Moreau was already operating in his rear, and had repulsed Belgrade's feeble corps, he determined to hold fast Macdonald, and not to relinquish the contest till a real and substantial victory should be achieved. It is in this resolution that we discover the genius of the man: an ordinary commander, alarmed by Moreau's advance, would have given up the attack, and abandoned the half-gained victory,—would have retired beyond the Po, thrown himself between two fires, and lost all the advantages of his previous success. Suwaroff persevered, and the 20th of June brought the laurel crown, which a three days' combat had earned, but not bestowed.

Though the Russian general had no distinct information of what had taken place in the rear, he contented himself with despatching a few squadrons of hussars, together with some light infantry, to scour the ground beyond the Po, while he again advanced with the whole army against Macdonald.

He found himself victorious sooner than he expected; a few light troops only were left posted along the banks of the Trebia; the main body of the French army were already in full retreat and were followed up with the same vigour with which they had been attacked. General Victor's division was the first overtaken; it was instantly attacked and routed; other corps fared no better, and by the evening of the 22nd June, when Suwaroff halted with the main body of the pursuing army, 13,000 prisoners, with nearly all the artillery and baggage of the Republicans, were in the hands of the conquerors.

During the time the allies were thus engaged, Moreau had issued from the Riviera and driven back Belgrade's corps of observation. Within hearing of the guns fired on the banks of the Trebia, he contented himself with throwing supplies into the citadel of Tortona; allowed a great and decisive battle to be fought, without striking a single blow in aid of his countryman; and hurried back to his fastnesses as soon as he learned the turn events had taken. Had General Kray with the Mantua army been at hand, or had Count Belgrade performed his easy duty with ordinary skill, the whole of Macdonald's army would, as Suwaroff tells us, have been taken; the campaign of 1799 would then have been decided at once; and very possibly, the fate of the war also. The Aulic council had not, however, foreseen all this.

While Suwaroff was conquering Italy the Archduke Charles was entering Switzerland. He had, as we know, gained the battle of Stokach on the 25th of March, and having then allowed two months to pass over without any active measures of the slightest importance, we find him on the 4th of June attacking Massena in a strong position before Zurich, which the French general had been six weeks in fortifying. Having obtained possession of Zurich and these works, the Archduke remained stationary till his final departure for Switzerland.

From the British Magazine.

GIBBON.

Of the deistical writers who, about a century ago, were regarded by the friends of Christianity in this country with so much alarm, scarcely any are now read; very few are even remembered. The pompous objections of Bolingbroke, and the acute sophistry of Hume, have almost reached the state of oblivion which has been already attained by the less attractive writings of their predecessors. There is one work, however, of a decidedly infidel character which retains its place in our literature, unaffected by the lapse of sixty years. The scholar and the man of the world still turn for information and amusement to "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

The reviving taste for the study of history has recalled this work into a degree of popularity which it had lost during the stirring times which marked the commencement of the present century. The jealousy and dislike with which it was regarded by two generations are scarcely shared by a liberal age. A handsome edition, superintended by an ingenious and accomplished clergyman, is courting a new generation of readers. The book is studied and referred to. It will therefore scarcely be deemed unseasonable to attempt an estimate of its real character and value.

It is well known how the work of Gibbon was received by those of his contemporaries who felt interested in the cause of religion. Such was the alarm which was excited by the publication of the first volume, that the author himself confessed that "had he believed that the majority of English readers were so fondly attached even to the name and shadow of Christianity,—had he foreseen that the pious, the timid, and the prudent, would feel, or affect to feel, with such exquisite sensibility," he might have observed greater caution. And the warmth and earnestness with which it was attacked by theologians of all ranks and parties sufficiently showed the importance which was attached to it as an attempt to undermine the divine authority of the Gospel, and to weaken the principles of morality.

Yet it is perhaps scarcely correct to regard it as a deliberate attempt to unchristianize our literature. It more probably owed its infidel character to mere vanity and affectation. The author was by education and in manners a Frenchman. As he had no fixed principles, he very naturally adopted the tone and opinions of his foreign associates. He had learned from his early years to regard his countrymen as unpolished and unenlightened, and he was willing to astonish them by a display of paradox and sophistry. These and some still more obvious peculiarities of the author's personal character, sufficiently explain what is most objectionable in the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

The history of his life, which has been communicated by his own pen, is curious and interesting. He was born at Putney, in Surry, in the year 1737. His father was a gentleman in easy circumstances, who represented Hampshire in two Parliaments. He was early deprived of his mother, but a maternal aunt reared him with a mother's tenderness. The delicacy of his health caused his early education to be greatly neglected. But he had from his early childhood an insatiable thirst for reading. In his fifteenth year he "arrived at Oxford with a stock of erudition which might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed." At Magdalen College he was neglected by his tutors, and fell into habits of dissipation and extravagance. His taste for discursive reading led him to books of religious controversy; "and at the age of sixteen he bewildered himself in the errors of the Church of Rome." He professed himself a Papist. And his father, who regarded his conduct as an act of insubordination, immediately removed him from the university.

This was the event which determined the character of his future life. He was sent from England, and, under the care of M. Pavilliard, a reformed minister at Lausanne, in whose family he remained nearly five years, zealously pursued his classical studies and soon renounced the peculiarities of Romanism. But these rapid changes of opinion permanently impaired his principles; and he appears soon to have subsided into a state of indifference or scepticism, which, in the course of his intercourse with French society, eventually settled into positive infidelity. At Lausanne, however, he read with diligence and success, and laid the foundation of his future learning. In 1758 his father allowed him to return to England. His first work, (Essai sur l'Etude de la Litterature,) which had been commenced at Lausanne, and was published in 1761, is a proof not only of his intimate acquaintance with the French language, but of his acquirements and talents.

In 1763 he again visited the continent. He then became acquainted with Paris, and made the tour of Italy. "It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol," that he first conceived the idea of writing on the decline and fall of the capital of the world. Several other subjects, however, successively presented themselves to his mind as fit subjects for an historical composition. For several years he was too much engaged in society and intercourse with his family to find leisure for regular study. After the death of his father, in 1770, he was several years in Parliament; and it was not until 1776 that he published the first volume of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

His great work had, however, for some time before been the chief business of his life. He was engaged upon it with more or less activity from 1768 to 1787. The first three volumes and the greater part of the fourth were written in London, the remainder of the work at Lausanne, where he chiefly resided during the last ten years of his life. He returned, however, to England upon a visit to his intimate friend, Lord Sheffield, in 1793, and died in London, on the 16th of January, 1794.

The character of Gibbon, as it is exhibited by his autobiography and letters, reflects much light upon his writings. He has himself enabled us to describe him as a man of a cold and phlegmatic temperament, who was impelled to exertion only by motives of vanity and selfishness. If his life was marked by no flagrant irregularities, it is clear from his own account that the decency of his conduct did not proceed from any principle of conscience or any feeling for moral beauty. For learning, indeed, and a general acquaintance with literature, he must be ranked among the very first of his contemporaries. He had great natural sagacity: he had an inexhaustible thirst for knowledge; and was at once ingenious and diligent. But he had no dignity of mind, no elevation nor warmth of sentiment, no purity nor delicacy of taste. His knowledge of mankind was derived from a corrupt state of society, and from a corrupt heart. Self-devotion and disinterestedness were things beyond his comprehension; he could scarcely realize the possibility even of sincere belief, and virtue he regarded as an empty name.

His history largely partakes of the peculiarities of his moral and intellectual character. It is rich in various learning. It abounds in sagacious and acute reflections. But it is loaded with excessive ornament. It is absolutely destitute of moral purpose. It never rises beyond the material and visible. It constantly seeks to depress what is noble and lofty, while it places in strong relief whatever is mean and disgusting. Instead of endeavouring to inculcate some great ethical lesson, it only strives to confound the distinction between vice and virtue, and utterly to extinguish all respect for religion.

Voltaire had introduced a new method of historical composition. He had presumed to summon the past to the bar of the present, and to arraign it upon the enactments of an arbitrary *ex post facto* legislation. Under pretence of tracing the philosophy of history, he measured the men and things of other times by the standard of modern civilization, and ventured to pronounce upon the probability or improbability of the testimony of contemporary authors, and to assign the motives which actuated the men of distant ages and countries, solely with reference to the principles which obtained among the Frenchmen of the eighteenth century. Thucydides and Tacitus had indeed painted the hearts of men, and disclosed fully studied the originals. They wrote of men who were still well remembered, or were actually their contemporaries. The first Frenchman of an enlightened age needed not this tedious and modest process. With the telescope of philosophy he might explore at will what was most remote in time or place, and tell others all that it was worth their while to know, without the vulgar aid of observation or learning. The laws of nature were always uniform, and men were always men, and men were, of course, always savages or Frenchmen. He wanted no other principles to know with positive certainty *how* and *why* they acted. Bare facts only served to load the memory, and enfeeble the understanding. *His* only was the way of studying history the secret springs of events, but it was after having care to advantage. It was only when expounded by the philosopher that it afforded any thing worth knowing by one who aspired to the dignity of a man. The novelty of this method, the reputation of its inventor, and the general sciolism, procured for it no little popularity. Acute and sober men were dazzled by its pretensions. Hume and Robertson had already naturalized it—purified, however, from its more flagrant absurdities—in the literature of Britain, when Gibbon caught the contagion, and aspired to the rank of a pragmatical historian.

Yet Gibbon was something more than a mere disciple of the historical school of Voltaire. He was well aware of its deficiencies. In his diffusive reading he had acquired no ordinary amount of erudition. From the time he had chosen the subject of his work he was eagerly engaged in the pursuit of the right materials. He knew what the historian had to do. He made it his business to find his way to the best information. His knowledge was perhaps often derived in the first instance from secondary writers—he freely confesses his obligations to Tillemont —but he generally verified important facts by referring to the sources, and he was rarely unacquainted with the discoveries of modern learning.

His learning indeed was his strongest point. His perseverance and sedentary industry well fitted him to make himself master of the information necessary for his subject. His private means enabled him to obtain books, and he was moreover generally in situations where he had access to public libraries. It could not be asserted that he was a scholar in the highest sense of the term. He had not the finish and accuracy which can be attained only by those who pursue learning as a profession. But he was most intimately acquainted with the materials of history. No one who has gone over the ground he professes to have surveyed can help seeing that he has been there before him. Students who are engaged in a particular inquiry may find much which has eluded his observation, but they will generally be surprised to find how much he knew. His references are frequently ostentatious, sometimes irrelevant, sometimes not strictly accurate; but what we find to complain of in them must usually be laid to other accounts, they do not go to impeach his learning.

The subject on which his acquirements were employed was a noble one. History does not present any thing more memorable than the decay and extinction of ancient civilization. "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," as a work of art, is well conceived, and executed with a rare ability. The distribution is felicitous, the composition is striking; notwithstanding the defects in drawing and perspective, it has an air of grandeur; and though the parts are often strangely out of proportion, we are scarcely sensible of a want of harmony in the whole. The great fault is, that it is *so* artificial. You scarcely ever lose the artist, and art is obtrusive every where. The style is affected and laboured to a degree positively offensive. There is no variety of construction or manner. There is a total absence of nature. The ornaments are all of the most gaudy and meretricious sort. We are displeased at once by effort and insipidity.

It was in the highest qualifications of the historian that Gibbon was most deficient. He had no large views, nor lofty feelings. He could not disengage himself from the narrow circle of manners and fashion, nor sympathize with the genuine feelings of the human heart. He knew nothing of man as a moral being. His imagination was inflamed only by material objects. He was not awed by the sublimity of virtue; he felt no tenderness for human infirmities. He regarded what was morally great and disinterested with invincible scepticism, while he received with vulgar credulity every insinuation of evil.

But it is the malign aspect of his work towards Christianity and morality which constitutes its great fault, and renders it dangerous and noxious. Whatever may have been his motives, it is quite certain that he constantly makes it his business to treat the Gospel as a fable, and to sneer at the very idea of virtue. Every thing connected with revealed religion is exhibited in the light in which it may be regarded by a captious adversary. Though he did not in the remainder of his undertaking introduce any attack so direct as that which is contained in the last two chapters of his first volume, he never ceased to insinuate that Christianity was a mere system of imposture, devised by priests, and believed only by fanatics. He possessed in perfection the art which had been so successful in the hands of the French infidels, of conveying by insinuations and sarcasm opinions and sentiments which it was not convenient openly to avow. Without leaving the subject he has in hand, he can always find occasion to suggest doubts and ridicule. When the outline of the likeness he is painting is correct and accurate, he can produce the most objectionable effects by the choice of attitude and expression, and especially by colouring. Often when we cannot deny the resemblance, we can say emphatically that it conveys a false or most inadequate conception of the original. Mahomet is painted with all the luxuriance of Venetian art; Cyril and Bernard are rude caricatures. Constantine and Theodosius are heavy and ungracious; while all the resources of his skill are lavished upon Julian. Thus the reader of the "Decline and Fall" is defrauded of the fruits of human experience, and receives a deadly poison instead of the precious nourishment which is the natural produce of history and especially of the history of the Church.

It is really curious to observe how thoroughly Gibbon's work is saturated with his infidelity. The venom has been distilled into every part. His scepticism, and malevolence, and impurity, meet us every where. It is strange that any one could ever have supposed it possible to counteract its mischievous tendency by controverting particular statements, or refuting particular views. It is not easy to conceive how any one could read it, and fancy that any good could be done in this way. It mocks such an antidote. No one could make it any thing else than an infidel book without actually taking it to pieces. Little is gained even by expunging the most obnoxious passages; for an epithet sometimes presents a licentious picture, a conjunction often suggests an embarrassing doubt.

If these remarks have given a fair character of this celebrated work, it is almost needless to deduce a formal conclusion. In such case there can be but one opinion. It must be regarded as an anti-christian book, which exhibits great powers misemployed, and which no one can read but at his peril. If the estimate now attempted of its literary value be at all correct, the young and inexperienced student may well spare it from his library. It is not less calculated to vitiate his taste, and to weaken his judgment, than to corrupt his moral and religious principles. A spacious field of historical reading is open to him, in which he may safely expatiate. He will be better employed in qualifying himself to obtain genuine information, than in perusing the "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

From the Quarterly Review.

The Natural History of the Sperm Whale, &c. &c. To which is added, a Sketch of a South-Sea Whaling Voyage. By Thomas Beale, Surgeon. London. Small 8vo. 1839.

The patron who does us the honour to take up this article, as a gentle preparative for an after-dinner nap, may, perhaps, pardon us for reminding him that the light of his lamp is borrowed from the largest of known living animals; that the oil which turns his night into day once formed part of a being whose heart sent out ten or fifteen gallons of blood at every stroke, through an aorta measuring a foot in diameter; and that the creature whose gigantic frame was nourished by this flood of life gamboled on the broad back of the ocean, rejoicing in his strength, till the pigmy *man*, whose head and hand give him dominion over every other living thing, made war upon him in his own dominion, and left the enormous mass inanimate, 'floating many a rood.' Nor is every one acquainted with the dangers and privations borne by those who seek the monster in his remote watery kingdom. A South-Sea whaling voyage often exceeds three years, and hardly ever occupies less than two; and to the sailor employed in this fishery, Sheridan's beautiful lines may, without exaggeration, be applied:—

> 'The wand'ring tar, who not for years has press'd
> The widow'd partner of his day of rest,
> On the cold deck—far from her arms remov'd—
> Still hums the ditty that his Susan lov'd;
> And while around the cadence rude is blown,
> The boatswain whistles in a softer tone.'

And here we may notice the high and palmy state to which this branch of our trade has now attained, and how good a nursery for seamen it has become. From the port of London alone an average of seventy sail of fine ships, of a burthen ranging from three to four hundred tons, are annually on the look-out for spermaceti whales. The crews of these ships, which are fully provisioned for three years, and sail from London at all times of the year, consist of from twenty-eight to thirty-three men and officers—including the surgeon—who occasionally condescends to keep an eye also on the culinary department, which, after all, seems to us to be a very commendable species of mixed practice. All the men are, in point of fact, co-adventurers with the owner; for they *go on the lay*—that is, they have a certain share of the produce, instead of the ordinary money-payment. As, for obvious reasons, there are in such expeditions 'no more cats than can catch mice,' the mariner who has been afloat in one of these ships is pretty sure to turn out a crack specimen of his genus—a smart fellow, case-hardened to any climate, expert in all his professional duties, but proverbially so in the use of the oar—endued with imperturbable nerves and quick decision, eagle-eyed, and lion-hearted. The love of distinction, self-interest, self-preservation—all the motives, in short, that can stimulate to exertion, are brought into play. The ardour with which this dangerous sea-hunting is pursued seems to take the strongest possession of the men's minds; and one of their most usual modes of making a heavy hour light is sketching their favourite ship, whales in various attitudes, and the hair-breadth escapes of their companions and themselves, upon the tooth of one of the monsters whom they have seen die, pierced with almost as many darts as the 'monstreux Physetère,' killed by Pantagruel, 'chose moult plaisante à veoir.'

The fishery appears to have been first carried on by a few individuals in our old colonies of North America from their own shores, till, the numbers of the whales diminishing as those of the captors increased, the latter began to find it necessary to pursue their prey to the more distant and secure retreats, whither persecution had driven them. At length, we find the American navigators taking to the fishery in earnest, in the South Atlantic Ocean, as well as the North: so that from the year 1771 to 1775, Massachusetts alone annually employed 183 vessels, carrying 13,820 tons, in the North Atlantic fishery; and 121 ships, carrying 14,026 tons, in that of the South. This vigorous proceeding did not escape the penetrating eye of Burke. In his splendid speech on American affairs, in 1774, he introduced a most glowing eulogy of the piscatory enterprise of the New Englanders:—

'Falkland Island, which seems too remote for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place for their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both poles. While some of them draw the line or strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed with their fisheries—no climate that is not witness of their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pursued by this recent people—a people who are still in the gristle, and not hardened into manhood.'

This stirring appeal seems to have roused the spirit of our merchants and ship-owners; for in 1775 ships were, apparently for the first time, fitted out by them and sent to the South Seas for the purpose of bringing back sperm and other oils. Much success was not, however, attendant on this effort, for the chief haunts of the spermaceti whale had not been discovered by these vessels. In 1776, the government began to try the system of bounties; but still, for the reason just given, the success was but trifling: indeed, in 1781, four ships, which had been fitted out for the river St. Lawrence, returned, after an absence of considerable duration, with only six gallons of sperm oil among the whole of them.

France, which seems to have preceded the other European nations in this fishery, but had for many years almost entirely neglected it, again, in 1784, turned her attention towards it, and Louis XVI. sent from Dunkirk six sail on his own account. This example of the king was followed by his subjects, and in 1790, France had forty sail employed in the fishery. Then came the revolutionary storm, and swept away every trace of the trade as far as France was concerned, nor does the French fishery ever seem to have revived. Mr. M'Culloch tells us that, with the exception of an American house at Dunkirk, hardly any one has, of late, thought of sending out a ship from France.

For this country the flourishing period of the fishery is to be dated from the year 1785. In that year our people discovered the haunts of the sperm whale, and, after an absence of about a twelvemonth, many ships returned with from twenty to eighty tons of sperm-oil; so that in 1786, when the bounties were increased, 327 tons of this oil, which sold for 43*l*. per ton, were brought to England. Our success now equalled that of the American whalers. In 1788, ships of increased size (from 150 to 300 tons burthen) were sent from our ports; and we are told that they still continued, like the Americans, to fish on this side Cape Horn, taking the common black, as well as the sperm whales, at such places as the Gulf of Guinea, the coast of Brazil, and Falkland Islands, and looking for sperm whales in particular about the equinoctial line.

We now arrive at the period when the great El Dorado of the whale-fishery in the two Pacifics was opened up, and we cannot but feel proud that this crowning effort was reserved for our countrymen. The discovery forms a grand era in our commercial history. The enterprise of the whalers first opened to us a beneficial intercourse with the coasts of Spanish America: it led in the sequel to the independence of the Spanish colonies. But for our whalers we never might have founded our colonies in Van Diemen's Land and Australia—or if we had, we could not have maintained them in their early stages of danger and privation. Morever, our intimacy with the Polynesians must be traced to the same source. The whalers were the first that traded in that quarter—they prepared the field for the missionaries; and the same thing is now in progress in New Ireland, New Britain, and New Zealand.

'The grand speculation of sending ships round Cape Horn into the Pacific, in order to extend the sperm whale fishery was reserved for the bold and enterprising mind of Mr. Enderby, a London merchant, who fitted out, at a vast expense, the ship Amelia, Captain Shields, which sailed on the 1st of September, 1788, and returned on the 12th of March, 1790, making an absence of one year and seven months, but bringing home the enormous cargo of 139 tons of sperm oil.'

Thirty-one years afterwards, this example having been largely followed and with steady success, another grand impulse was given by the same vigorous speculator. Mr. Enderby then despatched the Syren, of 500 tons burden, to explore a new region.

'She sailed on the 3rd of August, 1819, and arrived off the coast of Japan on the 5th of April, 1820, where she fell in with immense numbers of the spermaceti whale, which her crew gave chase to with excellent success; for they returned to their native land on the 21st of April, 1822, after an absence of about two years and eight months, during which time they had by their industry, courage, and perseverance gathered from the confines of the North Pacific Ocean no less than the enormous quantity of *three hundred and forty-six tons* of sperm oil, which was brought into the port of London in safety and triumph, showing a success unprecedented in the annals of whaling, and which astonished and stimulated to exertion all those engaged in the trade throughout Europe and America. The Japan fishery was speedily established, and remains to this day the principal one of both Pacifics. The whole fishery of the Seychelles owes its origin to the extraordinary enterprise of the same gentleman, whose ship, the Swan, completed the first voyage to that quarter in 1825.

'During the year 1821, the government, finding that the sperm whale fishery was fully established, thought proper to discontinue the system of the bounties—so that the crews of the various ships which resorted to the fisheries were made to depend altogether upon the success of their own exertions.

'In 1823, the first introduction of sperm oil from the Australian colonies took place, the principal part of which was brought from Sydney; and when in 1836 the imperial measure was introduced, we find that the enormous quantity of sperm oil altogether imported into London during that year amounted to 6083 tons! while the ships that were employed in the fishery were of from 300 to 400 tons.'

Having, we think, stated enough to convince the most sceptical of the value of this fishery, we have now to introduce the reader to the whale itself, and to the most interesting part of Mr. Beale's highly interesting book. It may be necessary to premise for the benefit of the happy uninitiated—we call them happy, for it will be new ground to them—that though the terms fish and fishery are used to designate the animal taken, and the mode of taking it, the spermaceti whale is not a fish. All the *cetacea*, or whales, are warm-blooded; they breathe by means of lungs, suckle their young, and differ in their entire organization from the fishes properly so called. Milton is zoologically correct when, in the well-known magnificent description in the Paradise Lost, he speaks of

> "that sea-beast,
> Leviathan, which God of all his works
> Created hugest that swim the ocean stream."

The natural history of *this* whale has long been the opprobrium of zoologists. It would be wearisome to detail all the distressing confessions of almost every naturalist who has approached this wonderful class of animals. Our author is perfectly aware of the difficulties of his subject, on which he is evidently very well read; but the result of his experience is to confirm the opinion hazarded by Baron Cuvier, that there is but one known species of spermaceti whale. He says:—

'It is not my intention, were it in my power, to enter into the inquiry as to the true method of dividing the cetacea into groups, families, genera, or species; but this I can assert in contradiction to Lacépède, and other authorities, that there is no more than one species of sperm whale, and this I say from having particularly noticed their external form, and also their manner and habits, in various parts of the world very distant from each other. The large full-grown male appears the same in every part, from New Guinea to Japan, from Japan to the coast of Peru, from Peru to our own island; while their females coincide in every particular, having their young ones among them in the same order, and appearing similar to all others which I had seen in every respect, merely differing a little in colour or fatness, according to the climate in which they were captured.'

We cannot help wishing that M. F. Cuvier, of whose labours in zoology we have a very high opinion, had, before he published his *Histoire Naturelle des Cétacés*, made inquiry among those who are in the constant habit of seeing the spermaceti whale. The figure copied from his work by Mr. Beale is in itself a proof how little the form of this sea-beast, so well known to the American and Englishman, is known to the Frenchman, as indeed might be expected from the state of the fishery as far as France is concerned. There is hardly a tooth of this whale on which our South-sea tars have exercised their ingenuity—and no ship comes home without some so ornamented—that would not have given him a better figure. We have one of these teeth before us, with spermaceti whales in all postures, every one of them bearing testimony to the accuracy of Mr. Beale's own representations.

The following figure is laid before us in his first chapter; and, in its absence, it would be almost impossible, without much circumlocution, to convey any thing like a clear idea of the different parts:—

Fig. 1.

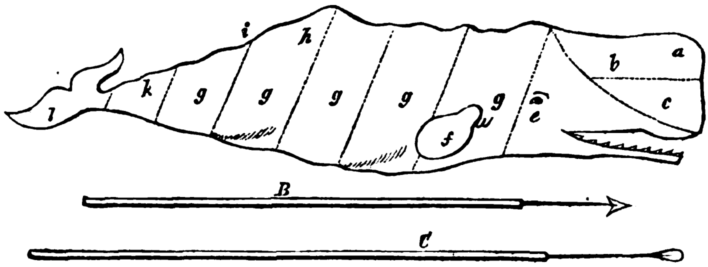

Fig. 2.

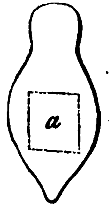

Fig. 1 represents the outline of the entire form.
Fig. 2, that of the anterior aspect of the head.

Fig. 1—*a*, the nostril or spout-hole; *b*, the situation of the case; *c*, the junk; *d*, the bunch of the neck; *e*, the eye; *f*, the fin; *g*, the spiral strips, or blanket pieces; *h*, the hump; *i*, the ridge; *k*, the small; *l*, the tail or flukes; *B*, a harpoon; *C*, a lance.

Fig. 2—*a*, the lines forming the square are intended to represent the flat anterior part of the head.

We select and abridge a few paragraphs from this chapter. The reader will be pleased to remember, *in limine*, that the full-grown male is often eighty or eighty-five feet in length, and thirty-six in girth:—

'The head of the sperm whale presents in front a very thick blunt extremity, called the snout or nose, and constitutes about one-third of the whole length of the animal; at its junction with the body is a large protuberance on the back, called by the whalers the "bunch of the neck:" immediately behind this, or at what might be termed the shoulder, is the thickest part of the body, which from this point gradually tapers off to the tail, but it does not become much smaller for about another third of the whole length, when the "small," as it is called, or tail, commences; and at this point also, on the back, is a large prominence of a pyramidal form, called the "hump," from which a series of smaller processes run half way down the "small," or tail, constituting what is called by the whalers the "ridge." The body then contracts so much, as to become finally not thicker than the body of a man, and terminates by becoming expanded on the sides into the "flukes," or tail, properly speaking. The two flukes constitute a large triangular fin, resembling in some respects the tail of fishes, but differing in being placed horizontally: there is a slight notch or depression, between the flukes, posteriorly—they are about six or eight feet in length, and from twelve to fourteen in breadth in the largest males. The chest and belly are narrower than the broadest part of the back, and taper off evenly and beautifully towards the tail, giving what by sailors is termed a "clear run;"—the depth of the head, and of the body, in all parts except the tail, is greater than the width. The head viewed in front, as in fig. 2, presents a broad, somewhat flattened surface, rounded, and contracted above, considerably expanded on the sides, and gradually contracted below, so as in some degree to attain a resemblance to the cutwater of a ship.

'In the right side of the nose, and upper surface of the head, is a large, almost triangular-shaped cavity, called by whalers the "case," which is lined with a beautiful, glistening membrane, and covered by a thick layer of muscular fibres and small tendons, running in various directions, and finally united by common integuments. This cavity is for the purpose of secreting and containing an oily fluid, which, after death, concretes into a granulated substance of a yellowish colour, the spermaceti. The size of the case may be estimated, when it is stated that in a large whale it not unfrequently contains a ton, or more than ten large barrels of spermaceti!

'Beneath the case and nostril, and projecting beyond the lower jaw, is a thick mass of elastic substance called the "junk:" it is formed of a dense cellular tissue, strengthened by numerous strong tendinous fibres, and infiltrated with very fine sperm oil and spermaceti.

'The mouth extends nearly the whole length of the head. The throat is capacious enough to give passage to the body of a man; in this respect presenting a strong contrast with the contracted gullet of the Greenland whale. Behind, and not far from the posterior angle of the mouth, are placed the swimming paws, or fins, which are analogous in their formation to the anterior extremities of other animals, or the arms of man; they are not much used as instruments of progression, but probably in giving a direction to that motion in balancing the body in sinking suddenly, and occasionally in supporting their young.

'In a full-grown male sperm whale, of the largest size, the depth of head is from eight to nine feet,—breadth from five to six feet,—depth of body twelve or fourteen feet,—the swimming paws, or fins, are about six feet long and three broad.

'One of the peculiarities of the sperm whale, which strikes at first sight every beholder, is the apparently disproportionate and unwieldy bulk of the head; but this peculiarity, instead of being, as might be supposed, an impediment to the freedom of the animal's motion in his native element, is, in fact, on the contrary, in some respects very conducive to his lightness and agility, if such a term can with propriety be applied to such an enormous creature: for a great part of the bulk of the head is made up of a large thin membranous case, containing, during life, a thin oil of much less specific gravity than water; below which again is the junk, which, although heavier than the spermaceti, is still lighter than the element in which the whale moves; consequently the head, taken as a whole, is lighter specifically than any other part of the body, and will always have a tendency to rise at least so far above the surface as to elevate the nostril or "blow-hole" sufficiently for all purposes of respiration; and more than this, a very slight effort on the part of the fish would only be necessary to raise the whole of the anterior flat surface of the nose out of the water: in case the animal should wish to increase his speed to the utmost, the narrow inferior surface, which has been before stated to bear some resemblance to the cutwater of a ship, and which would in fact answer the same purpose to the whale, would be the only part exposed to the pressure of the water in front, enabling him thus to pass with the greatest celerity and ease through the boundless tract of his wide domain.

'In young whales the "black skin," as it is called, is about three-eighths of an inch thick, but in old ones it is not more than one-eighth. Immediately beneath the black skin is the blubber or fat, which is contained in a cellular membrane, and which is much strengthened by numerous interlacements of ligamentous fibres, which has induced Professor Jacob to consider the whole thickness of blubber to be the *cutis vera*, or true skin, infiltrated with oil, or fatty matters. Its thickness on the breast of a large whale is about fourteen inches, and on most other parts of the body it measures from eight to eleven inches. This thick covering of skin, blubber, or fat, is called by South Sea whalers the "blanket." It is of a light yellowish colour, and when melted down, furnishes the sperm oil. It also serves two excellent purposes to the whale, in rendering it buoyant, and in furnishing it with a warm protection from the coldness of the surrounding element; in this last respect answering well to the name bestowed upon it by the sailors.'—pp. 24-32.

Thus this uncouth and apparently unwieldy animal affords another wonderful example of adaptation of parts to the exigencies of the case, and when we come to inquire into the internal organization, we shall have still more cause to admire the work of the Great Artificer. We will first examine how the breath of life enters his nostrils. As, in common with all the other *cetacea*, the blood of the spermaceti whale is aërated by means of lungs—it is of course necessary that he should rise at certain intervals to the surface to take in a proper supply of atmospheric air. The following are the results of Mr. Beale's observations:—

'If the water is moderately smooth, the first part of the whale observable is a dark-coloured pyramidal mass, projecting about two or three feet out of the water, which is the "hump." At very regular intervals of time, the nose, or snout, emerges at a distance of from forty to fifty feet from the hump, in the full-grown male. From the extremity of the nose the spout is thrown up, which, when seen from a distance, appears thick, low, and bushy, and of a white colour: it is formed of the expired air, which is forcibly ejected by the animal through the blow-hole, acquiring its white colour from minute particles of water, previously lodged in the chink or fissure of the nostril, and also from the condensation of the aqueous vapour thrown off by the lungs. The spout is projected from the blow-hole, at an angle of 135 degrees, in a slow and continuous manner, for the space of about three seconds of time;—if the weather is fine and clear, and there is a gentle breeze at the time, it may be seen from the mast-head of a moderate-sized vessel at the distance of four or five miles. The spout of the sperm whale differs much from that of other large cetacea, in which it is mostly double, and projected thin, and like a sudden jet; and as in these animals the blow-holes are situated nearly on the top of the head, it is thrown up to a considerable height, in almost a perpendicular direction. When, however, a sperm whale is alarmed or "gallied,"* the spout is thrown up much higher and with great rapidity, and consequently differs much from its usual appearance.

'In different individuals, the times consumed in performing these several acts vary, but in each they are minutely regular; and this well-known regularity is of considerable use to the fishers—for when a whaler has once noticed the periods of any particular sperm whale, which is not alarmed, he knows to a minute when to expect it again at the surface, and how long it will remain there.

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* 'Gallow the very wanderers of the dark.'—*Lear.*

'Immediately after each spout, the nose sinks beneath the water, scarcely a second intervening for the act of inspiration, which must consequently be performed very quickly, the air rushing into the chest with an astonishing velocity: there is, however, no sound caused by the inspiration, and very little by the expiration, or spout; in this respect also differing from other whales, for the "finback" whale, and some others, have their inspirations accompanied by a loud sound, as of air forcibly drawn into a small orifice: this sound is called by whalers the "drawback," and when heard at night near the ship, convinces the listening watch of the species to which it belongs. In a large "bull" sperm whale, the time consumed in making one inspiration and one expiration, or the space from the termination of one spout to that of another, is ten seconds; during six of which the nostril is beneath the surface of the water, the inspiration occupying one, and the expiration three seconds, and at each breathing time the whale makes from sixty to seventy expirations, and remains, therefore, at the surface ten or eleven minutes. At the termination of this breathing time, or, as whalers say, when he has had his "spoutings out," the head sinks slowly, the "small," or the part between the "hump" and flukes," appears above the water, curved, with the convexity upwards; the flukes are then lifted high into the air, and the animal, having assumed a straight position, descends perpendicularly to an unknown depth:—this act is performed with regularity and slowness, and is called by whalers "peaking the flukes."

'The whale continues thus hidden beneath the surface for an hour and ten minutes. If we, then, take into consideration the quantity of time that the full-grown sperm whale consumes in respiration, and also the time he takes in searching for food, and performing other acts, below the surface of the ocean, we shall find, by a trifling calculation, that the former bears proportion to the latter, as one to seven.'—p. 45.

Mr. Beale then goes into details about the less strenuous respiration of the females and the young whales, and also the variety of the *bull's* operations in this way when under alarm; but these particulars we must omit.

A seventh of the time of this huge animal is occupied, then, in the function of breathing; and when we call to mind the numerous acts of respiration, and the enormous column of air which must rush into the lungs at each act, it is clear that a vast quantity of blood must be aërated. Having secured this supply, the whale can, we see, remain under water for upwards of an hour; but, by what curious mechanism is it contrived that the vast store thus at once laid in shall continue available? A mechanism totally *sui generis* could alone effect this. The camel is enabled to lay up a supply of water for his desert-journey—and so is the whale of air for its long abode below the waves. The mechanism of our frame only enables us to inhale air enough to oxygenate the blood requisite for a few pulsations: but this suddenly accumulated mass of aërated blood is, in all the carnivorous *cetacea*, retained in a most complicated arterial plexus, appropriately termed by Professor Owen the *rete mirabile;* from whence it is distributed through the arteries to the system *as it is wanted.* From this ample reservoir the brain and nervous system *draw* their stimulus, and the gigantic muscles of the tail their oxygenated blood, so that Leviathan may have his intelligence and activity kept up during his submersion in the great deep,

'Where fathom-line could never touch the ground.'

In August, 1834, a valuable paper by M. Breschet was read to the French Academy of Sciences, entitled 'Histoire Anatomique et Physiologique d'un Organe de Nature vasculaire *découvert* dans les Cétacés, etc.' In September of the same year, Dr. Sharpey, who does not seem to have been aware of M. Breschet's labours, read to the British Association for the Advancement of Science 'Observations on the Anatomy of the Blood-vessels of the Porpoise.' These observations are sound, as might be expected from so good an observer; but in the printed 'Report' they only occupy about three-quarters of a page. The work of M. Breschet is extremely well executed, and excellently illustrated. He has made the best use of the materials before him; and his memoir, if we are not misinformed, won for him his seat in the Academy: but when *discovery* is talked of, we must be permitted to say a word in behalf of one of the greatest physiologists that ever breathed—whom some that should have known better have thrust down into the second class of comparative anatomists. Have those who so degrade him ever studied that great physiological monument, the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London? Everything that John Hunter did—every line that John Hunter wrote—bears the stamp of extensive physiological views; and he so laboured and so wrote, not for wealth, for he sacrificed all his hard earnings, money, health, everything, to his favourite science—not for fame only, for it is well known to many that he would pursue and finish an inquiry, and, when he had satisfied his mind, would put his remarks and drawings away: no, he hungered after knowledge, he loved his pursuits for their own sake. We know those who have been heretofore employed on physiological subjects, and who have found in a drawer in the museum of the college that information which they had failed to obtain from the most recently published works.

The existence of the organ in question was first indicated and described by old Tyson, in his 'Anatomy of a Porpesse;' but he took it for a 'glandulous body.' Hunter was the first who determined the exact nature of the plexus, and demonstrated that it was a reservoir of arterial blood. M. Breschet, referring to his description, says it is exact so far as it goes, but too short to be satisfactory. Laconic, however, though it may seem to a modern writer, and particularly to a French *savant* of the new breed, it contains the whole secret of the power of remaining under water possessed by the carnivorous *cetacea.* M. Breschet has admirably followed out what Hunter began; but this is all the praise he can claim.*

The organization in question is not common to all the *cetacea*; and here again we are forcibly struck with the adaptation of means to a given end, illustrating 'the wisdom of God in the creation.' Professor Owen has shown that the *dugong* wants this plexus; and the probability is that none of the herbivorous *cetacea* possess it. They are browsers, existing in comparatively shallow water, where there are facilities for breathing *ad libitum.* They live in a comparatively confined area, and they need it not; but the carnivorous whales, rushing, as they do, at a railroad pace, all over the world of waters, now feeding in the arctic or antarctic circles, and anon spouting in the tropics, could not keep up their steam without it.

But how is the mighty mass of life embodied in the spermaceti whale supported; on what does our leviathan feed?

The food of the sperm whale consists almost wholly of an animal of the cuttle-fish kind, called by sailors the "squid," and by naturalists the "sepia octopus." This at least forms the principal part of his sustenance when at a distance from shore, or what is termed "off-shore ground;" but nearer land, he has been known, when mortally or severely wounded, to eject from his stomach quantities of small fish. It would be difficult to believe that so large and unwieldy an animal could ever catch a sufficient quantity of such small animals, if he had to pursue them individually for his food; and I am not aware that either the fish he sometimes lives upon, or the squid, have ever been found in shoals, or closely congregated, except in one solitary instance recorded by Captain Colnett.

'It appears, from all the observations I have been enabled to make, that when this whale is inclined to feed, he descends a certain depth below the surface of the ocean, and there remains in as quiet a state as possible, opening his narrow elongated mouth until the lower jaw hangs down perpendicularly, or at right angles with the body. The roof of his mouth, the tongue, and especially the teeth, being of a bright glistening white colour, must of course present a remarkable appearance, which seems to be the incitement by which his prey are attracted; and when a sufficient number, I am strongly led to suppose, are within the mouth, he rapidly closes his jaw and swallows the contents; which is not the only instance of animals obtaining their prey by such means, when the form of their bodies, from unwieldiness or some other cause, prevents them from securing their prey by the common method of the chase. The sperm whale is subject to several diseases, one of which is a perfect, or imperfect loss of sight. A whale perfectly blind was taken by Captain Swain of the Sarah and Elizabeth; both eyes of which were completely disorganized, the orbits being occupied by fungous masses, protruding considerably, rendering it certain that the whale must have been deprived of vision for a long space of time: yet, notwithstanding this, the animal was quite as fat, and produced as much oil, as any other of the same size. Besides blindness, this whale is frequently subject to deformity of the lower jaw: two instances of which I have seen myself, in which the deformity was so great as to render it impossible for the animal to find the jaws useful in catching small fish, or even, one might have supposed, in deglutition; yet these whales possessed as much blubber, and were as rich in oil, as any of a similar size I have seen before or since.

'In both these instances of crooked jaws the nutrition of the animal appeared to be equally perfect; but the deformities were different: in one case, the jaw was bent to the right side, and rolled, as it were, like a scroll; in the other it was bent downwards, but also curved upon itself. It would be interesting here to inquire into the causes of this deformity; but whether it is the effect of disease, or the consequence of accident, I am unable to determine. Old whalers affirm that it is caused by fighting: they state that the sperm whales fight by rushing head first, one upon the other, their mouths at the same time wide open; their object appearing to be the seizing of their opponent by the lower jaw, for which purpose they frequently turn themselves on the side; they become, as it were, locked together, their jaws crossing each other; and in this manner they strive vehemently for the mastery. We can easily suppose the enormous force exerted on these occasions —taking into consideration at the same time the comparative slenderness of the jaw-bone. Some corroboration of the above statements arises from the fact, as far as my knowledge extends, that the female is never seen affected with this deformity.'

Mr. Beale conjectures that the prey may be in part attracted by the odour of the sperm whale; but he adds—

'It is well known that many kinds of fish are attracted by substances possessing a white, dazzling appearance; not only the hungry shark, but the cautious and active dolphin, both occasionally fall victims to this partiality, as I have had many opportunities of observing. When the Kent South Sea-man was fishing on the "off-shore ground" of Peru, the crew caught a great number of the sepia octopus in one night, by merely lowering a piece of polished lead armed with fish-hooks a certain depth into the sea; the sepiæ gathered around it instantly, so that by giving a slight jerk to the line, the hooks were easily driven into their bodies.

'The teeth of the sperm whale are merely organs of prehension; they can be of no use for mastication; and consequently the fish, &c., which he occasionally vomits present no marks of having undergone that process.'—p. 36-38.

Myriads of the smaller species of *scpiadæ* are doubtless engulphed in a single act of deglutition; but if a small proportion of the tales told be true, the whale must not only find a very substantial repast in a dish of cuttles *au naturel*, but occasionally meet with 'an ugly customer,' as Mr. Beale did. There can be little doubt, as Professor Owen observes, that the fears of the diving natives of the Polynesian islands have exaggerated the size of the cephalopods, of which they justly go in dread. But though we hesitate, as Leviathan himself might, to swallow Denys de Montfort's *Kraken*, the gigantic cuttle that was about to make prey of ship, cargo, and crew—the latter of whom prayed for aid to St. Thomas, and suspended their votive tablet in his chapel at St. Malo, picturing the monster with one arm as high as the topmast, and others hulling the ship to some purpose, in gratitude to the saint for delivering them from his embraces; and though we are scarcely disposed to place implicit faith in Dens—(not Peter)—who averred that he lost in the African seas three men, whom one of these colossal cephalopods abstracted for breakfast—not, however, without losing in the encounter an arm, which was of the size of a mizen-mast, with suckers as big as pot-lids;—though we own that we are somewhat sceptical on these points, there is no doubt that some species of the *sepiadæ* grow to a very large size, and that they must be formidable, if not fatal, to bathers and divers.* Those who are only familiar with the cuttles of our own coasts have but a faint notion of the power and offensive armour of some of the tribe. 'Let the reader,' says Professor Owen, 'picture to himself the projecting margin of the horny hook developed into a long-curved, sharp-pointed claw, and these weapons clustered at the expanded termination of the tentacles, and arranged in a double alternate series, along the whole surface of the eight muscular feet, and he will have some idea of the formidable nature of the carnivorous *onycholeuthis*.'

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* See Hunter's 'Observations on the Structure and Economy of Whales,' in the Philosophical Transactions. This plexus has also been noticed by M. Desmoulins, and others, in France; and by Dr. Barclay, Dr. Knox, and Sir Wm. Jardine.

In Captain Cook's first voyage Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander found a carcass of one of these cephalopods floating between Cape Horn and the Polynesian Islands, a prey to aquatic birds. Parts of this specimen are still preserved in the museum of the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and as Professor Owen says, the animal must have measured at least six feet from the end of the tail to the end of the tentacles. A glance at the preserved parts will suggest what this marine *Old Scratch* must have been; and if any of our readers should have the curiosity to look at them, we recommend a reference to Mr. Owen's description and figure in Dr. Todd's 'Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology.' 'At the extremities of the long tentacles,' writes the professor, besides the uncinated acetabula, a cluster of small, simple, unarmed suckers may be observed at the base of the expanded part. When these latter suckers are applied to one another, the tentacles are firmly locked together at that point, and the united strength of both the elongated peduncles can be applied to drag towards the mouth any resisting object which has been grappled by the terminal hooks. There is no mechanical contrivance which surpasses this structure: art has remotely imitated it in the fabrication of the obstetrical forceps, in which either blade can be used separately, or, by the interlocking of a temporary joint, be made to act in combination.'

But we are detaining the reader from our author's adventure, which was sufficiently unpleasant, though he encountered a comparatively harmless species.

'While upon the Bonin Islands, searching for shells on the rocks, I was much astonished at seeing at my feet a most extraordinary-looking animal, crawling towards the surf, which had only just left it. I had never seen one like it under such circumstances before. It was creeping on its eight legs, which, from their soft and flexible nature, bent considerably under the weight of its body, so that it was lifted by the efforts of its tentacula only a small distance from the rocks. It appeared much alarmed at seeing me, and made every effort to escape, while I was not much in the humour to endeavour to capture so ugly a customer, whose appearance excited a feeling of disgust, not unmixed with fear. I, however, endeavoured to prevent its career, by pressing on one of its legs with my foot; but although I made use of considerable force for that purpose, its strength was so great that it several times quickly liberated its member, in spite of all the efforts I could employ in this way on wet, slippery rocks. I now laid hold of one of the tentacles with my hand, and held it firmly, so that the limb appeared as if it would be torn asunder by our united strength. I soon gave it a powerful jerk, wishing to disengage it from the rocks to which it clung so forcibly by its suckers, which it effectually resisted; but the moment after, the apparently enraged animal lifted its head with its large eyes projecting from the middle of its body, and letting go its hold of the rocks, suddenly sprang upon my arm, which I had previously bared to my shoulder, for the purpose of thrusting it into holes in the rocks to discover shells, and clung with its suckers to it with great power, endeavouring to get its beak, which I could now see, between the roots of its arms, in a position to bite!

'A sensation of horror pervaded my whole frame when I found this monstrous animal had affixed itself so firmly upon my arm. Its cold slimy grasp was extremely sickening; and I immediately called aloud to the captain, who was also searching for shells at some distance, to come and release me from my disgusting assailant. He quickly arrived, and taking me down to the boat, during which time I was employed in keeping the beak away from my hand, quickly released me by destroying my tormentor with the boat-knife, when I disengaged it by portions at a time. This animal must have measured across its expanded arms about four feet, while its body was not larger than a large clenched hand. It was that species of sepia which is called by whalers "rock-squid." '—pp. 67, 68.

To return to our sea-giant—his gambols and feats when he is refreshed, or when he is terrified, must be a strange sight. Mr. Beale has many amusing pages on these subjects: *e. g.*:

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* We are aware of the account given in Phil. Trans. of the tentaculum of a cuttle nearly twenty-seven feet long, said to have been taken from the mouth of a whale; and indeed Mr. Beale quotes it (p. 64): *quære tamen.*

'One of the most curious and surprising of the actions of the sperm whale is that of leaping completely out of the water, or of "breaching," as it is called. The way in which he performs this motion appears to be by descending to a certain depth, and then making some powerful strokes with his tail, which are rapidly repeated, and thus convey a great degree of velocity to his body before it reaches the surface, when he darts completely out. When just emerged, and at its greatest elevation, his body forms with the surface of the water an angle of about forty-five degrees, the flukes lying parallel with the surface. In falling, the animal rolls his body slightly, so that he always falls on his side: he seldom breaches more than twice or thrice at a time, or in quick succession. The *breach* of a whale may be seen from the mast-head on a clear day at the distance of six miles.'—pp. 46–48.

It is not at all clear that this 'breaching' is a mere amusement, or a mode of getting rid of a superfluous quantity of animal spirits after a good cuttle-fish dinner. Mr. Beale thinks it probable that the whale often resorts to this feat, in order to rid itself of various familiars which infest its skin, such as large sucking-fish, and other animals which resemble small crabs, (Cyamus Ceti?) in which case our leviathan may be said to be making his toilette; or that he is then striving to escape from the attacks of the sword-fish, or persecutions of the 'thresher,' or from a joint onslaught of both. The 'thresher' Mr. Beale never beheld, but he has seen hundreds of sword-fish; and he alludes to an instance of a whale stranded on the Yorkshire coast, in whose side the broken blade of one of these sea-fencers was found.

We proceed to the familiar life of these herds of Proteus; and the intelligent reader will rejoice to find that the schoolmaster is abroad among the whales:—

'The sperm whale is a gregarious animal, and the herds formed by it are of two kinds—the one consisting of females, the other of young males not fully grown. These herds are called by whalers "schools," and occasionally consist of great numbers: I have seen in one school as many as five or six hundred. With each school of females are always from one to three large "bulls"—they are called the "schoolmasters." The males are said to be extremely jealous of intrusion by strangers, and to fight fiercely to maintain their rights. The full-grown males almost always go alone in search of food; and when they are seen in company they are supposed to be migrating from one "feeding ground" to another. The large whale is generally very incautious, and if alone he is without difficulty attacked, and by expert whalers very easily killed.'

In all this our readers will trace instructive analogies—we do not allude particularly either to the Lords of the Creation or to Mr. Scrope's Athole Deer.

We regret to pass over Mr. Beale's chapter on the Submarine Nursery and the baby Whales, &c. &c. &c.; but we must leave these and other delicate subjects for the lectures with which our loftiest philosophers now entertain and edify the young ladies of the towns that are so fortunate as to be visited by the Great Association. Science has made such progress in those quarters that no offence will be taken at discussions which we feel reluctant, from old prejudices, to enter on here.

The 'schools' of the weaker sex seem to be well conducted, and to consist of a very amiable society; nor can we, without effort, check our malison against the cruel advantage taken of the good feeling of these affectionate monsters:—

'They may be frequently seen urging and assisting their young to escape from danger with the most unceasing care and fondness. They are not less remarkable for their strong feeling of sociality or attachment to one another: one female of a herd being attacked and wounded, her companions will remain around her to the last moment, or until they are wounded themselves. This is called by whalers "heaving to," and whole "schools" have been destroyed by dexterous management, when several ships have been in company, wholly from these whales possessing this disposition. The attachment appears to be reciprocal on the part of the young whales, which have been seen about the ship for hours after their parents have been killed.'—pp. 52, 53.

We cannot give the male 'schools' the same good character: they seem to care no more for a wounded companion than the rest of the scholars do for the unfortunate Durham boy in H. B.'s 'Play-ground:'—

'I never but once saw the *young bulls* "heave-to," and in that case it was only for a short time, and seemed rather to arise from confusion than affection.'

These animals, male and female, appear to be highly intelligent, and to have their code of signals:—

'All sperm whales, old and young, have some method of communicating, by which they become apprised of the approach of danger, and this they do, although the distance may be considerable, sometimes four, five, or even seven miles. The mode by which this is effected remains a secret.'—p. 54.

Now for the style of chasing and killing these marine giants:—

'Each vessel carries six whale-boats—combining great sharpness of form, for swiftness of motion, and at the same time considerable buoyancy and stability, to enable them to resist a boisterous sea. They are about twenty-seven feet long, by four in breadth; sharp at both ends for motion in either direction; near the stern is a strong, upright piece of wood called the "loggerhead;" at the head is a groove exactly in the centre, through which the harpoon line runs out. To each boat are allotted two lines of 200 fathoms in length, with their tubs, into which they are carefully coiled ready for use—three or four harpoons, two or three lances, a keg containing a lantern, tinder-box, &c., to procure light in case of being benighted—two or three small flags, called "whifts," which are inserted in the dead whale, in case the boats should leave it in chase of others; and one or two "drougues," which are quadrilateral pieces of board, with a central handle or upright, by which they are attached occasionally to the harpoon line, for the purpose of checking in some degree the speed of the whale.

'Each boat has a crew of six men, two of whom are called the "headsman" and "boat-steerer." Four of these boats are generally used in the chase, and are under the command of the captain and the mates respectively. From the commencement of the voyage, men are placed at each mast-head, who are relieved every two hours; an officer is also placed on the fore-top-gallant yard: consequently there are four persons constantly on the look-out during the day from the most elevated parts of the ship. From the commencement of the voyage, also, all utensils and instruments are got ready, although the ships are frequently out six months without taking or even seeing a sperm whale, while on the other hand ships have sometimes, though rarely, fallen in with them close to the mouth of the British Channel.

'If the whales should be to leeward, endeavour is made to run the ship within a quarter of a mile of them; but if to windward, the boats are sent in chase—an arduous task. From hour to hour, for several successive risings of the whale, and sometimes from sunrise to sunset, under the direct rays of a tropical sun, do these hardy men endure the utmost suffering and fatigue, unheeded and almost unfelt. The headsman steers until the whale is reached and struck with the harpoon. The boat-steerer, also, at this time, pulls the "bow-oar;" but when near the whale he ceases rowing, quits the oar and strikes the harpoon into the animal, the line attached to which runs between the men to the after part of the boat, and after passing two or three times round the loggerhead, is continuous with the coils lying in the tubs at the bottom of the boat. The boat-steerer now comes aft, and steers the boat by means of an oar passed through a ring attached to the stern called a "grummet;" he also attends the line through all the subsequent operations: the headsman at the same time passes forwards, and takes the station at the head of the boat, prepared to plunge his lance at the first opportunity, and it requires tact and experience to do this in the most effectual manner. At the moment of lancing, he cries "Stern all;" the oars are then immediately backed, and the boat's stern becoming its cut-water, it is thus removed from danger without the loss of time and trouble in turning. Those young bulls which yield about forty barrels of oil, and are consequently called forty-barrel bulls, are perhaps the most difficult to destroy, and sometimes make great havoc among the men and boats.'—p. 160.

The older whales, the Falstaffs and Father Dominicks of the deep, are, of course, less actively locomotive; and it is also probable that their sensations are less acute.

The scenes which occur sometimes during the chase, according to Mr. Beale, defy description; but notwithstanding this modest confession, here is one worthy of Long Tom Coffin himself:—

'Let the reader suppose himself on the deck of a South-Sea-man, cruising in the North Pacific Ocean, at its Japanese confine—he may be musing over some past event, the ship may be sailing gently along over the smooth ocean, everything around solemnly still, with the sun pouring its intense rays with dazzling brightness: suddenly the monotonous quietude is broken by an animated voice from the mast-head, exclaiming "There she spouts!" The captain starts on deck in an instant, and inquires "Where away?" But perhaps the next moment every one aloft and on deck can perceive an enormous whale lying about a quarter of a mile from the ship, on the surface of the sea, having just come up to breathe—his large "hump" projecting three feet out of the water—when at the end of every ten seconds the spout is seen rushing from the fore-part of his enormous head, followed by the cry of every one on board, who join heart and soul in the chorus of "There again!" keeping time with the duration of the spout. But while they have been looking a few seconds have expired—they rush into the boats, which are directly lowered to receive them—and in two minutes from the time of first observing the whale three or four boats are down, and are darting through the water with their utmost speed towards their intended victim, perhaps accompanied with a song from the headsman, who urges the quick and powerful plying of the oar with the common whaling chant of

"Away, my boys, away, my boys! 'tis time for us to go."

'But while they are rushing along, the whale is breathing; they have yet perhaps some distance to pull before they can get a chance of striking him with the harpoon. His "spoutings are nearly out," he is about to descend, or he hears the boats approaching.* The few people left on board, and who are anxiously watching the whale and the gradual approach of the boats, exclaim "Ah, he is going down!" Yet he spouts again, but slowly; the water is again seen agitated around him; the spectators on board with breathless anxiety think they perceive his "small" rising in preparation for his descent. "He will be lost!" they exclaim, for the boats are not yet near enough to strike him—and the men are still bending their oars in each boat with all their strength, to claim the honour of the first blow with the harpoon. The bow-boat has the advantage of being the nearest to the whale; the others, for fear of disturbing the unconscious monster, are now doomed to drop astern. One more spout is seen slowly curling forth—it is his last, this rising—his "small" is bent, his enormous tail is expected to appear every instant, but the boat shoots rapidly alongside of the gigantic creature. "Peak your oars!" exclaims the mate, and directly they flourish in the air; the glistening harpoon is seen above the head of the harpooner: in an instant it is darted with unerring force and aim, and is buried deeply in the side of the huge animal. It is "socket up;" that is, it is buried in his flesh up to the socket which admits the handle or "pole" of the harpoon. A cheer from those in the boats, and from the seamen on board, reverberates along the still deep at the same moment. The sea, which a moment before was unruffled, now becomes lashed into foam by the immense strength of the wounded whale, who with his vast tail strikes in all directions at his enemies. Now his enormous head rises high into the air, then his flukes are seen lashing everywhere, his huge body writhes in violent contortions from the agony the "iron" has inflicted. The water all around him is a mass of foam, some of it darts to a considerable height—the sounds of the blows from his tail on the surface of the sea can be heard for miles!

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* Both the ear and the eye of the sperm whale are more complicated and powerful than the corresponding organs in the other whales. We are sorry not to have room for Mr. Beale's very curious account of these matters.

'"Stern all!" cries the headsman; but the whale suddenly disappears; he has "sounded;" the line is running through the groove at the head of the boat with lightning-like velocity; it smokes—it ignites, from the heat produced by the friction—the headsman, cool and collected, pours water upon it as it passes. But an oar is now held up in their boat; it signifies that their line is rapidly running out; two hundred fathoms are nearly exhausted: up flies one of the other boats, and "bends on" another line, just in time to save that which was nearly lost. But still the monster descends; he is seeking to rid himself of his enemies by descending into the dark and unknown depths of the vast ocean. They next bend on the "drougues," to retard his career, but he does not turn; another and another have but slight influence in checking the force of his descent; two more lines are exhausted—he is six hundred fathoms deep! "Stand ready to bend on!" cries the mate to the fourth boat (for sometimes, though not often, they take the whole four lines away with them, —800 fathoms); but it is not required, he is rising. "Haul in the slack," observes the headsman, while the boat-steerer coils it again carefully into the tubs as it is drawn up. The whale is now seen approaching the surface; the gurgling and bubbling water which rises before also proclaims that he is near; his nose starts from the sea; the rushing spout is projected high and suddenly, from his agitation. The "slack" of the line is now coiled in the tubs, and those in the "fast" boat haul themselves gently towards the whale; the boat-steerer places the headsman close to the fin of the trembling animal, who immediately buries his long lance in the vitals of the leviathan, while, at the same moment, those in one of the other boats dart another harpoon into his opposite side, when "Stern all!" is again vociferated, and the boats shoot rapidly away from the danger.

'Mad with the agony which he endures from these fresh attacks, the infuriated "sea beast" rolls over and over, and coils an amazing length of line around him; he rears his enormous head, and, with wide-expanded jaws, snaps at everything around; he rushes at the boats with his head—they are propelled before him with vast swiftness, and sometimes utterly destroyed.

'He is lanced again, when his pain appears more than he can bear; he throws himself, in his agony, completely out of his element; the boats are violently jerked, by which one of the lines is snapped asunder; at the same time the other boat is upset, and the crew are swimming for their lives. The whale is now free! He passes along the surface with remarkable swiftness, "going head out;" but the two boats that have not yet "fastened," and are fresh and free, now give chase; the whale becomes exhausted, from the blood which flows from his deep and dangerous wounds, and the 200 fathoms of line belonging to the overturned boat, which he is dragging after him through the water, checks him in his course: his pursuers again overtake him, and another harpoon is darted and buried deeply in his flesh.

'The men who were upset now right their own boat, without assistance from the others, by merely clinging on one side of her, by which she is turned over, while one of them gets inside and bales out the water rapidly with his hat, by which their boat is freed, and she is soon again seen in the chase.

'The fatal lance is at length given—the blood gushes from the nostrils of the unfortunate animal in a thick black stream, which stains the clear blue water of the ocean to a considerable distance around the scene of the affray. In its struggles the blood from the nostril is frequently thrown upon the men in the boats, who glory in its show!

'The immense creature may now again endeavour to "sound," to escape from his unrelenting pursuers; but it is powerless—it soon rises to the surface, and passes slowly along until the death-pang seizes it, when its appearance is awful in the extreme.

'Suffering from suffocation, or some other stoppage of some important organ, the whole strength of its enormous frame is set in motion for a few seconds, when his convulsions throw him into a hundred different contortions of the most violent description, by which the sea is beaten into foam, and the boats are somtimes crushed to atoms, with their crews.

'But this violent action being soon over, the now unconscious animal passes rapidly along, describing in his rapid course a segment of a circle. This is his "flurry," which ends in his sudden dissolution. And the mighty rencontre is finished by the gigantic animal rolling over on its side, and floating an inanimate mass on the surface of the crystal deep, a victim to the tyranny and selfishness, as well as a wonderful proof of the great power of the *mind* of man.'—pp. 161–167.

This soul-stirring pursuit, in comparison to which all other sport seems child's play, has its melancholy as well as its exhilarating hours. The horrors of the night here described, deepened by the death of the 'man overboard,' and by the belief that the captain and two boats' crews had shared the same fate, must have been fearful indeed. But the whale, it seems, was the salvation of those who had been given up for lost, and it is no longer a poetical fiction that—

'The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff
Moors by his side under his lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.'

'In the afternoon of a day which had been rather stormy, while we were fishing in the North Pacific, a "school" of young bull-whales made their appearance close to the ship, and as the weather had cleared up a little, the captain immediately ordered the mate to lower his boat, while he did the same with his own, in order to go in pursuit of them.

'The two boats were instantly lowered, for we were unable to send more, having had two others "stove" the day before; they soon got near the whales, but were unfortunately seen by them before they could dart the harpoon with any chance of success, and the consequence was that the "pod" of whales separated, and went off with great swiftness in different directions. One, however, after making several turns, came at length right towards the captain's boat, which he observing, waited in silence for his approach without moving an oar, so that the "young bull" came close by his boat, and received the blow of the harpoon some distance behind his "hump," which I saw enter his flesh myself, as it occurred close to the ship. The whale appeared quite terror-struck for a few seconds, and then suddenly recovering itself, darted off like the wind, and spun the boat so quickly round when the tug came upon the line, that she was within a miracle of being upset. But away they went, "dead to windward," at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour, right against a "head sea," which flew against and over the bows of the boat with uncommon force, so that she at times appeared ploughing through it, making a high bank of surf on each side.

'The second mate, having observed the course of the whale and boat, managed to waylay them, and when they came near to him, which they speedily did, a "short warp" was thrown, and both boats were soon towed at nearly the same rate as the captain's boat had been before.

'I now saw the captain darting the lance at the whale as it almost flew along, but he did not seem to do so with any kind of effect, as the speed of the whale did not appear in the least diminished, and in a very short time they all disappeared together, being at too great a distance to be seen with the naked eye from the deck. I now ran aloft, and, with the aid of a telescope, could just discern from the mast-head the three objects, like specks upon the surface of the ocean, at an alarming distance. I could just observe the two boats, with the whale's head occasionally darting out before them, with a good deal of "white water" or foam about them, which convinced me that the whale was still running. I watched them with the glass until I could no longer trace them, even in the most indistinct manner, and I then called to those on deck, that they might take the bearing by compass of the direction in which I had lost sight of them, that we might continue to "beat" the ship up to that quarter.

'It was now within half an hour of sunset, and there was every appearance of the coming on of an "ugly night," as a seaman would say: indeed the wind began to freshen every moment, and an "awkward bubble" of a sea soon began to make. I remained aloft until I saw the sun dip, angry and red, below the troubled horizon, and was just about to descend when I was dreadfully shocked at hearing the loud cry of "A man overboard!" from all upon deck. I looked astern, and saw one of our men, of the name of Berry, grappling with the waves and calling loudly for help. The ship was soon brought round, but in doing so she unavoidably passed a long way from the poor fellow, who still supported himself by beating the water with his hands, although he was quite unacquainted with the proper art of swimming. Several oars were thrown overboard the moment after he fell, but he could not reach them, though they were near to him; and directly the ship was brought up, a Sandwich islander, who formed one of the crew, leaped overboard and swam towards him, while at the same time the people on the deck were lowering a spare boat, which is always kept for such emergencies. I could be of no service except to urge their expedition by my calls, for it was all only the work of a few minutes. The good Sandwich islander struck out most bravely at first, but in a short time, finding that he was some distance from the ship, and being unable to see Berry, on account of the agitated surface of the sea, actually turned back through fear—finding, as he said, that the "sea caps" went over his head. The men in the boat now plied their oars with all their strength, and were making rapidly towards the drowning young man, who now and then disappeared entirely from view under the heavy seas which were beginning to roll: a sickening anxiety pervaded me, as my thoughts appeared to press the boat onwards to the spot where the poor fellow still grappled, but convulsively, with the yielding waters. The boat, urged by man's utmost strength, sprang over the boisterous waves with considerable speed; but they arrived half a minute too late to save our poor shipmate from his watery grave. I saw him struggle with the waves until the last, when the foam of a broken sea roared over him, and caused him to disappear for ever! The boat was rowed round and round the fatal spot, again and again, until night fall, and then she was slowly and reluctantly pulled to the ship by her melancholy crew. As they returned, the turbulent waves tossed them about, as if in sport, making the boat resound from the beating of the dashing waters which flew against her bow.

'The moment the unfortunate seaman disappeared, a large bird of the albatros kind came careering along, and alighted on the water at the very spot in which the poor fellow was last seen. It was a curious circumstance, and only served to heighten our horror, when we saw this carnivorous bird seat itself proudly over the head of our companion; and which also served to remind us of the number of sharks that we had so frequently seen of late, of the horrible propensities of which we could not dare to think.

'By the time we had hoisted in the boat it was quite dark; the winds too had increased to half a gale, with heavy squalls at times, so that we were obliged to double-reef our topsails. Our painful situation now bore most heavily upon us. We had lost one of our men, who had sailed with us from England—the bare thought of which in our circumstances aroused a crowd of heart-rending ideas. Our captain and second mate, with ten of the crew, had also disappeared, and were by this time all lost, or were likely to be so in the stormy night which had now set in; being, too, several hundred miles away from any land. We, however, kept beating the ship to windward constantly, carrying all the sail that she could bear, making "short boards," or putting about every twenty minutes. We had also, since nightfall, continued to burn blue lights, and we had likewise a large vessel containing oil and unravelled rope, burning over the sternrail of the ship as a beacon for them, which threw out a great light. But although all eyes were employed in every direction searching for the boats, no vestige of them could be seen; and therefore when half-past nine P. M. came, we made up our minds that they were all lost; and as the wind howled hoarsely through the rigging, and the waves beat savagely against our ship, some of us thought we could hear the shrieks of poor Berry above the roaring of the storm: others imagined, in their melancholy, that they could occasionally hear the captain's voice, ordering the ship to "bear up," while the boats had been seen more than fifty times by anxious spirits, who had strained their eyes through the gloom until fancy robbed them of their true speculation and left her phantasmagoria in exchange. There were not many on board who did not think of home on that dreadful night—there were not many among us who did not curse the sea, and all sea-going avocations; while, with the same breath, they blessed the safe and cheerful fireside of their parents, which at that moment they would have given all they possessed but to see. But at the moment despair was firmly settling upon us, a man from aloft called out that he could see a light right ahead of the ship, just as we were "going about," by which we should have gone from it. We all looked in that direction, and in a few minutes we could plainly perceive it: in a short time we were close up with it, when, to our great joy, we found the captain and all the men in the boats, lying to leeward of the dead whale, which had in some measure saved them from the violence of the sea. They had only just been able to procure a light, having unfortunately upset all their tinder through the violent motion of the boats, by which it became wet—but which they succeeded in igniting after immense application of the flint and steel—or their lantern would have been suspended from an oar directly after sunset, which is the usual practice when boats are placed under such circumstances.

'After having secured the whale alongside, (which we expected to lose during the night from the roughness of the weather,) they all came on board, when the misfortune of poor Berry was spoken of with sorrow from all hands, while their own deliverance served to throw a ray of light amidst the gloom.'—pp. 167-173.

Our limits will not allow us to do more than hint at the account of 'fighting whales,' such as 'Timor Jack,' 'New Zealand Tom,' and others, famed as boat and even ship destroyers; for Mr. Beale tells us that it is a well-authenticated fact, that the American whale-ship 'Essex' was sunk by one of these monsters: nor can we enter into the 'cutting in' and 'trying out,' terms expressive of the important art of securing the spoil and taking off the blubber, a service, in some of its parts, of no small trouble and even danger: nor shall we be turned aside by the odoriferous ambergris, though it conjures up Sinbad and all his wonders to our mind's eye, and is a 'sair temptation,' further than to state, for Dr. Buckland's gratification, that Mr. Enderby possesses, as Mr. Beale informs us, a fine lump of this coprolite-like substance, which the doctor will, no doubt, carefully examine the next time he comes to town.*

We cannot, however, close our notice of this most interesting book, without recurring to the pride every honest Englishman must feel in contemplating such a character as that of Mr. Enderby. Nor can we drop our pen without once more expressing our delight in the intrepid skill of the seamen employed in our South Sea whaling. It is gratifying to reflect that we have hundreds of these fine fellows constantly afloat; and indeed, looking at things in general, we must confess that we are not of those who dream that our navy is quite in a desperate state. Other countries may be building ships—so much the better:—British blue-jackets must be very much altered if, in the event of a war, they are not building them for us.

From the United Service Journal.

THE LAST MOMENTS OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

It was scarcely six o'clock, on the morning of the 17th of May (1838), when I bent my steps towards the old hotel in the Rue St. Florentin, with a mind full of sad misgivings; for when, at a late hour on the evening previous, I had quitted it, I had been but slightly encouraged to hope that another day could possibly be granted to its proud and gifted owner. The dull grey dawn was just struggling to rise above the tall chestnuts of the Tuilleries. All was still silent; and as I pulled the heavy bell its echo reverberated through the vast court-yard with a sound almost unearthly. I did not pause at the porter's lodge to inquire news of the night, for the first object which met my eye was the physician's carriage, and I rushed at once to the foot of the grand staircase, which I had so often ascended with feelings so far different from those I now experienced. The two stone figures of Silence, which stood on each side of the gigantic portal, humid and dripping with the morning fog, struck a chill to my very soul. Those huge lions, which had so often been compared to the insatiate lions of Venice, now reminded me of those mute and motionless watchers carved by the marble gates of an ancient sepulchre. It seemed as if every object were already enveloped in that atmosphere of death, and that the old mansion, at all times sad and dreary, was already pervaded with the odour of the tomb.

What gave a colouring to this idea was the total silence which reigned around, where in general, even at this early hour, all was hurry and business. The antechamber was deserted, for the anxious domestics had crowded one and all to the apartment nearest to the one occupied by their beloved master, in order to obtain the earliest information respecting the progress of his malady. There, perhaps, never existed a person who, with so little apparent effort, possessed in so great a degree the power of conciliating the affections of his dependents as the Prince de Talleyrand. Of those who were with him at that moment, all had, with few exceptions, grown grey in his service; while of those who had started in their career with him in his youth none remained: he had lived to see them all go down before him into the grave. The Prince had always been accustomed to treat his chief domestics as persons worthy of confidence, and many a subject of the highest importance, which had been nursed with the greatest secrecy through the bureaux of the Foreign-office, has been discussed at full length, and with all liberty of speech, before his valet de chambre. It was, indeed, his custom for many years before his death to select the hour allotted to his toilet for the transaction of the most important affairs and the discussion of the most weighty politics, and never upon any occasion has he been known to dismiss his valet from the chamber. Perhaps some apology may be found for this apparent carelessness in the fact of his trust never having been betrayed. The most remarkable of the whole tribe was decidedly the venerable Courtiade, one to whom, by reason of his long services and devoted attachment, the Prince allowed a greater latitude than to any other, and whose homely remarks and shrewd judgments upon passing events afforded him the greatest amusement. This man had entered the Prince's service long before the breaking out of the first revolution, and died "still in those voluntary bonds" but four years ago, during the embassy to London. It was said the grief which he experienced in consequence of being left in Paris, owing to his advanced age and growing infirmities, contributed in a great measure to hasten his death. His attachment was rather that of a member of the canine species than of a human being. During the early years of his service he had partaken of all the vicissitudes of the ever-changing fortunes of his master. The Prince would take a peculiar delight in recounting to strangers the story of his flight to America, when, in obedience to a secret friendly warning, he resolved to take his immediate departure. Courtiade was with him at the moment that he received the letter which was the cause of this decision, and the Prince immediately confided to him the step he was about to take, at the same time advising him, as he had a wife and family to whom he would doubtless wish to bid adieu before venturing on so long and perilous a journey, more especially since the period of his return must be distant and uncertain, that he should let him depart at once and follow in the next packet which should sail. "Non, non," replied Courtiade, in the greatest agitation; "you shall not leave the country alone and unattended—I will go with you; but only leave me till to-morrow night!" "That cannot be, Courtiade," returned the Prince; "the delay will endanger our position, without being sufficiently long to be of service to yourself and your wife." "Bah! c'est bien de ma femme don il s'agit!" exclaimed the valet, with the tears rushing to his eyes; "It is that accursed washerwoman, who has got all your fine shirts and your muslin cravats, and how in God's name will you be able to make an appearance, and in a foreign country too, without them?"

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* May we take this opportunity of suggesting to Dr. B. the propriety of reforming certain proceedings of the Geological Society, which so frequently brings him, like other lights of the Universities, into our less sequestered scenery of the Strand? Why not give the annual oration before dinner instead of after? We are astonished that an eminently convivial association should have so long tolerated the existing anomaly.

I shall never forget my first interview with the Prince, nor the singular impression which this very Courtiade then produced upon me. I was admitted, as was usual with all persons who came upon affairs demanding attention and privacy, at the hour of the Prince's toilet. It was a little while after the revolution of July, and just before his embassy to London. I found the renowned diplomatist seated tranquilly at his bureau, which mostly served him both for writing and dressing table. It was, I believe, upon the very day that the Prince was to take his farewell audience of Louis Philippe, ere he set out for England, and he was to appear upon this occasion in the usual court costume. One valet was busily occupied, with a most serious countenance, in powdering with might and main the thick masses of his long grey hair. Another was kneeling low at his feet, endeavouring, although with difficulty from his constrained position beneath the table, to buckle the latchets of his shoes. His secretary was seated at the bureau beside him, occupied in opening, one after the other, a huge collection of letters with astonishing rapidity, scanning the contents of each, quietly throwing some into the waste-paper basket, and placing the rest in a pile beneath for the inspection of the Prince. I could not but admire the *sang froid* with which, while listening to my errand, to him personally of the highest importance, he suffered himself to be invested with the embroidered paraphernalia of his official uniform. When the attire was completed, the door of the chamber opened, and in stalked, with tottering steps, the aged, weather-beaten Courtiade, laden with divers small boxes of various forms and sizes. These were filled with the ribands and insignia of the multifarious orders with which the Prince was decorated. It was curious to witness the total indifference with which the Prince suffered himself to be ornamented, as contrasted with the eager solemnity of Courtiade, to whom the desire to fill this office with becoming dignity (for it was the only duty which in his latest years devolved upon him) had become the chief aim and object of existence.

I have been led into this involuntary digression by the remembrance of my own sensations as I traversed the now silent and deserted apartment, and was carried back in memory to that first interview, inwardly comparing the anticipations of that moment with those by which my soul was upon this occasion so depressed and saddened.

When I entered the chamber where reposed the veteran statesman, he had fallen into a profound slumber, from which some amendment was augured by the physicians, although it might partly be ascribed to the fatigue induced by the over-excitement he had undergone a few hours previously in the performance of the last act of the chequered drama of his existence—his retractation—an act which, after having been visited with praise and blame, with scorn or admiration, and each in an exaggerated degree, must for ever remain a mystery. It must have cost him much—those alone who were about him at the moment can tell how much —for he well knew that the eyes of all parties would be turned upon him, and that his motives would be scanned with various reasonings, according as the opinions or the interests of each were concerned: for there were many from whom praise was to him more bitter than blame or even ridicule from others; and he knew well that none would view this step in its proper light, as a sacrifice small in itself—important only because it was the last, the sacrifice of every feeling, of every consideration, to the power to which he had taught every sentiment to bend for so many years, until it was said that all had been crushed by the mighty giant, that love, revenge, even ambition, that all-absorbing passion of the master mind, had been led captive or perished in the struggle, with his reason! A report has gone abroad of his having been tormented and persecuted, even on his death-bed, to execute this deed. This is, however, far from the truth; it had for some time occupied his thoughts, and among his papers have been found many proofs; amongst others, fragments of a correspondence with the Pope upon the subject, which must necessarily tend to confirm the assertion. But the fact is, he was influenced in this measure, as in many other instances, wherein he has drawn down the blame of the sticklers for consistency, by the desire to spare pain and trouble to his family: he knew that his relatives would suffer much inconvenience by his resistance on his death-bed to the execution of certain religious formalities, to which, in his own mind, he attached not the slightest importance; and whatever may be stated by his enemies with regard to the cold and calculating policy which had guided all his actions, it cannot be denied that he had ever held in view the elevation and aggrandisement of his family. In this aim he had never been deterred, neither by dulness, nor incapacity, nor even by ingratitude; and, as we have seen, he moreover made it his care beyond the grave. Because his powerful and passionless soul rejected all the petty sentiments which actuate men of ordinary character: he was governed by his reason alone, and listened to nought beside.

The slumber, or rather lethargy, into which the Prince had fallen, had continued for about an hour after my arrival, and it was curious to observe, as time drew on, the uneasiness which was manifested, even alas! by those nearest and dearest, lest this repose, however salutary, should endure beyond the hour fixed by the king for his visit. It was with some difficulty that he was aroused from this oblivion, and made to comprehend the importance of the event which was about to occur. He was scarcely lifted from his reclining position and seated on the edge of the bed, when, punctual as the hand upon the dial, his Majesty, followed by Madame Adelaide, entered the apartment. It was a study both for the moralist and painter to observe the contrast between these two individuals as seated thus side by side, beneath the canopy of those old green curtains, they seemed grouped as for the composition of some historical picture. It was startling to turn from the broad, expansive forehead, the calm and stoic brow, and the long and shaggy locks which overshadowed it, giving to the dying statesman that lion-like expression of countenance, which had so often formed the theme of admiration to poets and to artists, and then to gaze upon the pointed crown, well-arranged *toupée*, the whole outward bearing, *tant soit peu bourgeois*, of the king, who, even at this early hour of the morning, was attired, according to his custom, with the utmost precision and primness. Despite of the old faded dressing-gown of the one, and the snuff-coloured coat, stiff neckcloth, and polished boots of the other, the veriest barbarian could have told at a glance which was the "last of the nobles," and which the "first citizen" of the empire. His Majesty was the first to break silence, as in etiquette bound to do. It would be difficult to define the expression which passed across his features as he contemplated what might be called the setting of his guiding-star. Perhaps he could not himself have rendered an account of the exact impression which the scene produced upon his mind.

"I am sorry, Prince, to see you suffering so much," said he, in a low tremulous voice, rendered almost inaudible by extreme emotion. "Sire, you have come to witness the sufferings of a dying man, and those who love him can have but one wish, that of seeing them shortly at an end."

This was uttered in that deep, strong voice so peculiar to himself, and which age had not had the power to quench, nor the approach of death itself been able to weaken. The effect of the speech, short as it was, was indescribable,—the pause by which it was preceded, and the tone of reproach, calm and bitter, in which it was conveyed,—produced an impression which will not be soon forgotten by those who were present.

The royal visit, like all royal visits of an unpleasant nature, was of the shortest duration possible. It was evident that his Majesty felt it to be an irksome moment, and that he was at a loss what countenance to assume; and after uttering some expressions of consolation he arose to take his leave, but too visibly pleased that the self-imposed task was at an end. Here the Prince once more, with his usual tact, came to his relief, by slightly rising and introducing to his notice those by whom he was surrounded, his physician, his secretary, his principal valet, and his own private doctor; and then a reminiscence of the old courtier seemed to come across him, for with his parting salutation he could not forbear a compliment,—"Sire, our house has received this day an honour worthy to be inscribed in our annals, and one which my successors will remember with pride and gratitude."

I must confess that I was grievously disappointed in the anticipations which I had formed of this visit. I had looked upon it as the farewell of the safely-landed voyager (landed, too, amid storm and tempest) to the wise and careful pilot who had steered him skilfully through rock and breaker, and now pushed off, alone, amid the darkness, to be seen no more. But no: there was the hurry and impatience of one to whom the scene was painful; and that it was painful who can doubt? There was, too, that evident secret self-applause, in the performance of an irksome duty; but not the slightest expression of any one sentiment of friendship or attachment, such as I had imagined to have bound these two men together. A friend of mine—a man of great sense and discernment—to whom I made this observation, remarked drily, "It is plain that his Majesty has no fear to see him die; but wait a little while, and we shall see that he will have regret enough that he should be dead!"

As a kind of relief to the gloomy side of the picture might be observed the anxious feminine flurry displayed throughout the interview by Madame, who appeared to suffer much uneasiness lest the coldness of her royal brother should be noticed, and who endeavoured, by a kindly display of interest and busy politeness, to make amends for what might appear wanting elsewhere.

I should not perhaps have deemed it necessary to record thus minutely the particular details of this scene, had not it already been so much dwelt upon in another light. Astonishment and admiration, frivolous and exaggerated, have been expressed with regard to this remarkable act of condescension on the part of Louis Philippe, as though royalty were alone exempt from the debt of manly and honourable gratitude. Why, there is not one of the Sovereigns beneath whom Talleyrand had lived, who would not have hurried to show respect to the death-bed of this truly great statesman; and yet all had not been raised to the throne by his means! Napoleon, the stern—the iron-hearted—even he would not have hesitated, because he scorned not to avow that he had owed as much of his political success to the timely counsels of his Minister for Foreign Affairs as to his own skill and foresight. Louis Dixhuit—neither would he have deemed such a step beneath his dignity: he, too, needed no reminding that he was deeply indebted to the Prince de Talleyrand, not perhaps for zeal and activity, but for what, according to time and circumstance, was to him of far more value—his wise, discreet, and generous forbearance: while Charles X. would have come with pious resignation to mourn the quenching of this last beacon of the old French aristocracy, and would have rejoiced that by his means it should have been extinguished amid becoming dignity and honour.

It was shortly after the departure of the king that the first symptoms of dissolution were observed by the physicians. The whole family, every member of which had been apprised of this, immediately gathered around him. The Duke de Po— was there among the number, and I could not forbear a smile as I remembered the satirical observation made by the prince himself, a short time before his illness, upon the occasion of rather a ceremonious visit from this personage,—"Just leaves me in disappointment," said he, as he departed; "one would think, by his melancholy visage and his lugubrious costume, that he was deputed hither by some *entrépeneur des pompes funèbres*."

Towards the middle of the day the Prince began to grow more restless and feverish. I could not resist the temptation of seeking relief from the stifled air of that close chamber, and passed through to the drawing-room. I was verily astounded at the scene which there met my eyes. Never shall I forget the impression produced by the transition from that silent room—that bed of suffering—to the crowded apartment where "troops of friends"—all the *élite* of the society of Paris—were assembled. There was a knot of busy politicians, with ribbons at their button-holes—some with powdered heads, some with bald heads—gathered around the blazing fire; their animated conversation, although conducted in a low tone by the good taste and feeling of him who directed it, filled the apartment with its unceasing murmur. I observed, too, some of the diplomatist's oldest friends, who had come hither from real and sincere attachment, and who took no part in the eager debates of these political champions.

Among others the Count de M., he whom I had never seen but as the prime wit of all joyous re-unions—whose pungent joke and biting sarcasm have become the terror of bores and twaddlers, for they cling for ever like burrs to those against whom they are hurled:—the only man, in short, with whom the prince himself dared not, upon all occasions, to measure himself in the keen skirmish of intellect, now sat silent and sorrowful apart from the rest, apparently lost in thought, nor heeding the various details of the scene which was enacting around him, and which, had it been elsewhere, would not have failed to call forth some of the sharp and bitter traits of satire for which he is so much dreaded. In one corner was seated a *coterie* of ladies discussing topics entirely foreign to the time and place. Sometimes a low burst of light laughter would issue from among them, in spite of the reprimanding "Chut" which upon such occasions rose from the further end of the room. On a sofa near the window lay extended, at full length, the youthful and lovely Duchess de

V., with a bevy of young beaux—all robber-like and "jeune France," kneeling on the carpet beside her, or sitting low at her feet on the cushions of the divan.

The scene was altogether one of other times. It seemed as though the lapse of centuries might be forgotten, and that we were carried back at a bound to the days of Louis Quatorze, and to the death-bed of Mazarine. There was the same *insouciance*, the same weariness of expectation. Some were gathered there from *convénance*, some from courtesy for the rest of the family; many from curiosity, and some few from real friendship; while none seemed to remember that a mighty spirit was passing from the world, or that they were there assembled to behold a great man die. Presently, however, the conversation ceased—the hum of voices was at an end—there was a solemn pause, and every eye was turned towards the slowly-opening door of the prince's chamber. A domestic entered with downcast looks and swollen eyes, and advancing towards Dr. C., who, like myself, had just then sought an instant's relief in the drawing-room, whispered a few words in his ear. He arose instantly and entered the chamber. The natural precipitation with which this movement was executed but too plainly revealed its cause. It was followed by the whole assembly. In an instant every one was on the alert, and there was a simultaneous rush to the door of the apartment. M. de Talleyrand was at that moment seated on the side of the bed, supported in the arms of his secretary. It was evident that Death had set his seal upon that marble brow, yet was I struck with the still-existing vigour of the countenance. It seemed as if all the life which had once sufficed to furnish forth the whole being were now centred in the brain. From time to time he raised his head, with a sudden movement shaking back the long, grey locks which impeded his sight, and gazed around; and then, satisfied with the result of his examination of that crowded room, a triumphant smile would pass across his features, and his head would again fall upon his bosom.

From my profession, and the circumstances in which I have been placed, it has fallen to my lot to be witness of more than one death-scene, but never in any case did the sentiments displayed at that awful hour appear so utterly consistent with the character borne by any individual during life as in the case of the Prince de Talleyrand. He saw death approach neither with shrinking nor with fear, nor yet with any affectation of scorn or of defiance, but rather with cool and steady courage, as a well-matched honourable foe with whom he had wrestled long and bravely, and to whom, now that he was fairly vanquished, he deemed it no shame to yield, nor blushed to lay down his arms and surrender. If there be truth in the assertion that it is a satisfaction to die amid the tears and lamentations of multitudes of friends and hosts of relatives, then indeed must his last feeling towards the world he was for ever quitting have been one of entire approbation and content, for he expired amid regal pomp and reverence; and of all those whom he, perhaps, would himself have called together, none were wanting. The aged friend of his maturity, the fair young idol of his age, were gathered on bended knee beside his bed, and if the words of comfort whispered from the book by the murmuring priest failed to reach his ear, it was because their sound was stifled by the louder wailings of those whom in life he had loved so well.

Scarcely, however, were those eyes, whose every glance had been watched so long and with such deep interest, for ever closed, when a sudden change came over the scene. One would have thought that a flight of crows had suddenly taken wing, so great was the precipitation with which each one hurried from the hotel, in the hope of being first to spread the news among the particular set or coterie of which he or she happened to be the oracle. Ere nightfall that chamber, which all the day had been crowded to excess, was abandoned to the servants of the tomb; and when I entered in the evening I found the very arm-chair, from whence I had so often heard the Prince launch the courtly jest or stinging epigram, now occupied by a hired priest, whispering prayers for the repose of his departed soul.

It was after the death of the Prince that the awe and devotion with which he had inspired his household became evident. Not one of the domestics left his station upon any pretext whatever. The attendants waited each in his turn, and at the same stated hour, to which he had been accustomed during his life. I myself saw the cook, punctual to the hour in the morning at which he had for so many years been summoned to receive his orders, now followed by his bevy of *marmitons*, with their snow-white costumes and long carving-knives, walk with solemn step to the foot of the bed, and, kneeling down with cotton cap in hand, breathe a short prayer: each sprinkled the corpse with holy water, and then the procession withdrew in the same silence with which they had entered. I was deeply struck with the mixture of the sublime and the ludicrous in this scene. It reminded me of many of the whimsical creations to be met with in some of the old German legends.

Contrary to the usual French custom, which ordains that interment shall ensue eight-and-forty hours after decease, the public funeral, upon the occasion of the depositing of the body in the church of the Assumption, did not take place until the following week, owing to the embalmment, which was a work of time; while the transferring of the corpse to its final resting-place at Valençay could not be accomplished until the month of September, the vault, which was preparing even before the Prince's death, being yet unfinished.

Independently of the interest which I felt in the ceremony, as well as the desire to render this last homage to one who had, upon every occasion of my intercourse with him, been all kindness and urbanity to me, I determined to repair to Valençay and witness the funerals—for at one fell stroke had death swept from the earth all that remained of that one generation. The Prince de Talleyrand—the wise, the witty, the clever, and the cunning—was to go down to the grave with the guileless and the simple-hearted Duke, his brother! Upon the same occasion, too, the small tomb of the infant Yolande, wherein she had peacefully slumbered for a space of two years, was routed, and the tiny coffin was to accompany that of the Prince on its long and dreary journey. The hearse which was to convey the bodies was the same which had been constructed expressly for the removal of the corpse of the ex-Queen of Holland from Switzerland, in appearance something resembling an ammunition-wagon, with covered seats in front, wherein were stationed two of the personal attendants of the Prince. The body was raised from the vaults of the Assumption at midnight, and the little snow-white coffin was placed upon the elaborately-wrought oaken chest which contained it.

I was told by a friend, who witnessed the scene, that nothing could exceed the dramatic effect of the departure of the corse-laden vehicle from Paris. The disinterment of the child from the lonely cemetery of Mont Parnasse—the lading of the ponderous coffin by the light of the torches—the peculiar rattle of the hearse through the silent streets at that solemn hour, and beneath that calm moon, which makes "all that is dark seem darker still." One incident is worth recording. On starting from the iron gates of the chapel, one of the postilions turned and shouted the usual question, "*Vers quelle barrière?*" and was answered by a voice proceeding from the hearse itself, "*Barrière d'Enfer.*"

We arrived at Valençay on the third day after our departure from Paris, and it was at about ten o'clock on the same night that the worn and dust-covered hearse was descried wending its way up the long avenue of chestnut trees leading to the château. Every honour which had been paid to the lord of the mansion during his life was now rendered with scrupulous exactness to his lifeless corpse. No ceremony, however trifling, was omitted. The wide gates were thrown open to admit the sombre vehicle, which entered the court of honour with the same ceremony that had denoted the approach of the stately carriage which had been wont to drive at a somewhat ruder pace through the regal portal. The whole of the numerous household, with the heir of the domain in advance of the rest, were assembled on the Verron. The Prince's nephew himself took his seat in front of the hearse, to conduct it down into the town; the goodly array of servants and huntsmen and foresters all following on foot, and bearing torches, to the church, wherein the body was deposited for the night, previous to the final ceremony, which was to take place on the morrow.

Early in the morning all was astir in the little burgh. Never before had a sight so fraught with interest been witnessed by its inhabitants. It seemed like a gala day through every street. Not a window but was crowded with spectators, while the footway was choked with peasants from all the neighbouring districts in their gayest attire. The National Guard of the town was all afoot from the earliest hour in the morning; and altogether so cheerful was the whole aspect of the place, that the traveller who had passed through on that day would have imagined it to have been the anniversary of some great public rejoicing. The corpse of the Duke had arrived in far different plight. No pomp, no pageantry, was here—a solitary post-carriage, with a single pair of horses—no train of mourners. The doctor who had attended his last illness alone accompanied the body from St. Germain. There was food for reflection in the contrast! No needless expense had been wasted upon idle ornament and funeral trappings, for, when the coffin was uncovered, an exclamation of surprise burst from those around. It was of plain elm, such as contain the remains of people of middling degree, and, when placed beside those of his more favoured relatives, formed a melancholy contrast. But now one pall conceals the whole, the rich velvet and the plain unvarnished planks. One long stream of melody ascends to heaven, one prayer for the repose of all who slept beneath that gorgeous catafalque—for him who had died full of wealth and honour, whose vast and powerful intellect had held dominion over men's minds even to the very last—and for him who had closed his eyes in solitude and neglect, and whose intellect had wavered even on the very verge of madness. Both were transported to the chapel of the Sisters of St. André, founded by the Prince himself, and wherein he had already placed the family vault. His body was the first to descend, amid the firing of muskets, and the noisy demonstrations of respect of those without—then that of the Duke, amid silence unbroken, save by the harsh creaking of the coffin, as it slid down the iron grating—then last and least, although the oldest denizen of the tomb, the little Yolande, the fairy coffin seeming, with its silver chasings and embossed velvet of snowy whiteness, rather a casket destined to ornament the boudoir of a youthful beauty, than to be a receptacle of corruption and decay.

The vault was closed, and all was over. Each one had contributed the last token of Catholic respect; and we all turned from the chapel to take the road to the château, where entertainment for those who attended the funeral had been liberally prepared by its new master; and it was then that we began to look around, and to feel some curiosity to know who had shared with us in rendering this last homage to one who was entitled to the gratitude of every individual of his nation. We gazed right and left, but few were there, and these were *all* those who had *served him* devotedly and faithfully—the grateful domestic, the obscure and humble friend; but of the great ones of the earth whom *he had served*—of those whom *he* had raised to greatness and honour—there was not one!

From the United Service Journal.

TECUMSEH, THE INDIAN WARRIOR.

AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE LAST AMERICAN WAR.

[The Red Men of North America having been again brought prominently forward during the recent transactions in Canada, we have thought the following memoir of the most distinguished Indian chief who has yet appeared likely to interest and inform our readers.—Editor.]

The most warlike and sanguinary of all the nations of the American Indians was undoubtedly the Shawanee nation. As their name indicates, they came originally from the south; and Mohican tradition records that they once dwelt in Savannah, in Georgia, and in Florida. Their hostile habits induced their neighbours to form a league for their expulsion, and a sense of their own safety led them to migrate northwards, and settle on the banks of the Ohio. They subsequently passed the Alleghany Mountains, and dispossessed the Delawares of their settlements on the banks of the Juniata. During the French war, which terminated in 1763, the Shawanees were enlisted against the British; and, on the commencement of the war of the revolution, they allied themselves against the Americans, and continued openly hostile to them, notwithstanding the peace of 1783, until the victory and treaty of General Wayne, in 1795.

While the troops of the Congress in 1780, were expelling the Shawanees westward from the river Scioto, and burning their villages behind them, a young hero was born on its banks near Chilicottie, who afterwards kindled the flame of war upon the entire frontier of the United States, and who learnt his first lessons of vengeance amid the ruins of his native land, and in the blood of his countrymen. Tecumseh, or Tecumthé, was by birth a member of the Kiskópoke tribe. His father, who was a noted Shawanee warrior, fell at the battle of Kenawa, while he was yet a child.

Tecumseh, in his boyhood, gave evidence of the singular spirit which characterized him through life. He was distinguished by a steady adherence to principle. He prided himself upon his temperance and truth, and maintained through his whole career an uncommon reputation among his countrymen for both virtues. He would not marry until long after the customary period, and then he connected himself with an old woman, who bore him one child, his only offspring. No remarkable achievements of the young warrior, in his first battles, are preserved. He made his *début* in an engagement with the Kentucky troops, which took place on the banks of the Mud River. In the heat of the skirmish he retreated from the field, and his want of courage, on this occasion, was only excused, by the warriors of his tribe, on the ground of extreme youth. But, from this time, whatever might be his animal courage, he was never known to shrink. He soon redeemed his character; and previously to the treaty of Grenville, in 1795, when he was probably about twenty-five years of age, he is said to have signalized himself so much, as to have been reputed one of the boldest of the Indian warriors. No individual was more frequently engaged in those terrible encounters by which the first settlers of Kentucky were so much harassed; and few could boast of having intercepted so many boats on the Ohio, or plundered so many houses on the civilized shore. He was sometimes pursued, but never overtaken. If the enemy advanced into his own country, he retreated to the banks of the Wabash, until the storm had passed by; and then, as they were laying down the musket for the axe and ploughshare, swooped down upon them again in their own settlements. Although the booty collected in these adventures must have been considerable, he rarely retained any portion of it for his own use. His ruling passion was the love of glory, that of his followers was the love of gain.

The mother of Tecumseh bore two other sons to his father, with one of whom, named Elkswátawa, the history of his life is inseparably connected. Between the two brothers the best understanding had prevailed from their earliest years. It is useless to inquire, because it is impossible to determine, by which of them the great design of uniting all the Western Indians in a war against the Americans was first conceived. Elkswátawa, or, as he was more commonly designated, the Prophet, contented himself with being a subordinate actor in the play, though he was by no means an insignificant one. No principle in the Indian character has been better ascertained than their excessive superstition. Hence the great influence which has always been exercised over them, by every conceivable method of imposture. The two brothers saw and resolved to take advantage of this facility of their countrymen. A mask of religion has ever been the easiest mode of effecting grand political objects.

In furtherance of the scheme, which was secretly exercising the ingenuity and fostering the ambition of both, the Prophet* assumed the power of vaticination, for that his frenzy was feigned cannot be doubted. He addressed his countrymen on the exciting subject of their existing condition. He enlarged in these addresses on the evils which had ensued from the neighbourhood of the whites; the imitation of their dress and manners, the introduction of ardent spirits, diseases, contentions, and wars; the vast diminution of the means of subsistence, and the narrowed limits of territory to which they were now hemmed in. He then referred to the long, peaceful, and happy lives of their forefathers. These interesting themes produced a favourable impression and some excitement. He soon boldly declared his commission from the Great Spirit. This was authenticated by the miracles he was able to perform, and still more by the great benefit he conferred on his followers. He then attempted a complete reformation in the manners of the Red People, and a return to their pristine manner of living. There was to be no more fighting between the tribes, —they were brethren. They were to abandon the use of ardent spirits, and to wear skins, as their ancestors had done, instead of blankets. Thefts, quarrels, and other immoral modern habits were denounced. He ardently asserted the necessity of a return from all the ways of the whites to the habits and opinions of their forefathers; they must no longer eat the flesh of hogs, of bullocks, of sheep,—the deer and the buffalo having been created for their food; they must not make bread of wheat, but of Indian corn. He declared himself authorized by the Great Spirit to make known that they were created by him distinct from the whites, of different natures, and for different purposes; they were aliens in language, aliens in blood, aliens in religion.

For some years the number of the Prophet's converts was small. His first establishment consisted of about 100 warriors of his own tribe, to whom he artfully preached the superiority of the Shawanees over every other people under heaven. In spite of the desertion of some of his earliest followers, the believers in his divine mission rapidly increased. In 1807 not fewer than 1500 Indians passed Fort Wayne on their way to hear the political and religious regenerator of their race. In the course of this season, the effects of his exhortations became so visible, as to excite some apprehensions among the white settlements on the frontiers. In 1809 the Prophet removed from Grenville to Tippecanoe, on the upper part of the Wabash; and, before the expiration of the next year, he was reported to have more than 1000 warriors under his entire control. A general alarm existed among the whites throughout Indiana and Illinois; and rumours of war became prevalent. Measures had already been taken by General Harrison, governor of Indiana, for the defence of the frontiers, and of Vincennes in particular. Early in 1811, the Indian force mustered at Tippecanoe was larger than that which General Harrison himself could easily collect; and the body-guard of Tecumseh, on the visit which he paid that officer at Vincennes, in July of this season, consisted of more than 300 men.

This meeting took place in consequence of the complaints of Governor Harrison to Tecumseh and the Prophet, of the insults and injuries which had been offered to American citizens by Indians under their influence. He also informed them that he had heard of their recent attempts to hasten hostilities between the Union and various Indian tribes; and reminded them of the consequences of such conduct. "Brothers!" was one of the expressions contained in this *speech*, as such messages are emphatically called by the Indians, —"I am myself of the long-knife tribe. As soon as they hear my voice, you will see them pouring forth their swarms of hunting-shirt men, as numerous as the mosquitoes on the shores of the Wabash. Brothers! take care of their stings." Tecumseh promptly replied to this communication by promising to visit the governor within eighteen days, "to wash away all these bad stories." Some delay occurred; but, upon Saturday, the 27th of July, he made his appearance at Vincennes, with 300 followers. Negotiations commenced on the Tuesday. Tecumseh repaired to the arbour, prepared for the occasion, attended by a guard of 200 men, some armed with bows and arrows, and others with knives, tomahawks, and war-clubs. The Governor had with him a troop of dismounted dragoons, furnished with fire-arms; and he had taken care, on Tecumseh's first arrival, to secure the town by stationing two foot companies and a detachment of cavalry in the outskirts. He placed himself in the front of his dragoons. Tecumseh stood at the head of his tawny band, and the conference was commenced by a speech on the part of the Governor. This was briefly replied to; but, the conference being adjourned until the next day, Tecumseh then made a long ingenious harangue, both exposing and justifying his own schemes. He said that the Great Spirit had given this great island—meaning the American continent—to his red children; but the whites, who were placed on the other side of the great water, not content with their share of the earth, had crossed over, seized upon the coast,—driven the Indians from the sea to the lakes,—undertaken to say that this track belongs to one tribe, this to another—when the Great Spirit had made it the common property of all the tribes. They had retreated far enough,—they would go no farther. He, at the same time, disclaimed having intended to make war, but expressed his opinion it would not be possible to preserve peace, unless the Indian principle of common property should be recognised, and the progress of the white settlements discontinued. Respecting the demand which the Govenor had made—that the Potowatamee murderers should be given up for punishment, he contended that he could not deliver them up, even if he had the power. "It was not right," he said, "to punish those people. They ought to be forgiven, as well as those who had recently murdered his people in the Illinois. The white should follow his example of forgiveness: *he* had forgiven the Ottawas and the Osages." He declared his intention to go to Washington, and settle all difficulties with the President, and meanwhile to despatch messengers to prevent further mischief. At the end of a long and animated speech, he found himself unprovided with a seat. Observing the neglect, Governor Harrison directed a chair to be placed, and requested him to accept it. "My father," replied Tecumseh, "the sun is my father, and the earth is my mother; I will repose on her lap." The chief concluded his oration by offering the Governor a quantity of wampum, as a full atonement for the murders before mentioned. The latter made an indignant rejoinder; the meeting was broken up, and the warrior, attended by his followers, soon afterwards commenced his journey down the Wabash for the southward.

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* In a letter of Jefferson to Adams (Jefferson's Correspondence, vol. iv. p. 174) there is an interesting, but partial account of the Prophet; indeed, Jefferson, with all his ability, is remarkably one-sided in all his statements.

Tecumseh subsequently abandoned his plan of visiting the President, because he could not be received at the head of the confederated Indians.

The influence of the brothers amongst their countrymen was soon obvious. Together they were endowed with a complete set of qualities necessary to accomplish their design, but neither could act alone. Tecumseh was frank, warlike, persuasive in his oratory, popular in his manners, and irreproachable in his habits of life. Elkswátawa had more cunning than courage; and a stronger disposition to talk than to fight. But he was subtle, fluent, persevering, and self-possessed. He suddenly became an inspired man, and Tecumseh appeared his first convert. Possibly some others of their tribe were entrusted with the secret. As their plans progressed, emergencies of every kind were occurring from day to day, which nothing but the most ready invention and the shrewdest sagacity on the part of the two brothers could have prevented from ruining the cause.

Their strongest opponents, in the first instance, were the chiefs of many Indian tribes. They were jealous or suspicious of the new pretenders, ridiculed and reproached them, and thwarted their exertions in every possible way. The Prophet, however, showed his knowledge of Indian nature in countervailing them. His satellites, engaged in all directions, speedily ascertained who, among the chiefs, were or were not likely to be his friends or enemies; and against the latter he brought the fearful charge of witchcraft. The Indians universally have an extreme horror of a witch or a wizard, which nothing is sufficient to counteract. The sensation produced by those accusations was extreme, and at length the excitement grew to such a height, as to ensure the success of his scheme, and the Prophet declared that the Great Spirit had directly endowed him with the power of pointing out, not only those who were in full possession of the diabolical art, but also those who were impregnated with the least tincture of the diabolical disposition. The pile was thus prepared for whomsoever he thought proper to devote to it, and numerous were its victims.

Among the eminent sufferers was a Wyandot chief, known by the English name of *Leatherlips*. He was sixty-three years of age, and had always sustained a most exemplary character. He was attached to the American alliance, to which he had subscribed his signature at the Treaty of Grenville. He was accused and condemned, and orders were given to an influential chief of the same nation as the convict, in the Prophet's service, who, with four other Indians, immediately started off in quest of him. He was found at home, and informed of the sentence which had been passed upon him. He entreated, reasoned, and promised, but all in vain. The inexorable messengers of death set about digging his grave by the side of his wigwam. He now dressed himself in his finest war-clothes, and, having refreshed himself with a hasty meal of venison, knelt down on the brink of the grave. His executioner knelt with him, and offered up a prayer to the Great Spirit in his behalf. The Indians withdrew a few paces, and seated themselves around the victim on the ground. The aged chief inclined forward, resting his face upon his hands,—his elbows upon his knees: while thus seated, one of the young Indians came up, and struck him twice with a tomahawk. For some time he lay senseless on the ground. The Indians all stood around in solemn silence. Finding that he breathed longer than they expected, they called on the Whites, one or two of whom were spectators, to take notice how hard he died; pronounced him a wizard—no good—then struck him again, and terminated his existence. The office of burial was soon performed. One of the party accessory to the old chief's death was his own brother!

Tecumseh, however, at heart disapproved of these sanguinary proceedings of his brother, and was in favour of milder measures. He refused his assent to the Prophet's proposal to murder all the hostile chiefs at a great feast. But, under the pretext that the chiefs were the persons who bartered the lands of the tribes to the Americans, and traitorously connived at the inroads and trespasses of the settlers, he by degrees reduced them to a private capacity. Tecumseh, while he equalled Elkswátawa in the quickness of his faculties, far surpassed him in the intrepidity and dignity so essential among any people, savage or civilized, for a stable and legitimate influence. The Prophet managed well the business which was given him; but he was content to do it in secret, and glad to do it in safety. Tecumseh, on the other hand, ranged the continent from north to south, from east to west; threatened, flattered; roused resentment, alarmed superstition, provoked curiosity; and thus extended the limits of the grand Confederation, year by year, from tribe to tribe; but slowly, calmly, and secretly. No labour fatigued, no difficulty or disappointment disheartened, no danger alarmed him. It was by his means chiefly that the extravagant stories of his brother's supernatural powers were propagated, so soon and so simultaneously as they were, among a hundred different tribes, sometimes by himself, sometimes by his agents. Hence, so early as 1807, General Harrison "discovered that the Shawanee tribe in particular were devoted to the British interest." Hence the stange movements, perceivable at the same period, among the various tribes of Indians among the lakes. They were assembling in council day and night, and belts of wampum and pipes were sent in all directions. For four years Tecumseh was in constant motion; today visible on the Wabash, then heard of on the shores of the Erie or Michigan; now among the Indians of the Mississippi. When everything was effected in the north and west which he could effect there, he commenced a laborious and hazardous journey of months among the remoter tribes of the south. The train was laid everywhere but there;' and the subsequent trouble given to the Americans by the Creek Indians indicates sufficiently what might have been accomplished in time had his confederates been as prudent as himself. The indiscretion of the Prophet ruined the vast scheme of Tecumseh.

After a conference between Governor Harrison and Tecumseh, at Vincennes, in July, 1811, the popular excitement in the Union became exceedingly great. Meetings were held, and representations and resolutions forwarded to the Federal Executive. But, before these documents could reach their destination, authority had been sent from Washington to Governor Harrison to commence offensive operations if necessary, and forces, in addition to those under his territorial jurisdiction, were placed at his disposal. "The banditti under the Prophet," said the official instructions, "are to be attacked and vanquished, provided such a measure shall be rendered absolutely necessary." Many discussions have arisen in America respecting the general propriety of the offensive operations he commenced, and his particular system or success in conducting them. These questions are too uninteresting to our readers to be discussed, neither shall we detail Harrison's measures further than glancing at those connected with our narrative.

In September, 1811, the Governor despatched Indian messengers to demand of the various tribes in the Prophet's encampment that they should all return to their respective territories; that the stolen horses in their and his possession should be all given up; and that all murderers then sheltered at Tippecanoe should be delivered over to justice. The first messenger had the effect of bringing out, about the end of September, a friendly deputation from the Prophet full of professions of peace. But fresh outrages having been almost simultaneously committed by his followers, sundry chiefs of the Delaware tribe undertook, in October, to go upon a second mission. This embassy of peace is said to have been abruptly met by a counter-deputation from the Prophet, requiring a categorical answer to the question, whether they would or would not join him against the whites? The Delawares, nevertheless, went on; and, having visited the Prophet's camp, returned to Governor Harrison, now on his march to the Indian territory, with the report of their having been ill-treated, insulted, and finally dismissed with contemptuous remarks upon the Governor and themselves. In spite of the want of success of their predecessors, twenty-four Miamie Indians next volunteered to go upon this thankless business. They seem to have been better entertained, for they appear to have decided upon raising the tomahawk against their employer. At all events these diplomatists spared themselves the pain of returning.

Governor Harrison, distrustful of his last mission, shortly after its departure, entered into the heart of the territory occupied by the Prophet, but claimed by the United States, as being purchased of those tribes who had the least disputed claim to it. Towards the close of the 6th of November, 1811, he encamped in the vicinity of the Prophet's force; and a suspension of hostilities was agreed upon, until a conference could take place on the ensuing day. Whether, as the Prophet affirmed on this occasion by his messengers, sent after the engagement, he had forwarded a pacific proposal to the Governor, which accidentally failed to reach him,—or whether he was now actually "desirous of avoiding hostilities if possible," but felt himself compelled to commence them, will ever remain matter of doubt. His forces, which have been variously estimated at from 500 to 800 warriors, made a violent attack on the American troops early in the morning of the 7th, and one of the most desperate struggles of which we have any record in the history of Indian warfare ensued. The Prophet's force was at length slowly driven from the field, leaving thirty-eight of its bravest warriors behind. The Americans lost about fifty killed and about twice that number wounded.

The Prophet's town was pillaged by his conquerors; but the victorious army, unable to maintain its position, returned to Vincennes. The Indians, previous to the attack, were in the greatest possible state of excitement, produced by the Prophet's magical rites, his harangues, and the war-dance which he performed with them day and night: hence the unexampled bravery displayed by them. They rushed on the very bayonets of the American troops; and in some instances, pressing aside the soldier's musket, they brained him with the war club. The Prophet, meanwhile, is said to have been comfortably seated on an adjacent eminence, singing a war-song. He had assured his followers that the American bullets would do them no harm; and that, while they should have light, their enemies should be involved in thick darkness. Soon after the battle commenced he was told that the Indians were falling. "Fight on! fight on!" cried he, "it will soon be as I predicted!"—and howled his war-song louder than before.

Tecumseh, after his visit to Vincennes, had proceeded to the south, to prepare his allies for a general rising; during his absence the Prophet risked the battle of Tippecanoe. The chief returned, and found his vast scheme, the object so long of all his solicitude and his labour, thrown, on the very brink of success, into the utmost confusion. He was exasperated, humiliated, afflicted. The premature explosion interrupted the negotiation for new allies, diminished the moral power of the Prophet, and frightened or obliged many, who were or would have been his adherents, into neutrality in some cases, and open hostility in others. But here was the trial of Tecumseh's noblest qualities. His hopes, though defeated, were not destroyed. He first attempted negotiation. He visited the American authorities at Fort Wayne. Before them he still appeared haughty and obstinate in the opinions and demands he had hitherto maintained, and even requested ammunition of the commandant, which was refused him. He then said that he would go to his British father, who would not refuse him,—appeared thoughtful and sullen for a while,—then turned on his heel, raised the war-whoop, and departed.

War having, in 1812, broken out between Great Britain and the United States, Tecumseh eagerly seized on the occasion to revenge the wrongs and injuries of his race. The British Government found the Indians actuated by a spirit of the utmost hostility against the Americans—they took advantage of it. The employment of the Indians—savages they were not—in the last American war has been, both at home and in the States, a subject of vituperation against the British Government. Without making it here a matter of discussion, we will merely record an opinion founded on a very recent and impartial survey of all the circumstances, that it was perfectly justifiable, and did not, in its results, materially increase the horrors of war. Tecumseh received from the British commander at Malden twelve horse-loads of ammunition for the use of his people at Tippecanoe. Immediately after this he openly joined his new allies, was gratified with the designation of *Brigadier-General* Tecumseh, and unquestionably rendered the most essential services, especially in raising and retaining the Indian forces. During the first months of the war the principal part of his time was devoted to recruiting. He was present, however, at the siege of Fort Meigs, and commanded the co-operating Indian force on the south-east side of the river Maumee. At the second assault on Fort Meigs, in July, 1812, he was also present.

Tecumseh now became, substantially as well as nominally, the head and life of the Anglo-Indian Department; and, under his influence, greater forces were collected and embodied than in any other instance since the first settlement of the country. He brought in 600 Wabash recruits, in one body, early in 1813. In the attack made upon Fort Stephenson, in the summer of the same year, the British numbered but 500 regulars for 800 Indians; while Tecumseh was at the same time stationed on the road to Fort Meigs, with a body of 1500 more, for the purpose of cutting off the enemy's reinforcement on that route. A visit from him to the south-west roused the Creek Indians, who, in the name of the Great Prophet, whetted their tomahawks, and in 1813 ravaged Georgia with desolation. In opposing them General Jackson learnt the art of war; and by his hard-won victory over them at Tohopeka, where a thousand warriors withstood triple their force, and perished valiantly, reduced them to submission.

If Tecumseh was not present, his spirit animated the Indians under the command of Brigadier-General Proctor, who, united with the regular troops, completely defeated the American force sent to recapture Detroit. The American writers complain that, on this occasion, a great number of their men fell sacrifices to the cruelty of the Indians. Success, however, in this quarter for a time forsook the British arms: Detroit, the first conquest of the war, was given up; and the retreat was not conducted with that steadiness which had marked the previous operations. With success, crowds of Indians deserted the British standard; and of above 3000, no more than 500 warriors remained with the brave and faithful Tecumseh. The Americans, under General Harrison, came up with Sir George Prevost near the Moravian villages on the Thames, and an engagement was inevitable. Tecumseh was posted with his Indians on the right wing of the British forces, on which the severest fighting with the Americans took place. Here was his last struggle. On receiving his last orders from the British General, he exclaimed—"Father! tell your young men to be firm, and all will be well;" he then harangued his followers, and formed them in their places. The British were defeated; but Tecumseh, disdaining to fly, when all around him except his own followers were flying, pressed eagerly into the very heart of the contest, encouraged the Indians with his war-cry, and plied the tomahawk with tremendous energy. He appeared to be advancing upon an American officer, named Johnson, who was pressing forward, on the other side, at the head of his mounted infantry. Suddenly a wavering was perceived in the ranks of the Indians. The voice of command was no longer heard among them. Tecumseh had fallen, and his bravest and best men still remaining, were disheartened and defeated by the same blow which prostrated him. That they did their share of fighting in this engagement fully appears from the fact that thirty-three warriors were found dead on the battle-ground, chiefly near Tecumseh, and that many were slain in the pursuit; while the number of British killed did not exceed twenty. The American writers have disputed by whom Tecumseh was killed. "There is a possibility," says one, "that he fell by a pistol-shot from the hand of Colonel Johnson." The Americans, after his death, are said to have shown their respect for Tecumseh in full as barbarous a manner as a hostile tribe of his own nation could have done under the same circumstances. The skin was flayed from his lifeless corpse and made into razor-strops—one of which the late Mr. Clay of Virginia, a member of the American Legislature, prided himself in possessing. The British Government granted a pension to his widow and child; and it is to be hoped, if either or both still survive, no pretext of Humeish economy has deprived them of the tribute of gratitude which the conduct of their relative so well merited.

The temporary triumphs of the American forces, the death of his brother, and the loss of all his best friends of his own tribe, which was reduced in number during the war to about twenty warriors, finally destroyed the character of Elkswátawa as a prophet. When this was effected, it was human nature to degrade him below the level of a man. The prophet, however, had earned, and he enjoyed, a pension from England from the close of the war until his death, which took place about the year 1828.

Such was the career of Tecumseh, whose whole life and talents were devoted to the cause of Indian independence. When, through the indiscretion of his brother, this cause failed, he devoted himself to its revenge; and, in search of this "wild justice," he fell. Had it been his fortune to have lived in a civilized country, and to have enjoyed the light of education, his memory would have been endowed with an immortality of honourable fame; as it was, although thirty years have not elapsed since his death, the foregoing particulars of his career are all that have been rescued from forgetfulness. When he spoke to his brethren on the glorious theme that animated all his actions, his fine countenance lighted up, his form and erect frame swelled with deep emotion, which his own stern dignity could scarcely suppress; every posture and gesture had its meaning; and language flowed tumultuously and swiftly from the fountains of his soul. His character, full of strong savage talent and savage feeling, was free from coarseness in his manners or from cruelty in his conduct. For reasons easily to be imagined, he regarded Governor Harrison with less partiality than most other individual Americans; and hence his British allies are said to have stipulated early in the war, that the Governor, if taken prisoner, should be their captive. Yet there is no reason to suppose that if this *casus fœderis* had occurred, Tecumseh would have tarnished his fame by cruelty. For, when the Governor proposed to him, on a visit to Vincennes, in 1810, that, in the event of a war, he would, as far as possible, put a stop to the cruelties which the Indians were accustomed to inflict on their prisoners, he readily gave his assent to the proposition, and pledged himself to adhere to it; and he did not forget his promise. In one of the sorties from Fort Meigs, a hundred of the American garrison were taken prisoners, and put into Fort Miami. Here,—at least so it is writ in American annals,—the British Indians garnished the surrounding ramparts, and amused themselves by loading and firing at the crowd within, or at particular individuals. This proceeding is said to have continued two hours, during which time twenty of the unfortunate prisoners were shot. The chiefs were, at the same time, holding a council to determine the fate of the residue. The Potawatamie chiefs were in favour of despatching them all on the spot, while the Wyandot and Miamies opposed that course. The former prevailed, and had already commenced the work of destruction, when Tecumseh, descrying it from the batteries, came down among them, reprimanded the ringleaders for their dastardly barbarity in murdering defenceless captives in cold blood, and thus saved the lives of a considerable number. His habits and deportment were perfectly free from whatever could give offence to the most delicate female; when brought into contact with, and receiving the hospitalities of British officers, he readily and cheerfully accommodated himself to all the novelties of his situation, and seemed amused without being embarrassed by them. He could never be induced to drink wine or spirituous liquors; though, in every other respect, he fed like every one else at the table. In battle Tecumseh was painted and equipped like the rest of his brethren; but, otherwise, his common dress was a leathern frock descending to the knees, and confined at the waist like a belt; leggings and mocassins for the feet, of the same material, completed his clothing.

Shortly before his fall, he seemed to have a presentiment of what was to occur: he strongly enjoined his people not to elect his son (then fourteen or fifteen years of age) for their chief, "For," said he—full of prejudice against a resemblance to Europeans, the authors of his nation's woes—"he is too fair and like a white man!"

Although the schemes of Tecumseh and the Prophet were, in their issue, unsuccessful, not the less credit should, on that account, be allowed to their motives or their efforts. They were statesmen, though the community over which their influence was exerted was composed of red men instead of white. They were patriots, though they fought only for untilled lands and for wild liberty. The necessity of their failure perhaps existed in the nature of things—their means were inadequate for their schemes; but the vastness and greatness of their plans are undeniable proofs both of genius and principle.

The incidents of Tecumseh's life cannot fail to be suggestive of reflections on the history and present state of the American Indians. However it may be attempted to preserve appearances by fraudulent and compulsory purchases of Indian lands, and declarations of benevolent intentions towards their injured possessors, it has always been the boast of American policy that "the Indians shall be made to vanish before civilization as the snow melts before the sun-beam." In the wilds of our Canadian colonies, the evils which the Indians have received from Europeans might still be partially recompensed by a wise and sagacious policy. As the stream of American population, it has been no less profoundly than benevolently suggested, continues to drive the tribes before it, some part of their remaining numbers may be forced northward, within the boundary of British possessions. There the fugitives should find shelter and protection, and opportunities of social improvement. There the remains of the primitive people of that vast continent might yet be collected; and their settlement on the western flank of our cultivated country might form no contemptible barrier and point of support against future aggressions, by which it is idle to suppose that the Canadas are not yet to be menaced.

From the Athenæum.

CAPTAIN HARRIS'S TRAVELS.

Narrative of an Expedition into Southern Africa, during the years 1836 *and* 1837, *&c.* By Capt. W. C. Harris, H. E. I. Company's Engineers. Bombay. London, Richardson.

At the early age of six years, Capt. Harris gave indication of no ordinary sporting genius, by discharging a great blunderbuss at a flock of sparrows in a neighbour's inclosure. But the first efforts of undisciplined genius rarely experience an encouraging reception from the world. The owner of the inclosure so unceremoniously beaten up, espousing the cause of the injured sparrows, laid an information in the proper quarter, and the juvenile, unlicensed sportsman felt the rigour of the law. This misfortune, however, could give but a momentary check to talents such as his. Strong instinct taught him, when he missed fire, to recover arms and try again. His passion for the chase, strong as powder, forced its way through all obstacles, and at length his parents, becoming fully aware of his proficiency in practical gunnery, resolved to make him a military engineer. Having thus superadded a little of the theory of projectiles to the rich stock of experimental knowledge previously acquired, our author proceeded on active service to India, where the bones of sundry tigers that have fallen victims to his deadly aim, lie, we dare say, still bleaching in the jungle. But India (with humility be it spoken,) is in many parts too populous and cultivated to exhibit the perfection of a sporting country. Our author growing sensible of this, fell sick, and was ordered, by the medical board of Bombay, to spend two years in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope. This medical prescription crowned all his wishes: it had the effect of wafting him at once to the very paradise of sportsmen; to that land *monstrorum ferax*, where civilization and game laws have not yet disturbed the natural order of things; and where the beasts of the field, neither immured in preserves, nor liable to be bagged by statute, enjoy equally and unimpaired the privilege of all animals *feræ naturæ*, to be shot at.

On his passage from Bombay to the Cape, Captain Harris found among his fellow-passengers a devoted sportsman, in the person of W. Richardson, Esq. of the Company's civil service, who readily entered into his plan of a hunting expedition to the interior. At Cape Town, the inspection of Dr. A. Smith's museum, and the account which that traveller gave of the abundance of game in the country beyond the colony, inflamed his ardour; and to the surprise of all, "the two poor Indian gentlemen," after spending only one month in Cape Town, embarked in a little schooner for Algoa Bay, on their way to the north-eastern frontier. In Graham's Town they were introduced to two traders, named Hume and Scoon, who had made several journeys into the interior, and gave them much valuable information. The former of these men, we may observe, has penetrated further northward from the borders of the colony than any other traveller, his route extending in longitude 28°E., probably a degree beyond the tropic. The expeditions of these traders in South Africa, of whom there are about two hundred in the constant habit of roaming among the aboriginal tribes, without an armed escort, with considerable property, and to a great distance from the colonial frontier, are in strong contrast with the schemes of South African expeditions, formed in this country, which almost always take for granted the difficulty of the undertaking, and the danger to be apprehended from the natives. A Hottentot, named Andries Africander, who had five times visited Moselekatse's country in the interior, in the service of traders, was the first to enlist in the train of Captain Harris. He subsequently proved a very worthless character, as did the rest of our author's retinue, who, to the number of six, were all discharged criminals. This circumstance deserves to be pointed out, in order that the reader may perceive, that the annoyances experienced during this expedition were not all inevitably connected with its plan and object, but that they ought rather to be ascribed to want of circumspection in the preparatory arrangements, and to that redundancy of courage which courts martyrdom. The journey of our author from Graham's Town to Graaf Reinett, where he completed his equipment, was a series of disasters, arising no doubt from his ignorance of the manners and language of the country, and perhaps too, from the sinister address of his interpreter.

It was on the 1st of September, that most auspicious day to British sportsmen, that Captain Harris and his party, with two ox-wagons, and about a dozen horses, started for the interior. On the high plains beyond the Sniewberg, they found all the brooks frozen, and experienced a heavy fall of snow. But here game began to grow numerous, and Captain Harris warmed himself in pursuing Gnoos, which animal he thus describes:—

> "Of all quadrupeds, the Gnoo is probably the most awkward and grotesque, wheeling and prancing in every direction, his shaggy and bearded head arched between his slender and muscular legs, and his long white tail streaming in the wind; this ever wary animal has at once a ferocious and ludicrous appearance. Suddenly stopping, showing an imposing front, and tossing his head in mock defiance, his wild red sinister eyes flash fire, and his snort, resembling the roar of a lion, is repeated with energy and effect. Then lashing his sides with his floating tail, he plunges, bounds, kicks up his heels with a fantastic flourish, and in a moment is off at speed, making the dust fly behind him as he sweeps across the plain."

A little further on, another kind of game presented itself.

> "Here the face of the country was literally white with Springbucks, myriads of which covered the plains, affording us a welcome supply of food. When hunted, these elegant creatures take extraordinary bounds, rising with curved backs high into the air, as if about to take flight; and they invariably clear a road or beaten track in this manner, as if their natural disposition to regard man as an enemy, induced them to mistrust even the ground upon which he had trod."

These antelopes often make their appearance in the colony in countless multitudes, consuming all the fresh herbage with the rapidity of locusts: nor is this all; they mingle with the flocks of sheep, and when on being approached they betake themselves to flight, the latter go off with them, and are irrecoverably lost. To the scanty verdure of these well-stocked plains, succeeded a dry desert, with hardly a trace of vegetable or animal life, and in which the scorching heat of the day was succeeded by piercing cold at night. The party began to suffer from want of water, when they at last reached the banks of the Orange river; a magnificent stream, according to our author, to whom, as he emerged from desolation and sterility, its tranquil current three hundred yards in breadth, and fringed with drooping willows, seemed to realize "the fascinating imagery of a romance." Beyond the river, however, he witnessed a spectacle still more to his taste, namely, a large party of Coranas engaged in an attempt to run down an Ostrich on foot,—a prodigy of speed which these people sometimes achieve. On the 26th of September, our traveller entered New Litakoo, "a lovely spot in the waste by which it is completely environed."

Captain Harris is provokingly brief in his observations on the missionary settlement at Kuruman, or New Litakoo, and in its neighbourhood; though, had he been fully aware that the rising generation at those places, in a population of four or five thousand, are growing up in Christianity, in the habits of civilized life, with the knowledge of some useful arts, and the capability of reading and writing their own language, he would, no doubt, have felt deeply interested in the welfare of those settlements, and would have surveyed them with a zealous curiosity. His remark, that the male Bechuanas have adopted a rude imitation of the European costume, while the females are still satisfied with their native garb, is hardly a correct, and certainly a very inadequate representation of the state of affairs in the Bechuana missions. But it must be candidly acknowledged, that our author in his pages gives his whole heart to game, and apparently reserves no share of sympathy for the uncultivated portion of his own species. He sees something to admire in the peculiarity of every four-footed beast, but the human animal in a state of nature is nothing in his eyes but an object of derision. All the natives whom he meets with, he calls indiscriminately "savages," and the colouring of the jaundiced eye is obvious in all his pictures of them. On his journey north-eastward from Kuruman, he was joined by a Bechuana "gentleman of quality," whom he thus describes: "His skin was blacker than a boot, and in texture resembled a rhinoceros hide; yet he studiously interposed a parasol, composed of ostrich plumes, betwixt the sun and his nobility, leaving his little daughters to bestride a pack bullock, and their complexions to take care of themselves." The Bechuanas of the missions nevertheless, and still more the Griquas, would have been worthily commemorated by our author, had he known the great extent of their hunting expeditions, on which, we are informed, they are sometimes absent for eighteen months, or even two years, and penetrate to an immense distance in the interior; nor are these people by any means so dull as not to be able to give an intelligible account of the country explored by them.

Beyond the country of the Batclapees (the Bechuana tribe dwelling round Litakoo) succeeded a desert tract, which, in turn, gave way to a park-like scene, the wide lawns of luxuriant grass being shaded by the spreading camelthorn, a stately species of acacia, which forms the favourite food of the giraffe. "The gaudy yellow blossoms with which these remarkable trees were covered, yielded an aromatic and overpowering perfume; while small troops of striped quaggas, or wild asses, and of brindled knoos, which, for the first time, were seen through the forest, enlivened the scene." Here, notwithstanding the distress occasioned to the cattle by the scarcity of water, our author's spirits rose with a presage of the coming sport.

"As we advanced," he says, "the game hourly became more abundant, though still exceedingly wild. Groups of hartebeasts, quaggas, and brindled gnoos, were every where to be seen. A short chase was sufficient to seal the fate of three quaggas, all males, averaging thirteen hands high. During the run, I had not seen a human being, and fancied myself alone; but I had scarcely dismounted to secure my game, when a woolly head protruded itself from every bush, and, in an instant, I was surrounded by thirty Barolongs, who, having by signs expressed their approbation of my performance, proceeded to devour the carcass with the greatest avidity, greedily drinking the blood, rubbing the fat upon their bodies, and not leaving so much even as the entrails for the birds of prey."

These poor people were the remnants of several Bechuana tribes, dispersed by wars, and reduced, by the loss of their cattle, to live on the game taken in pitfalls. The ruins of their once populous villages soon after engaged our traveller's attention. But his soul was about to be engrossed by more congenial objects. The whole country "presented the appearance of a moving mass of game." It was in an open forest, like a park, the great camelthorn trees being weighed down by the enormous nests of the social loxia, that the various species of game poured in, till the plain seemed alive.

"The clatter of their hoofs," says our author, "was perfectly astounding, and I could compare it to nothing but the din of a tremendous charge of cavalry, or to the rushing of a mighty tempest. I could not estimate the accumulated numbers at less than fifteen thousand."

The attack of Don Quixote on the flock of sheep was not more ardent, nor nearly so destructive, as that of Captain Harris on the mingled herds of wild animals. The various species fled in confusion, the tall necks of the ostriches being conspicuous above the gnoos, the antelopes, and the zebras. When the ignoble crowd was dispersed, two strange figures were perceived standing under a tree; these were Elands, the fattest and most delicious of African game. A short chase sufficed to tire these bulky animals, and the two Elands, measuring each above seventeen hands high at the shoulder, were brought to the ground. It is interesting to contrast the Walton-like sentimentality of our keen sportsman, sated with the pleasures of killing, with the exuberant animal joy and wanton triumph of "the savages" who followed him, intent upon the feast. He says himself,—

"I was engaged in making a sketch of the one I had shot, when the savages came up, and, in spite of all my remonstrances, proceeded, with cold-blooded ferocity, to stab the unfortunate animal, stirring the blood, and shouting with barbarous exultation, as it issued from each newly-inflicted wound, regardless of the eloquent and piteous appeal, expressed in the beautiful clear black eye of the mild and inoffensive Eland."

One would suppose that the writer of this could have said to the Eland—

Thou can'st not say I did it.

But enough of field sports, for the present. We must hasten to conduct our traveller to the presence of 'the Great Black one," as the chieftain Moselekatse, is styled by his adoring subjects.

Our author had not been long at Mosega, the frontier town of the Matabili nation,—where he was welcomed by the American missionary, Dr. Wilson,—before the messengers despatched by him to Moslekatse returned, with the welcome assurance that he was "the king's own white man," and pressing him to hasten to the royal residence at Kapain, about fifty miles further north. On the verdant slopes of the hills through which his route lay, he saw countless herds of sleek oxen; and fields of caffer corn (*Holcus sorghum*) were cultivated in the neighbourhood of the villages. On the arrival of Capt. Harris at the king's village, he was met by Um'nombate, "a peer of the realm," or, in plain terms, a principal chief, who, in the preceding spring, had visited Cape Town in the quality of ambassador, and scratched his mark to a treaty now inscribed in the *fœdera* of Great Britain. Had Capt. Harris directed any appreciable portion of his curiosity to the biped part of the creation, he might, we dare say, have given us a curious and instructive account of the impression made on this "peer of the realm," by his visit to the colony. The outlines of the other grandees are hit off by our author, as usual, in dark and dashing lines:—

"The next in rank was deeply scarred with the small-pox; and, excepting a necklace of lion's claws, three inflated gall-bladders on his pate, and a goodly coat of grease upon his hide, was perfectly naked. I saw nothing remarkable about any of the others. They all carried snuff-boxes stuck in their ears, a collection of skin streamers, like the tails of a lady's boa, attached to a thin waistcord, being the nearest approach to a habiliment among them. All their heads were shaven, sufficient hair only being left to attach the *issigoko*, which is a ring composed of sinews attached to the hair and blackened with grease."

The king's approach was at length announced by the shouts of the people; two poursuivants yelling and cutting capers cleared the way in front, while in the rear followed women with calabashes of beer on their heads. Our author's portrait of this celebrated king of savages must not be here omitted.

"The expression of the despot's features, though singularly cunning, wily, and suspicious, is not altogether disagreeable. His figure is rather tall, well turned, and active, but leaning to corpulency; of dignified and reserved manners, the searching quickness of his eye, the point of his questions, and the extreme caution of his replies, stamp him at once as a man capable of ruling the wild and sanguinary spirits by whom he is surrounded. He appeared about forty years of age, but being totally beardless, it was difficult to form a correct estimate of the years he had numbered. The elliptical ring on his closely shorn scalp, was decorated with three green feathers from the tail of the paroquet, placed horizontally, two behind and one in front. A single string of small blue beads encircled his neck, a bunch of twisted sinews encompassed his left ankle, and the usual girdle dangling before and behind, with leopards tails' completed his costume."

Moselekatse preserved his composure until the presents, consisting of beads, brass wire, snuff, a great coat lined with scarlet shalloon, and a tartan suit, were all spread before his eyes. He was then no longer able to contain himself, but, jumping up, he threw off the slender covering he had on, and commenced arraying himself in his new finery. This grotesque transformation being effected, he abruptly departed, ordering a sheep and some beer to be given to our author and his party. He soon, however, returned again, not in state, but unceremoniously, and by way of confidential interview. He was attired on this occasion in a handsome black leathern mantle, "its ample folds reaching to his heels, well became his tall and manly person; and he looked the very *beau ideal* of an African chief." He made many inquiries respecting King William's herds of cattle; and requested that the colonial traders might be informed of his desire to obtain muskets and ammunition in barter for elephants' teeth. Having retired, he sent his "white men" a supply of beer and the stewed breast of an ox. Our author, who censures Moselekatse's niggardliness, does not appear to have been aware that he was honoured with food reserved for the tables of kings. Among the Bechuanas and kindred nations the breast of every ox belongs to the chief, and to venture to eat it without his permission is an act of treason.

We need not describe minutely the dwelling of Moselekatse, which differs but little from that of his subjects. A ring of low huts enclosed within a circular fence accommodates himself and his thirty wives. The numerous lions' skulls, scattered over the area of the enclosure, attest the vigilance and courage of his herdsmen. The chief, in his conversations with our author, asked him if he did not wish to see the great lake in the interior, and promised to send a party to escort him thither. Of this great lake, however, Moselekatse doubtless knew no more than what he had learned from his previous European visiters. Its existence, Captain Harris says, was first ascertained by Dr. Andrew Smith; but we have heard nothing which could lead us to believe that its existence is fully ascertained. It was with great difficulty, that our author obtained permission from the chief, to return to the colony by the nearer route of the Vaal or Yellow river; the emigrant boors having attacked the Matabili from that quarter, no access was permitted to the country of the latter, except from the direction of Kuruman. Our author's whimsical disregard of the savages, deprives us of any solid information respecting the history and resources of the Matabili. Their standing army, he tells us, amounts to 5,000 men; their wealth, or rather that of their ehief, consists in their herds of cattle. The greatest of all crimes among them is, to be fat; corpulency being the king's prerogative.

On leaving the king's village, Captain Harris travelled for some time towards the south-east, till he reached the banks of the river Mariqua, where one of his dogs incautiously ran into the jaws of an enormous crocodile, for such is the proper denomination of what our author calls an alligator. Near the banks of the river stood the remains of a village constructed on a raised platform, a mode of architecture suggested no doubt by the boldness of the crocodiles, and the number of wild beasts frequenting the banks of the river. Villages of this kind were described to Mr. Campbell, when he visited Kurrichane in 1822, and appear to have been formerly common, though our author saw no second example of them. A deserted village built on scaffolds was seen by the traders Scoon and M'Luckie in 1829; and at some distance to the eastward of our author's route, the above-named explorers found a still more remarkable exemplification of the same means of escaping the nocturnal ravages of wild beasts. They saw in fact a large tree, the branches of which, supported by forked sticks, were formed into three platforms one above the other, on which were constructed seventeen small huts, each capable of sheltering two persons conveniently. The ascent to the huts was by notched sticks, the first platform being nine, the third, twenty-five feet above the ground. As our travellers were marching eastward, they met a large herd of cattle which gathered round the wagons with manifest demonstrations of pleasure; they were in fact boors' cattle just captured, and at sight of the wagons they fancied themselves at home. The successful depredators soon made their appearance, and, being propitiated with snuff, conversed facetiously with our author. A chief named Lingap, who was acquainted with the taste of the strangers, descanted in this strain:

> "His eyes glistened as he spoke of the pleasure he had derived, from feeling his spear enter white flesh. It slipped in, he said, grasping his assagai, and suiting the action to the word, so much more satisfactorily than into the tough hide of a black savage, that he preferred sticking a Dutchman to eating the king's beef."

The same men who thus showed off their ferocity for the edification of our author, would have been found capable, in the company of Mr. Campbell, or Mr. Moffat, of supporting an amusing and not uninstructive conversation. But we must now gird ourselves for the chase. Captain Harris had reached the Cashan Mountains, where he soon descried the object of his aspirations.

> "Here [he relates] a grand and magnificent panorama was before us, which beggars all description. The whole face of the landscape was actually covered with wild elephants. There could not have been fewer than three hundred within the scope of our vision. Every height and green knoll was dotted over with groups of them, whilst the bottom of the glen exhibited a dense and sable living mass, their colossal forms being at one time partially concealed by the trees, which they were disfiguring with giant strength; and at others seen majestically emerging into the open glades, bearing in their trunks the branches of trees with which they indolently protected themselves from the flies. The back ground was filled by a limited peep of the blue mountainous range, which here assumed a remarkably precipitous character, and completed a picture at once soul stirring and sublime."

We shall pass over the particulars of the attack on the elephants; the pages of our Nimrod are so filled with anecdotes of this kind of achievement, that we are bewildered in the attempt to choose among them. Suffice it to say, that a female elephant was laid low; and on the following morning, the sportsmen proceeded to survey their prize.

> "Not an elephant was to be seen [observes our author] on the ground, that was yesterday teeming with them; but on reaching the glen, which had been the scene of our exploits during the early part of the action, a calf, about three and a half feet high, walked forth from a bush and saluted us with mournful piping notes. We had observed the unhappy little wretch, hovering about its mother after she fell, and having probably been unable to overtake the herd, it had passed a dreary night in the wood. Entwining its little proboscis about our legs, the sagacious creature, after demonstrating its delight at our arrival by a thousand ungainly antics, accompanied the party to the body of its dam. The conduct of the quaint little calf now became quite affecting, and elicited the sympathy of every one. It ran round its mother's corse with touching demonstrations of grief, piping sorrowfully, and vainly attempting to raise her with its tiny trunk. I confess that I felt compunctions in committing the murder the day before, and now half resolved"——

But Captain Harris did not complete his resolution, and therefore continued the work of death with unabated alacrity. The young elephant voluntarily accompanied the party to the wagons, where, notwithstanding all the care bestowed on it, it died in a few days. The familiarity manifested by this creature may be added to many other proofs, that the timidity of wild animals is in a great measure the result of experience. On one occasion, as our author and his party were in chase of a herd of antelopes, a young zebra joined in the pursuit, and galloped, with much apparent glee, side by side with the horses.

Passing northward over the Cashan Mountains, our sportsmen travelled some distance down the banks of the river Limpopo, which flowing northward has hitherto guided the steps of all the explorers in that direction. The country watered by it, being varied, rich, beautiful; and being moreover abundantly stocked with the various species of large game, appeared to our author to be a very paradise. Of elephants, buffaloes, lions, the hippopotamus, and rhinoceros, and all the *ignobile vulgus* of zebras and antelopes, he had now almost grown tired, but as he feelingly observes, "who amongst our brother Nimrods, shall hear of riding familiarly by the side of a troop of colossal giraffes, and not feel his spirit stirred within him?" As these animals declined standing at a convenient distance to be shot at, "the boarding system" was put in practice against them, and found perfectly successful. Captain Harris, in short, rode down the cameleopards; charging a drove of thirty of them, while he was charged in turn by three rhinoceroses: he threw his turban to the latter, and continued peppering his game, "till at the seventeenth discharge from the deadly grooved bore, bowing his graceful head from the skies, his proud form was prostrate in the dust." "Never," adds our enthusiastic author, "shall I forget the tingling excitement of that moment." This triumph appears to have contributed largely to satisfy his ambition. He had killed of large animals above four hundred head of various sorts and sizes. "Of these the minimum height at the shoulder had been three feet, and not a few had measured ten and twelve." His people were growing dissatisfied, his cattle jaded; his leave of absence was limited, and he had a long journey back. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising, that the country northward should appear to his eyes to grow worse, and that he should turn back when within fifty miles of the tropic.

Returning through the Cashan Mountains, Captain Harris came to the Chonapas, a beautiful stream flowing southward into the Vaal or Yellow river, which he found to be "teeming with hippopotami." It was the chase of these animals indeed, the hides and teeth of which are very valuable, that led to the rupture between Moselekatse and the emigrant boors, of which we shall give some account on a future occasion. The chieftain maintains, and not without some show of reason, that the valuable game in his dominions belongs to him. Having crossed the Vaal with some difficulty, our author and his party continued their route southwestward, over level and trackless plains of immense extent. He was hardly justified, however, in supposing, that he was the first who explored them. To say nothing of the expeditions of the roving boors, the same plains were crossed to the very sources of the Vaal river, seven or eight years ago, by the missionary Archbell. The nobler game now disappeared altogether, and the antelopes grew more shy; yet the gnoos, though rendered wild by constant persecution, were always sure to be attracted by a red handkerchief, the exhibition of which made them charge past in a menacing manner, and at a little distance.

Hitherto, our traveller had enjoyed an uninterrupted series of triumphs, but misfortune loured on him as he approached the frontiers of civilized life. On Christmas-day, he pricked his steed over the smooth grassy plain, dealing death among the wondering crowds of spring-bucks, blesbucks, quaggas, and ostriches; for of the sixteen thousand bullets which he had carried with him, he seems to have been determined not to bring back a single one to the colony. The crowds of game increased as if by magic, till at last, tired of the sport, he raised his eyes, and perceived that the wide-spread mirage, so common in those sultry plains, had completely screened from view the wagons and every distant object that could direct his course. In vain he scoured the plain to seek some traces of the road which he had left. The sun set on his bewildered condition: alone and supperless he lay in a bush in the desert, and it was not till after the lapse of three days and nights of misery, that, through the kindness of some "savages," he found his way to the wagons. This accident, however, was soon followed by a more weighty calamity. All the cattle were driven off during the night by a party of bushmen; and when, after a tedious search, the retreat of the marauders was discovered, nineteen of the oxen were found killed, and most of the others maimed, or groaning under their wounds. A fresh supply of cattle was fortunately obtained from a party of boors located in the neighbourhood; and, after paying a visit to a large encampment of those emigrants, and struggling through numerous petty troubles, our adventurous sportsman returned to Graaf Reinett, with just ten shillings in his pocket. Seventy head of cattle had been lost in the course of the expedition, the expense of which was thus swelled to a sum of 800*l*. But Capt. Harris very justly observes, that a well-regulated expedition to the same part of Africa ought to cover its own expenses; in truth, the trading expeditions to which we have already alluded, sufficiently establish that point. But we shall now again return to those expeditions, in order to give our readers some idea of the extent of country embraced within them, having first made a few brief observations on the political circumstances of the country visited by our author.

It is melancholy to contemplate the changes which have taken place in the northern part of the Bechuana country since 1822. In that year, the migrating horde of the Mantatees destroyed Kurrichane, and numerous other towns between that place and Litakoo. Hence, where Mr. Campbell saw large villages and cultivated tracts several square miles in extent, our author found only crumbling stone walls and uninhabited wastes. The Matabili completed the dispersion of the Baharutsi, who dwelt in the hills of Kurrichane, and took possession of their country. Thus, a rude and warlike tribe took the place of one which had made a considerable progress in civilization; for the architecture, manufactures, and general husbandry of the Baharutsi, prove that they were by no means savages. The same may be said of the tribes that dwelt eastward of them, in the Cashan Mountains, previous to the invasion of the Matabili. Among those mountains, Capt. Harris saw numerous remains of stone dwellings and inclosures, with many other vestiges, he informs us, of a higher degree of civilization than now exists there. It is curious to compare these accounts of ruined stone buildings in South Africa, with those which led the Portuguese to believe, when they first arrived at Sofala, that the castles built by Solomon and the Queen of Sheba still existed in Monomotapa, at no great distance in the interior. They heard of stone walls at a place called N'fura, corrupted first into Afura, and thence into Ophir. It also deserves to be remarked, that very extensive ruins of the same kind exist, though known to few, and unnoticed by any traveller, within the limits of the Cape colony. We must also observe, that the rich mines of iron and copper manufactured by the Baharutsi are situated on the northern slope of the Cashan Mountains.

We have already stated, that a trader named David Hume has penetrated further through the Bechuana country than any other traveller. He proceeded northward along the banks of the Limpopo, till it began to bend towards the east, when he followed up the Nacongo, a river flowing from the north-west, into the Limpopo. He thus came to the country of the Bokasa and Bamangwatu—probably in lat. 22° 30′ N., and, by his devious route, not less than 1,200 miles from the colony. Messrs. Bain and Biddulph, who, in 1826, journeyed into the country of the Wankitsi, in lat. 25°, about 500 miles from Delagoa Bay, reached the western limit of these commercial expeditions. The country of the Matabili, along the Cashan Mountains, and thence to Delagoa Bay, has been visited again and again. A trader, named Gibson, travelled round to the northern side of Delagoa Bay; two others,—viz. Maugham and Jones, reached its southern shores with their wagons; a party of boors, consisting of eighteen families, with large flocks and herds, under the guidance of Louis Trechard, established themselves, in May 1836, in a fine country about 200 miles westward of the bay, the environs of which were examined by Bronkhorst and Potgeiter; but the party afterwards separating, Trechard and his dependents moved down to the shores of the bay, where they were suffering from fever in 1838. Thus, it appears, that however speculative geographers here may shudder at the thought of exploring the interior of tropical Africa, there are active spirits abroad who find both pleasure and profit in the task. Would that they could make their labours conducive to the interests of science! It is remarkable that the recognizance of Delagoa Bay by the parties above named, was made at the very time when, according to communications of high authority, received from the Cape, the exploration of that country was deemed impossible—(see *Athen.* No. 568.)

Our author concludes the narrative of his adventures with this declaration: "I can safely aver, that some of the happiest days of my existence have been passed in the wilds of Africa." The gaiety of his spirit is every where perceptible in his style, which rattles like small shot. His last chapter is devoted to the history of the emigrant boors, a very interesting and important theme, to which we shall gladly return on a future occasion.

From Mems. of America.

THE SOMNAMBULIST;

OR, A NIGHT WITH ABRAHAM THORNTON.

The Western world, which spreads wide her giant arms to shelter alike the oppressor and the oppressed, where the early pilgrim found a peaceful haven, and the blood-stained regicide a sanctuary, still contains, within its forest-depths, the homes of many long forgotten in their father-land; or remembered but as the mourned, or execrated, of the past.

In the autumn of the year 18—, I traversed a portion of that extensive tract, stretching westward from the Alleghany mountains to the vast waters of the Missisippi. I travelled on horseback, and the delights of the daily wild and solitary gallop, more than compensated for the rugged hospitality and comfortless ménage of the rude hostleries of the prairie.

It was sunset as I breathed my horse on the brow of a steep hill, and perceived below me, with considerable satisfaction, the habitation designated in my route as my resting place for the night. It was a solitary house, standing about fifty yards from the road, surrounded by all the appurtenances of a flourishing establishment; the proprietor of which combined the profitable employment of innkeeper and agriculturist: an unusual quiet pervaded the place, my loud calls were unheeded, and I looked in vain for the appearance of the 'human face divine.' I dismounted and advanced towards the door—it was opened at that moment by the landlord—deep grief was depicted in his rugged features: death was within the house;—his wife had just breathed her last, and his children were in the fierce grasp of a dangerous and malignant fever. Of course it was no resting place for me, and with difficulty, amidst the bustle and excitement of the house of mourning, I procured information even as to the means of obtaining a shelter.

"There's Job Harrison," at length said one rough fellow, (who, in the affliction of the family, had appropriated to himself the privilege of questioning me of my 'where-about,') "he'll give you a bed for the night, I guess he'll be glad to see a countryman." To my question as to the distance, "Oh," replied he, "just grazes us here; you've only to ride seven miles on the high-road due west, then throw a rifle shot over your left shoulder as you pass the swing-bridge on the swamp, and you're at his place." Having ascertained with such exactness the location of my countryman, I had no more to do but mount and away; and following the direction of my informant, which, however unintelligible to my reader, was perfectly correct, after half an hour's hard riding, I found myself approaching, through a thickly-wooded plantation, the residence of Job Harrison.

It was a large substantial building, more like an English farm-house than any I had seen in this part of the country; I knocked louder at an outer gate, and was answered by a negro, to whom I consigned my horse, and walked up at once to claim the hospitality of the proprietor; he advanced to meet me; I told my story, and with a constrained civility, and rather an ungracious manner, he bade me welcome.

He preceded me into what appeared to be the common sitting-room, and arousing a woman who was sleeping in an arm-chair by the fire, roughly ordered her to bring refreshments, and prepare a bed for my accommodation.

I had now leisure to observe the extreme peculiarity of his appearance: he was a man not exceeding forty years of age, cast in a gigantic mould, and had been at one time of life excessively corpulent; but now his flesh hung loosely, and gave a tremulous motion to his whole frame, which seemed wasting beneath an unnatural and premature decay, whilst it fell, like dewlaps, from each side of his heavy, sallow, and unmeaning countenance: his hair was silvery white; but his eye, the only feature which redeemed him from disgusting ugliness, was bright and sparkling. Yet strange and unpleasant as was his appearance, he excited an interest in me for which I could not account, further than by a vague idea that I had seen him before; his sepulchral tones seemed familiar to my ear, connected with some circumstance of horror, the particulars of which (like a dream we strive in vain to recollect) I could not embody.

His conversation was coarse, although not illiterate; he asked me some questions about English affairs, but they were principally confined to agricultural subjects. An excellent supper was placed upon the table by the female whose slumber I had disturbed, with the exception of the negro who had taken charge of my horse, the only domestic I saw about the premises. Although everything bespoke plenty, even to profusion, an air of gloom and desolation pervaded the whole establishment, which seemed reflected on the louring brow of my moody and disagreeable host. Brandy and other spirits were placed upon the table, of which he drank largely, but they produced no exhilarating effect upon his spirits. In the course of conversation he asked me of what county in England I was a native, and on my replying Warwick, he looked at me wildly, and slightly removed his chair; I took no notice of his emotion, but proceeded to state that I was born in the immediate vicinity of the village of Erdington: a livid hue passed over his pale cheek, and his eye flashed on me with an expression of terror and defiance; at that instant the female entered, and, in a grumbling tone, hinted at the lateness of the hour: I requested to be shown to my apartment, and, bidding him good night, gladly availed myself of the opportunity of retiring.

She conducted me up a flight of stairs into a large and convenient room, on a level with a verandah surrounding the house, placed a candle on the table, and bidding me, in an emphatic tone, to lock my door!—left me to my reflections.

There was something in this woman's manner as disagreeable as her master's; and her last words, blended with his strange conduct, produced in me a feeling of uneasiness.

I had no inclination for sleep; I was fevered, and felt as if the cool night air would relieve me; the communication with the verandah was from the passage; I unlocked the door, which I had fastened according to her direction; it opened outwardly, but was obstructed by some heavy body, which I found to be a piece of furniture, evidently placed there to prevent my egress! it yielded however to the force I applied, and I passed out into the verandah.

The moon shed her silvery light through the tall pine-forest, and no sound broke the stillness of the night, but the rustling of the crisp decaying leaf, yielding to the chill breeze of autumn. It was a scene of wild and majestic beauty, but its gloom aroused a train of thoughts which had been whirling in my brain, and seemed, in their complicated machinery, to be developing some hideous drama in which I was to bear a part. At length, finding myself drowsy, I returned to the room, and resolving to frustrate any attempt at confining my actions, (which appeared to be intended) I left the door unlocked, which was immediately opposite the bed, on which I flung myself partially undressed, taking the precaution of placing my pistols under my pillow.

Overpowered by fatigue and excitement, I slept; but my dreams were wild and startling; I was in England—I was on the ocean; at last I thought I was in a court of justice, and arraigned for murder; I heard the charge recapitulated, and the usual question of guilty or otherwise. "Not guilty," I replied. "Not guilty!" echoed a deep sepulchral voice, which awoke me at once from my restless sleep. I grasped a weapon, whilst the life-blood rushed startlingly to my heart; for there—within a foot of the bed—full in the pale moonlight—with no covering but his disordered night-gear—stood the ghastly form of my mysterious host!—My finger was on the trigger, when I perceived by the fixed glare of his dark eye, he slept.—"Not guilty!" repeated the fearful somnambulist, making an action as if drawing a glove upon his right hand, and flinging its fellow upon the floor; then, raising his form to its full height, whilst a smile of demoniacal triumph curled his pale lip, he stalked slowly from the room!

I locked the door, and breathed freely again; I was right in my conjecture; my dream seemed to have aided my memory, and every circumstance came clearly to my recollection. It was in a court of justice I had seen this man, whose crime, (dark as his escape from its consequence was extraordinary,) had stained the annals of my native country; and in the strange action rehearsed in sleep, I recognised the judicial form of the gladiatorial law, of which he was the latest claimant.

I was dressed with the first ray of morning. The woman was up. I declined taking any breakfast, but, leaping on my horse, galloped rapidly from the contaminating atmosphere that seemed to hang around the domicile of

ABRAHAM THORNTON.

Note.—On the 5th of August, 1817, Abraham Thornton was capitally indicted at the Warwick Assizes, for the wilful murder of Mary Ashford, near the village of Erdington, under most aggravated circumstances.

From some discrepancy in the evidence, he was acquitted, but again taken into custody on an 'Appeal of Murder,' prosecuted by William Ashford, the brother and heir-at-law of the deceased.

The prisoner Thornton, is thus described:—"He was about twenty-five years of age, five feet seven inches in height, and of a ferocious and forbidding aspect. His natural thickness was greater than common, but excessive corpulency had swollen his whole figure into a size rather approaching deformity. His face was swollen and shining, his neck very short and thick, but his limbs were well-proportioned. He was a great adept in gymnastic games, and accounted one of the strongest men in the country; so athletic was his form, that his arm-pits did not possess the usual cavities, but were fortified with powerful ligaments."

He, conscious of the decided advantage which his uncommon personal strength would give him over the dwarfish and delicate frame of the Appellant Ashford, had determined on availing himself of the barbarous privilege extended to him by the antiquated and absurd law under which he stood appealed, known as '*Trial by Wager of Battle.*'

On the 17th of November the proceedings were resumed in the Court of King's Bench, in Westminster Hall, London, where the Sheriff of Warwick appeared with Thornton as his prisoner. When, in the proceedings of this day, he was asked, in the form of the court, if guilty or otherwise, Mr. Reader, one of his counsel, put into his hand a slip of paper, from which he read "not guilty; and I am ready to defend the same with my body." Mr. Reader likewise handed him a pair of large gauntlets or gloves, one of which he put on, and the other, in pursuance of the old form, he threw down for the Appellant to take up. It was not taken up. And thus did the rigid application of the law, a second time snatch this man from the punishment which, even on his own admission of guilt, he had so fully incurred.

Finding himself an object of dread and terror in the neighbourhood of his family, he, a few months after his liberation, succeeded in disguise in procuring a passage to *America.* See *Criminal Trials.*

From the Same.

THE PEACE OFFERING.

There is no pursuit, however innocent, if suffered to occupy the time, and absorb the attention, to an excess detrimental to the more necessary and important employments of life, which may not become as baneful in its effects, as the indulgence of palpable, or even criminal irregularities.

Such, however, was not the opinion of Eric Korner, as the shades of evening fell on the second day of his entire absence from business, and found him still employed in his little garden, devoted to the cultivation of his loved carnations.

"They will blow on the morrow," mentally ejaculated Eric, "and the prize will be mine, despite the boasting of Van Buren;" and closing the door of his summer pavilion, erected on the model of his father's 'lust-haus' at Frankfort, he mounted his horse, and left the quiet village of Haarlem, for the gaiety and bustle of the Broadway, New York.

No merchant of that busy city had greater cause for contentment than Eric Korner; his affairs were prosperous, his home was all he desired; the bright eye of his young wife beamed brighter on his approach, and the prattle of little Blanche, his only child, could win him even from his flowers! And if he occasionally left his counting-house in Wall Street at an earlier hour than his compatriots, it was not for the conviviality of Niblo's, or the rapid drive to various establishments of festivity in the neighbourhood, but to enjoy his merchaum and the fresh air of Haarlem, in the society of all he most loved,—his wife, his child, and his carnations.

Such were the excuses rendered by his friends for the indulgence of a pursuit which, although harmless in itself, certainly occupied many hours that might have been more profitably employed; but even their partial feeling was excited to an expression of disapprobation, on observing his favourite occupation become a passion for which even his best interests were gradually neglected.

A prize had been offered for the finest specimen of a peculiar species of his favourite flower, by an horticultural society yet in its infancy; and, with a spirit of rivalry excited by the boast of a countryman, who claimed its exclusive possession, Korner had sent expressly to Holland for a variety of the plant in question: his whole attention had been devoted to their culture, and with feelings of delight, on the evening our story commences, he gazed on the partial developement of their beauties.

On the following day, at the earliest hour he could escape from business, he hastened to Haarlem, accompanied by his wife, his child, and a friend, to whom, with exulting pride, he displayed his floral treasure, one flower of which was in full maturity. Engaged in conversation in the summer-house, whilst Mrs. Korner prepared refreshments, little Blanche roamed through the garden; and, although previously told on no account to approach the particular spot where all his ambition was, for the moment, centred, there, when removed from observation, did her little steps immediately incline; and, like an infant 'Eve,' allured by the glittering hue, she first inhaled its balmy perfume, and then plucked the interdicted flower!—With no consciousness of wrong, she ran, with childish glee, to display her newly acquired treasure. Irritated at the moment, Korner snatched away the prize, and, with an angry exclamation, pushed her from him; she tottered, and fell at her mother's feet, who raised her instantly, and strove, by every endearment, to console her: fearing he might have hurt her, and instantly regretting the folly of his anger, he fondly caressed the weeping child, who, although evidently uninjured, would not be comforted; she appeared astonished and bewildered, and replied to all enquiries but by sobs and tears; nor could the parents' united efforts remove the deep impression evidently made by this, his first ebullition of unkindness.

They returned home, and, until a late hour, Korner sat with Blanche upon his knee, and won her again to comparative cheerfulness; and often, during the night, stole gently to her little bed, to watch with anxiety her uneasy slumber. On the following morning she complained of head-ache, and, on his return from business, he forgot his garden and his flowers as he pressed her fevered lips and throbbing pulse, and watched with agony the countenance of her medical attendant. "'Tis an incipient fever," said he, in answer to Korner's anxious enquiry, "developed by strong excitement." He retired, with the promise of an early visit on the morrow; by which time the heart-broken father, with many a bitter imprecation on his causeless anger, gazed on the pallid countenance of his beloved child, who lay calm and smiling in her sleep of *death!*

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It was night:—the bereaved mother sat by the coffin of her infant, whom the next day was to consign to kindred earth; she gazed on the little bed, the late loved occupant of which now tenanted a narrower couch; 'fancy filled up each empty garment with her form;' the little slippers recalled the welcome sounds which were wont to herald her approach; the scattered playthings told of many a joyous shout from lips now cold and motionless for ever! and the stifled sob burst each effort of concealment.

The door opened, and Korner glided into the room. He gazed for a moment on the pale features of his child; kissed her cold lips, and mastering, with a convulsive effort, his strong emotion, hurried from the chamber.

The mother turned on his departure to the coffin. There lay the calm infant; and in her hand, freshly gathered, and breathing delicious perfume, was placed a bunch of flowers, recognised immediately as the valued plants, one of which had caused his deeply regretted anger:—he had brought them from that garden which he never entered again; and offered them, with his abandoned pursuit, as a 'peace offering' to the unconscious slumberer.

From the same.

THE MONOMANIAC.

Although the march of intellect has dissipated many of our nursery superstitions; and those fearful visitations of the dim and shadowy world, which staggered even the wise and learned of by-gone days, have evanesced into 'airy nothings,' before the spirit of enquiry and the research of science; yet, in the daily occurrences of life, enough remains of the wild and wonderful, to startle the sceptic and perplex the philosopher.

There could scarcely have been found a finer sample of manhood, than in the person of Harry Elmore, when, at the age of two-and-twenty, with high spirits, an ardent temperament, and a mind cultivated by education and improved by travels, he was recalled from Europe, by the demise of his father, to take possession of an extensive property in South Carolina. The deceased Mr. Elmore, a kind and indulgent master, had earnestly recommended the numerous slaves on his establishment to the protection of his son, who, a native of Carolina, brought up from his childhood on the plantations, had been an especial favourite with all; the last wishes of his father were but in unison with his own, and nowhere in the far South, could be found a happier race of sable mortals, than the cultivators of the broad-lands of Ranoke.

It was a proud day for one of this motley group, when Harry Elmore returned to the paternal roof; the fine muscular frame of Hector seemed to dilate with importance, when recalled from his ordinary employment to immediate and personal attendance upon his young master. His mother had been Harry's nurse, and he bore him all that affection which kindness never fails to produce in the degraded Negro:—Some attention, from this circumstance, had been paid to his education; and although his claims to erudition might not have been allowed beyond the sphere of the plantation, he combined, with more than the ordinary shrewdness of his race, other qualifications which were generally acknowledged and appreciated;—he could swim like a fish—fight like a tiger—and run like a greyhound! These accomplishments were prized by no one more than his master; a keen sportsman in a country where the chase is not unattended with danger, Hector's courage and abilities had been, on more than one occasion, called into action; and, to crown all, he was possessed of a virtue, the more valuable on account of its rarity—he was abstemiously sober! It was soon remarked, the new proprietor of Ranoke was not likely to follow in the steps of his predecessor; satisfied with the fortune he had inherited, he left the management of his affairs to overlookers, and appeared inclined to follow the example of a country where longevity is seldom attained, but by habits diametrically opposed to the high living and profuse hospitality of a Southern planter.

The society of his immediate neighbourhood was a fair sample of the whole State, where precocious manhood promised little but premature old age, and all seemed anxious to crowd into a brief existence, as much of enjoyment as could be obtained by unlimited indulgence in the joys of the race-course and the chase, and the more dangerous excitements of the bottle and the gaming table!

Harry Elmore, although his intellectual attainments rendered him superior to such society, had not escaped its contaminating influence; and whilst his mind had been cultivated by European society, his morals were not improved by an introduction to the sporting circles of England, or his initiation in the 'salons' of Paris.

Freed from all salutary restraint or control, and never having known a mother's affection, who had died in giving birth to her only child, he rushed on a career of dissipation and extravagance, which presaged a speedy shipwreck both of health and fortune:—the quiet mansion of his father was now the rendezvous of all the boon companions of his daily sports and nightly orgies, and morning too often broke on scenes of disgraceful riot and disgusting inebriety.

In the course of two years, large sums lost at play, and responsibilities incurred for others, made a frightful inroad into a fortune, more than sufficient for the ordinary indulgences, or even luxuries, of life, when a circumstance occurred by which his mad career was retarded.

On the last day of Charleston races, a horse of Elmore's had won, contrary to general expectation; remarks, implying doubts of the fairness of the race, were made by several losers on the occasion, and, in the course of an angry altercation, Colonel Darwin, one of his most intimate friends, received a gross insult from a person betwixt whom and Elmore a grudge of old standing existed; a meeting was appointed for the following morning, and with strong feelings against his opponent, he readily undertook the support of his friend.

In Carolina the office of second is by no means the nominal situation custom, and the amelioration of the sanguinary code of the 'duello,' has rendered it in Europe; nor is the meeting a secret, being generally confided to two or three friends, who attend as witnesses or coadjutors, as circumstances may render necessary.

On the following morning, at the usual place for deciding such affairs, a lone part of the sea-beach, commonly designated 'The battle ground,' the principals were at their post, each attended by two friends, besides the immediate seconds; and from the dark looks, and stern civilities mutually exchanged, it was evident that no amicable arrangement was anticipated.

The first fire was harmless, and the principals advanced one pace by agreement, when a remark from the opposing second gave offence to Elmore, and his reply seemed a preconcerted signal for a general combat; pistols were discharged—and then the desperate close and struggle, which rendered the use of the Spanish knife (a weapon constantly worn about the person,) available, gave to the conflict the character of a deadly and sanguinary strife!

An alarm was given, and by the time several persons had arrived at the scene of contention, three of the combatants were down, to rise no more! and Elmore, fainting from loss of blood, and covered with wounds, was borne from the frightful "melée," by the timely interposition of Hector!

It was three months before he arose from a bed of sickness, insensibility, and pain; his medical attendant, Mr. Stanley, an old college friend, watched the progress of his lingering recovery with intense anxiety, and observed, with sorrow and surprise, that improving health brought no elasticity of mind, or the usual joyful anticipations of convalescence; a gloom was on his brow; his eye either wild and startling, or settled into the expression of deep and fearful abstraction.

He was shortly enabled to leave his chamber, and however his friends might regret the anguish depicted on his countenance, they rejoiced to find he was a wiser, if a sadder, man. A minute enquiry into his affairs, the immediate dismissal of his principal overlooker, and an entire change in his habits, were the first proofs of a determined reformation; the sale of many of his valuable horses, and a diminution of his domestic establishment, followed; his accustomed sports were neglected, his rifle thrown by, and Hector's situation became a sinecure; who, as if to accommodate himself to 'the mode' gradually became as miserable and melancholy as his master.

Time seemed to bring no alleviation to the strange malady which oppressed him; his meals—his walks—were solitary, and with the exception of Mr. Stanley, he had neither visiter nor companion: it was in vain, in the blended character of friend and physician, he strove to fathom his mind's disease; to all enquiry and solicitude he was obstinately silent.

A year passed away, his health was re-established, but the gloom of his spirit still remained; and if, at times, his bearing assumed somewhat of the gaiety of former days, it was instantly followed by a corresponding depression. He had, however, strictly adhered to his plans of economy, and one year's personal attention had done much in repairing the derangement of his affairs.

At this period he informed Mr. Stanley of his intention of again visiting Europe; and he spoke of some business of importance still unarranged, and also expressed a hope that, in change of scene and climate, he might recover his wonted tone of mind, and accustomed spirits. It was rumoured that he had formed an attachment in England, not entirely obliterated during his brief and desperate career; of this circumstance he made no communication to Stanley, who, however, hoped that his visit might have for its object the renewal of such connection, and lead to a permanent domestic arrangement; it was evident he anticipated an absence of some years, from the extensive tour he contemplated in Europe.

Everything was prepared for his departure; on the previous evening, Stanley, who was his guest for the night, having promised to accompany him to Charleston, his place of embarkation, was congratulating him on the necessity of a sea voyage. "You have, no doubt," said Elmore, "thought my conduct both strange and ungrateful, in not communicating to you the cause of my depression, and altered demeanor; I had hoped time would have dissipated an illusion, (for illusion it must be!) and rendered unnecessary the confession of a weakness, which must excite your pity, if not your contempt!" "Explain yourself, I beg," replied Stanley. "You are well aware," continued Elmore, "I am not superstitious; nay more, that my general scepticism has been the cause of frequent argument between us; how, then, shall I tell you I am, at this moment, haunted by a spectre! whose constant visitation is undermining my health, and destroying my peace!" "Good heavens! can you be serious?" exclaimed his friend. "Perfectly so!" proceeded he; "listen! if it be a delusion, it is one which has continued for a long year; alone I have wrestled with it, and have neither yielded to madness nor despair: it is a foe I cannot destroy, but have, at length, learned to endure. During my illness, its first impression was as a wild and hateful dream; it mingled, on my recovery, with my waking thoughts; its frightful reality increased as my health improved, until it has become a dark shadow and 'plague spot' in my existence! My nerves have never entirely failed me; yet even now, when time and habit have accustomed me to its presence, its shadowy influence thrills my very marrow!" "Where, and at what time," enquired Stanley, "does it most predominate?" "At all times, and every where;" replied he, "even now, 'tis there!" pointing upwards, and gazing wildly on the high and darkened wainscot. "It's form—*my own dissevered head*; dark drops of gore are falling from it, and the eyes are fixed in the dull and stony glare of death!" It was night, and Stanley felt the blood creep coldly through his veins, as Elmore, with his eyes fixed on the spot immediately above where he was seated, made this strange disclosure. "Yes," resumed he, "I have reasoned, I have struggled against it,—still 'tis there!" He arose, and hastily drew the curtain from the window, "and there!" he cried, "in the dark cloud of night, in the lighted chamber—in the broad face of day—alone—or in the crowd—that cold eye and ghastly head are still before me, but I have not entirely sunk under it," rejoined he, "nor will I:—it must be some optical illusion proceeding from my late illness; time and change of scene may, at length, remove it; or, at least, render it less distressing. I have thus," concluded he, "explained myself, as I wished you to know the real cause of my uneasiness; but I beg you will consider this communication confidential, for, indifferent as I am to the opinion of the world, I would yet avoid the reputation of a 'ghost seer,' or dreamer." The following morning Elmore embarked for Liverpool, taking with him Hector; and Stanley returned, deeply impressed with the strange communication he had received.

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Six years elapsed, the greater portion of which were passed in travel, when Elmore was again domesticated at Ranoke; he had been fortunate in a judicious marriage, and the addition to his family of two lovely children. The errors of his early career had been repaired, his affairs were prosperous, and no person more generally respected in the State of South Carolina. The malady so much affecting his spirits had yielded so far to time and resolution, as to be regarded with little of dread or apprehension; although, strange to say, it had never entirely disappeared. This was a secret to all but his friend Stanley, who continued his constant visiter; and he had no cause for regret or anxiety, beyond a circumstance which might appear of trifling importance; viz. the sudden disappearance of Hector.

He had been sent early in the morning on business to Charleston, and had not returned; enquiries were made, and it was ascertained he had neither executed his commission, nor been seen in the neighbourhood. His long attachment to Elmore, and apparent affection for his children, made his absence a source of great uneasiness; his steady habits and extreme sobriety, rendered it more extraordinary; apprehensions were naturally entertained for his safety; and when weeks elapsed, and no tidings of him were received, Elmore feared his worst anticipations had been realized.

It was one of those calm and delightful evenings, nowhere more highly appreciated than in a Southern climate, when the extreme heat of day is succeeded by the cool night-breeze, laden with the perfume of the orange tree and the myrtle; Elmore sat with his family beneath a verandah adjoining the house, and overlooking a landscape of surpassing beauty. His mind was calm and serene; the mental disease he had laboured under was all but subdued, the visitations it produced had become 'few and far between;' and as he gazed upon his wife and children, he felt, once more, a proud and happy man.. They remained in conversation until it became nearly dark; the moon arose partially obscured, and they were about retiring, when a servant entered, and announced the return of Hector:—"Tell him to come to me instantly," hastily answered Elmore, "He must speak with you, Sir, he says, before he enters the house," replied the servant, "*Must!*" said Elmore; "well, well; I suppose he is ashamed of his absence, and wishes to give me some explanation;—tell him I'll come to him;" and assuring Mrs. Elmore he would not be long, he passed from the verandah through the apartment to the front of the house.

Mrs. Elmore retired with the children; lights were brought, and she awaited with some anxiety the return of her husband; ten minutes—a quarter—half an hour elapsed,—and still he did not appear. She at length became uneasy, and rang for the servant; to her enquiry, he replied, Mr. Elmore had walked with Hector up the avenue, a distance of some fifty yards from the door, and had not returned. It was now quite dark; she felt alarmed, and hastened to the front of the house; all was silent—she called, but no answer was returned; and she rushed down the steps leading to the avenue, followed by the servants. There was a rising ground about thirty yards from the house, and workmen had been employed during the day, felling timber. She had reached the spot, when a wild and piercing shriek broke upon her ear—and the moon, at that moment, bursting from a dark and heavy cloud, shone full upon the giant form of Hector; he still brandished a large wood-axe streaming with blood, and, at his feet, lay the *headless corpse* of Harry Elmore!

Note.—On the execution of the Mulatto for the murder, (the particulars of which are on the judicial records of Charleston, South Carolina) he steadily adhered to the account he rendered on his apprehension; viz. that he had cherished neither malice nor enmity against his master; nor had any motive but the 'instigation of the devil,' who, he insisted, had prompted him to the crime; that his reason for leaving the establishment of his master was, if possible, to escape from a power which appeared to urge him to the committal of the crime; and that a fate, which he could not account for or control, prompted his return.

A similar instance is recorded in England as regards Nicholson, who was executed for the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Bonner.—See *Criminal Trials.*

From the Monthly Chronicle.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE HISTORY OF FORGERY.

The amelioration of our penal code has considerably diminished the interest with which trials for forgery are regarded in England. All the terrible adjuncts and accessories of the law being removed, and the exhibition being stripped of its ghastly fascination, and reduced to an ordinary legal process, leading to a commonplace catastrophe, popular excitement is at an end. Judicial proceedings in criminal cases, thus shorn of their horrors, have ceased to attract panting audiences; and it is to be hoped that the taste for such dismal performances is fast dying away. The ingenious fabricator of a forged bill of exchange no longer creates a sensation at the Old Bailey; and there must be some circumstances of a peculiar kind in his case to provoke even a morning's gossip over the newspapers. The romance of forgery is extinct. It went out with the barbarous statutes that furnished it with sessional calendars of rank and fertile materials.

The haggard anxiety with which the populace used to look forward to all trials of life and death, was in itself an evil of great magnitude. It helped to nourish in the lower orders a desperate hatred of the laws—a sort of wild chivalry that leagued their sympathies, right or wrong, with the culprit—a rage for justice after their own fashion, of self-adjusting protection—and to cultivate, by the despair and resistance it engendered, the very crimes which our sanguinary code was intended to suppress. The extreme severity of a punishment, which was held by the multitude at large to exceed the measure of the offence, had the effect, indirectly, and by crooked and wayward paths to the imagination, of making the offence, if we may so describe it, popular. The great bulk of the uneducated classes, while they denounced the sentence, felt themselves unconsciously drawn into the defence of the condemned. If they did not believe him to be innocent, they thought he was persecuted; which, in their estimation, was pretty much the same thing. The same morbid sensibility, keenly alive to the inflictions of the law, indiscriminately resented almost all cases where the last penalty was carried into effect, except those in which the criminal had outraged the ties of nature, or exhibited a reckless and savage disposition. In such instances, with equal excess on the other side, the impulses of the populace would lead them to take the law into their own hands, and substitute a tremendous vengeance for unimpassioned justice. It is fortunate for the morals of the country, that the age of both extremes is past. An irrepressible feeling of indignation still breaks out whenever some monstrous violation of the sacred obligations of humanity takes place;

but this is the type of the better instincts of the people, of that generous enthusiasm which survives the influence of superstition, and which education may restrain but cannot extinguish in civilized communities. The interposition, however, of a vague and clamorous sentiment between the law and the offender, is no more to be apprehended. Highwaymen and housebreakers are no longer the heroes of doggerel ballads and storied wood-cuts; they no longer lead the fashions in the cut of their doublets, the ties of their neckcloths, or the shape of their swords; they no longer stamp their image upon the contemporary age, or contest the glory of immortality with the poets, generals, and ministers of their day. If another Claude du Val were to arise, there is no danger that he would run away with the hearts of half the young ladies of family in the kingdom, or be followed to Tyburn with streaming eyes and mourning coaches. In the times when the "gentlemen of the road" were regarded on "the tree" as martyrs to a principle of honourable restitution, which robbed the rich to assist the poor, the crowd who commiserated their fate so deeply had all the inclination, short of the genius, to imitate their example. There never was a more apt illustration than those times exhibited of the threadbare but sage political maxim, that persecution (that is, law) makes martyrs, and martyrs make proselytes.

But those pleasant, picturesque, free-and-easy, roystering, simple times are over. We have arrived at a period when juster and harder notions of things are entertained; and we can now afford to look back upon the course and consequences of laws, which for the most part belong to the past, and which cast their shadows upon us only from a few points, which yet remain to be repealed and abolished. It is not our intention to speculate upon the principles of legislation applicable to that "offspring of letters," the crime of Forgery, but to trace a few of the principal illustrations of its history.

Forgery was anciently punished by the common law with fine, imprisonment, and pillory; but by the statute of the 5th of Elizabeth, c. 14., "to forge any deed, roll or will, to affect the right to any property, freehold or copyhold," was more severely dealt with; and the offender, besides being convicted in double costs and damages, was to stand in the pillory, have his ears cut off, and his nose slit and seared. He was liable moreover to perpetual imprisonment, all his lands being forfeited to the crown. Sir Robert Peel, when he introduced his bill for abating the penalties in certain cases, seems to have considered this enactment as the earliest of the kind in our records. The act of Elizabeth, however, was not the first that was passed against forgery. A statute was framed in the reign of Richard II. for the express purpose of punishing judges and clerks of courts for the delinquency of forging legal and other records. Now, as such a statute would hardly have been submitted to the legislature unless the judges and clerks had actually been in the practice, to a greater or lesser extent, of committing frauds of this description, it gives us no very exalted notion of the integrity of those legal functionaries, to find that a declaratory law of this nature, directly addressed to them, should have been considered necessary. The administration of justice was evidently corrupt throughout all its departments, and the means adopted to remedy the evil indicate the slow perception of the legislature to its enormity. By the statute alluded to, the judges and the officers of the courts were condemned to pay a fine to the king, and make satisfaction to the party injured, for "falsely entering pleas, or raising rolls, or changing verdicts to the disherison of any one." Agreeably to this statute, the fraudulent judge was only required to make compensation and pay a fine to the king (who at all events was sure to benefit by the fraud), and having complied with the conditions of the law, was allowed to resume his functions, and commit more frauds in the hope of escaping detection. It never occurred to the legislature to remove him, and effectually protect the public against the recurrence of such acts.

In this instance it will be seen that, grave as the offence was, in so far as the interests of the community were concerned, it was treated with extraordinary leniency in comparison with the severity of modern legislation. At a period long subsequent to the reign of Richard II., and even to that of Elizabeth, it was considered necessary to visit the crime of forgery, in almost all cases, with death. As we have become more civilized, we seem to have become more stringent in our laws in some instances; and it must be confessed, that in others we have become more tolerant and merciful. Thus, while kings divorced their wives on Tower-hill for the crime of having "outlived their liking," they merely imposed fines upon the judges (who could well afford to pay them) for committing frauds at the very spring-head of justice. If in later times we hung the forgers of legal and commercial instruments, it must be admitted, as a set-off, that we have dealt more reasonably with our wives.

The forgery of a document to enable one man to possess himself of the property of another is unquestionably a fraud of the most serious kind, against which it is difficult to devise protection, and which it is of the highest importance to repress in a mercantile country. Other outrages upon property require the confederation of accomplices, great bodily strength, presence of mind, personal courage, and subtle ingenuity; they can be accomplished only by consummate strategy, and always at the risk of immediate detection, and perhaps of life. The highway robber and the burglar cannot take their first step without exposing themselves to the imminent danger of speedy apprehension, or instant death; but the forger, if he be a skilful penman, or have even an indifferent eye for imitation, can effect his object unseen, without communication with others, and in perfect security. It requires neither pre-organization, assistance, physical power, nor courage—save the bad courage of cowards; and a youth, expert with the pen or the graver, could commit a forgery with as much ease as the most practised writer. The elaborate Ireland-Shakspeare MSS., which deceived some of the most sagacious critics of the day, were the work of a young man in his teens.

Whether the facility and secrecy with which the forger can carry on his operations ought to have been taken into the account, as furnishing an additional reason for increasing the severity of the punishment, it would now be idle to inquire; but it is certain that the law by degrees became more and more coercive, and that the number of forgeries increased in proportion—the law and the crime apparently acting and reacting on each other—until the height of the penalty and the crime were attained under the system which has been described by the humorous appellation of "blest paper credit." The 8th and 9th of William III. rendered it a capital offence to forge bank bills, bank notes, or other securities. The real object of this act was to protect the operations of the Bank of England, which was then an infant establishment, and which the government was pledged by circumstances to sustain.

In the time of George II. the forgery of promissory notes and of bills of exchange was punished with death. "I have little doubt," said Sir Robert Peel, referring to this part of the subject, "that such a law was provided in consequence of the detection of some very extensive forgeries in the preceding year (1727). The accounts of these are amply given in the State Trials, and the details are curious. Forgeries had been committed by a person named Hale, in one case of a bill of 1,000*l.* and in another of 4,700*l.* in all, I believe, by the forgery of promissory notes for 6,300*l.*, if not more, purporting to be those of Mr. Gibson, then a member of Parliament. At that time a member's frank consisted simply of his name written on a sheet of paper, with the word 'free' prefixed; the rest of the address could be filled up by any body. Hale got several of these franks with the word 'free' which he altered to the word 'for,' adding R. Gibson, the member's name, and converting each paper into a promissory note." It was the indignation inspired by the facility thus afforded to the commission of frauds, that produced, according to Sir Robert Peel, those enactments which were long afterwards deplored as a disgrace to our statute book. But this opinion is not historically accurate: one description of forgery at least was punishable with death many years before the Bank of England was called into existence. By the 39th of Elizabeth, cap. 17. "Every idle and wandering mariner or soldier coming from beyond seas, who should not have a testimonial under the hand of some justice of the peace of, or near, the place where he landed, setting down therein the place and time where he landed, and the place of his dwelling or birth unto which he would pass, and allowing him a certain time to proceed thither, or who should at any time thereafter forge or counterfeit any such testimonial, or have with him such forged testimonial, was to be adjudged a felon, and suffer without benefit of clergy." This mild and reasonable regulation, which rendered the fortunate veteran who had escaped death in the battles of his country, liable to be executed without benefit of clergy as soon as he had been safely landed on his native shores, resembles some of the quaint decisions of Sancho Panza, over which we may ponder a long time, before we discover the occult wisdom of their intention. But there is this difference between them, that in the legislative conundrums of Barrataria, we ultimately detect a sagacious and benevolent purpose, while in this enactment it is impossible to discover any purpose beyond that of sheer superfluous cruelty. Happily there is reason to believe that it became a dead letter, without having even once been acted upon.

When the law once recognised forgery as a capital offence the number of cases to which the punishment of death became applicable, fearfully multiplied. The voluminous reports made to parliament on the subject, furnish startling evidence of the fact, and show, from the manner in which the principle thus laid down was obliged to be worked out, how solemn a responsibility rests upon those whose important duty it is to deliberate before they admit a principle, the extensive results of which they have not fully considered. Instruments respecting sums of money, writings, and deeds, determining the holding of property, wills, and other documents of similar import and value, demanded all the safeguards with which the law could surround them. But the difficulty was to discriminate between the various kinds and degrees of guilt, and to adapt the law to an endless variety of forms of forgery which, although of different shades of injury to the community, were all equally criminal, so far as the rights of property were involved. The increase of forgery in a multitude of new shapes, and the irresistible logic of the aggrieved, who maintained that one class ought to be protected as well as another, led at last to a frightful extension of the capital penalty. The multitude of laws which were demanded by the altered circumstances of the times, exceeded all calculation; the statute book swelled to an appalling magnitude; and those who contended for the propriety of visiting forgery with death, in consideration of the infinite mischief it was likely to entail in our "nation of shopkeepers," could not, we may venture to conjecture, regard the work of their own hands without feelings of abhorrence. The law was not long confined to such documents as we have alluded to. The placing a false stamp on spoons and sugar-tongs, and the fabricating of the prescribed fiscal ace of hearts, soon after became punishable with death!

Little did the men who enlarged the provisions of the law from time to time, to arrest the march of ingenuity that tracked, or rather accompanied, the gigantic steps of science and foreign commerce, anticipate the scenes of individual misery and public excitement, their proceedings were ultimately destined to produce. The fatal decision had been pronounced, and could not be recalled: and in proportion as the enormity of the punishment became visible, the necessity of carrying it sternly into operation grew the more imperative; since, without committing a flagrant injustice, none could be relieved from the full measure of a penalty which, in like circumstances, others had suffered. The character of the influence which these events and considerations exercised upon society, will be best exhibited in a few outlines of two or three of the most memorable cases that occurred during the latter half of the reign of George III. These painful traditions of a sanguinary law will no doubt be familiar to most of our readers; but they are essential to the purposes of our sketch.

In 1775 an extraordinary sensation was created by the fate of the Perreaus, and the sympathy that was generally felt for them was afterwards probably one of the reasons why mercy was refused to be extended to others. When the life of a criminal was in suspense, and disconsolate friends importuned men in power to mitigate the severity of the sentence, the invariable answer was—"If this offender is spared, the two Perreaus will have been murdered!" This unreasoning vindication of the majesty of the law, checked all farther solicitation, and extinguished hope. But surely if the principle of the law was bad, the sooner the error was confessed, and the wrong terminated the better. The pride of legislation, however, has always been opposed to acknowledgments of this sort. Injurious laws are passed with sufficient promptitude, while law reformers have the pace of the tortoise.

Robert Perreau appeared in the station of a gentleman, and wanting a loan of 1,400*l.* in consequence of a recent purchase which he stated himself to have made to the amount of 12,000*l.* he applied for that sum to Mr. Drummond. On a subsequent day he went to the same party to borrow 5,000*l.* on a bond for 7,500*l.* purporting to have been given to him by a Mr. Adair. Though Perreau represented himself to be a man of good property, and the possessor of a house in Harley-street, Cavendish-square, which had cost him 4,000*l.* some doubt arose as to the genuineness of the instrument, which he was told could only be removed by its being shown to Mr. Adair. Perreau made no objection to this, and went with Mr. Drummond to the house of that gentleman. Mr. Adair did not seem to know Mr. Perreau, though the latter had previously spoken of an intimacy subsisting between them, and the bond was at once repudiated. This determination seemed to cause Perreau much surprise, and he now stated that he had received the document from his sister, Mrs. Daniel Perreau. The lady was sent for. She had lived with Daniel Perreau; but her name was Rudd. On being shown the bond, Mrs. Rudd immediately declared that Perreau was innocent, and that she alone was culpable. Of the truth of this statement, Mr. Drummond and Mr. Adair were so completely satisfied, that though a constable was in attendance, Perreau was immediately liberated. Some inexplicable fatuity, however, drew him back into the peril he had thus singularly escaped, and declaring his anxiety for a full investigation into the circumstances, with a view to the complete vindication of his honour, he voluntarily surrendered to take his trial. If he were really actuated by the motives he avowed, and if he really entertained a hope of an honourable acquittal, which in his defence was most confidently and eloquently insisted upon, his disappointment must have been indescribably bitter. The statement he made in court carried conviction to the minds of many persons, that he had been cruelly deceived, and was an injured man. In closing his address he said, "I should be wanting in respect to your lordships and the jury, if I doubted the justice of their verdict, and, which is inseparable from it, my honourable acquittal!" The jury, notwithstanding, found a verdict of guilty. His having falsely pretended to be on friendly terms with Mr. Adair, was supposed to have led to the finding; and that untruth the commiserating public had no difficulty in tracing to the artful manœuvring of Mrs. Rudd. He stated his life to have been sacrificed to an "innocent lie."

His brother, Daniel Perreau, was convicted of forging a bond for 3,300*l.* with intent to defraud the same party; and in this, as in the former case, Mrs. Rudd was believed to have been the person really guilty. She was, however, subsequently tried and acquitted.

The gentlemanly deportment of the two brothers, their solemn asseverations of innocence, and other circumstances, caused the general feeling to be very strongly in their favour, and it was most earnestly hoped that their lives would be spared. The prisoners confidingly indulged in this delusive expectation; and one of them, at a moment when it was thought to be probable that the sentences would be commuted to imprisonment, seemed even to have anticipated some still more lenient measure. The importance of giving the world an appalling example, where forgery had been committed, prevailed over all the interest exerted to save these unhappy men. They suffered at Tyburn, denying their guilt in the most solemn manner to the last. Mr. Vilette, the ordinary, who wrote an account of their last moments, had a strong impression that they were innocent. The declarations they had verbally made were taken down, and according to the custom of the time, given to the minister in writing as their last speeches, though he had earnestly warned them of the awful consequences which must ensue in another world, if they died promulgating a falsehood in this.

In their case, not only were the usual kindly efforts of friends and relatives made to save the doomed, but the lord mayor and corporation of London were moved to petition in their behalf, and the question for a season occupied the whole nation.

But great as was the sensation this case created, it was far exceeded by that which was witnessed two years afterwards, when the celebrated Dr. Dodd came on the scene as a violater of the law. This divine was a gentleman of considerable talents and of great reputed eloquence, although we are afraid, it must be added, that he was more showy than profound, more specious than sincere. His pulpit displays were "applauded to the echo;" and perhaps one reason for their being so applauded was, that they were short. Foote makes *Mrs. Simony* say that her doctor (Doctor Dodd was understood) did not fatigue his auditory with more than twenty minutes' preaching. Be the cause what it might, the fact is certain that he was much in vogue; and if not the best minister, one of the most popular professors of the day. It is true that at the court end of the town, where his oratory, he had fondly calculated, would have been especially admired, he was regarded as a shallow pretender; but this did not cause him to be less sought after by the public generally. Some ill stories had got abroad respecting his private life, but his good-natured idolaters pronounced them to be wicked calumnies. That he was vain and extravagant was with good reason averred on the one hand; but, on the other, the bearing and the acts which had drawn down this reproach, were eulogised as proofs of a proper regard for the dignity of the high station he was ordained to fill as a chosen and highly gifted minister. It was still his happiness to be followed by admiring crowds wherever he went, and largely to benefit the funds of every institution he undertook to advocate. Thus flattered and thus supported, the fortunes of Dr. Dodd seemed to be established on almost as firm a basis as ambition could covet or prudence desire.

But not all his popularity, though he exerted great industry, and in a variety of ways—though as an author, and as the editor of a newspaper, he must have been in the receipt of considerable sums—could furnish him with means equal to his supposed wants. Spared as he was the expense of maintaining a family, the improvidences of his wife kept him poor; and his necessities became so great, that, on the rectory of Saint George's, Hanover-square, falling vacant, he had the rashness to venture on offering a bribe of 300*l.* to the lord chancellor's lady, for her influence in his behalf, towards obtaining him the living. Insulted by this offer, and disgusted by the craving spirit it betrayed, she exposed the sordid application, and the name of Dr. Dodd was struck out of the list of his majesty's chaplains. Thus disgraced, he left the country for a time, but returned, and was presented to the living of Winge, in Buckinghamshire, by Lord Chesterfield, to whom he had been preceptor.

This noble lord was the son of that *arbiter elegantiarum*, whose letters on manners and society are so well known; and it was supposed at the time, and not without some show of reason, that it was because the doctor had studied the maxims of the noble author so carefully, that his lordship thought him qualified to instruct his son. That he gained the goodwill of his pupil is clear from the fact above stated; but the doctor made an ungrateful return for his kindness, by forging his lordship's name to a bond for 4,200*l.* He always declared, that though he committed this crime, it was not his intention to act fraudulently in the end; and that, had not the forgery been discovered, the cash should have been duly replaced. It is probable that such was really his intention, and the public, with whom he had always been a distinguished favourite, gave full credit to his assertion.

Then was witnessed a scene, such as has rarely been presented in any age or nation, a whole people sorrowing for a criminal convicted by some of themselves of a crime punishable by death, and seeking to put aside the sentence awarded by law, as if doing this were to avert one of the most awful calamities that could befall the people. All classes, including the jury who convicted, petitioned for his life; and one petition was subscribed by no fewer than 23,000 individuals! These efforts, however, in which the whole country might be said to have moved, were made in vain. The recent fate of the Perreaus forbade the stream of mercy to flow in behalf of Dr. Dodd. By his writings in prison, he attempted to heighten the sympathy of the public; and not trusting to himself alone, the more powerful pen of Dr. Johnson was employed in his behalf, not openly as Dr. Johnson's, but privately, to furnish compositions, which for the time were supposed to have been those of Dr. Dodd. The trick succeeded to a considerable extent, and the cry in favour of the culprit throughout the kingdom was almost universal. But this could effect nothing in the highest quarter. It was rumoured that when George III.

manifested some disposition to spare the culprit, a learned judge at once met him with the remarkable observation we have already quoted, that if Dr. Dodd escaped, the two Perreaus were murdered. This was believed at the time, but has since been contradicted and re-asserted. Whatever truth, however, may be in the anecdote which assigns the remark to a judge, there is no doubt that some person about the king employed the argument, and that the execution of the Perreaus opposed an insurmountable obstacle to the success of the petitioners for the life of Dr. Dodd. On the 27th of June 1777, he met his melancholy fate. A weeping multitude attended him to Tyburn, whose cares for the unhappy man ended not even with his life, for after he was cut down, the body was conveyed, with all possible speed, to the house of an undertaker in Goodge-street, where every expedient was resorted to in order to recall the vital spark, but without success.*

The catastrophe of Dr. Dodd, added to that so often referred to of the Perreaus, greatly strengthened the feeling, that in all cases of forgery the law must take its course. To the importance of so visiting it, memorable testimony was borne by another remarkable man, who was about to suffer for the same crime. William Wynne Ryland, writing to a friend from the condemned cell in Newgate, a few days before his execution, thus expressed himself:—"The crime for which I suffer is as dangerous as any within the catalogue of legal interdictions; it strikes at the vital part of commerce, and carries with it a poison most deadly to public credit. It is a crime unpardonable, and I therefore never sought mercy under the idea of court interest. I looked for royal favour through those circumstantials, which indicated more the probability of innocence than the certainty of guilt."

Yet this writer, those who knew his singular and melanchoy story must be aware, might have expected more from court interest than many persons moving in a much higher rank of life. He was a man of great genius, and after much study and labour, both in England and in foreign lands, rose to such eminence in the art of engraving, that he obtained the special patronage of King George III., whose well-known portrait by Allan Ramsay, son to the poet, was engraved by the hand of Ryland. Enjoying great celebrity, admired for his affability, and famed for the propriety of his conduct, Ryland was generally regarded as one of the happiest of the sons of men. Such was his influence at court, that it was powerful enough to enable him, in a case in which his feelings were interested, to avert from another at the last moment that dreadful fate which eventually became his own.' He had a brother who, in a drunken frolic, stopped a carriage and robbed some ladies who were in it of a few shillings. For this he was tried at Croydon and found guilty. The morning on which he was to suffer had arrived, when a pardon was granted through the intercession of Ryland with the king. Such being his enviable position, and such his character, on the 5th of April, 1783, the public were perfectly astounded at finding an advertisement in all the newspapers, stating William Wynne Ryland to have been charged before the lord mayor with falsely making, forging, and counterfeiting an acceptance to two bills of exchange, for payment of 7,114*l.* and offering for his apprehension a reward of 300*l.* He was apprehended two days afterwards at Stepney, and nearly escaped the punishment reserved for him by law, by cutting his throat with a razor, the moment he perceived that he had been betrayed. The wound was so serious, that the officers could not immediately remove him from the lodging to which they had traced him. He afterwards recovered, and on the 27th of July following was tried at the Old Bailey. His defence was plausible: it set forth that he was rich; that besides 200*l.* per annum, which he received from his sovereign, he had shares in the Liverpool waterworks, valued at 7,000*l.*; his stock in trade was worth 10,000*l.* and the profits of his business produced 2,000*l.* a year. He had been a bill discounter, and the bill charged to have been forged he declared had come to him in the regular way of business. However probable this might appear to his friends, it did not satisfy the jury; and they, with little hesitation, pronounced a verdict of guilty.

Public feeling was again strongly moved, and in most quarters a strong hope was cherished, that he might be saved. That Ryland, "the man whom the king delighted to honour," whose poweful recommendation had been sufficient to save the life of another, should be consigned to the gallows himself, and by the same monarch whose royal favour he had so largely enjoyed, was hardly to be credited by a people who were accustomed to see the royal prerogative stretched on less interesting occasions. No efforts were neglected by Ryland's friends to prevent the execution of his sentence; and his wife, accompanied by her children in deep mourning, presented a petition to their majesties at St. James's. Her appearance thus attended is said to have deeply affected Queen Charlotte, who commiserated the calamity it was not in her power to avert. The petition which the unhappy wife presented, was written with great delicacy and power. It questioned not the justice of the sentence under which the object of her solicitude was doomed to die; but implored the king, as the fountain of mercy to turn away the meditated blow, and thus spare a desolate family the last extremity of anguish and degradation. Representations so touching it was hoped would produce a favourable result; but the same considerations which had proved fatal to Dr. Dodd, were here again brought into play. It was thought there would be no security for the mercantile body in England, if forgery were not inexorably punished with death; and the ill-fated Ryland expiated his offence on the scaffold.

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* Numerous anecdotes are related of Dr. Dodd's conduct in prison, and throughout the period when his case was pending. We have not encumbered the text with any of these anecdotes, because some of them are not authenticated, and others are hardly worth retailing. It is said, amongst other things, that an opportunity was given him to destroy the forged bond, which was placed in his hands while he was standing close to a fire-place; but either through confusion or misapprehension of the purpose with which it was for the moment confided to him, he did not take advantage of the occasion. By casting the bond into the fire he would have escaped. It has been thought that he was restrained from adopting the expedient by a sense of *honour:* we confess we are disposed to attribute it to a very different cause—stupor, fear, pride, any thing but *honour.* We are told that the politeness he acquired in the school of Chesterfield lingered with him to the last. When he was in the cart, and the halter round his neck, he gave a guinea to the executioner and five shillings to his man, and inquired whether any farther gratuity was necessary. The executioner, desiring to be equally ceremonious, and to spare the criminal a sudden start, when the fatal moment arrived, whispered to Dr. Dodd that he was about to drive away the cart! Of such a quality are many of the stories that are preserved concerning the subject of this desultory notice.

It would be a tedious, as well as a melancholy, task, to trace the course of administrative justice through the awful scenes that followed. The cases of the Perreaus, Dr. Dodd, and Ryland, left to the convicted hardly the shadow of a hope. Murder itself was quite as likely to be pardoned.

Now comes the important question,—What was the effect of this severity? Did it, besides punishing guilt, deter from crime? Did it, by the widely spread terrors of the law, so work upon those who were dishonestly inclined, that, in that way at least, they feared to offend, so that forgery became almost obsolete? Was this the result? Was a large amount of good purchased at a comparatively small expense of misery?

The answer to these questions must be in the negative. Though many lives were sacrificed, the crime continued awfully to increase. It has been attempted to account for this by a reference to the increased population of the country, and the vast varieties of commercial speculations entered into within the last forty years, which were unknown in former times. But if this accounted in some measure for the augmented number of convictions, the opponents of capital punishments successfully contended that their view of the inutility of such severity was proved to be any thing but incorrect. On the contrary, they did not hesitate to affirm that that very severity greatly extended the evil, as many humane persons, when a clerk or dependent was detected in the crime of forgery, preferred conniving at the escape of the culprit, to any participation in proceedings which must bring him to the scaffold. Of this many instances were certainly adduced, till in the end commercial men, who had, in the first instance, been convinced that the last penalty of the law could not be dispensed with, began to waiver and give way. On the other hand, it was forcibly urged by the late Sir Thomas Plomer and others, that while the public at large was deeply impressed with the horrible nature of the punishment, it was not a little singular that it seemed to produce no effect whatever upon those for whom it was designed. To this argument which, like the Libyan serpent, stung at both ends, it was replied that the forger calculated on the known reluctance of the public to prosecute in such cases, and was emboldened to proceed in the hope of enjoying perfect impunity.

In 1803 the case of Mr. Astlett came before the public. He committed forgeries to the enormous amount of 400,000*l.* The offender was tried and convicted, but a point in his favour was reserved for the consideration of the judges. They decided against him, and affirmed his conviction. Execution, however, did not follow in this instance. He was detained in Newgate for some years, and in the end permitted to leave the country.

The last case which it will be necessary here to notice is of comparatively recent date, that of the celebrated Fauntleroy. This individual was a banker in Berners-street, and had been conspicuous in the fashionable world. His connections were in the most respectable classes, embracing many of the nobility; and civilities had even been exchanged between him and the first person in the realm. Great was the amazement of every individual acquainted with the court end of the town, when it transpired that Mr. Henry Fauntleroy had been apprehended in his banking-house on a charge of forgery. On the 30th of October, 1824, he appeared at the bar of the Old Bailey. It was shown that the prisoner had been a partner in the house of Messrs. March and Co. from the year 1807. He had been the acting manager of the concern, and, in that capacity, had seized a power of attorney belonging to a Mrs. Frances Young, withdrawing it from the Bank by means of forged attesting signatures. For some years no suspicion was excited, as the dividends were regularly paid, though the principal had been appropriated. On the trial, a remarkable document was brought forward, which would almost seem to have been prepared by the accused himself, to insure his own destruction. The officer who apprehended him, found a key attached to his watch chain which opened his desk, and in that desk he found another key. On entering one room in which there were tin boxes containing title-deeds, &c. it was remarked that the names of the proprietors were painted on all of them except one. This one case the key discovered in Fauntleroy's desk unlocked. It was examined; and among many private papers one was found, in the handwriting of the accused, which set forth a variety of items, exhibiting a series of forgeries, amounting to upwards of 170,000*l.* which, at various periods, he had committed on the customers of the Bank. To this enumeration of particulars was appended the following declaration, which was also in his own hand-writing.

"In order to keep up the credit of our house, I have forged powers of attorney for the above sums and parties, and sold out to the amount here stated, and without the knowledge of my partners. I kept up the payment of the dividends, but made no entries of such payments in our books."

(Signed) "Henry Fauntleroy."
"Berners-street, May 7, 1816."

To this declaration the following postscript was added:—

"P. S.—The Bank began first to refuse to discount our acceptances, and to destroy the credit of our house: the Bank shall smart for it."

The fullest proof was offered that this paper, the most extraordinary document perhaps, as the attorney-general remarked, that had ever been produced in a court of justice, was written in Mr. Fauntleroy's own hand, and had remained for eight years where it was found; yet in all that time the prisoner appeared never to have entertained the slightest misgivings as to the probability of its becoming, one day or another, a conclusive evidence against him.

In his defence he was anxious to gain commiseration, but made no attempt to repel the charge. He complained of having been hardly dealt with by the public prints; and replying to some of their statements, hoped, though unable to justify his proceedings, so as to obtain his liberation through the verdict of a jury, to offer that which would be regarded by the court and the public as some extenuation of his offence. He went on to say that the house was established by his father in 1792; he had entered it as a clerk in 1800. His attention and zeal had caused him to be honourably distinguished by the partners. He succeeded in 1807 to his father's share in the business, when he found the concern deeply involved from advances which it had made to builders and brickmakers. In 1819, the most responsible partner died, and the house was called upon to pay over the amount of his capital. Mr. Stracey went to France, and he was left alone to struggle with difficulties which were almost insurmountable. "Tortured as I have been," said he, "it now becomes an imperative duty to explain to you, gentlemen, and through you to the world at large, that the vile accusations heaped upon me, known to be utterly false by all those who are best acquainted with my private life and habits, have been so heaped upon me for the purpose of loading me with the whole of the obloquy of those transactions, by which alone the partners were preserved from bankruptcy. I have been accused of crimes I never even contemplated, and of acts of profligacy I never committed; and I appear at this bar with every prejudice against me, and almost prejudged. To suit the purposes of the persons to whom I allude, I have been represented as a man of prodigal extravagance,—prodigal, indeed, I must have been, had I expended those large sums which will hereafter be proved to have gone exclusively to support the credit of a tottering firm, the miseries of which were greatly accelerated by the drafts of two of its head members to the amount of nearly 100,000*l.*" He then went on to explain, that his habits of living had never been extravagant; to deny that he had at any time been a gambler, and to vindicate his general character on other points not material to the charge before the court. The result was, as might have been expected, his instant conviction on the first indictment preferred, and the consequences which that involved rendered it unnecessary to proceed on any other.

The change which had by this time been wrought in the public mind as to the fitness of punishing forgery in every case with death, now caused the question to be re-opened with great animation, as to whether this distinguished criminal should suffer. It was urged on the one side, with much good feeling, that, as it was generally felt the rigour of the law might be abated with propriety, the life of Mr. Fauntleroy ought to be spared; but on the other hand, it was answered with overpowering force, that it was not because Mr. Fauntleroy had been a banker and a rich man that mercy ought to be extended to him, which would be denied to a meaner criminal. If, indeed, the heads of the legal profession had already resolved to attempt effecting a change of system, in that case there might be an excuse for anticipating the humane operation of the intended alteration by sparing this offender. But it was remarked, if thereafter it was intended that the existing law should still be carried into effect where the poor and the friendless were concerned, to whom life was as sweet as it was to Mr. Fauntleroy, he ought not, from the favourable position in which he had once been placed, to be singled out for mercy.

His friends were most active to procure a mitigation of his sentence. George IV. to whom he was not unknown, wished to save him. He anxiously inquired if there was no point in his case on which a favourable decision might, without great impropriety, be taken. The answers returned were necessarily, under the circumstances, adverse to the merciful leaning of the king. Great excitement prevailed on the subject; and on the day when the Privy Council sat, which was to pronounce his fate, Pall-Mall was filled with crowds impatient to learn the result. We need not add that, on the following Tuesday, the 30th of November, the sentence of the law was fulfilled.

This was the last case under the old law. The gradual abolition of the punishment of death in different kinds of forgeries followed the energetic expression of public opinion, and the unwearied exertions of philanthropists of all sects and parties. Our code was at length completely relieved of that sanguinary feature which had not only revolted the feelings of the country, but failed to secure the end it was devised in the hope of effecting. A sufficient time has not yet elapsed to decide whether the abolition of capital punishments will be followed by the result predicted by its advocates—the diminution of crime. But who can doubt the issue? In this, as in all other cases of delinquency, the certainty of a secondary punishment is more effectual in preventing guilt than the remote chance even of death itself. Desperate men would rather incur the doubtful risk of death, especially where society is opposed to its infliction, than expose themselves to a lesser punishment from which there is no escape.

But in substituting transportation for death in cases of forgery, it is by no means sure that the object proposed has been really accomplished in the spirit in which it was conceived. Every body is familiar with the story of the man who, on crossing a bridge famous in a story of parables, gave such answers to the questions propounded to him, as rendered it necessary to hang him, in order to save him from the commission of an offence for which the law ordained he should be hung. Either way—whether he fulfilled or violated the law—death was inevitable. This seems to be very much the situation of the unfortunate beings who are consigned to our penal colonies. It was formerly understood that convicts upon reaching Australasia were placed in circumstances highly favourable to the amendment of their lives; and, consequently, to the future welfare of the settlement. We have even had some instances amongst them of men who amassed large fortunes, and attained positions of respectability and eminence. The comfort, the prosperity, and the independence, which were thus in numerous cases secured by the good conduct of the felon, produced an impression in England, that if transportation were permitted to lead to such results, the ends of justice would be defeated; and instructions were accordingly issued, with a view to make the punishment more efficient. These instructions—although they were founded in correct views of the philosophy of cause and effect—appear unhappily to have been acted upon with such strictness and severity, as to nullify the operation of the modified law, and bring us back to a worse and more barbarous system than that it was intended to displace. From the melancholy accounts which have been received of the sufferings of some of the convicts, it would seem that their lives were spared in this country only that they might be sacrificed under more dreadful circumstances in another. In some instances, it appears, they found their situation so insupportable, that they have perpetrated new crimes in the hope—the hope!—of gaining a brief respite from their misery by imprisonment previous to trial, with the certainty of death in the end. It is stated, that when the court has pronounced the awful sentence of death upon them for their last and voluntary guilt, they have been known to fall upon their knees, ejaculating thanks for the boon of death at the hands of the executioner! This picture is too appalling to be contemplated with calmness—showing us the flower of horrible joy blooming out of the dark depths of human despair! The Report of the Committee on Transportation which sat last year, presents an account of these terrible scenes, which verifies in shuddering details the facts we have here only slightly indicated. It would carry us beyond our present purpose to enter more at length into this subject, but the following passage may be subjoined from the Report, as a specimen of the general character of its fearful relations:—

"The condition of convicts in these settlements has been shown to your committee to be one of unmitigated wretchedness. Sir Francis Forbes, chief-justice of Australia, stated in a letter to Mr. Amos, on the subject of transportation, that 'the experience furnished by these penal settlements has proved that transportation is capable of being carried to an extent of suffering such as to render death desirable, and to induce many prisoners to seek it under its most appalling aspects.' And the same gentleman, in his evidence before your committee, said that he had known many cases in which it appeared that convicts in Norfolk Island had committed crimes which subjected them to execution, for the mere purpose of being sent up to Sydney, and the cause of their desiring to be so sent, was to avoid the state of endurance under which they were placed in Norfolk Island; that he thought, from the expressions they employed, that they contemplated the certainty of execution; that he believed they deliberately preferred death, because there was no chance of escape, and they stated 'they were weary of life, and would rather go to Sydney and be hanged.' Sir Francis Forbes likewise mentioned the case of several men at Norfolk Island cutting the heads of their fellow-prisoners with a hoe while at work, with a certainty of being detected, and with a certainty of being executed; and, according to him, they acted in this manner, apparently without malice, and with very little excitement, stating 'they knew they should be hanged, but it was better than being where they were.' A similar case was mentioned by the Reverend Henry Styles in his report to Sir Richard Bourke on the state of Norfolk Island, and Sir George Arthur assured your committee that similar cases had recently occurred at Port Arthur. Sir Francis Forbes was then asked, 'What good do you think is produced by the infliction of so horrible a punishment in Norfolk Island, and upon whom do you think it produces good?' His answer was, that 'he thought that it did not produce any good, and that if it were to be put to himself, he should not hesitate to prefer death, under any form, rather than such a state of endurance as that of a convict at Norfolk Island."

If life is to be spared, some distinct limit ought to be put to the miseries even of the most depraved culprits. They ought not to be forced into fresh crimes, in the desperate attempt to escape from inflictions greater than they can endure. This living death—this dire agony of prolonged torture—this lingering dissolution—this *ultima* Thule of banishment and blank existence, worse than solitary imprisonment, worse than the rack, worse than the fate of the gladiator, in preference to which the block, the yard-arm, the wild horses of Rome, would be welcome, ought to be abolished for the sake of civilization, of Christian charity, and our national honour.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

MRS. BRUNTON.

Mary Balfour was born in the island of Burra, in Orkney, on the 1st of November 1778. She was descended from a respectable and ancient family, being the only daughter of Colonel Balfour of Elwick, by his wife Frances Ligonier, niece of Field-Marshal Lord Ligonier. Having been brought up in the house of this distinguished nobleman and soldier, the lady of Colonel Balfour had received accomplishments suited to a much higher sphere than that in which her lot was ultimately and permanently cast. These acquirements, however, did not prove useless, for Mrs. Balfour was assiduous in conveying as much of them as she retained to her daughter, and thus, undoubtedly, laid the foundation of that elegant and refined taste which the subject of our memoir afterwards evinced. Under her parent's care, Mary became no mean proficient in music, and a good French and Italian scholar; while, in other respects, the excellent natural parts which she appears to have inherited from her mother, were cultivated with equal care and success. Any defects which might have arisen from the indulgent license, almost inseparable from merely parental instruction, were in a measure remedied by a short residence at school in Edinburgh. Yet much of Miss Balfour's reading, as she emerged from childhood, was dictated by her own choice, and lay in the walks of poetry and fiction. This course of training, while favourable certainly to the growth of original powers, was prevented from being injurious by her native strength of mind and sound sense.

At the age of sixteen, Mary's attention was almost entirely diverted from her studies to matters of a different character. By her mother's death, the charge of her father's household devolved upon her, and for a period of four years the fatiguing details of Orkney housekeeping left little leisure for any other employments. Towards the close of this period, an opportunity was held out to her of changing the sphere in which she had hitherto moved, for a much more brilliant one. The Viscountess Wentworth (who had formerly been the wife of Mrs. Balfour's deceased brother, the second Earl Ligonier) invited her goddaughter, Mary, to come to London and reside with her. But Miss Balfour preferred a less dazzling destiny. She had formed an acquaintance with Mr. Brunton, a young and talented clergyman of the Scottish established church, and a mutual attachment was ere long the result. In her twentieth year, Mary became the wife of Mr. Brunton, and retired with him to the manse of Bolton, a small parish in the county of Haddington, of which he had been recently appointed incumbent.

This important change brought with it a great accession of leisure, and, as a natural consequence, Mrs. Brunton's taste for reading returned in all its original strength. The range of her studies widened, and, though she never lost her liking for literature of a lighter kind, the philosophy of mind, history, and other of the graver branches of knowledge, became favourite objects of her pursuit. Altogether, under the kind and able guidance of her new companion, her course of mental improvement was rendered much more comprehensive and methodical. To her acquirements as a linguist, she, at this time, added a little acquaintance with German; and she even made several earnest, though not very successful, attempts to master the science of mathematics. It was natural, also, that the increased incentives and facilities which her present situation afforded, should turn her thoughts more seriously than ever to religion. The issue of the reexamination of the principles of her belief which she entered into, is beautifully expressed by her husband in the memoir prefixed to her posthumous work. "Both in her own mind, and in the minds of her pupils (two East Indian wards whose education she superintended), she was anxious to make religion an *active* principle, to carry its influence habitually into life. It mingled now with all her own pursuits. She sought knowledge, not merely for the sake of the pleasure which it bestowed, but from a strong sense of duty. She loved nature, not for its own beauty alone, but for the traces with which it abounds of the wisdom and the love of the Creator. Her religion was not a religion of gloom. It shed brightness and peace around her. It gladdened the heart which it purified and exalted."

After a happy residence of six years at the small but prettily situated manse of Bolton, Mr. Brunton's abilities became so widely known, as to procure for him a call to one of the churches of the Scottish capital, and he accordingly removed thither with his lady in the autumn of 1803. Hitherto Mrs. Brunton does not seem to have been aware of the powers of her own mind. Her circle of friends had been too circumscribed to furnish her with any striking examples of talent whereby she might measure and estimate her own abilities. To letter-writing, which often gives the first consciousness of a literary turn to its possessor, Mrs. Brunton had ever evinced a peculiar aversion, and was thus precluded from another chance of acquiring this species of self-knowledge. In Edinburgh, however, the new and extended circle in which her station called upon her to move, speedily supplied the opportunities which had heretofore been wanting. Mrs. Brunton now mingled in the society of persons of known and proved ability, joined with them in conversation and discussion, and, from the part which she found herself enabled to play, acquired by degrees that intellectual confidence necessary to bring her literary powers into light. Still, a considerable period elapsed, after she had left the country, ere she began the composition of her first work, SELF-CONTROL; and when she did take up the pen, she appears to have had no definite intention of ever laying her labours before the public eye. But, as the manuscript swelled on her hands, this design began to be entertained, and the more so, it would seem, from a circumstance, which her husband thus relates. "She had often urged me to undertake some literary work; and once she appealed to an intimate friend, who was present, whether he would not be the publisher. He consented readily, but added, that he would, at least as willingly, publish a book of her own writing. This seemed, at the time, to strike her as something, the possibility of which had never occurred to her before; and she asked, more than once, whether he was in earnest." This suggestion was not without its influence, and after a portion of the novel was written, the warm approbation of her husband, when it was for the first time shown to him, confirmed Mrs. Brunton in the intention both to proceed and to publish. From that time forward, she adhered pretty closely to the rule of writing a certain portion daily; but a visit to Harrowgate, which the state of her health rendered necessary, deferred considerably the completion of the work. It went to press, finally, in September 1810, and appeared before the public, anonymously, in the commencement of the following year. It was dedicated to the most illustrious sister-writer of the age, Joanna Baillie.

Good novels were of comparatively rare issue in Britain, and particularly in the Scottish metropolis, when Self-Control was published. With the high merits which it undoubtedly possesses, therefore, it is less wonderful that so great a sensation should have been produced by the work, as actually took place. The first edition went off in one month, and a second and third were called for with almost unexampled rapidity. The *sanctum* of Mr. Miller, the Edinburgh publisher, then the rendezvous of all the blues and critics, great and small, male and female, of the city, was kept for months in a continual buzz of conjecture, curiosity, and interest, respecting the nameless and unknown writer. Meanwhile, the authoress remained behind her veil, justly proud of her success, and not unamused by all the criticisms, favourable and unfavourable, which her position enabled her to draw with sincerity from those around her who were not in her secret. Joanna Baillie acknowledged the compliment of the dedication by a letter to the publisher, and to this Mrs. Brunton replied in her own name, in a letter which commences as follows:—"No circumstance, connected with the publication of Self-Control, has given me half so much pleasure as your very obliging letter—so kind, so natural, so different from the pompous strictures and bombastical praises which have been volunteered on the same occasion. I thank you most heartily and sincerely." A succeeding portion of this epistle may also be quoted, because in it the authoress gives a fair account of the plan of the work, and apologises in the best way possible for its defects: —"Till I began Self-Control, I had never in my life written any thing but a letter or a recipe, excepting a few hundreds of vile rhymes, from which I desisted by the time I had gained the wisdom of fifteen years; therefore I was so ignorant of the art on which I was entering, that I formed scarcely any plan for my tale. I merely intended to show the power of the religious principle in bestowing self-command; and to bear testimony against a maxim as immoral as indelicate, that a reformed rake makes the best husband." The plot, as here and elsewhere admitted by the authoress, is indeed defective in parts; but the lofty tone of sentiment, the pure morality of purpose, the acuteness of observation, and the prevailing eloquence of diction, which characterize it, might well cover greater blemishes, and render Self-Control worthy, upon the whole, of the repute which it gained.

In 1812, Mrs. Brunton, who had at all times much pleasure in travelling, accompanied her husband on a visit to London. The travellers went by land, and in a short journal appended to the fragment called EMMELINE, we find some of the observations made by Mrs. Brunton on the journey. These jottings, and others written on a second tour in 1815, prove that she was capable of writing in a style much more lively than that which characterizes her larger productions. It was on her return from her first London journey that the novel of DISCIPLINE was thought of, its subject having been suggested by Dr. Brunton, who imagined it might be beneficial "to show the means through which, when self-control has been neglected, the mind must be trained by suffering ere it can hope for usefulness or for true enjoyment." Upon a regular plan, formed in consonance with this suggestion, Mrs. Brunton's second novel was begun, in the end of 1812. Having projected the introduction into it of the sketch of the manners of the Scottish highlanders, she spent a considerable portion of the following year among that people, adding to the previous knowledge which she had of their various peculiarities. At this very period Waverly was published, and our authoress saw the field, which she was preparing to enter, pre-occupied by one whom she at once recognised and acknowledged as a master. From pure and unaffected humility, she would now have cancelled the highland part of her own story altogether; but her husband prevailed on her, with much difficulty, to retain it, in the hope that the same objects, sketched by a different hand, would still be found to possess novelty. Discipline was published in December 1814, and met with very decided approbation from the reading world. But the applause which it received brought the writer much less gratification, than in the case of Self-Control; for the authorship was now no secret, and the sincerity of the praise bestowed was open to doubt.

Discipline, with less energy and beauty in individual parts, is more pleasing as a whole than its predecessor, while it has the same excellence of purpose, and general felicity of style. After its publication, Dr. Brunton and his lady made their second tour to England, already adverted to. On their return, Mrs. Brunton projected the composition of short tales, having "grown distrustful of her power to combine the incidents of a long-continued narrative," to use Dr. Brunton's words. Departing a little, however, from the original plan, she began the story of Emmeline. Though this occurred in 1816, and her life was prolonged for a considerable period afterwards, Emmeline was never finished. As low fever had attacked her when last in London, and it recurred at home with increased violence. When intervals of tolerable health occurred, many avocations interfered to impede her literary labours. Numerous friends courted her society; the share she took in the management of public charities was laborious; and, above all, a noble resolution, which she had long adhered to, of investigating personally every case of distress which claimed relief from her, led to extensive and increasing occupation. What with delicate health, and various calls upon her attention, composition was looked upon as a task, and "she rather (says her memorialist) sought reasons to justify to her own mind the desertion of her former habits, than opportunities of renewing them in their strength." In the summer of 1818, however, she appeared to feel a revival of her literary enthusiasm, and, had health and life been spared to her, would most probably have produced something superior to all her former efforts. The power exhibited in the opening of Emmeline, the fragmentary tale published by her husband, justifies such an anticipation. But matters were otherwise ordered. No children had as yet blessed the fireside of Dr. Brunton and his lady; but, in the course of the year mentioned, Mrs. Brunton was evidently about to become a mother. "She was strongly impressed (says Dr. Brunton) that her confinement was to prove fatal; not on vague presentiment, but on grounds of which I could not entirely remove the force, though I obstinately refused to join in the inference which she drew from them." Under this impression, she set her house in order, yet with undiminished fortitude and unshaken cheerfulness. When the hour of trial came, her foresight proved but too clear and acute. She gave birth to a still-born son on the 7th of December 1818, and, after seeming to recover partially, was attacked by fever, and died on the 19th of the month.

In private life, the character of this excellent lady presented an exemplar and model to her sex. Her "mind and heart were open as the day." Of her literary powers something has already been said, but her husband's remark seems to us too just not to call for repetition, that "in all she had done, she was only trying her strength," and might have yet more "heightened the standard of female intellect by her labours." Mrs. Brunton's novels have now been in a measure cast aside by the passing legionary novelties of the day, but the sifting hand of time will yet separate them from the ephemeral chaff which has followed them, and give Self-Control and Discipline a place among the sterling fictions which the incipient years of our century have added to British literature. With the Hamiltons and Ferriers of her country will the name of Mrs. Brunton be remembered.

We cannot conclude better than by giving an extract from Joanna Baillie's testimony to the virtues of this amiable lady.

No more shall bed-rid pauper watch
The gentle rising of the latch,
And as she enters, shift his place
To hear her voice, and see her face.
The helpless vagrant, oft reliev'd,
From her hath his last dole received.
The circle, social and enlighten'd,
Whose ev'ning hour her converse brighten'd,
Have seen her quit the friendly door,
Whose threshold she shall cross no more.
And he, by holy ties endear'd,
Whose life her love so sweetly cheer'd,
Of her cold clay, the mind's void cell,
Hath ta'en a speechless last farewell.
Yea, those who never saw her face,
Nor did on blue horizon trace
One mountain of her native land,
Now turn that leaf with eager hand
On which appears th' unfinish'd page
Of her, whose works did oft engage
Untir'd attention, int'rest deep,

While searching, healthful thoughts would creep
To the heart's core like balmy air,
To leave a kindly lesson there—
And gaze, till stain of fallen tears
Upon the snowy blank appears.
Now all, who did her friendship claim,
With alter'd voice pronounce her name,
And quickly turn with wistful ear
Her praise from stranger's lips to hear,
And hoard as saintly relics gain'd
Aught that to her hath e'er pertain'd.
Thus wert thou lov'd and priz'd on earth, and now
Fair, disembodied Spirit! where art thou?
The task of love thou had'st to do is done,
And thou art to thy Father's mansion gone.

MISERIES OF INDOLENCE.

None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labour, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us. The idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose, or calling which engages, helps and enlivens all our powers, let those bear witness, who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire to enjoy themselves. They are a burden to themselves.—*Rev. W. Jay.*

From the Sunbeam.

A VISION OF THE VIOLET.

'A vision of a violet,'
Ye smile, but so it was;
Of many heavy dreams beset
My couch as night hours pass;
But this was pure and beautiful,
Undimmed by shade or stain,
And seemed my very heart to lull,
Like the drip of summer rain.

Methought I wandered through a wood—
A stately wood, and old;
Then out upon its skirts I stood,
And saw the heavens unrolled,
All glorious in their sunset flood
Of crimson and of gold.

The dark and solemn trees were sighing,
Just tipped with parting light,
The sunset beams were gently dying,
Then upwards flushing bright.
Then 'midst the gold and crimson stream
That decked that blessed sky,
There was a little azure gleam
Blue as the violet's dye.

Methought that little lonely streak
Drew tears into mine eyes,
It looked so very pure and meek,
Amidst those richer dyes;
And lo! *they* faded, yet it shone
Clear 'neath the purpling skies.

And out into its loneliness
There came a single star,
That seemed with loving look to bless
The weary world afar;
And the dews wept softly o'er the trees,
And the last red light was gone,
And chilly moaned the midnight breeze,
Yet still the sweet star shone.

Then with the inconsistency
That mingles in a dream,
I thought I stood beside the flood
Of a proudly-swelling stream,
And at my feet a violet sweet,
Looked up with azure gleam.

And with the same strange ecstasy
That stirred me just before,
I felt that violet's beauty lie
Close to my bosom's core;
I felt as if a living thing
Called for affection there,
Too pure for earth's deep suffering,
Too spiritually fair!

Then spake to me the violet—
'I am the very star
That shone so brightly, and was set
In the blue heaven afar;
But I am brought to earth and taught
What earthly sorrows are.

'The cold wind creepeth over me,
The dust defiles my leaves,
The fretting murmur of the bee
My inmost spirit grieves;
The foot of man too near me comes,
The sun's hot glances shine,
Birds in their branches have their homes,
But close to earth is mine.

'Yet think not I repine; not all
My early state is lost;
The dew of heaven may o'er me fall,
And the bright starry host
Send gentle beams like fairy dreams,
Clear through the April frost.

'And not for ever shall the chain
Of dust confine me here;
I know my state I shall regain
In that celestial sphere.
From whence'—I heard no more, for then
There rose a little gale,
And scattered far across the plain
The purple leaflets frail.

But from those tiny leaves came forth
A tiny spark of fire,
It trembled gently o'er the earth,
Then higher rose, and higher;
And once again the star was seen
Joining the sparkling choir!

It was a vision, and it fled,
Aimless, perchance, and wild,
Just such a one as might be shed
Upon a slumbering child.
And when I see with fond regret
Some gentle mind in pain,
The vision of the violet
Comes on my heart again.
The flower whose lot on earth seemed cast
Yet won its way to heaven at last!"

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

CHAPTER XI.

In which Nicholas falls in love. He employs a mediator, whose proceedings are crowned with unexpected success, excepting in one solitary particular.

Once more out of the clutches of his old persecutor, it needed no fresh stimulation to call forth the utmost energy and exertion that Smike was capable of summoning to his aid. Without pausing for a moment to reflect upon the course he was taking, or the probability of its leading him homewards or the reverse, he fled away with surprising swiftness and constancy of purpose, borne upon such wings as only Fear can wear, and impelled by imaginary shouts in the well-remembered voice of Squeers, who, with a host of pursuers, seemed to the poor fellow's disordered senses to press hard upon his track; now left at a greater distance in the rear, and now gaining faster and faster upon him, as the alternations of hope and terror agitated him by turns. Long after he had become assured that these sounds were but the creation of his excited brain, he still held on at a pace, which even weakness and exhaustion could scarcely retard; and it was not until the darkness and quiet of a country road recalled him to a sense of external objects, and the starry sky above warned him of the rapid flight of time, that, covered with dust and panting for breath, he stopped to listen and look about him.

All was still and silent. A glare of light in the distance, casting a warm glow upon the sky, marked where the huge city lay. Solitary fields, divided by hedges and ditches, through many of which he had crashed and scrambled in his flight, skirted the road, both by the way he had come and upon the opposite side. It was late now. They could scarcely trace him by such paths as he had taken, and if he could hope to regain his own dwelling, it must surely be at such a time as that, and under cover of the darkness. This by degrees became pretty plain even to the mind of Smike. He had at first entertained some vague and childish idea of travelling into the country for ten or a dozen miles, and then returning homewards by a wide circuit, which should keep him clear of London—so great was his apprehension of traversing the streets alone, lest he should again encounter his dreaded enemy—but, yielding to the conviction which these thoughts inspired, he turned back, and taking the open road, though not without many fears and misgivings, made for London again with scarcely less speed of foot than that with which he had left the temporary abode of Mr. Squeers.

By the time he re-entered it at the western extremity, the greater part of the shops were closed; of the throngs of people who had been tempted abroad after the heat of the day, but few remained in the streets, and they were lounging home. But of these he asked his way from time to time, and by dint of repeated inquiries he at length reached the dwelling of Newman Noggs.

All that evening Newman had been hunting and searching in byways and corners for the very person who now knocked at his door, while Nicholas had been pursuing the same inquiry in other directions. He was sitting with a melancholy air at his poor supper, when Smike's timorous and uncertain knock reached his ears. Alive to every sound in his anxious and expectant state, Newman hurried down stairs, and, uttering a cry of joyful surprise, dragged the welcome visiter into the passage and up the stairs, and said not a word until he had him safe in his own garret and the door was shut behind them, when he mixed a great mug-full of gin and water, and holding it to Smike's mouth, as one might hold a bowl of medicine to the lips of a refractory child, commanded him to drain it to the very last drop.

Newman looked uncommonly blank when he found that Smike did little more than put his lips to the precious mixture; he was in the act of raising the mug to his own mouth with a deep sigh of compassion for his poor friend's weakness, when Smike, beginning to relate the adventures which had befallen him, arrested him half-way, and he stood listening with the mug in his hand.

It was odd enough to see the change that came over Newman as Smike proceeded. At first he stood rubbing his lips with the back of his hand, as a preparatory ceremony towards composing himself for a draught; then, at the mention of Squeers, he took the mug under his arm, and opening his eyes very wide, looked on in the utmost astonishment. When Smike came to the assault upon himself in the hackney-coach, he hastily deposited the mug upon the table, and limped up and down the room in a state of the greatest excitement, stopping himself with a jerk every now and then as if to listen more attentively. When John Browdie came to be spoken of, he dropped by slow and gradual degrees into a chair, and rubbing his hands upon his knees—quicker and quicker as the story reached its climax—burst at last into a laugh composed of one loud sonorous "Ha! Ha!" having given vent to which, his countenance immediately fell again as he inquired, with the utmost anxiety, whether it was probable that John Browdie and Squeers had come to blows.

"No! I think not," replied Smike. "I don't think he could have missed me till I had got quite away."

Newman scratched his head with a show of great disappointment, and once more lifting up the mug, applied himself to the contents, smiling meanwhile over the rim with a grim and ghastly smile at Smike.

"You shall stay here," said Newman; "you're tired—fagged. I'll tell them you're come back. They have been half mad about you. Mr. Nicholas—"

"God bless him!" cried Smike.

"Amen!" returned Newman. "He hasn't had a minute's rest or peace; no more has the old lady, nor Miss Nickleby."

"No, no. Has *she* thought about me?" said Smike. "Has she though? oh, has she—has she? Don't tell me so, if she has not."

"She has," cried Newman. "She is as noble-hearted as she is beautiful."

"Yes, yes!" cried Smike." "Well said!"

"So mild and gentle," said Newman.

"Yes, yes!" cried Smike, with increasing eagerness.

"And yet with such a true and gallant spirit," pursued Newman.

He was going on in his enthusiasm, when chancing to look at his companion, he saw that he had covered his face with his hands, and that tears were stealing out between his fingers.

A moment before, the boy's eyes were sparkling with unwonted fire, and every feature had been lighted up with an excitement which made him appear for the moment quite a different being.

"Well, well," muttered Newman, as if he were a little puzzled. "It has touched *me* more than once, to think such a nature should have been exposed to such trials; this poor fellow—yes, yes,—he feels that too—it softens him—makes him think of his former misery. Hah! That's it! Yes, that's—hum!"

It was by no means clear from the tone of these broken reflections that Newman Noggs considered them as explaining, at all satisfactorily, the emotion which had suggested them. He sat in a musing attitude for some time, regarding Smike occasionally with an anxious and doubtful glance, which sufficiently showed that he was not very remotely connected with his thoughts.

At length he repeated his proposition that Smike should remain where he was for that night, and that he (Noggs) should straitway repair to the cottage to relieve the suspense of the family. But as Smike would not hear of this, pleading his anxiety to see his friends again, they eventually sallied forth together; and the night being by this time far advanced, and Smike being besides so foot-sore that he could hardly crawl along, it was within an hour of sunrise when they reached their destination.

At the first sound of their voices outside the house, Nicholas, who had passed a sleepless night, devising schemes for the recovery of his lost charge, started from his bed and joyfully admitted them. There was so much noisy conversation and congratulation, and indignation, that the remainder of the family were soon awakened, and Smike received a warm and cordial welcome, not only from Kate, but from Mrs. Nickleby also, who assured him of her future favor and regard; and was so obliging as to relate, for his entertainment and that of the assembled circle, a most remarkable account extracted from some work the name of which she had never known, of a miraculous escape from some prison, but what one she couldn't remember, effected by an officer whose name she had forgotten, confined for some crime which she didn't clearly recollect.

At first Nicholas was disposed to give his uncle credit for some portion of this bold attempt (which had so nearly proved successful) to carry off Smike, but on more mature consideration he was inclined to think that the full merit of it rested with Mr. Squeers. Determined to ascertain if he could, through John Browdie, how the case really stood, he betook himself to his daily occupation: meditating as he went on a great variety of schemes for the punishment of the Yorkshire schoolmaster, all of which had their foundation in the strictest principles of retributive justice, and had but the one drawback of being wholly impracticable.

"A fine morning, Mr. Linkinwater," said Nicholas, entering the office.

"Ah!" replied Tim, "talk of the country, indeed! What do you think of this now for a day—a London day—eh?"

"It's a little clearer out of town," said Nicholas.

"Clearer!" echoed Tim Linkinwater. "You shall see it from my bed-room window."

"You shall see it from *mine*," replied Nicholas, with a smile.

"Pooh! pooh!" said Tim Linkinwater, "don't tell me. Country!" (Bow was quite a rustic place to Tim,) "Nonsense. What can you get in the country but new-laid eggs and flowers? I can buy new-laid eggs in the Leadenhall market any morning before breakfast; and as to flowers, it's worth a run up-stairs to smell my mignionette, or to see the double-wallflower in the back-attic window, at No. 6, in the court."

"There is a double-wallflower at No. 6, in the court, is there?" said Nicholas.

"Yes, is there," replied Tim, "and planted in a cracked jug, without a spout. There were hyacinths there this last spring, blossoming in——but you'll laugh at that, of course."

"At what?"

"At their blossoming in old blacking-bottles," said Tim.

"Not I, indeed," returned Nicholas.

Tim looked wistfully at him for a moment, as if he were encouraged by the tone of this reply to be more communicative on the subject; and sticking behind his ear a pen that he had been making, and shutting up his knife with a smart click, said,

"They belong to a sickly bed-ridden hump-backed boy, and seem to be the only pleasures, Mr. Nickleby, of his sad existence. How many years is it," said Tim, pondering, "since I first noticed him, quite a little child, dragging himself about on a pair of tiny crutches? Well! well! not many; but though they would appear nothing, if I thought of other things, they seem a long, long time, when I think of him. It is a sad thing," said Tim, breaking off, "to see a little deformed child sitting apart from other children, who are active and merry, watching the games he is denied the power to share in. He made my heart ache very often."

"It is a good heart," said Nicholas, "that disentangles itself from the close avocations of every day, to heed such things. You were saying——"

"That the flowers belonged to this poor boy," said Tim, "that's all. When it is fine weather, and he can crawl out of bed, he draws a chair close to the window, and sits there looking at them, and arranging them all day long. We used to nod at first, and then we came to speak. Formerly, when I called to him of a morning, and asked him how he was, he would smile, and say 'better;' but now he shakes his head, and only bends more closely over his old plants. It must be dull to watch the dark house-tops and the flying clouds for so many months; but he is very patient."

"Is there nobody in the house to cheer or help him?" asked Nicholas.

"His father lives there, I believe," replied Tim, "and other people too; but no one seems to care much for the poor sickly cripple. I have asked him very often if I can do nothing for him; his answer is always the same,—'Nothing.' His voice has grown weak of late, but I can *see* that he makes the old reply. He can't leave his bed now, so they have moved it close to the window, and there he lies all day: now looking at the sky, and now at his flowers, which he still makes shift to trim and water with his own thin hands. At night, when he sees my candle, he draws back his curtain, and leaves it so till I am in bed. It seems such company to him to know that I am there, that I often sit at my window for an hour and more, that he may see I am still awake; and sometimes I get up in the night to look at the dull melancholy light in his little room, and wonder whether he is awake or sleeping.

"The night will not be long coming," said Tim, "when he will sleep and never wake again on earth. We have never so much as shaken hands in all our lives; and yet I shall miss him like an old friend. Are there any country flowers that could interest me like these, do you think? Or do you suppose that the withering of a hundred kinds of the choicest flowers that blow, called by the hardest Latin names that were ever invented, would give me one fraction of the pain that I shall feel when these old jugs and bottles are swept away as lumber? Country!" cried Tim, with a contemptuous emphasis; "don't you know that I couldn't have such a court under my bed-room window anywhere but in London?"

With which inquiry, Tim turned his back, and pretending to be absorbed in his accounts, took an opportunity of hastily wiping his eyes when he supposed Nicholas was looking another way.

Whether it was that Tim's accounts were more than usually intricate that morning, or whether it was that his habitual serenity had been a little disturbed by these recollections, it so happened that when Nicholas returned from executing some commission, and inquired whether Mr. Charles Cheeryble was alone in his room, Tim promptly, and without the smallest hesitation, replied in the affirmative, although somebody had passed into the room not ten minutes before, and Tim took especial and particular pride in preventing any intrusion on either of the brothers when they were engaged with any visiter whatever.

"I'll take this letter to him at once," said Nicholas, "if that's the case." And with that he walked to the room and knocked at the door.

No answer.

Another knock, and still no answer.

"He can't be here," thought Nicholas. "I'll lay it on his table."

So Nicholas opened the door and walked in; and very quickly he turned to walk out again, when he saw to his great astonishment and discomfiture a young lady upon her knees at Mr. Cheeryble's feet, and Mr. Cheeryble beseeching her to rise, and entreating a third person, who had the appearance of the young lady's female attendant, to add her persuasions to his to induce her to do so.

Nicholas stammered out an awkward apology, and was precipitately retiring, when the young lady, turning her head a little, presented to his view the features of the lovely girl whom he had seen at the register-office on his first visit long before. Glancing from her to the attendant, he recognized the same clumsy servant who had accompanied her then; and between his admiration of the young lady's beauty, and the confusion and surprise of this unexpected recognition, he stood stock-still, in such a bewildered state of surprise and embarrassment, that for the moment he was quite bereft of the power either to speak or move.

"My dear ma'am—my dear young lady," cried brother Charles in violent agitation, "pray don't—not another word, I beseech and entreat you. I implore you—I beg of you—to rise. We—we—are not alone."

As he spoke he raised the young lady, who staggered to a chair and swooned away.

"She has fainted, sir," said Nicholas, darting eagerly forward.

"Poor dear, poor dear!" cried brother Charles. "Where is my brother Ned? Ned, my dear brother, come here pray."

"Brother Charles, my dear fellow," replied his brother, hurrying into the room, "what is the——ah! what——"

"Hush! hush!—not a word for your life, brother Ned," returned the other. "Ring for the housekeeper, my dear brother—call Tim Linkinwater. Here, Tim Linkinwater, sir—Mr. Nickleby, my dear sir, leave the room, I beg and beseech of you."

"I think she is better now," said Nicholas, who had been watching the patient so eagerly that he had not heard the request.

"Poor bird!" cried brother Charles, gently taking her hand in his, and laying her head upon his arm. "Brother Ned, my dear fellow, you will be surprised, I know, to witness this in business hours; but—" here he was again reminded of the presence of Nicholas, and shaking him by the hand, earnestly requested him to leave the room, and to send Tim Linkinwater without an instant's delay.

Nicholas immediately withdrew, and on his way to the counting-house met both the old housekeeper and Tim Linkinwater, jostling each other in the passage, and hurrying to the scene of action with extraordinary speed. Without waiting to hear his message, Tim Linkinwater darted into the room, and presently afterwards Nicholas heard the door shut and locked on the inside.

He had abundance of time to ruminate on this discovery, for Tim Linkinwater was absent during the greater part of an hour, during the whole of which time Nicholas thought of nothing but the young lady and her exceeding beauty, and what could possibly have brought her there, and why they made such a mystery of it. The more he thought of all this, the more it perplexed him, and the more anxious he became to know who and what she was. "I should have known her among ten thousand," thought Nicholas. And with this he walked up and down the room, and recalling her face and figure, (of which he had a peculiarly vivid remembrance,) discarded all other subjects of reflection, and dwelt upon that alone.

At length Tim Linkinwater came back—provokingly cool, and with papers in his hand, and a pen in his mouth, as if nothing had happened.

"Is she quite recovered?" said Nicholas, impetuously.

"Who?" returned Tim Linkinwater.

"Who!" repeated Nicholas. "The young lady."

"What do you make, Mr. Nickleby," said Tim, taking his pen out of his mouth, "what do you make of four hundred and twenty-seven times three thousand two hundred and thirty-eight?"

"Nay," returned Nicholas, "what do you make of my question first? I asked you——"

"About the young lady," said Tim Linkinwater, putting on his spectacles. "To be sure. Yes. Oh! she's very well."

"Very well, is she?" returned Nicholas.

"*Very* well," replied Mr. Linkinwater, gravely.

"Will she be able to go home to-day?" asked Nicholas.

"She's gone," said Tim.

"Gone!"

"Yes."

"I hope she has not far to go?" said Nicholas, looking earnestly at the other.

"Ay," replied the immoveable Tim, "I hope she hasn't."

Nicholas hazarded one or two further remarks, but it was evident that Tim Linkinwater had his own reasons for evading the subject, and that he was determined to afford no further information respecting the fair unknown, who had awakened so much curiosity in the breast of his young friend. Nothing daunted by this repulse, Nicholas returned to the charge next day, emboldened by the circumstance of Mr. Linkinwater being in a very talkative and communicative mood; but directly he resumed the theme, Tim relapsed into a state of most provoking taciturnity, and from answering in monosyllables, came to returning no answers at all, save such as were to be inferred from several grave nods and shrugs, which only served to whet that appetite for intelligence in Nicholas, which had already attained a most unreasonable height.

Foiled in these attempts, he was fain to content himself with watching for the young lady's next visit, but here again he was disappointed. Day after day passed, and she did not return. He looked eagerly at the superscription of all the notes and letters, but there was not one among them which he could fancy to be in her hand-writing. On two or three occasions he was employed on business which took him to a distance, and had formerly been transacted by Tim Linkinwater. Nicholas could not help suspecting that for some reason or other he was sent out of the way on purpose, and that the young lady was there in his absence. Nothing transpired, however, to confirm this suspicion, and Tim could not be entrapped into any confession or admission tending to support it in the smallest degree.

Mystery and disappointment are not absolutely indispensable to the growth of love, but they are very often its powerful auxiliaries. "Out of sight, out of mind," is well enough as a proverb applicable to cases of friendship, though absence is not always necessary to hollowness of heart even between friends, and truth and honesty, like precious stones, are perhaps most easily imitated at a distance, when the counterfeits often pass for real. Love, however, is very materially assisted by a warm and active imagination, which has a long memory, and will thrive for a considerable time on very slight and sparing food. Thus it is that it often attains its most luxuriant growth in separation and under circumstances of the utmost difficulty; and thus it was that Nicholas, thinking of nothing but the unknown young lady from day to day and from hour to hour, began at last to think that he was very desperately in love with her, and that never was such an ill-used and persecuted lover as he..

Still, though he loved and languished after the most orthodox models, and was only deterred from making a confidante of Kate by the slight considerations of having never, in all his life, spoken to the object of his passion, and having never set eyes upon her except on two occasions, on both of which she had come and gone like a flash of lightning—or, as Nicholas himself said, in the numerous conversations he held with himself, like a vision of youth and beauty much too bright to last—his ardour and devotion remained without its reward. The young lady appeared no more; so that there was a great deal of love wasted (enough indeed to have set up half-a-dozen young gentlemen, as times go, with the utmost decency) and nobody was a bit the wiser for it; not even Nicholas himself, who, on the contrary, became more dull, sentimental, and lackadaisical every day.

While matters were in this state, the failure of a correspondent of the Brothers Cheeryble, in Germany, imposed upon Tim Linkinwater and Nicholas the necessity of going through some vety long and complicated accounts extending over a considerable space of time. To get through them with the greater despatch, Tim Linkinwater proposed that they should remain at the counting-house for a week or so, until ten o'clock at night; to this, as nothing damped the zeal of Nicholas in the service of his kind patrons—not even romance, which has seldom business habits—he cheerfully assented. On the very first night of those later hours, at nine exactly, there came—not the young lady herself, but her servant, who being closeted with Brother Charles for some time went away, and returned next night at the same hour, and on the next, and on the next again.

These repeated visits inflamed the curiosity of Nicholas to the very highest pitch. Tantalized and excited beyond all bearing, and unable to fathom the mystery without neglecting his duty, he confided the whole secret to Newman Noggs, imploring him to be on the watch next night, to follow the girl home, to set on foot such inquiries relative to the name, condition, and history of her mistress, as he could without exciting suspicion; and to report the result to him with the least possible delay.

Beyond all measure proud of this commission, Newman Noggs took up his post in the square on the following evening, a full hour before the needful time, and planting himself behind the pump and pulling his hat over his eyes, began his watch with an elaborate appearance of mystery admirably calculated to excite the suspicion of all beholders. Indeed, divers servant-girls who came to draw water, and sundry little boys who stopped to drink at the ladle, were almost scared out of their senses by the apparition of Newman Noggs looking stealthily round the pump, with nothing of him visible but his face, and that wearing the expression of a meditative Ogre.

Punctual to her time, the messenger came again, and after an interview of rather longer duration than usual, departed. Newman had made two appointments with Nicholas, one for the next evening conditional on his success, and one the next night following which was to be kept under all circumstances. The first night he was not at the place of meeting (a certain tavern about half-way between the City and Golden Square), but on the second night he was there before Nicholas, and received him with open arms.

"It's all right," whispered Newman. "Sit down—sit down, there's a dear young man, and let me tell you all about it."

Nicholas needed no second invitation, and eagerly inquired what was the news.

"There's a great deal of news," said Newman, in a flutter of exultation. "It's all right. Don't be anxious. I don't know where to begin. Never mind that. Keep up your spirits. It's all right."

"Well?" said Nicholas eagerly. "Yes?"

"Yes," replied Newman, "That's it."

"What's it?" said Nicholas. "The name—the name, my dear fellow."

"The name's Bobster," replied Newman.

"Bobster!" repeated Nicholas, indignantly.

"That's the name," said Newman. "I remembered it by lobster."

"Bobster!" repeated Nicholas, more emphatically than before. "That must be the servant's name."

"No, it an't," said Newman, shaking his head with great positiveness. "Miss Cecilia Bobster."

"Cecilia, eh?" returned Nicholas, muttering the two names together over and over again in every variety of tone, to try the effect. "Well, Cecilia is a pretty name."

"Very. And a pretty creature too," said Newman.

"Who?" said Nicholas.

"Miss Bobster."

"Why, where have you seen her?" demanded Nicholas.

"Never mind, my dear boy," retorted Noggs, clapping him on the shoulder. "I *have* seen her. You shall see her. I have managed it all."

"My dear Newman," cried Nicholas, grasping his hand, "are you serious?"

"I am," replied Newman. "I mean it all. Every word. You shall see her to-morrow night. She consents to hear you speak for yourself. I persuaded her. She is all affability, goodness, sweetness, and beauty."

"I know she is; I know she must be, Newman," said Nicholas, wringing his hand.

"You are right," returned Newman.

"Where does she live?" cried Nicholas, "What have you learnt of her history? Has she a father—mother—any brothers—sisters? What did she say? How came you to see her? Was she not very much surprised? Did you say how passionately I have longed to speak to her? Did you tell her where I had seen her? Did you tell her how, and when, and where, and how long and how often I have thought of that sweet face which came upon me in my bitterest distress like a glimpse of some better world—did you, Newman—did you?"

Poor Noggs literally gasped for breath as this flood of questions rushed upon him, and moved spasmodically in his chair at every fresh inquiry, staring at Nicholas meanwhile with a most ludicrous expression of perplexity.

"No," said Newman, "I didn't tell her that."

"Didn't tell her which?" asked Nicholas.

"About the glimpse of the better world," said Newman. "I didn't tell her who you were, either, or where you'd seen her. I said you loved her to distraction."

"That's true, Newman, replied Nicholas, with his characteristic vehemence. "Heaven knows I do!"

"I said too, that you had admired her for a long time in secret," said Newman.

"Yes, yes. What did she say to that?" asked Nicholas.

"Blushed," said Newman.

"To be sure. Of course she would," said Nicholas approvingly.

Newman then went on to say that the young lady was an only child, that her mother was dead and that she resided with her father; and that she had been induced to allow her lover a secret interview at the intercession of her servant, who had great influence with her. He further related how it had required much moving and great eloquence to bring the young lady to this pass; how it was expressly understood that she merely afforded Nicholas an opportunity of declaring his passion, and how she by no means pledged herself to be favourably impressed with his attentions. The mystery of her visits to the Brothers Cheeryble remained wholly unexplained, for Newman had not alluded to them either in his preliminary conversations with the servant or his subsequent interview with the mistress, merely remarking that he had been instructed to watch the girl home and plead his young friend's cause, and not saying how far he had followed her, or from what point. But Newman had hinted that from what had fallen from the confidante, he had been led to suspect that the young lady led a very miserable and unhappy life, under the strict control of her only parent, who was of a violent and brutal temper—a circumstance which he thought might in some degree account, both for her having sought the protection and friendship of the brothers, and her suffering herself to be prevailed upon to grant the promised interview. The last he held to be a very logical deduction from the premises, inasmuch as it was but natural to suppose that a young lady, whose present condition was so unenviable, would be more than commonly desirous to change it.

It appeared on further questioning—for it was only by a very long and arduous process that all this could be got out of Newman Noggs—that Newman, in explanation of his shabby appearance, had represented himself as being, for certain wise and indispensable purposes connected with the intrigue, in disguise; and being questioned how he had come to exceed his commission so far as to procure an interview, he responded, that the lady appearing willing to grant it, he considered himself bound, both in duty and gallantry, to avail himself of such golden means of enabling Nicholas to prosecute his addresses. After these and all possible questions had been asked and answered twenty times over, they parted, undertaking to meet on the following night at half-past ten, for the purpose of fulfilling the appointment, which was for eleven o'clock.

"Things come about very strangely," thought Nicholas, as he walked home. 'I never contemplated anything of this kind; never dreamt of the possibility of it. To know something of the life of one in whom I felt such interest; to see her in the street, to pass the house in which she lived, to meet her sometimes in her walks, to hope that a day might come when I might be in a condition to tell her of my love; this was the utmost extent of my thoughts. Now, however—but I should be a fool, indeed, to repine at my own good fortune."

Still Nicholas was dissatisfied; and there was more in the dissatisfaction than mere revulsion of feeling. He was angry with the young lady for being so easily won, "because," reasoned Nicholas, "it is not as if she knew it was I, but it might have been anybody,"—which was certainly not pleasant. The next moment he was angry with himself for entertaining such thoughts, arguing that nothing but goodness could dwell in such a temple, and that the behaviour of the brothers sufficiently showed the estimation in which they held her. "The fact is, she's a mystery altogether," said Nicholas. This was not more satisfactory than his previous course of reflection, and only drove him out upon a new sea of speculation and conjecture, where he tossed and tumbled in great discomfort of mind until the clock struck ten, and the hour of meeting drew nigh.

Nicholas had dressed himself with great care, and even Newman Noggs had trimmed himself up a little: his coat presenting the phenomenon of two consecutive buttons, and the supplementary pins being inserted at tolerably regular intervals. He wore his hat, too, in the newest taste, with a pocket-handkerchief in the crown, and a twisted end of it straggling out behind, after the fashion of a pigtail, though he could scarcely lay claim to the ingenuity of inventing this latter decoration, inasmuch as he was utterly unconscious of it: being in a nervous and excited condition which rendered him quite insensible to everything but the great object of the expedition.

They traversed the streets in profound silence; and after walking at a round pace for some distance, arrived in one of a gloomy appearance and very little frequented, near the Edgeware-road.

"Number twelve," said Newman.

"Oh!" replied Nicholas, looking about him.

"Good street?" said Newman.

"Yes," returned Nicholas, "rather dull."

Newman made no answer to this remark, but halting rather abruptly, planted Nicholas with his back to some area railings, and gave him to understand that he was to wait there, without moving hand or foot, until it was satisfactorily ascertained that the coast was clear. This done, Noggs limped away with great alacrity, looking over his shoulder every instant to make quite certain that Nicholas was obeying his directions; and ascending the steps of a house some half-dozen doors off, was lost to view.

After a short delay, he re-appeared, and limping back again, halted midway, and beckoned Nicholas to follow him.

"Well!" said Nicholas, advancing towards him on tiptoe.

"All right," replied Newman, in high glee. "All ready; nobody at home. Couldn't be better. Ha! ha!"

With this fortifying assurance, he stole past a street-door, on which Nicholas caught a glimpse of a brass plate, with "BOBSTER," in very large letters; and stopping at the area-gate, which was open, signed to his young friend to descend.

"What the devil!" cried Nicholas, drawing back. "Are we to sneak into the kitchen, as if we came after the forks?"

"Hush!" replied Newman. "Old Bobster—ferocious Turk. He'd kill 'em all—box the young lady's ears—he does—often."

"What!" cried Nicholas, in high wrath, "do you mean to tell me that any man would dare box the ears of such a——"

He had no time to sing the praises of his mistress just then, for Newman gave him a gentle push which had nearly precipitated him to the bottom of the area steps, thinking it best to take the hint in good part, Nicholas descended without further remonstrance; but with a countenance bespeaking anything rather than the hope and rapture of a passionate lover. Newman followed—he would have followed head first, but for the timely assistance of Nicholas—and taking his hand, led him through a stone passage, profoundly dark, into a back kitchen or cellar of the blackest and most pitchy obscurity, where they stopped.

"Well! said Nicholas, in a discontented whisper, "this is not all, I suppose, is it?"

"No, no," rejoined Noggs; "they'll be here directly. It's all right."

"I am glad to hear it," said Nicholas. "I shouldn't have thought it, I confess."

They exchanged no further words, and there Nicholas stood, listening to the loud breathing of Newman Noggs, and imagining that his nose seemed to glow like a red-hot coal, even in the midst of the darkness which enshrouded them. Suddenly the sound of cautious footsteps attracted his ear, and directly afterwards a female voice inquired if the gentlemen were there.

"Yes," replied Nicholas, turning towards the corner from which the voice proceeded. "Who is that?"

"Only me, sir," replied the voice. "Now if you please, ma'am."

A gleam of light shone into the place, and presently the servant-girl appeared, bearing a light, and followed by her young mistress, who seemed to be overwhelmed by modesty and confusion.

At sight of the young lady, Nicholas started and changed colour; his heart beat violently, and he stood rooted to the spot. At that instant, and almost simultaneously with her arrival and that of the candle, there was heard a loud and furious knocking at the street-door, which caused Newman Noggs to jump up with great agility from a beer-barrel, on which he had been seated astride, and to exclaim abruptly, and with a face of ashy paleness, "Bobster, by the Lord!"

The young lady shrieked, the attendant wrung her hands, Nicholas gazed from one to the other in apparent stupefaction, and Newman hurried to and fro, thrusting his hands into all his pockets successively, and drawing out the linings of every one in the excess of his irresolution. It was but a moment, but the confusion crowded into that one moment no imagination can exaggerate.

"Leave the house, for Heaven's sake! We have done wrong, we deserve it all," cried the young lady. "Leave the house, or I am ruined and undone for ever."

"Will you hear me say but one word? cried Nicholas. "Only one. I will not detain you. Will you hear me say one word in explanation of this mischance?"

But Nicholas might as well have spoken to the wind, for the young lady with distracted looks hurried up the stairs. He would have followed her, but Newman twisting his hands in his coat-collar, dragged him towards the passage by which they had entered.

"Let me go, Newman, in the devil's name," cried Nicholas. "I must speak to her—I will; I will not leave this house without."

"Reputation — character — violence — consider," said Newman, clinging round him with both arms, and hurrying him away. "Let them open the door.

We'll go as we came directly it's shut. Come. This way. Here."

Overpowered by the remonstrances of Newman and the tears and prayers of the girl, and the tremendous knocking above, which had never ceased, Nicholas allowed himself to be hurried off; and precisely as Mr. Bobster made his entrance by the street-door, he and Noggs made their exit by the area-gate.

They hurried away through several streets without stopping or speaking. At last they halted and confronted each other with blank and rueful faces.

"Never mind," said Newman, gasping for breath. "Don't be cast down. It's all right. More fortunate next time. It couldn't be helped. I did *my* part."

"Excellently," replied Nicholas, taking his hand. "Excellently, and like the true and zealous friend you are. Only—mind, I am not disappointed, Newman, and feel just as much indebted to you—only *it was the wrong lady*."

"Eh!" cried Newman Noggs. "Taken in by the servant!"

"Newman, Newman," said Nicholas, laying his hand upon his shoulder; "it was the wrong servant too."

Newman's under-jaw dropped, and he gazed at Nicholas with his sound eye fixed fast and motionless in his head.

"Don't take it to heart," said Nicholas; "it's of no consequence; you see I don't care about it; you followed the wrong person, that's all."

That *was* all. Whether Newman Noggs had looked round the pump in a slanting direction so long, that his sight became impaired, or whether, finding that there was time to spare, he had recruited himself with a few drops of something stronger than the pump could yield—by whatsoever means it had come to pass, this was his mistake. And Nicholas went home to brood upon it, and to meditate upon the charms of the unknown young lady, now as far beyond his reach as ever.

CHAPTER XLI.

Containing some romantic passages between Mrs. Nickleby and the Gentleman in the small-clothes next door.

Ever since her last momentous conversation with her son, Mrs. Nickleby had by little and little begun to display unusual care in the adornment of her person, gradually superadding to those staid and matronly habiliments, which had up to that time formed her ordinary attire, a variety of embellishments and decorations, slight perhaps in themselves, but, taken together, and considered with reference to the subject of her disclosure, of no mean importance. Even her black dress assumed something of a deadly-lively air from the jaunty style in which it was worn; and, eked out as its lingering attractions were, by a prudential disposal here and there of certain juvenile ornaments of little or no value, which had for that reason alone escaped the general wreck and been permitted to slumber peacefully in odd corners of old drawers and boxes where daylight seldom shone, her mourning garments assumed quite a new character, and from being the outward tokens of respect and sorrow for the dead, were converted into signals of very slaughterous and killing designs upon the living.

Mrs. Nickleby might have been stimulated to this proceeding by a lofty sense of duty, and impulses of unquestionable excellence. She might by this time have become impressed with the sinfulness of long indulgence in unavailing woe, or the necessity of setting a proper example of neatness and decorum to her blooming daughter. Considerations of duty and responsibility apart, the change might have taken its rise in feelings of the purest and most disinterested charity. The gentleman next door had been vilified by Nicholas; rudely stigmatised as a dotard and an idiot; and for these attacks upon his understanding, Mrs. Nickleby was in some sort accountable. She might have felt that it was the act of a good Christian to show, by all means in her power, that the abused gentleman was neither the one nor the other. And what better means could she adopt towards so virtuous and laudable an end, than proving to all men, in her own person, that his passion was the most rational and reasonable in the world, and just the very result of all others which discreet and thinking persons might have foreseen, from her incautiously displaying her matured charms, without reserve, under the very eye, as it were, of an ardent and too-susceptible man?

"Ah!" said Mrs. Nickleby, gravely shaking her head; "If Nicholas knew what his poor dear papa suffered before we were engaged, when I used to hate him, he would have a little more feeling. Shall I ever forget the morning I looked scornfully at him when he offered to carry my parasol! Or that night when I frowned at him? It was a mercy he didn't emigrate. It very nearly drove him to it."

Whether the deceased might not have been better off if he had emigrated in his bachelor days, was a question which his relict did not stop to consider, for Kate entered the room with her work-box in this stage of her reflections; and a much slighter interruption, or no interruption at all, would have diverted Mrs. Nickleby's thoughts into a new channel at any time.

"Kate, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby; "I don't know how it is, but a fine warm summer day like this, with the birds singing in every direction, always puts me in mind of roast pig, with sage and onion sauce and made gravy.

"That's a curious association of ideas, is it not, mamma?"

"Upon my word, my dear, I don't know," replied Mrs. Nickleby. "Roast pig—let me see. On the day five weeks after you were christened, we had a roast—no that couldn't have been a pig, either, because I recollect there were a pair of them to carve, and your poor papa and I could never have thought of sitting down to two pigs—they must have been partridges. Roast pig! I hardly think we ever could have had one, now I come to remember, for your papa could never bear the sight of them in the shops, and used to say that they always put him in mind of very little babies, only the pigs had much fairer complexions; and he had a horror of little babies, too, because he couldn't very well afford any increase to his family, and had a natural dislike to the subject. It's very odd now, what can put that in my head. I recollect dining once at Mrs. Bevan's in that broad street, round the corner by the coachmaker's, where the tipsy man fell through the cellar-flap of an empty house nearly a week before quarter-day, and wasn't found till the new tenant went in—and we had roast pig there. It must be that, I think, that reminds me of it, especially as there was a little bird in the room that would keep on singing all the time of dinner—at least, not a little bird, for it was a parrot, and he didn't sing exactly, for he talked and swore dreadfully; but I think it must be that. Indeed I am sure it must. Shouldn't you say so, my dear?"

"I should say there was not a doubt about it, mamma," returned Kate, with a cheerful smile.

"No; but *do* you think so, Kate?" said Mrs. Nickleby, with as much gravity as if it were a question of the most imminent and thrilling interest. "If you don't, say so at once, you know; because it's just as well to be correct, particularly on a point of this kind, which is very curious and worth settling while one thinks about it."

Kate laughingly replied that she was quite convinced; and as her mamma still appeared undetermined whether it was not absolutely essential that the subject should be renewed, proposed that they should take their work into the summer-house and enjoy the beauty of the afternoon. Mrs. Nickleby readily assented, and to the summer-house they repaired without further discussion.

"Well, I will say," observed Mrs. Nickleby, as she took her seat, "that there never was such a good creature as Smike. Upon my word, the pains he has taken in putting this little arbour to rights and training the sweetest flowers about it, are beyond any thing I could have——I wish he wouldn't put *all* the gravel on your side, Kate, my dear, though, and leave nothing but mould for me."

"Dear mamma," returned Kate, hastily, "take this seat—do—to oblige me, mamma."

"No, indeed, my dear. I shall keep my own side," said Mrs. Nickleby, "Well I declare!"

Kate looked up inquiringly.

"If he hasn't been," said Mrs. Nickleby, "and got, from somewhere or other, a couple of roots of those flowers that I said I was so fond of the other night, and asked you if you were not—no, that *you* said *you* were so fond of, the other night, and asked me if I wasn't—it's the same thing—now, upon my word, I take that as very kind and attentive indeed! I don't see," added Mrs. Nickleby, looking narrowly about her, "any of them on my side, but I suppose they grow best near the gravel. You may depend they do, Kate, and that's the reason they are all near you, and he has put the gravel there because it's the sunny side. Upon my word, that's very clever now. I shouldn't have had half as much thought myself!"

"Mamma," said Kate hurriedly, bending over her work so that her face was almost hidden, "before you were married——"

"Dear me, Kate," interrupted Mrs. Nickleby, "what in the name of goodness graciousness makes you fly off to the time before I was married, when I'm talking to you about his thoughtfulness and attention to me? You don't seem to take the smallest interest in the garden."

"Oh! mamma," said Kate, raising her face again, "you know I do."

"Well then, my dear, why don't you praise the neatness and prettiness with which it's kept?" said Mrs. Nickleby, "How very odd you are, Kate!"

"I do praise it, mamma," answered Kate, gently. "Poor fellow!"

"I scarcely ever hear you, my dear," retorted Mrs. Nickleby; "that's all I've got to say." By this time the good old lady had been a long while upon one topic, so she fell at once into her daughter's little trap for changing it—if trap it were—and inquired what she had been going to say.

"About what, mamma?" said Kate, who had apparently quite forgotten her diversion.

"Lor, Kate, my dear," returned her mother, "why, you're asleep or stupid. About the time before I was married."

"Oh yes!" said Kate, "I remember. I was going to ask, mamma, before you were married, had you many suitors?"

"Suitors, my dear!" cried Mrs. Nickleby, with a smile of wonderful complacency. "First and last, Kate, I must have had a dozen at least."

"Mamma!" returned Kate, in a tone of remonstrance.

"I had indeed, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby; not including your poor papa, or a young gentlemon who used to go at that time to the same dancing-school, and who *would* send gold watches and bracelets to our house in gilt-edged-paper,(which were always returned,) and who afterwards unfortunately went out to Botany Bay in a cadet ship—a convict ship I mean—and escaped into a bush and killed sheep, (I don't know how they got there) and was going to be hung, only he accidentally choked himself, and the government pardoned him. Then there was young Lukin," said Mrs. Nickleby, beginning with her left thumb and checking off the names on her fingers—"Mogley—Tipslark—Cabbery—Smifser——"

Having now reached her little finger, Mrs. Nickleby was carrying the account over to the other hand, when a loud "Hem!" which appeared to come from the very foundation of the garden wall, gave both herself and her daughter a violent start.

"Mamma! what was that?" said Kate, in a low tone of voice.

"Upon my word, my dear," returned Mrs. Nickleby, considerably startled, "unless it was the gentleman belonging to the next house, I don't know what it could possibly——

"A—hem!" cried the same voice; and that not in the tone of an ordinary clearing of the throat, but in a kind of bellow, which woke up all the echoes in the neighbourhood, and was prolonged to an extent which must have made the unseen bellower quite black in the face.

"I understand it now, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby, laying her hand on Kate's; "don't be alarmed, my love, it's not directed to you, and is not intended to frighten anybody. Let us give every body their due, Kate; I am bound to say that."

So saying, Mrs. Nickleby nodded her head, and patted the back of her daughter's hand a great many times, and looked as if she could tell something vastly important if she chose, but had self-denial, thank God! and wouldn't do it.

"What do you mean, mamma?" demanded Kate, in evident surprise.

"Don't be flurried, my dear," replied Mrs. Nickleby, looking towards the garden-wall, "for you see I'm not, and if it would be excusable in anybody to be flurried, it certainly would—under all the circumstances be excusable in me, but I am not, Kate—not at all."

"It seems designed to attract our attention, mamma," said Kate.

"It *is* designed to attract our attention, my dear—at least," rejoined Mrs. Nickleby, drawing herself up, and patting her daughter's hand more blandly than before, "to attract the attention of one of us. Hem! you needn't be at all uneasy, my dear."

Kate looked very much perplexed, and was apparently about to ask for further explanation, when a shouting and scuffling noise, as of an elderly gentlemen whooping, and kicking up his legs on loose gravel with great violence, was heard to proceed from the same direction as the former sounds; and, before they had subsided, a large cucumber was seen to shoot up in the air with the velocity of a sky-rocket, whence it descended, tumbling over and over, until it fell at Mrs. Nickleby's feet.

This remarkable appearance was succeeded by another of a precisely similar description; then a fine vegetable marrow, of unusually large dimensions, was seen to whirl aloft, and come toppling down; then several cucumbers shot up together; and, finally, the air was darkened by a shower of onions, turnip-radishes, and other small vegetables, which fell rolling and scattering and bumping about in all directions.

As Kate rose from her seat in some alarm, and caught her mothers' hand to run with her into the house, she felt herself rather retarded than assisted in her intention; and, following the direction of Mrs. Nickleby's eyes, was quite terrified by the apparition of an old black velvet cap, which, by slow degrees, as if its wearer were ascending a ladder or pair of steps, rose above the wall dividing their garden from that of the next cottage, (which, like their own was a detached building,) and was gradually followed by a very large head, and an old face, in which were a pair of most extraordinary grey eyes, very wild, very wide open, and rolling in their sockets with a dull, languishing, and leering look, most ugly to behold.

"Mamma!" cried Kate, really terrified for the moment, "why do you stop, why do you lose an instant?—Mamma, pray come in!"

"Kate, my dear," returned her mother, still holding back, "how can you be so foolish? I'm ashamed of you. How do you suppose you are ever to get through life, if you're such a coward as this! What do you want sir?" said Mrs. Nickleby, addressing the intruder with a sort of simpering displeasure. "How dare you look into this garden?"

"Queen of my soul," replied the stranger, folding his hands together, "this goblet sip."

"Nonsense, sir," said Mrs. Nickleby. "Kate, my love, pray be quiet."

"Won't you sip the goblet?" urged the stranger, with his head imploringly on one side, and his right hand on his breast. "Oh, do sip the goblet!"

"I shall not consent to do anything of the kind, sir," said Mrs. Nickleby, with a haughty air. "Pray, begone."

"Why is it," said the old gentleman, coming up a step higher, and leaning his elbows on the wall, with as much complacency as if he were looking out of a window, "why is it that beauty is always obdurate, even when admiration is as honourable and respectful as mine?" Here he smiled, kissed his hand, and made several low bows. "Is it owing to the bees, who, when the honey season is over, and they are supposed to have been killed with brimstone, in reality fly to Barbary and lull the captive Moors to sleep with their drowsy songs? Or is it," he added, dropping his voice almost to a whisper, "in consequence of the statue at Charing Cross having been lately seen on the Stock Exchange at midnight, walking arm-in-arm with the Pump from Aldgate, in a riding-habit?"

"Mamma," murmured Kate, "do you hear him?"

"Hush, my dear!" replied Mrs. Nickleby, in the same tone of voice, "he is very polite, and I think that was a quotation from the poets. Pray don't worry me so—you'll pinch my arm black and blue. Go away, sir."

"Quite away," said the gentleman with a languishing look, "Oh! quite away?"

"Yes," returned Mrs. Nickleby, "certainly. You have no business here. This is private property, sir; you ought to know that."

"I do know," said the old gentleman, laying his finger on his nose with an air of familiarity most reprehensible, "that this is a sacred and enchanted spot, where the most divine charms"—here he kissed his hand and bowed again—"waft mellifluousness over the neighbours' gardens, and force the fruit and vegetables into premature existence. That fact I am acquainted with. But will you permit me, fairest creature, to ask you one question, in the absence of the planet Venus, who has gone on business to the Horse Guards, and would otherwise—jealous of your superior charms—interpose between us?'

"Kate," observed Mrs. Nickleby, turning to her daughter, "it's very awkward, positively, I really don't know what to say to this gentleman. One ought to be civil, you know."

"Dear mamma," rejoined Kate, "don't say a word to him, but let us run away as fast as we can, and shut ourselves up till Nicholas comes home."

Mrs. Nickleby looked very grand, not to say contemptuous, at this humiliating proposal; and turning to the old gentleman, who had watched them during these whispers with absorbing eagerness, said—

"If you will conduct yourself, sir, like the gentleman which I should imagine you to be from your language and—and—appearance, (quite the counterpart of your grand-papa, Kate, my dear, in his best days,) and will put your question to me in plain words, I will answer it."

If Mrs. Nickleby's excellent papa had borne in his best days, a resemblance to the neighbour now looking over the wall, he must have been to say the least, a very queer-looking old gentleman in his prime. Perhaps Kate thought so, for she ventured to glance at his living portrait with some attention, as he took off his black velvet cap, and exhibiting a perfectly bald head made a long series of bows, each accompanied with a fresh kiss of the hand. After exhausting himself, to all appearance, with this fatiguing performance, he covered his head once more, pulled the cap very carefully over the tips of his ears, and resuming his former attitude, said,

"The question is——"

Here he broke off to look round in every direction, and satisfy himself beyond all doubt that there were no listeners near. Assured that there were not, he tapped his nose several times, accompanying the action with a cunning look, as though congratulating himself on his caution; and stretching out his neck, said in a loud whisper.

"Are you a princess?"

"You are mocking me, sir," replied Mrs. Nickleby, making a feint of retreating towards the house.

"No, but you are?" said the old gentleman.

"You know I am not, sir," replied Mrs. Nickleby.

"Then are you any relation to the Archbishop of Canterbury?" inquired the old gentleman with great anxiety, "or to the Pope of Rome? or the Speaker of the House of Commons? Forgive me, if I am wrong, but I was told you were niece to the Commissioners of Paving, and daughter-in-law to the Lord Mayor and Court of Common Council, which would account for your relationship to all three."

"Whoever has spread such reports, sir," returned Mrs. Nickleby, with some warmth, "has taken great liberties with my name, and one which I am sure my son Nicholas, if he was aware of it, would not allow for an instant. The idea!" said Mrs. Nickleby, drawing herself up, "niece to the Commissioners of Paving!"

"Pray, mamma, come away!" whispered Kate.

"'Pray, mamma!' Nonsense, Kate," said Mrs.

Nickleby, angrily, “but that’s just the way. If they had said I was niece to a piping bullfinch, what would you care! But I have no sympathy”—whimpered Mrs. Nickleby, “I don’t expect it, that’s one thing.”

“Tears!” cried the old gentleman, with such an energetic jump, that he fell down two or three steps, and grated his chin against the wall. “Catch the crystal globules—catch ’em—bottle ’em up—cork ’em tight—put sealing-wax on the top—seal ’em with a cupid—label ’em ‘Best quality’—and stow ’em away in the fourteenth binn, with a bar of iron on the top to keep the thunder off!”

Issuing these commands, as if there were a dozen attendants all actively engaged in their execution, he turned his velvet cap inside out, put it on with great dignity so as to obscure his right-eye and three-fourths of his nose, and sticking his arms a-kimbo, looked very fiercely at a sparrow hard by, till the bird flew away, when he put his cap in his pocket with an air of great satisfaction, and addressed himself with a respectful demeanour to Mrs. Nickleby.

“Beautiful madam,” such were his words—“if I have made any mistake with regard to your family or connexions, I humbly beseech you to pardon me. If I supposed you to be related to Foreign Powers or Native Boards, it is because you have a manner, a carriage, a dignity, which you will excuse my saying that none but yourself (with the single exception perhaps of the tragic muse, when playing extemporaneously on the barrel-organ before the East India Company) can parallel. I am not a youth, ma’am, as you see; and although beings like you can never grow old, I venture to presume that we are fitted for each other.

“Really, Kate, my love!” said Mrs. Nickleby faintly, and looking another way.

“I have estates, ma’am,” said the old gentleman, flourishing his right hand negligently, as if he made very light of such matters, and speaking very fast; “jewels, light-houses, fish-ponds, a whalery of my own in the North Sea, and several oyster-beds of great profit in the Pacific Ocean. If you will have the kindness to step down to the Royal Exchange and to take the cocked hat off the stoutest beadle’s head, you will find my card in the lining of the crown, wrapped up in a piece of blue paper. My walking-stick is also to be seen on application to the chaplain of the House of Commons, who is strictly forbidden to take any money for showing it. I have enemies about me, ma’am,” he looked towards his house and spoke very low, “who attack me on all occasions, and wish to secure my property. If you bless me with your hand and heart, you can apply to the Lord Chancellor or call out the military if necessary—sending my toothpick to the commander-in-chief will be sufficient—and so clear the house of them before the ceremony is performed. After that, love bliss and rapture; rapture love and bliss. Be mine, be mine!”

Repeating these words with great rapture and enthusiasm, the old gentleman put on his black velvet cap again, and looking up into the sky in a hasty manner, said something that was not quite intelligible concerning a balloon he expected, and which was rather after its time.

“Be mine, be mine!” repeated the old gentleman.

“Kate, my dear,” said Mrs. Nickleby, “I have hardly the power to speak; but it is necessary for the happiness of all parties that this matter should be set at rest for ever.”

“Surely there is no necessity for you to say one word, mamma!” reasoned Kate.

“You will allow me, my dear, if you please, to judge for myself,” said Mrs. Nickleby.

“Be mine, be mine!” cried the old gentleman.

“It can scarcely be expected, sir,” said Mrs. Nickleby, fixing her eyes modestly on the ground, “that I should tell a stranger whether I feel flattered and obliged by such proposals, or not. They certainly are made under very singular circumstances; still at the same time, as far as it goes, and to a certain extent of course,” (Mrs. Nickleby’s customary qualification,) “they must be gratifying and agreeable to one’s feelings.”

“Be mine, be mine,” cried the old gentleman. “Gog and Magog. Be mine, be mine!”

“It will be sufficient for me to say, sir,” resumed Mrs. Nickleby, with perfect seriousness—“and I am sure you’ll see the propriety of taking an answer and going away—that I have made up my mind to remain a widow, and to devote myself to my children. You may not suppose I am the mother of two children—indeed many people have doubted it, and said that nothing on earth could ever make ’em believe it possible—but it is the case, and they are both grown up. We shall be very glad to have you for a neighbor—very glad; delighted, I’m sure—but in any other character it’s quite impossible, quite. As to my being young enough to marry again, that perhaps may be so, or it may not be; but I couldn’t think of it for an instant, not on any account whatever. I said I never would, and I never will. It’s a very painful thing to have to reject proposals, and I would much rather that none were made; at the same time this is the answer that I determined long ago to make, and this is the answer I shall always give.”

These observations were partly addressed to the old gentleman, partly to Kate, and partly delivered in soliloquy. Towards their conclusion, the suitor evinced a very irreverent degree of inattention, and Mrs. Nickleby had scarcely finished speaking, when, to the great terror both of that lady and her daughter, he suddenly flung off his coat, and springing on the top of the wall, threw himself into an attitude which displayed his small-clothes and grey worsteds to the fullest advantage, and concluded by standing on one leg, and repeating his favourite bellow with increased vehemence.

While he was still dwelling on the last note, and embellishing it with a prolonged flourish, a dirty hand was observed to glide stealthily and swiftly along the top of the wall, as if in pursuit of a fly, and then to clasp with the utmost dexterity one of the old gentleman’s ancles. This done, the companion hand appeared, and clasped the other ancle.

Thus encumbered, the old gentleman lifted his legs awkwardly once or twice, as if they were very clumsy and imperfect pieces of machinery, and then looking down on his own side of the wall, burst into a loud laugh.

“It’s you, is it?” said the old gentleman.

“Yes, it’s me,” replied a gruff voice.

“How’s the Emperor of Tartary?” said the old gentleman.

“Oh! he’s much the same as usual,” was the reply. “No better and no worse.”

“The young Prince of China,” said the old gentleman, with much interest. "Is he reconciled to his father-in-law, the great potato salesman?"

"No," answered the gruff voice; "and he says he never will be, that's more."

"If that's the case," observed the old gentleman, "perhaps I'd better come down."

"Well," said the man on the other side. "I think you had, perhaps."

One of the hands being then cautiously unclasped, the old gentleman dropped into a sitting posture, and was looking round to smile and bow to Mrs. Nickleby, when he disappeared with some precipitation, as if his legs had been pulled from below.

Very much relieved by his disappearance, Kate was turning to speak to her mamma, when the dirty hands again became visible, and were immediately followed by the figure of a coarse squat man, who ascended by the steps which had been recently occupied by their singular neighbour.

"Beg your pardon, ladies," said this new comer, grinning and touching his hat. "Has he been making love to either of you?"

"Yes," said Kate.

"Ah!" rejoined the man, taking his handkerchief out of his hat and wiping his face, "he always will, you know. Nothing will prevent his making love."

"I need not ask you if he is out of his mind, poor creature," said Kate.

"Why no," replied the man, looking into his hat, throwing his handkerchief in at one dab, and putting it on again. "That's pretty plain, that is."

"Has he been long so?" asked Kate.

"A long while."

"And is there no hope for him?" said Kate, compassionately.

"Not a bit, and don't deserve to be," replied the keeper. "He's a deal pleasanter without his senses than with 'em. He was the cruelest, wickedest, out-and-outerest old flint that ever drawed breath."

"Indeed!" said Kate.

"By George!" replied the keeper, shaking his head so emphatically that he was obliged to frown to keep his hat on, "I never come across such a vagabond, and my mate says the same. Broke his poor wife's heart, turned his daughters out of doors, drove his sons into the streets—it was a blessing he went mad at last, through evil tempers, and covetousness, and selfishness, and guzzling, and drinking, or he'd have drove many others so. Hope for *him*, an old rip! There isn't too much hope going, but I'll bet a crown that what there is, is saved for more deserving chaps than him, anyhow."

With which confession of his faith, the keeper shook his head again, as much as to say that nothing short of this would do, if things were to go on at all; and touching his hat sulkily—not that he was in an ill humour, but that his subject ruffled him—descended the ladder, and took it away.

During this conversation, Mrs. Nickleby had regarded the man with a severe and steadfast look. She now heaved a profound sigh, and pursing up her lips, shook her head in a slow and doubtful manner.

"Poor creature!" said Kate.

"Ah! poor indeed!" rejoined Mrs. Nickleby. "It's shameful that such things should be allowed.—Shameful?"

"How can they be helped, mamma?" said Kate, mournfully. "The infirmities of nature——"

"Nature!" said Mrs. Nickleby. "What! Do *you* suppose this poor gentleman is out of his mind?"

"Can anybody who sees him entertain any other opinion, mamma?"

"Why then I just tell you this, Kate," returned Mrs. Nickleby, "that he's nothing of the kind, and I am surprised you can be so imposed upon. It's some plot of these people to possess themselves of his property—didn't he say so himself? He may be a little odd and flighty, perhaps, many of us are that; but downright mad! and express himself as he does, respectfully, and in quite poetical language, and making offers with so much thought, and care, and prudence—not as if he ran into the streets, and went down upon his knees to the first chit of a girl he met, as a madman would! No, no, Kate, there's a great deal too much method in *his* madness; depend upon that, my dear."

CHAPTER XLII.

Illustrative of the convivial sentiment, that the best of friends must sometimes part.

The pavement of Snow Hill had been baking and frying all day in the heat, and the twain Saracens' heads, guarding the entrance to the hostelry of whose name and sign they are the duplicate presentments, looked—or seemed in the eyes of jaded and foot-sore passers by, to look—more vicious than usual, after blistering and scorching in the sun, when, in one of the inn's smallest sitting-rooms, through whose open window there rose, in a palpable steam, wholesome exhalations from reeking coach-horses, the usual furniture of a tea-table was displayed in neat and inviting order, flanked by large joints of roast and boiled, a tongue, a pigeon-pie, a cold fowl, a tankard of ale, and other little matters of the like kind which, in degenerate towns and cities, are generally understood to belong more particularly to solid lunches, stage-coach dinners, or unusually substantial breakfasts.

Mr. John Browdie, with his hands in his pockets, hovered restlessly about these delicacies, stopping occasionally to whisk the flies out of the sugar-basin with his wife's pocket-handkerchief, or to dip a tea-spoon in the milkpot and carry it to his mouth, or to cut off a little knob of crust, and a little corner of meat, and swallow them at two gulps like a couple of pills. After every one of these flirtations with the eatables, he pulled out his watch, and declared with an earnestness quite pathetic, that he couldn't undertake to hold out two minutes longer.

"Tilly!" said John to his lady, who was reclining half awake and half asleep upon a sofa.

"Well, John!"

"Weel, John!" retorted her husband, impatiently, "Dost thou feel hoongry, lass?"

"Not very," said Mrs. Browdie.

"Not vary!" repeated John, raising his eyes to the ceiling. "Hear her say not vary, and us dining at three and looncheing off pasthry thot aggravates a mon 'stead of pacifying him! Not vary!"

"Here's a gen'lman for you, sir," said the waiter, looking in.

"A wa'at for me?" cried John, as though he thought it must be a letter, or a parcel.

"A gen'lman, sir."

"Stars and garthers, chap!" said John, "wa'at dost thou coom and say thot for. In wi' 'un."

"Are you at home, sir?"

"At whoam!" cried John, "I wish I wur; I 'd ha tea'd two hour ago. Why, I told t'oother chap to look sharp ootside door, and tell 'un d'rectly he coom, thot we wa faint wi' hoonger. In wi' 'un. Aha! Thee hond, Misther Nickleby. This is nigh to be the proodest day o' my life, sir. Hoo be all wi' ye? Ding! But I'm glod o' this!"

Quite forgetting even his hunger in the heartiness of his salutation, John Browdie shook Nicholas by the hand again and again, slapping his palm with great violence between each shake, to add warmth to the reception.

"Ah! there she be," said John, observing the look which Nicholas directed towards his wife. "There she be—we shan't quarrel aboot her noo—Eh? Ecod, when I think o' thot—but thou want'st soom'at to eat. Fall to, mun, fall to, and for wa'at we're aboot to receive——"

No doubt the grace was properly finished, but nothing more was heard, for John had already begun to play such a knife and fork, that his speech was for the time, gone.

"I shall take the usual license, Mr. Browdie, said Nicholas, as he placed a chair for the bride.

"Tak' whatever thou like'st," said John, "and when a's gane, ca' for more."

Without stopping to explain, Nicholas kissed the blushing Mrs. Browdie, and handed her to her seat.

"I say," said John, rather astounded for the moment, "mak' theeself quite at whoam, will 'ee?"

"You may depend upon that," replied Nicholas: "on one condition."

"And wa'at may thot be?" asked John.

"That you make me a godfather the very first time you have occasion for one."

"Eh! d' ye hear thot!" cried John laying down his knife and fork. "A godfeyther! Ha! ha! ha! Tilly—hear till 'un—a godfeyther! Divn't say a word more, ye'll never beat thot. Occasion for 'un—a godfeyther! Ha! ha! ha!"

Never was a man so tickled with a respectable old joke as John Browdie was with this. He chuckled, roared, half suffocated himself by laughing large pieces of beef into his windpipe, roared again, persisted in eating at the same time, got red in the face, and black in the forehead, coughed, cried, got better, went off again laughing inwardly, got worse, choked, had his back thumped, stamped about, frightened his wife, and at last recovered in a state of the last exhaustion and with the water streaming from his eyes, but still faintly ejaculating "a godfeyther—a godfeyther, Tilly!" in a tone bespeaking an exquisite relish of the sally, which no suffering could diminish.

"You remember the night of our first tea-drinking?" said Nicholas.

"Shall I e'er forget it, mun?" replied John Browdie.

"He was a desperate fellow that night though, was he not, Mrs. Browdie?" said Nicholas. "Quite a monster?"

"If you had only heard him as we were going home, Mr. Nickleby, you'd have said so indeed," returned the bride. "I was never so frightened in all my life."

"Coom, coom," said John with a broad grin; "thou know'st better than thot, Tilly."

"So I was," replied Mrs. Browdie. "I almost made up my mind never to speak to you again."

"A'most!" said John, with a broader grin than the last. "A'most made up her mind! And she wur coaxin', and coaxin', and wheedlin', and wheedlin', a' the blessed wa'. 'Wa'at did'st thou let yon chap mak' oop tiv'ee for?' says I. 'I deedn't, John,' says she, a squeedgin my arm. 'You deedn't?' says I. 'Noa,' says she, a squeedgin of me agean."

"Lor, John!" interposed his pretty wife, colouring very much, how can you talk such nonsense? As if I should have dreamt of such a thing!"

"I dinnot know whether thou'd ever dreamt of it, though I think that's loike eneaf, mind," retorted John; "but thou didst it. 'Ye're a feeckle, changeable weather-cock, lass,' says I. 'Not feeckle, John, says she.' 'Yes,' says I, feeckle, dom'd feeckle. Dinnot tell me thou bean't efther yon chap at schoolmeasther's, says I. 'Him!' says she, quite screeching. 'Ah! him!' says I. 'Why, John,' says she—and she coom a deal closer and squeedged a deal harder than she'd deane afore—'dost thou think it's nat'ral noo, that having such a proper mun as thou to keep company wi' I'd ever tak' oop wi' such a leetle scanty-whipper-snapper as yon?' she says. Ha! ha! ha! She said whipper-snapper! 'Ecod!' I says, 'efther thot, neame the day, and let's have it ower!' Ha! ha! ha!"

Nicholas laughed very heartily at this story, both on account of its telling against himself, and his being desirous to spare the blushes of Mrs. Browdie, whose protestations were drowned in peals of laughter from her husband. His good-nature soon put her at her ease; and although she still denied the charge, she laughed so heartily at it, that Nicholas had the satisfaction of feeling assured that in all essential respects it was strictly true.

"This is the second time," said Nicholas, "that we have ever taken a meal together, and only the third time I have ever seen you; and yet it really seems to me as if I were among old friends."

"Weel!" observed the Yorkshireman, "so I say."

"And I am sure I do," added his young wife.

"I have the best reason to be impressed with the feeling, mind," said Nicholas; "for if it had not been for your kindness of heart, my good friend, when I had no right or reason to expect it, I know not what might have become of me, or what plight I should have been in by this time."

"Talk aboot soom'at else," replied John, gruffly, "and dinnot bother."

"It must be a new song to the same tune, then," said Nicholas, smiling. "I told you in my letter that I deeply felt and admired your sympathy with that poor lad, whom you released at the risk of involving yourself in trouble and difficulty; but I can never tell you how grateful he and I, and others whom you don't know, are to you for taking pity on him."

"Ecod!" rejoined John Browdie, drawing up his chair; "and I can never tell *you* hoo gratful soom folks that we do know would be loikewise, if *they* know'd I had takken pity on him."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Browdie, "what a state I was in, that night!"

"Were they all disposed to give you credit for assisting in the escape?" inquired Nicholas of John Browdie.

"Not a bit," replied the Yorkshireman, extending his mouth from ear to ear. "There I lay, snoog in schoolmeasther's bed long efther it was dark, and nobody coom nigh the pleace. 'Weel!' thinks I, 'he's got a pretty good start, and if he bean't whoam by noo, he never will be; so you may coom as quick as you loike, and find us reddy'—that is, you know, schoolmeasther might coom."

"I understand," said Nicholas.

"Presently," resumed John, "he *did* coom. I heerd door shut doon stairs, and him a warking oop in the daark. 'Slow and steddy,' I says to myself, 'tak' your time, sir—no hurry.' He cooms to the door, turns the key—turns the key when there warn't nothing to hoold the lock—and ca's oot 'Hallo there!'—'Yes,' thinks I, 'you may do thot agean, and not wakken anybody, sir.' 'Hallo, there,' he says, and then he stops. 'Thou'd betther not aggravate me,' says schoolmeasther,' efther a little time. 'I'll brak' every boan in your boddy, Smike,' he says, efther another little time. Then all of a sooden, he sings oot for a loight, and when it cooms—ecod, such a hoorly-boorly! 'Wa'ats the matter?' says I. 'He's gane,' says he,—stark mad wi' vengeance. 'Have you heerd nought?' 'Ees,' says I, 'I heerd street door shut, no time at a' ago. I heerd a person run doon there' (pointing t'other wa'—eh?) 'Help!' he cries. 'I'll help you,' says I; and off we set—the wrong wa'! Ho! ho! ho!"

"Did you go far?" asked Nicholas.

"Far!" replied John; "I run him clean off his legs in quarther of an hoor. To see old schoolmeasther wi'out his hat, skimming along oop to his knees in mud and wather, tumbling over fences, and rowling into ditches, and bawling oot like mad, wi' his one eye looking sharp out for the lad, and his coat-tails flying out behind, and him spattered wi' mud all ower, face and all;—I thot I should ha' dropped doon, and killed myself wi' laughing.

John laughed so heartily at the mere recollection, that he communicated the contagion to both his hearers, and all three burst into peals of laughter, which were renewed again and again, until they could laugh no longer.

"He's a bad 'un," said John, wiping his eyes; "a very bad 'un, is schoolmeasther."

"I can't bear the sight of him, John," said his wife.

"Coom," retorted John, "thot's tidy in you, thot is. If it wa'nt along o' you, we shouldn't know nought aboot 'un. Thou know'd 'un first, Tilly, didn't thou?"

"I couldn't help knowing Fanny Squeers, John," returned his wife; "she was an old playmate of mine, you know."

"Weel," replied John, "dean't I say so, lass? It's best to be neighbourly, and keep up old acquaintance loike; and what I say is, dean't quarrel if 'ee can help it. Dinnot think so, Mr. Nickleby?"

"Certainly," returned Nicholas; "and you acted upon that principle when I met you on horseback on the road, after our memorable evening."

"Surely," said John. "Wa'at I say, I stick by."

"And that's a fine thing to do, and manly too," said Nicholas, "though it's not exactly what we understand by 'coming Yorkshire over us' in London. Miss Squeers is stopping with you, you said in your note."

"Yes," replied John, "Tilly's brides-maid; and a queer brides-maid she be, too. She wean't be a bride in a hurry, I reckon."

"For shame, John," said Mrs. Browdie; with an acute perception of the joke though, being a bride herself.

"The groom will be a blessed mun," said John, his eyes twinkling at the idea. "He'll be in luck, he will."

"You see, Mr. Nickleby," said his wife, "that it was in consequence of her being here, that John wrote to you and fixed to-night, because we thought that it wouldn't be pleasant for you to meet, after what has passed——"

"Unquestionably. You were quite right in that," said Nicholas, interrupting.

"Especially," observed Mrs. Browdie, looking very sly, "after what we know about past and gone love matters."

"We know, indeed!" said Nicholas, shaking his head. "You behaved rather wickedly there, I suspect."

"O' course she did," said John Browdie, passing his huge fore-finger through one of his wife's pretty ringlets, and looking very proud of her. "She wur always as skittish and full o' tricks as a——"

"Well, as a what?" said his wife.

"As a woman," returned John. "Ding! But I dinnot know what else cooms near it."

"You were speaking about Miss Squeers," said Nicholas, with the view of stopping some slight connubialities which had begun to pass between Mr. and Mrs. Browdie. and which rendered the position of a third party in some degree embarrassing, as occasioning him to feel rather in the way than otherwise.

"Oh, yes," rejoined Mrs. Browdie. "John, ha' done—John fixed to-night, because she had settled that she would go and drink tea with her father. And to make quite sure of there being nothing amiss, and of your being quite alone with us, he settled to go out there and fetch her home."

"That was a very good arrangement," said Nicholas; "though I am sorry to be the occasion of so much trouble."

"Not the least in the world," returned Mrs. Browdie; "for we have looked forward to seeing you—John and I have—with the greatest possible pleasure. Do you know, Mr. Nickleby," said Mrs. Browdie, with her archest smile, "that I really think Fanny Squeers was very fond of you?"

"I am very much obliged to her," said Nicholas; "but upon my word, I never aspired to making any impression upon her virgin heart."

"How you talk!" tittered Mrs. Browdie. "No, but you do know that really—seriously now and without any joking—I was given to understand by Fanny herself, that you had made an offer to her, and that you two were going to be engaged quite solemn and regular."

"Was you, ma'am—was you?" cried a shrill female voice, "was you given to understand that I—I—was going to be engaged to an assassinating thief that shed the gore of my pa? Do you—do you think, ma'am—that I was very fond of such dirt beneath my feet, as I couldn't condescend to touch with kitchen tongs, without blacking and crocking myself by the contact? Do you ma'am—do you? Oh! base and degrading 'Tilda?"

With these reproaches Miss Squeers flung the door wide open, and disclosed to the eyes of the astonished Browdies and Nicholas, not only her own symmetrical form, arrayed in the chaste white garments before described, (a little dirtier,) but the form of her brother and father, the pair of Wackfords.

"This is the hend, is it?" continued Miss Squeers, who, being excited, aspirated her h's strongly; "this is the hend, is it, of all my forbearance and friendship for that double-faced thing—that viper, that—that—mermaid?" (Miss Squeers hesitated a long time for this last epithet, and brought it out triumphantly at last, as if it quite clinched the business.) "This is the hend, is it, of all my bearing with her deceitfulness, her lowness, her falseness, her laying herself out to catch the admiration of vulgar minds, in a way which made me blush for my—for my——"

"Gender," suggested Mr. Squeers, regarding the spectators with a malevolent eye—literally *a* malevolent eye.

"Yes," said Miss Squeers; "but I thank my stars that my ma' is of the same——"

"Hear, hear!" remarked Mr. Squeers; "and I wish she was here to have a scratch at this company."

"This is the hend, is it," said Miss Squeers, tossing her head, and looking contemptuously at the floor, "of my taking notice of that rubbishing creature, and demeaning myself to patronise her?"

"Oh, come," rejoined Mrs. Browdie, disregarding all the endeavours of her spouse to restrain her, and forcing herself into a front row, "don't talk such nonsense as that."

"Have I not patronised you, ma'am?" demanded Miss Squeers.

"No," returned Mrs. Browdie.

"I will not look for blushes in such a quarter," said Miss Squeers, haughtily, "for that countenance is a stranger to everything but hignominiousness and red-faced boldness."

"I say," interposed John Browdie, nettled by these accumulated attacks on his wife, "dra' it mild, dra' it mild."

"You, Mr. Browdie," said Miss Squeers, taking him up very quickly, "I pity. I have no feeling for you, sir, but one of unliquidated pity."

"Oh!" said John.

"No," said Miss Squeers, looking sideways at her parent, "although I *am* a queer bridesmaid, and *shan't* be a bride in a hurry, and although my husband *will* be in luck, I entertain no sentiments towards you, Sir, but sentiments of pity."

Here Miss Squeers looked sideways at her father again, who looked sideways at her, as much as to say, 'There you had him.'

"I know what you've got to go through," said Miss Squeers, shaking her curls violently. "*I* know what life is before you, and if you was my bitterest and deadliest enemy, I could wish you nothing worse."

"Could'nt you wish to be married to him yourself, if that was the case?" inquired Mrs. Browdie, with great suavity of manner.

"Oh, ma'am, how witty you are!" retorted Miss Squeers, with a low curtsey, "almost as witty, ma'am, as you are clever. How very clever it was in you, ma'am, to choose a time when I had gone to tea with my pa', and was sure not to come back without being fetched! What a pity you never thought that other people might be as clever as yourself, and spoil your plans!"

"You won't vex me, child, with such airs as these," said the late Miss Price, assuming the matron.

"Don't *Missis* me, ma'am, if you please," returned Miss Squeers, sharply. "I'll not bear it. Is this the hend——"

'Dang it ae'," cried John Browdie, impatiently. "Say the say, out, Fanny, and mak' sure i'ts the end, and dinnot ask nobody whether it is or not."

"Thanking you for your advice which was not required, Mr. Browdie," returned Miss Squeers, with laborious politeness, "have the goodness not to presume to meddle with my christian name. Even my pity shall never make me forget what's due to myself, Mr. Browdie. 'Tilda," said Miss Squeers, with such a sudden accession of violence that John started in his boots, "I throw you off for ever, Miss. I abandon you, I renounce you. I wouldn't," cried Miss Squeers in a solemn voice, "have a child named 'Tilda—not to save it from its grave."

"As for the matther o' that," observed John, "it'll be time eneaf to think aboot neaming of it when it cooms."

"John!" interposed his wife, "don't tease her."

"Oh! Tease, indeed!" cried Miss Squeers, bridling up. "Tease, indeed! He! he! Tease, too! No, don't tease her. Consider her feelings, pray."

"If it's fated that listeners are never to hear any good of themselves, said Mrs. Browdie, "I can't help it, and I am very sorry for it. But I will say, Fanny, that times out of number I have spoken so kindly of you behind your back, that even you could have found no fault with what I said."

"Oh, I dare say not, ma'am!" cried Miss Squeers, with another curtsey. "Best thanks to you for your goodness, and begging and praying you not to be hard upon me another time!"

"I don't know," resumed Mrs. Browdie, "that I have said any thing very bad of you, even now—at all events, what I did say was quite true; but if I have, I am very sorry for it, and I beg your pardon. You have said much worse of me, scores of times, Fanny; but I have never borne any malice to you, and I hope you'll not bear any to me."

Miss Squeers made no more direct reply than surveying her former friend from top to toe, and elevating her nose in the air with ineffable disdain. But some indistinct allusions to a 'puss,' and a 'minx,' and a 'contemptible creature,' escaped her; and this, together with a severe biting of the lips, great difficulty in swallowing, and very frequent comings and goings of breath, seemed to imply that feelings were swelling in Miss Squeer's bosom too great for utterance.

While the foregoing conversation was proceeding, Master Wackford, finding himself unnoticed, and feeling his preponderating inclinations strong upon him, had by little and little sidled up to the table and attacked the food with such slight skirmishing as drawing his fingers round and round the inside of the plates, and afterwards sucking them with infinite relish—picking the bread, and dragging the pieces over the surface of the butter—pocketing lumps of sugar, pretending all the time to be absorbed in thought—and so forth. Finding that no interference was attempted with these small liberties, he gradually mounted to greater, and, after helping himself to a moderately good cold collation, was, by this time, deep in the pie.

Nothing of this had been unobserved by Mr. Squeers, who, so long as the attention of the company was fixed upon other objects, hugged himself to think that his son and heir should be fattening at the enemy's expense. But there being now an appearance of a temporary calm, in which the proceedings of little Wackford could scarcely fail to be observed, he feigned to be aware of the circumstance for the first time, and inflicted upon the face of that young gentleman a slap that made the very tea-cups ring.

"Eating!" cried Mr. Squeers, "of what his father's enemies has left! It's fit to go and poison you, you unnat'ral boy."

"It wean't hurt him," said John, apparently very much relieved by the prospect of having a man in the quarrel; "let 'un eat. I wish the whole school was here. I'd give 'em soom'ut to stay their unfort'nate stomachs wi', if I spent the last penny I had!"

Squeers scowled at him with the worst and most malicious expression of which his face was capable—it was a face of remarkable capability, too, in that way—and shook his fist stealthily.

"Coom, coom, schoolmeasther," said John, "dinnot make a fool o' thyself; for if I was to sheake mine—only once—thou'd fe' doon wi' the wind o' it."

"It was you, was it," returned Squeers, "that helped off my runaway boy? It was you, was it?"

"Me!" returned John in a loud tone. "Yes, it wa' me, coom; wa'at o' that! It wa' me. Noo then!"

"You hear him say he did it, my child!" said Squeers, appealing to his daughter. "You hear him say he did it!"

"Did it!" cried John. "I'll tell'ee more; hear this, too. If thou'd get another runaway boy, I'd do it agean. If thou'd got twonty roonaway boys, I'd do it twonty times over, and twonty more to that; and I tell thee more," said John, "noo my blood is oop, that thou'rt an old ra'ascal; and that it's weel for thou, thou be'st an old 'un, or I'd ha poonded thee to flour, when thou told an honest mun hoo' thou'd licked that poor chap in t' coorch."

"An honest man!" cried Squeers, with a sneer.

"Ah! an honest man," replied John; "honest in ought but ever putting legs under seame table wi' such as thou."

"Scandal!" said Squeers, exultingly. "Two witnesses to it; Wackford knows the nature of an oath, he does—we shall have you there, sir. Rascal, eh?" Mr. Squeers took out his pocket-book and made a note of it—"Very good. I should say that was worth full twenty pounds at the next assizes, without the honesty, sir."

"'Soizes," cried John, "thou'd betther not talk to me o' 'Soizes. Yorkshire schools have been shown up at 'Soizes afore noo, mun, and it's a ticklish subject to revive, I can tell ye."

Mr. Squeers shook his head in a threatening manner, looking very white with passion; and taking his daughter's arm, and dragging little Wackford by the hand, retreated towards the door.

"As for you," said Squeers, turning round and addressing Nicholas, who, as he had caused him to smart pretty soundly on a former occasion, purposely abstained from taking any part in the discussion, "see if I ain't down upon you before long. You'll go a kidnapping of boys, will you? Take care their fathers don't turn up—mark that—take care their fathers dont turn up, and send 'em back to me to do as I like with in spite of you."

"I am not afraid of that," replied Nicholas, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously, and turning away.

"Ain't you!" retorted Squeers, with a diabolical look. "Now then, come along."

"I leave such society, with my pa', for *h*ever," said Miss Squeers, looking contemptuously and loftily round. "I am defiled by breathing the air with such creatures. Poor Mr. Browdie! He! he! he! I do pity him, that I do; he's so deluded! He! he! he!——Artful and designing 'Tilda!"

With this sudden relapse into the sternest and most majestic wrath, Miss Squeers swept from the room; and having sustained her dignity until the last possible moment, was heard to sob and scream and struggle in the passage.

John Browdie remained standing behind the table, looking from his wife to Nicholas, and back again, with his mouth wide open, until his hand accidently fell upon the tankard of ale, when he took it up, and having obscured his features therewith for some time, drew a long breath, handed it over to Nicholas, and rang the bell.

"Here, waither," said John, briskly. "Look alive here. Tak' these things awa', and let's have soomat broiled for sooper—vary comfortable and plenty o' it—at ten o'clock. Bring soom brandy and soom wather, and a pair o' slippers—the largest pair in the house—and be quick aboot it. Dash ma' wig!" said John, rubbing his hands, "there's no ganging oot to-neeght, noo, to fetch anybody whoam, and ecod, we'll begin to spend the evening in airnest."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

JACK SHEPPARD.

EPOCH THE SECOND.—1715.

CHAPTER VI.

Jack Sheppard's first Robbery.

If there is one thing on earth more lovely than another, it is a fair girl of the tender age of Winifred Wood! Her beauty awakens no feeling beyond that of admiration. The charm of innocence breathes around her, as fragrance is diffused by the flower, sanctifying her lightest thought and action, and shielding her, like a spell, from the approach of evil. Beautiful is the girl of twelve,—who is neither child nor woman, but something between both, something more exquisite than either!

Such was the fairy creature presented to Thames Darrell, under the following circumstances.

Glad to escape from the scene of recrimination that ensued between his adoptive parents, Thames seized the earliest opportunity of retiring, and took his way to a small chamber in the upper part of the house, where he and Jack were accustomed to spend most of their leisure in the amusements, or pursuits, proper to their years. He found the door ajar, and to his surprise perceived little Winifred seated at a table, busily engaged in tracing some design upon a sheet of paper. She did not hear his approach, but continued her occupation without raising her head.

It was a charming sight to watch the motion of her tiny fingers as she pursued her task; and though the posture she adopted was not the most favourable that might have been chosen for the display of her sylphlike figure, there was something in her attitude, and the glow of her countenance, lighted up by the mellow radiance of the setting sun falling upon her through the panes of the little dormar window, that seemed to the youth inexpressibly beautiful. Winifred's features would have been pretty, for they were regular and delicately formed, if they had not been slightly marked by the small-pox;—a disorder, that sometimes spares more than it destroys, and imparts an expression to be sought for in vain in the smoothest complexion. We have seen pitted cheeks, which we would not exchange for dimples and a satin skin. Winifred's face had a thoroughly amiable look. Her mouth was worthy of her face; with small, pearly-white teeth; lips glossy, rosy, and pouting; and the sweetest smile imaginable playing constantly about them. Her eyes were soft and blue, arched over by dark brows, and fringed by long silken lashes. Her hair was of the darkest brown, and finest texture; and, when unloosed, hung down to her heels. She was dressed in a little white frock, with a very long body, and very short sleeves, which looked (from a certain fulness about the hips,) as if it was intended to be worn with a hoop. Her slender throat was encircled by a black riband, with a small locket attached to it; and upon the top of her head rested a diminutive lace cap.

The room in which she sat was a portion of the garret assigned, as we have just stated, by Mr. Wood as a playroom to the two boys; and, like most boys' playrooms, it exhibited a total absence of order, or neatness. Things were thrown here and there, to be taken up, or again cast aside, as the whim arose; while the broken-backed chairs and crazy table bore the marks of many a conflict. The characters of the youthful occupants of the room might be detected in every article it contained. Darrell's peculiar bent of mind was exemplified in a rusty broadsword, a tall grenadier's cap, a musket without lock or ramrod, a belt and cartouch-box, with other matters, evincing a decided military taste. Among his books, Plutarch's Lives, and the Histories of great commanders, appeared to have been frequently consulted; but the dust had gathered thickly upon the Carpenter's Manual, and a Treatise on Trigonometry and Geometry. Beneath the shelf, containing these books, hung the fine old ballad of '*St. George for England*,' and a loyal ditty, then much in vogue, called '*True Protestant Gratitude, or Britain's Thanksgiving for the first of August, Being the Day of his Majesty's Happy Accession to the Throne.*' Jack Sheppard's library consisted of a few ragged and well-thumbed volumes abstracted from the tremendous chronicles bequeathed to the world by those Froissarts and Holinsheds of crime—the Ordinaries of Newgate. His vocal collection comprised a couple of flash songs pasted against the wall, entitled '*The Thief-Catcher's Prophecy,*' and the '*Life and Death of the Darkman's Budge;*' while his extraordinary mechanical skill was displayed in what he termed (Jack had a supreme contempt for orthography,) a '*Moddle of his Mas. Jale off New Gate;*' another model of the pillory at Fleet Bridge; and a third of the permanent gibbet at Tyburn. The latter specimen of his workmanship was adorned with a little scare-crow figure, intended to represent a house-breaking chimney-sweeper at the time, described in Sheppard's own hand-writing, as '*Jack Hall a-hanging.*' We must not omit to mention that a family group from the pencil of little Winifred representing Mr. and Mrs. Wood in very characteristic attitudes, occupied a prominent place on the walls.

For a few moments, Thames regarded the little girl through the half-opened door in silence. On a sudden a change came over her countenance, which, up to this moment, had worn a smiling and satisfied expression. Throwing down the pencil, she snatched up a piece of Indian-rubber, and exclaiming,—"It isn't at all like him! it isn't half handsome enough!" was about to efface the sketch, when Thames darted into the room.

"Who isn't it like?" he asked, endeavouring to gain possession of the drawing, which, at the sound of his footstep, she crushed between her fingers.

"I can't tell you!" she replied, blushing deeply, and clinching her little hand as tightly as possible; "it's a secret!"

"I'll soon find it out, then," he returned playfully, forcing the paper from her grasp.

"Don't look at it, I entreat," she cried.

But her request was unheeded. Thames unfolded the drawing, smoothed out its creases, and beheld a portrait of himself.

"I've a good mind not to speak to you again, sir!" cried Winifred, with difficulty repressing a tear of vexation; "you've acted unfairly."

"I feel I have, dear Winny!" replied Thames, abashed at his own rudeness; "my conduct is inexcusable."

"I'll excuse it, nevertheless," returned the little damsel, affectionately extending her hand to him.

"Why were you afraid to show me this picture, Winny?" asked the youth.

"Because it's not like you," was her answer.

"Well, like or not, I'm greatly pleased with it, and must beg it from you as a memorial—"

"Of what?" she interrupted, startled by his change of manner.

"Of yourself," he replied, in a mournful tone. "I shall value it highly, and will promise never to part with it. Winny, this is the last night I shall pass beneath your father's roof."

"Have you told him so?" she inquired reproachfully.

"No; but I shall, before he retires to rest."

"Then you *will* stay!" she cried, clapping her hands joyfully; "for I'm sure he won't part with you. Oh! thank you—thank you! I'm so happy!"

"Stop, Winny!" he answered gravely; I haven't promised yet."

"But you will,—won't you?" she rejoined, looking him coaxingly in the face.

Unable to withstand this appeal, Thames gave the required promise, adding,—"Oh! Winny, I wish Mr. Wood had been my father, as well as yours."

"So do I!" she cried; "for then you would have been *really* my brother. No, I don't, either; because——"

"Well, Winny?"

"I don't know what I was going to say," she added, in some confusion; "only I'm sorry you were born a gentleman."

"Perhaps, I wasn't," returned Thames gloomily, as the remembrance of Jonathan Wild's foul insinuation crossed him. "But never mind who or what I am. Give me this picture. I'll keep it for your sake."

"I'll give you something better worth keeping," she answered, detaching the ornament from her neck, and presenting it to him; "this contains a lock of my hair, and may remind you sometimes of your little sister. As to the picture, I'll keep it myself; though, if you *do* go I shall need no memorial of *you*. I'd a good many things to say to you, besides—but you've put them all out of my head."

With this, she burst into tears, and sank with her face upon his shoulder. Thames did not try to cheer her. His own heart was too full of melancholy foreboding. He felt that he might soon be separated—perhaps, for ever—from the fond little creature he held in his arms, whom he had always regarded with the warmest fraternal affection, and the thought of how much she would suffer from the separation so sensibly affected him, that he could not help joining in her grief.

From this sorrowful state he was aroused by a loud derisive whistle, followed by a still louder laugh; and, looking up, he beheld the impudent countenance of Jack Sheppard immediately before him.

"Aha!" exclaimed Jack, with a roguish wink, "I've caught you,—have I?

The carpenter's daughter was fair and free—
Fair, and fickle, and false was she!
She slighted the journeyman, (meaning *me!*)
And smiled on a gallant of high degree.
Degree! degree!
She smiled on a gallant of high degree.

Ha! ha! ha!"

"Jack!" exclaimed Thames, angrily.

But Sheppard was not to be silenced. He went on with his song, accompanying it with the most ridiculous grimaces:

"When years were gone by, she began to rue
Her love for the gentleman (meaning *you!*)
'I slighted the journeyman fond,' quoth she,
'But where is my gallant of high degree?
Where! where!
Oh where is my gallant of high degree?

Ho! ho! ho!"

"What are you doing here?" demanded Thames.

"Oh! nothing at all," answered Jack, sneeringly, "though this room's as much mine as yours, for that matter. But I don't desire to spoil sport,—not I. And, if you'll give me such a smack of your sweet lips, Miss, as you've just given Thames, I'll take myself off in less than no time."

The answer to this request was a "smack" of a very different description, bestowed upon Sheppard's outstretched face by the little damsel, as she ran out of the room.

"'Odd's! bodikins!" cried Jack, rubbing his cheek. "I'm in luck to day. However, I'd rather have a blow from the daughter than the mother. I know who hit hardest. I tell you what Thames," he added, flingin himself carelessly into a chair, "I'd give my right hand —and that's no light offer for a carpenter's 'prentice,—i that little minx were half as fond of me, as she is of you."

"That's not likely to be the case, if you go on in thi way," replied Thames, sharply.

"Why, what the devil would you have had me do!— make myself scarce, eh? You should have tipped m the wink."

"No more of this," rejoined Thames, "or we shall qua rel."

"Who cares if we do?" retorted Sheppard, with a loo of defiance.

"Jack," said the other, sternly; don't provoke me further, or I'll give you a thrashing."

"Two can play at that game, my blood," replied Sheppard, rising and putting himself into a posture of defence.

"Take care of yourself, then," rejoined Thames, doubling his fists and advancing towards him; "though my right arm's stiff, I can use it, as you'll find."

Sheppard was no match for his opponent, for, though he possessed more science, he was deficient in weight, and strength; and, after a short round, in which he had decidedly the worst of it, a well-directed hit on the *nob* stretched him at full length on the floor.

"That'll teach you to keep a civil tongue in your head for the future," observed Thames, as he helped Jack to his feet.

"I didn't mean to give offence," replied Sheppard, sulkily. "But, let me tell you, it's not a pleasant sight to see the girl one likes in the arms of another."

"You want another drubbing, I perceive," said Thames, frowning.

"No, I don't, enough 's as good as a feast of the dainties you provide. I'll think no more about her. Save us!" he cried, as his glance accidentally alighted on the drawing, which Winifred had dropped in her agitation. "Is this *her* work?"

"It is," answered Thames. "Do you see any likeness?"

"Don't *I*?" returned Jack, bitterly. "Strange! he continued, as if talking to himself. "How very like it is!"

"Not so strange, surely," laughed Thames, "that a picture should resemble a person for whom it's intended."

"Ay, but it *is* strange how much it resembles somebody for whom it's *not* intended. It's exactly like a miniature I have in my pocket."

"A miniature! Of whom?"

"That I can't say," replied Jack, mysteriously. "But I half suspect of your father."

"My father!" exclaimed Thames, in the utmost astonishment; "let me see it!"

"Here it is," returned Jack, producing a small picture in a case set with brilliants.

Thames took it, and beheld the portrait of a young man apparently—judging from his attire—of high rank; whose proud and patrician features certainly presented a very striking resemblance to his own.

"You're right, Jack," he said, after a pause, during which he contemplated the picture with the most fixed attention; "this must have been my father!"

"No doubt of it," answered Sheppard; "only compare it with Winny's drawing, and you'll find they're as like as two peas in a pod."

"Where did you get it?" inquired Thames.

"From Lady Trafford's, where I took the box."

"Surely, you haven't stolen it?"

"Stolen 's an awkward word. But, as you perceive, I brought it away with me."

"It must be returned instantly,—be the consequences what they may."

"You're not going to betray me!" cried Jack, in alarm.

"I am not," replied Thames; but I insist upon your taking it back at once."

"Take it back yourself!" retorted Jack sullenly "I shall do no such thing."

"Very well," replied Thames, about to depart.

"Stop!" exclaimed Jack, planting himself before the door; "do you want to get me sent across the water?"

"I want to save you from disgrace and ruin," returned Thames.

"Bah!" cried Jack, contemptuously; nobody's disgraced and ruined unless he's found out. I'm safe enough if you hold your tongue. Give me that picture or I'll make you!"

"Hear me," said Thames, calmly; "you well know you're no match for me."

"Not at fisticuffs, perhaps," interrupted Jack, fiercely; "but I've my knife."

"You daren't use it."

"Try to leave the room, and see whether I daren't," returned Jack, opening the blade.

"I didn't expect this from you," rejoined Thames, resolutely. "But your threats won't prevent my leaving the room when I please, and as I please. Now will you stand aside?"

"I won't," answered Jack, obstinately.

Thames said not another word, but marched boldly towards him, and seized him by the collar.

"Leave go!" cried Jack, struggling violently, and raising his hand, "or I'll maul you for life."

But Thames was not to be deterred from his purpose; and the strife might have terminated seriously, if a peace-maker had not appeared in the shape of little Winifred, who, alarmed by the noise, rushed suddenly into the room.

"Ah!" she screamed, seeing the uplifted weapon in Sheppard's hand, "don't hurt Thames—don't, dear Jack! If you want to kill somebody, kill me, not him."

And she flung herself between them.

Jack dropped the knife and walked sullenly aside.

"What has caused this quarrel, Thames?" asked the little girl, anxiously.

"You," answered Jack, abruptly.

"No such thing," rejoined Thames. "I'll tell you all about it presently. But you must leave us now, dear Winny. Jack and I have something to settle between ourselves. Don't be afraid. Our quarrel 's quite over."

"Are you sure of that?" returned Winifred, looking uneasily at Jack.

"Ay, ay," rejoined Sheppard; "he may do what he pleases,—hang me, if he thinks proper—if *you* wish it."

With this assurance, and at the reiterated request of Thames, the little girl reluctantly withdrew.

"Come, come, Jack," said Thames, walking up to Sheppard, and taking his hand, "have done with this. I tell you once more, I'll say and do nothing to get you into trouble. Rest assured of that. But I'm resolved to see Lady Trafford. Perhaps she may tell me whose picture this is."

"So she may," returned Jack, brightening up; it's a good idea. I'll go with you. But you must see her alone; and that 'll be no easy matter to manage, for she's a great invalid, and has generally, somebody with her. Above all, beware of Sir Rowland Trenchard. He's as savage and suspicious as the devil himself. I should never have noticed the miniature at all, if it had'nt been for him. He was standing by, rating her ladyship,—who can scarcely stir from the sofa,—while I was packing up her jewels in the case, and I observed that she tried to hide a small casket from him. His back was no sooner turned, than she slipped this casket into the box. The next minute, I contrived, without either of 'em perceiving me, to convey it into my own pocket. I was sorry for what I did afterwards; for, I don't know why, but poor lady! with her pale face, and black eyes, she reminded me of my mother."

"That, alone, ought to have prevented you from acting as you did, Jack," returned Thames gravely.

"I should never have acted as I did," rejoined Sheppard, bitterly; "if Mrs. Wood hadn't struck me. That blow made me a thief. And, if ever I'm brought to the gallows, I shall lay my death at her door."

"Well, think no more about it," returned Thames. "Do better in future."

"I will, when I've had my revenge," muttered Jack. "But, take my advice, and keep out of Sir Rowland's way, or you'll get the poor lady into trouble as well as me."

"Never fear," replied Thames, taking up his hat. "Come, let's be off."

The two boys then emerged upon the landing, and were about to descend the stairs, when the voices of Mr. and Mrs. Wood resounded from below. The storm appeared to have blown over, for they were conversing in a very amicable manner with Mr. Kneebone, who was on the point of departing.

"Quite sorry, my good friend, there should have been any misunderstanding between us," observed the woollen draper.

"Don't mention it," returned Wood in the conciliatory tone of one who admits he has been in the wrong; "your explanation is perfectly satisfactory."

"We shall expect you to-morrow," insinuated Mrs. Wood; "and pray, don't bring anybody with you,—especially Jonathan Wild."

"No fear of that," laughed Kneebone.—"Oh! about that boy, Thames Darrell. His safety must be looked to. Jonathan's threats are not to be sneezed at. The rascal will be at work before morning. Keep your eye upon the lad. And mind he doesn't stir out of your sight, on any pretence whatever, till I call."

"You hear that," whispered Jack.

"I do," replied Thames, in the same tone; "we haven't a moment to lose."

"Take care of yourself," said Mr. Wood, "and I'll take care of Thames. It's never a bad day that has a good ending. Good night! God bless you!"

Upon this, there was a great shaking of hands, with renewed apologies and protestations of friendship on both sides; after which, Mr. Kneebone took his leave.

"And so, you really suspect me?" murmured Mrs. Wood, reproachfully, as they returned to the parlour. "Oh! you men! you men! Once get a thing into your head, and nothing will beat it out."

"Why, my love," rejoined her husband, "appearances, you must allow, were a little against you. But, since you assure me *you* didn't write the letters, and Mr. Kneebone assures me *he* didn't receive them, I can't do otherwise than believe you. And I've made up my mind that a husband ought to believe only half that he hears, and nothing that he sees."

"An excellent maxim!" replied his wife approvingly; "the best I ever heard you utter."

"I must now go and look after Thames," observed the carpenter.

"Oh! never mind him: he'll take no harm! Come with me into the parlour. I can't spare you at present. Heigho!"

"Now for it!" cried Jack, as the couple entered the room; "The coast's clear."

Thames was about to follow, when he felt a gentle grasp upon his arm. He turned, and beheld Winifred.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I shall be back presently," replied Thames, evasively.

"Don't go, I beg of you!" she implored. "You're in danger. I overheard what Mr. Kneebone said, just now."

"Death and the devil! what a cursed interruption!" cried Jack, impatiently. "If you loiter in this way, old Wood will catch us."

"If you stir, I'll call him!" rejoined Winifred. "It's you, Jack, who are persuading my brother to do wrong. Thames," she urged, "the errand, on which you're going, can't be for any good, or you wouldn't be afraid of mentioning it to my father."

"He's coming!" cried Jack, stamping his foot, with vexation. "Another moment, and it'll be too late."

"Winny, I *must* go!" said Thames, breaking from her.

"Stay, dear Thames!—stay!" cried the little girl. "He hears me not! he's gone!" she added, as the door was opened and shut with violence; "something tells me I shall never see him again!"

When her father, a moment afterwards, issued from the parlour to ascertain the cause of the noise, he found her seated on the stairs, in an agony of grief.

"Where's Thames?" he hastily inquired.

Winifred pointed to the door. She could not speak.

"And Jack?"

"Gone too," sobbed his daughter.

Mr. Wood uttered something like an imprecation.

"God forgive me for using such a word!" he cried, in a troubled tone; "if I hadn't yielded to my wife's silly request, this wouldn't have happened!"

CHAPTER VII.

Brother and Sister.

On the same evening, in a stately chamber of a noble old mansion of Elizabeth's time, situated in Southampton Fields, two persons were seated. One of these, a lady, evidently a confirmed invalid, and attired in deep mourning, reclined upon a sort of couch, or easy chair, set on wheels, with her head supported by cushions, and her feet resting upon a velvet footstool. A crutch, with a silver handle, stood by her side, proving the state of extreme debility to which she was reduced. It was no easy matter to determine her age, for, though she still retained a certain youthfulness of appearance, she had many marks in her countenance, usually indicating the decline of life, but which in her case were, no doubt, the result of constant and severe indisposition. Her complexion was wan and faded, except where it was tinged by a slight hectic flush, that made the want of colour more palpable; her eyes were large and black, but heavy and lustreless; her cheeks sunken; her frame emaciated; her dark hair thickly scattered with grey. When younger, and in better health, she must have been eminently lovely; and there were still the remains of great beauty about her. The expression, however, which would chiefly have interested a beholder, was that of settled and profound melancholy.

Her companion was a person of no inferior condition. Indeed, it was apparent, from the likeness between them, that they were nearly related. He had the same dark eyes, though lighted by a fierce flame; the same sallow complexion; the same tall, thin figure, and majestic demeanour; the same proud cast of features. But here the resemblance stopped. The expression was wholly different. He looked melancholy enough, it is true. But his gloom appeared to be occasioned by remorse, rather than sorrow. No sterner head was ever beheld beneath the cowl of a monk, or the bonnet of an inquisitor. He seemed inexorable, and inscrutable as fate itself.

"Well, Lady Trafford," he said, fixing a severe look upon her, "you depart for Lancashire to-morrow. Have I your final answer?"

"You have, Sir Rowland," she answered, in a feeble tone, but firmly. "You shall have the sum you require, but——"

"But what, madam?"

"Do not misunderstand me," she proceeded. "I give it to King James—not to you: for the furtherance of a great and holy cause, not for the prosecution of wild and unprofitable schemes."

Sir Rowland bit his lips to repress the answer that rose to them.

"And the will?" he said, with forced calmness. "Do you still refuse to make one?"

"I *have* made one," replied Lady Trafford.

"How?" cried her brother, starting.

"Rowland," she rejoined, "you strive in vain to terrify me into compliance with your wishes. Nothing shall induce me to act contrary to the dictates of my conscience. My will is executed, and placed in safe custody."

"In whose favour is it made?" he inquired, sternly.

"In favour of my son."

"You have no son," rejoined Sir Rowland, moodily.

"I *had* one," answered his sister, in a mournful voice; "and, perhaps, I have one still."

"If I thought so——" cried the knight, fiercely; "but this is idle," he added, suddenly checking himself. "Aliva, your child perished with its father."

"And by whom were they both destroyed?" demanded his sister, raising herself by a painful effort, and regarding him with a searching glance.

"By the avenger of his family's dishonour—by your brother," he replied, coldly.

"Brother," cried Lady Trenchard, her eye blazing with unnatural light, and her cheek suffusing with a crimson stain: "Brother," she cried, lifting her thin fingers towards heaven, "as God shall judge me, I was wedded to that murdered man!"

"A lie!" ejaculated Sir Rowland, furiously; "a black, and damning lie!"

"It is the truth," replied his sister, falling backwards upon the couch. "I will swear it upon the cross!"

"His name, then?" demanded the knight. "Tell me that, and I will believe you."

"Not now—not now!" she returned, with a shudder. "When I am dead, you will learn it. Do not disquiet yourself. You will not have to wait long for the information. Rowland," she added, in an altered tone, "I am certain I shall not live many days. And, if you treat me in this way, you will have my death to answer for, as well as the deaths of my husband and child. Let us part in peace. We shall take an eternal farewell of each other."

"Be it so!" rejoined Sir Rowland, with concentrated fury; "but, before we *do* part, I am resolved to know the name of your pretended husband!"

"Torture shall not wrest it from me," answered his sister, firmly.

"What motive have you for concealment?" he demanded.

"A vow," she answered, "—a vow to my dead husband."

Sir Rowland looked at her for a moment, as if he meditated some terrible reply. He then arose, and, taking a few turns in the chamber, stopped suddenly before her.

"What has put it into your head that your son yet lives?" he asked.

"I have dreamed that I shall see him before I die,' she rejoined.

"Dreamed!" echoed the knight, with a ghastly smile. "Is that all? Then learn from me that your hopes are visionary as their foundation. Unless he can arise from the bottom of the Thames, where he and his abhorr'd father lie buried, you will never behold him again in this world."

"Heaven have compassion on you, Rowland!" murmured his sister, crossing her hands, and looking upwards; "you have none on me."

"I *will* have none till I have forced the villain's name from you!" he cried, stamping the floor with rage.

"Rowland, your violence is killing me," she returned, in a plaintive tone.

"His name, I say!—his name!" thundered the knight.

And he unsheathed his sword.

Lady Trafford uttered a prolonged scream, and fainted. When she came to herself, she found that her brother had quitted the room, leaving her to the care of a female attendant. Her first orders were to summon the rest of her servants to make immediate preparations for her departure for Lancashire.

"To-night, your ladyship?" ventured an elderly domestic.

"Instantly, Hobson," returned Lady Trafford; "as soon as the carriage can be brought round."

"It shall be at the door in ten minutes. Has your ladyship any further commands?"

"None whatever. Yet, stay! There is one thing I wish you to do. Take that box, and put it into the carriage yourself. Where is Sir Rowland?"

"In the library, your ladyship. He has given orders that no one is to disturb him. But there's a person in the hall—a very odd sort of man—waiting to see him, who won't be sent away."

"Very well. Lose not a moment, Hobson."

The elderly domestic bowed, took up the case, and retired.

"Your ladyship is far too unwell to travel," remarked the female attendant, assisting her to rise; "you'll never be able to reach Manchester."

"It matters not, Norris," replied Lady Trafford; "I would rather die on the road, than be exposed to another such scene as I have just encountered."

"Dear me!" sympathised Mrs. Norris. "I was afraid, from the scream I heard, that something dreadful had happened. Sir Rowland has a terrible temper indeed—a shocking temper! I declare he frightens me out of my senses."

"Sir Rowland is my brother," resumed Lady Trafford, coldly.

"Well, that's no reason why he should treat your ladyship so shamefully, I'm sure. Ah! how I wish poor dear Sir Cecil were alive! he'd keep him in order."

Lady Trafford sighed deeply.

"Your ladyship has never been well since you married Sir Cecil," rejoined Mrs. Norris. "For my part, I don't think you ever quite got over the accident you met with on the night of the Great Storm."

"Norris!" gasped Lady Trafford, trembling violently.

"Mercy on us! what have I said?" cried the attendant, greatly alarmed by the agitation of her mistress; "do sit down, your ladyship, while I run for the ratifia and rosa solis."

"It is past," rejoined Lady Trafford, recovering herself by a powerful effort; "but never allude to the circumstance again. Go, and prepare for our departure."

In less time than Hobson had mentioned, the carriage was announced. And Lady Trafford having been carried down stairs, and placed within it, the postboys drove off, at a rapid pace, for Barnet.

CHAPTER VIII.

Micking Mallecho.

Sir Rowland, mean time, paced his chamber with a quick and agitated step. He was ill at ease, though he would not have confessed his disquietude even to himself. Not conceiving that his sister—feeble as she was, and yielding as she had ever shown herself to his wishes, whether expressed or implied,—would depart without consulting him, he was equally surprised and enraged to hear the servants busied in transporting her to the carriage. His pride, however, would not suffer him to interfere with their proceedings; much less could he bring himself to acknowledge that he had been in the wrong, and entreat Lady Trafford to remain, though he was well aware that her life might be endangered if she travelled by night. But, when the sound of the carriage-wheels died away, and he felt that she was actually gone, his resolution failed him, and he rang the bell violently.

"My horses, Charcam," he said, as a servant appeared.

The man lingered.

"'Sdeath! why am I not obeyed?" exclaimed the knight, angrily. "I wish to overtake Lady Trafford. Use despatch!"

"Her ladyship will not travel beyond Saint Albans to-night, Sir Rowland, so Mrs. Norris informed me," returned Charcam, respectfully; "and there's a person without, anxious for an audience, whom, with submission, I think your honour would desire to see."

"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Rowland, glancing significantly at Charcam, who was a confidant in his Jacobite schemes; "is it the messenger from Orchard-Windham, from Sir William?"

"No, Sir Rowland."

"From Mr. Corbet Kynaston, then? Sir John Packington's courier was here yesterday."

"No, Sir Rowland."

"Perhaps he is from Lord Derwentwater, or Mr. Forster? News *is* expected from Northumberland."

"I can't exactly say, Sir Rowland. The gentleman didn't communicate his business to me. But I'm sure it's important."

Charcam said this, not because he knew anything about the matter; but having received a couple of guineas to deliver the message, he, naturally enough, estimated its importance by the amount of the gratuity.

"Well, I will see him," replied the knight after a moment's pause; "he may be from the Earl of Mar. But let the horses be in readiness. I shall ride to Saint Albans to-night."

So saying he threw himself into a chair. And Charcam, fearful of another change in his master's present uncertain mood, disappeared.

The person, shortly afterwards ushered into the room, seemed. by the imperfect light—for the evening was advancing, and the chamber darkened by heavy drapery,—to be a middle-sized, middle-aged man, of rather vulgar appearance, but with a very shrewd aspect. He was plainly attired in a riding-dress and boots of the period, and wore a hanger by his side.

"Your servant, Sir Rowland," said the stranger, ducking his head, as he advanced.

"Your business, sir?" returned the other, stiffly.

The new-comer looked at Charcam. Sir Rowland waved his hand and the attendant withdrew.

"You don't recollect me, I presume?" premised the stranger taking a seat.

The knight, who could ill brook this familiarity, instantly arose.

"Don't disturb yourself," continued the other, nowise disconcerted by the rebuke. "I never stand upon ceremony where I know I shall be welcome. We *have* met before."

"Indeed!" rejoined Sir Rowland, haughtily; "perhaps you will refresh my memory as to the time, and place?"

"Let me see. The time was the 26th of November, 1703: the place, the Mint in Southwark. I have a good memory, you perceive, Sir Rowland."

The knight staggered as if struck by a mortal wound. Speedily recovering himself, however, he rejoined, with forced calmness, "You are mistaken, sir. I was in Lancashire, at our family seat, at the time you mention."

The stranger smiled incredulously.

"Well, Sir Rowland," he said, after a brief pause, during which the knight regarded him with a searching glance, as if endeavouring to recal his feature; "I will not gainsay your words. You are in the right to be cautious, till you know with whom you have to deal; and even then, you can't be too wary. 'Avow nothing, believe nothing, give nothing for nothing,' is my own motto. And it's a maxim of universal application, or at least of universal practice. I am not come here to play the part of your father-confessor. I am come to serve you."

"In what way, sir?" demanded Trenchard, in astonishment.

"You will learn anon. You refuse me your confidence. I applaud your prudence: it is, however, needless. Your history, your actions, nay, your very thoughts are better known to me than to your spiritual adviser.'

"Make good your assertions," cried Trenchard furiously, "or——'

"To the proof," interrupted the stranger, calmly. "You are the son of Sir Montacute Trenchard, of Ashton-Hall, near Manchester. Sir Montacute had three children—two daughters and yourself. The eldest, Constance, was lost, by the carelessness of a servant, during her infancy, and has never since been heard of: the youngest alive, is the present Lady Trafford. I merely mention these circumstances to show the accuracy of my information."

"If this is the extent of it, sir," returned the knight, ironically, "you may spare yourself further trouble. These particulars are familiar to all, who have any title to the knowledge."

"Perhaps so," rejoined the stranger; "but I have others in reserve, not so generally known. With your permission, I will go on in my own way. Where I am in error, you can set me right. Your father, Sir Montacute Trenchard, who had been a loyal subject to King James the Second, and borne arms in his service, on the abdication of that monarch, turned his back upon the Stuarts, and would never afterwards recognise their claims to the crown. It was said that he received an affront from James, in the shape of a public reprimand, which his pride could not forgive. Be this as it may, though a Catholic, he died a friend to the Protestant succession."

"So far you are correct," observed Trenchard; "still, this is no secret."

"Suffer me to proceed," replied the stranger.—"The opinions, entertained by the old knight, naturally induced him to view with displeasure the conduct of his son, who warmly espoused the cause he had deserted. Finding remonstrances of no avail, he had recourse to threats; and when threats failed, he adopted more decided measures."

"Ha!" ejaculated Trenchard.

"As yet," pursued the stranger, "Sir Montacute had placed no limit to his son's expenditure. He did not quarrel with Rowland's profusion, for his own revenues were ample; but he *did* object to the large sums lavished by him in the service of a faction he was resolved not to support. Accordingly, the old knight reduced his son's allowance to a third of its previous amount: and, upon further provocation, he even went so far as to alter his will in favour of his daughter, Aliva, who was then betrothed to her cousin Sir Cecil Trafford."

"Proceed, sir," said Trenchard, breathing hard.

"Under these circumstances, Rowland did what any other sensible person would do. Aware of his father's inflexibility of purpose, he set his wits to work to defeat the design. He contrived to break off his sister's match; and this he accomplished so cleverly, that he maintained the strictest friendship with Sir Cecil. For two years, he thought himself secure; and, secretly engaged in the Jacobite schemes of the time, in which, also, Sir Cecil was deeply involved, he began to relax in his watchfulness over Aliva. About this time,—namely, in November, 1703—while young Trenchard was in Lancashire, and his sister in London, on a visit, he received a certain communication from his confidential servant, Davies, which at once, destroyed his hopes. He learnt that his sister was privately married—the name or rank of her husband could not be ascertained—and living in retirement in an obscure dwelling in the Borough, where she had given birth to a son. Rowland's plans were quickly formed, and as quickly executed. Accompanied by Sir Cecil, who still continued passionately enamoured of his sister, and to whom he represented that she had fallen a victim to the arts of a seducer, he set off, at fiery speed for the metropolis. Arrived there, their first object was to seek out Davies, by whom they were conducted to the lady's retreat,—a lone habitation, situated on the outskirts of Saint George's Fields in Southwark. Refused admittance, they broke open the door. Aliva's husband, who passed by the name of Darrell, confronted them sword in hand. For a few minutes, he kept them at bay. But urged by his wife's cries, who was more anxious for the preservation of her child's life than her own, he snatched up the infant and made his escape from the back of the premises. Rowland and his companions instantly started in pursuit, leaving the lady to recover as she might. They tracked the fugitive to the Mint; but, like hounds at fault, they here lost all scent of their prey. Mean time, the lady had overtaken them; but, terrified by the menaces of her vindictive kinsmen, she did not dare to reveal herself to her husband, of whose concealment on the roof of the very house the party were searching she was aware. Aided by an individual, who was acquainted with a secret outlet from the tenement, Darrell escaped. Before his departure, he gave his assistant a glove. That glove is still preserved. In her endeavour to follow him, Aliva met with a severe fall, and was conveyed away in a state of insensibility, by Sir Cecil. She was supposed to be lifeless; but she survived the accident, though she never regained her strength. Directed by the same individual, who had helped Darrell to steal a march upon him, Rowland, with Davies, and another attendant, continued the pursuit. Both the fugitive and his chasers embarked on the Thames. The elements were wrathful as their passions. The storm burst upon them in its fury. Unmindful of the terrors of the night, unscared by the danger that threatened him, Rowland consigned his sister's husband, and his sister's child to the waves."

"Bring your story to an end, sir," said Trenchard, who had listened to the recital, with mingled emotions of rage and fear.

"I have nearly done," replied the stranger. "As Rowland's whole crew perished in the tempest, and he only escaped by miracle, he fancied himself free from detection. And, for twelve years, he has been so; until his long security well-nigh obliterating remembrance of the deed has bred almost a sense of innocence within his breast. During this period, Sir Montacute has been gathered to his fathers. His title has descended to Rowland: his estates to Aliva. The latter has, since, been induced to unite herself to Sir Cecil, on terms originating with her brother, and which, however strange and unprecedented, were acquiesced in by the suitor."

Sir Rowland looked bewildered with surprise.

"The marriage was never consummated," continued the imperturbable stranger. "Sir Cecil is no more. Lady Trafford, supposed to be childless, broken in health and spirits, frail both in mind and body, is not likely to make another marriage. The estates must, ere long, revert to Sir Rowland."

"Are you man, or fiend?" exclaimed Trenchard, staring at the stranger, as he concluded his narration.

"You are complimentary, Sir Rowland," returned the other, with a grim smile.

"If you *are* human," rejoined Trenchard, with stern emphasis, "I insist upon knowing whence you derived your information?"

"I might refuse to answer the question, Sir Rowland. But I am not indisposed to gratify you. Partly, from your confessor; partly, from other sources."

"My confessor!" ejaculated the knight, in the extremity of surprise; "has *he* betrayed his sacred trust?"

"He has," replied the other, grinning; "and this will be a caution to you in future, how you confide a secret of consequence to a priest. I should as soon think of trusting a woman. Tickle the ears of their reverences with any idle nonsense you please; but tell them nothing you care to have repeated. I was once a disciple of Saint Peter myself, and speak from experience."

"Who are you?" ejaculated Trenchard, scarcely able to credit his senses.

"I'm surprised you've not asked that question before, Sir Rowland. It would have saved me much circumlocution, and you some suspense. My name is Wild—Jonathan Wild."

And the great thief-taker indulged himself in a chuckle at the effect produced by this announcement. He was accustomed to such surprises, and enjoyed them.

Sir Rowland laid his hand upon his sword.

"Mr. Wild," he said, in a sarcastic tone, but with great firmness; "a person of your well-known sagacity must be aware that some secrets are dangerous to the possessor."

"I am fully aware of it, Sir Rowland," replied Jonathan, coolly; "but I have nothing to fear; because, in the first place, it will be to your advantage not to molest me; and, in the second, I am provided against all contingencies. I never hunt the human tiger without being armed. My janizaries are without. One of them is furnished with a packet containing the heads of the statement I have just related, which, if I don't return at a certain time, will be laid before the proper authorities. I have calculated my chances, you perceive."

"You have forgotten that you are in my power," returned the knight, sternly; "and that all your allies cannot save you from my resentment."

"I can, at least, protect myself," replied Wild, with provoking calmness. "I am accounted a fair shot, as well as a tolerable swordsman, and I will give proof of my skill in both lines, should occasion require it. I have had a good many desperate engagements in my time, and have generally come off victorious. I bear the marks of some of them about me still," he continued, taking off his wig, and laying bare a bald scull, covered with cicatrices and plates of silver. "This gash," he added, pointing to one of the larger scars, "was a wipe from the hanger of Tom Thurland, whom I apprehended for the murder of Mrs. Knap. This wedge of silver," pointing to another, "which would mend a coffee-pot, serves to stop up a breach made by Will Colthurst, who robbed Mr. Hearl on Hounslow-Heath. I secured the dog after he had wounded me. This fracture was the handiwork of Jack Parrot (otherwise called Jack the Grinder), who broke into the palace of the Bishop of Norwich. Jack was a comical scoundrel, and made a little too free with his grace's best burgundy, as well as his grace's favourite housekeeper. The Bishop, however, to show him the danger of meddling with the church, gave him a dance at Tyburn for his pains. Not a scar but has its history. The only inconvenience I feel from my shattered noddle is an incapacity to drink. But that's an infirmity shared by a great many sounder heads than mine. The hardest bout I ever had was with a woman—Sally Wells, who was afterwards lagged for shoplifting. She attacked me with a carving-knife, and, when I had disarmed her, the jade bit off a couple of fingers from my left hand. Thus, you see, I've never hesitated, and never *shall* hesitate to expose my life where anything is to be gained. My profession has hardened me."

And, with this, he coolly re-adjusted his peruke.

"What do you expect to gain from this interview, Mr. Wild?" demanded Trenchard, as if he had formed a sudden resolution.

"Ah! now we come to business," returned Jonathan, rubbing his hands, gleefully. "These are my terms, Sir Rowland," he added, taking a sheet of paper from his pocket, and pushing it towards the knight.

Trenchard glanced at the document.

"A thousand pounds," he observed, gloomily, "is a heavy price to pay for doubtful secrecy, when *certain silence* might be so cheaply procured."

"You would purchase it at the price of your head," replied Jonathan, knitting his brows. "Sir Rowland," he added, savagely, and with somewhat of the look of a bull-dog before he flies at his foe, "if it were my pleasure to do so, I could crush you with a breath. You are wholly in my power. Your name, with the fatal epithet of 'dangerous' attached to it, stands foremost on the list of Disaffected now before the Secret Committee. I hold a warrant from Mr. Walpole for your apprehension."

"Arrested!" exclaimed Trenchard, drawing his sword.

"Put up your blade, Sir Rowland," rejoined Jonathan, resuming his former calm demeanour, "King James the Third, will need it. I have no intention of arresting you. I have a different game to play; and it'll be your own fault, if you don't come off the winner. I offer you my assistance on certain terms. The proposal is so far from being exorbitant, that it should be trebled if I had not a fellow-feeling in the cause. To be frank with you, I have an affront to requite, which can be settled at the same time, and in the same way with your affair. That's worth something to me; for I don't mind paying for revenge. After all, a thousand pounds is a trifle to rid you of an upstart, who may chance to deprive you of tens of thousands."

"Did I hear you aright?" asked Trenchard, with startling eagerness.

"Certainly," replied Jonathan, with the most perfect *sang-froid*, "I'll undertake to free you from the boy. That's part of the bargain."

"Is he alive?" vociferated Trenchard.

"To be sure," returned Wild; "he's not only alive, but likely for life, if we don't clip the thread."

Sir Rowland caught at a chair for support, and passed his hand across his brow, on which the damp had gathered thickly.

"The intelligence seems new to you. I thought I'd been sufficiently explicit," continued Jonathan. "Most persons would have guessed my meaning."

"Then it was *not* a dream!" ejaculated Sir Rowland, in a hollow voice, and as if speaking to himself. "I *did* see them on the platform of the bridge—the child and his preserver! They were *not* struck by the falling ruin, nor whelmed in the roaring flood,—or, if they *were*, they escaped, as I escaped. God! I have cheated myself into a belief that the boy perished! And, now, my worst fears are realized—he lives!"

"As yet," returned Jonathan, with fearful emphasis.

"I cannot—dare not injure him," rejoined Trenchard, with a haggard look, and sinking, as if paralysed, into a chair.

Jonathan laughed scornfully.

"Leave him to me," he said. "He shan't trouble you further."

"No," replied Sir Rowland, who appeared completely prostrated. "I will struggle no longer with destiny. Too much blood has been shed already."

"This comes of fine feelings!" muttered Jonathan, contemptuously. "Give me your thoroughpaced villain. But I shan't let him off thus. I'll try a strong dose.—Am I to understand that you intend to plead guilty, Sir Rowland?" he added. "If so, I may as well execute my warrant."

"Stand off, sir!" exclaimed Trenchard, starting suddenly backwards.

"I knew that would bring him to," thought Wild.

"Where is the boy?" demanded Sir Rowland.

"At present, under the care of his preserver—one Owen Wood, a carpenter, by whom he was brought up."

"Wood!" exclaimed Trenchard,—"of Wych Street!"

"The same."

"A boy from his shop was here a short time ago, Could it be him you mean?"

"No. That boy was the carpenter's apprentice, Jack Sheppard. I've just left your nephew."

At this moment, Charcam entered the room.

"Beg pardon," Sir Rowland," said the attendant; "but there's a boy from Mr. Wood, with a message for Lady Trafford."

"From whom?" vociferated Trenchard.

"From Mr. Wood, the carpenter."

"The same who was here just now?"

"No, Sir Rowland, a much finer boy."

"'Tis he, by heaven!" cried Jonathan; "this is lucky. Sir Rowland," he added, in a deep whisper, "do you agree to my terms?"

"I do," answered Trenchard, in the same tone.

"Enough!" rejoined Wild; "he shall not return."

"Have you acquainted him with Lady Trafford's departure," said the knight, addressing Charcam, with as much composure as he could assume.

"No, Sir Rowland," replied the attendant, "as you proposed to ride to Saint Alban's to-night, I thought you might choose to see him yourself. Besides, there's something odd about the boy; for, though I questioned him pretty closely concerning his business, he declined answering my questions, and said he could only deliver his message to her ladyship. I thought it better not to send him away, till I'd mentioned the circumstance to you."

"You did right," returned Trenchard.

"Where is he?" asked Jonathan.

"In the hall," replied Charcam.

"Alone?"

"Not exactly, sir. There's another lad at the gate waiting for him—the same who was here just now, that Sir Rowland was speaking of, who fastened up the jewel-case for her ladyship."

"A jewel-case!" exclaimed Jonathan. "Ah, I see it all!" he cried, with a quick glance. "Jack Sheppard's fingers are lime-twigs. Was anything missed after the lad's departure, Sir Rowland?"

"Not that I'm aware of," said the knight;—"Stay! something occurs to me." And he conferred apart with Jonathan.

"That's it!" cried Wild, when Trenchard concluded. "This young fool is come to restore the article—whatever it may be—which Lady Trafford was anxious to conceal, and which his companion purloined. It's precisely what such a simpleton would do. We have him as safe as a linnet in a cage; and could wring his neck round as easily. Oblige me by acting under my guidance in the matter, Sir Rowland. I'm an old hand at such things. Harkee," he added, "Mr. What's-your-name!"

"Charcam," replied the attendant, bowing.

"Very well, Mr. Charcoal, you may bring in the boy. But not a word to him of Lady Trafford's absence—mind that. A robbery has been committed, and your master suspects this lad is an accessory to the offence. He, therefore, desires to interrogate him. It will be necessary to secure his companion: and as you say he is not in the house, some caution must be used in approaching him, or he may chance to take to his heels, for he's a slippery little rascal. When you've seized him, cough thrice—thus, and two rough looking gentlemen will make their appearance. Don't be alarmed by their manners, Mr. Charcoal. They 're apt to be surly to strangers, but it soon wears off. The gentleman with the red beard will relieve you of your prisoner. The other must call a coach as quickly as he can."

"For whom, sir?" inquired Charcam.

"For me—his master, Mr. Jonathan Wild."

"Are *you* Mr. Jonathan Wild?" asked the attendant in great trepidation.

"I *am*, Charcoal. But don't let my name frighten you. Though," said the thief-taker, with a complacent smile, "all the world seems to tremble at it. Obey my orders, and you've nothing to fear. About them quickly. Lead the lad to suppose that he'll be introduced to Lady Trafford. You understand me, Charcoal."

The attendant did *not* understand him. He was confounded by the presence in which he found himself. But, not daring to confess his want of comprehension, he made a profound reverence, and retired.

CHAPTER IX.

Consequences of the Theft.

"How do you mean to act, sir?" inquired Trenchard, as soon as they were left alone.

"As circumstances shall dictate, Sir Rowland," returned Jonathan. "Something is sure to arise in the course of the investigation, of which I can take advantage. If not, i'll convey him to Saint Gile's roundhouse on my own responsibility."

"Is this your notable scheme?" asked the knight, scornfully.

"Once there," proceeded Wild, without noticing the interruption, "he's as good as in his grave. The constable, Sharples, is in my pay. I can remove the prisoner at any hour of the night I think fit: and I *will* remove him. You must know, Sir Rowland—for I've no secrets from you—that, in the course of my business I've found it convenient to become the owner of a small Dutch sloop; by means of which I can transmit any light ware, —such as gold watches, rings, and plate, as well as occasionally a bank or goldsmith's note, which has been *spoken with* by way of the mail,—you understand me? —to Holland or Flanders, and obtain a secure and ready market for them. This vessel is now in the river, off Wapping. Her cargo is nearly shipped. She will sail, at early dawn to-morrow, for Rotterdam. Her commander, Rykhart Van Galgebrok is devoted to my interests. As soon as he gets into bluewater, he'll think no more of pitching the boy overboard than of lighting his pipe. This will be safer than cutting his throat on shore. I've tried the plan, and found it answer. The Northern Ocean keeps a secret better than the Thames, Sir Rowland. Before midnight, your nephew shall be safe beneath the hatches of the Zeeslang."

"Poor child!" muttered Trenchard, abstractedly; "the whole scene upon the river is passing before me. I hear the splash in the water—I see the white object floating like a sea-bird on the tide—it will not sink!"

"'Sblood!" exclaimed Jonathan, in a tone of ill-disguised contempt; "it won't do to indulge these fancies now. Be seated, and calm yourself."

"I have often conjured up some frightful vision of the dead," murmured the knight, "but I never dreamed of an interview with the living."

"It'll be over in a few minutes," rejoined Jonathan, impatiently; "in fact, it'll be over too soon for me. I like such interviews. But we waste time. Have the goodness to affix your name to that memorandum, Sir Rowland. I require nothing, you see, till my share of the contract is fulfilled."

Trenchard took up a pen.

"It's the boy's death-warrant," observed Jonathan, with a sinister smile.

"I cannot sign it," returned Trenchard.

"Damnation!" exclaimed Wild with a snarl, that displayed his glistening fangs to the furthest extremity of his mouth, "I'm not to be trifled with thus. That paper *must* be signed, or I take my departure."

"Go, sir," rejoined the knight, haughtily.

"Ay, ay, I'll go, fast enough!" returned Jonathan, putting his hands into his pockets, "but not alone, Sir Rowland."

At this juncture, the door was flung open, and Charcam entered, dragging in Thames, whom he held by the collar, and who struggled in vain to free himself from the grasp imposed upon him.

"Here's one of the thieves, Sir Rowland!" cried the attendant. "I was only just in time. The young rascal had learnt from some of the women servants that Lady Trafford was from home, and was in the very act of making off when I got down stairs. Come along, my Newgate bird!" he continued, shaking him with great violence.

Jonathan gave utterance to a low whistle.

"If things had gone smoothly," he thought, "I should have cursed the fellow's stupidity. As it is, I'm not sorry for the blunder."

Trenchard, mean while, whose gaze was fixed upon the boy, became livid as death, but he moved not a muscle.

"'Tis he!" he mentally ejaculated.

"What do you think of your nephew, Sir Rowland?" whispered Jonathan, who sat with his back towards Thames, so that his features were concealed from the youth's view. "It would be a thousand pities, wouldn't it, to put so promising a lad out of the way?"

"Devil!" exclaimed the knight, fiercely. "Give me the paper."

Jonathan hastily picked up the pen, and presented it to Trenchard, who attached his signature to the document.

"If I *am* the devil," observed Wild, "as some folks assert, and I, myself, am not unwilling to believe, you'll find that I differ from the generally-received notions of the arch-fiend, and faithfully execute the commands of those who confide their souls to my custody."

"Take hence this boy, then," rejoined Trenchard; "his looks unman me."

"Of what am I accused?" asked Thames, who, though a good deal alarmed at first, had now regained his courage.

"Of robbery!" replied Jonathan, in a thundering voice, and suddenly confronting him. "You're charged with assisting your comrade, Jack Sheppard, to purloin certain articles of value from a jewel-case belonging to Lady Trafford. Aha!" he continued, producing a short silver staff, which he carried constantly about with him, and uttering a terrible imprecation, "I see you're confounded. Down on your marrowbones, sirrah! Confess your guilt, and Sir Rowland may yet save you from the gallows."

"I've nothing to confess," replied Thames, boldly; "I've done no wrong. Are *you* my accuser?"

"I am," replied Wild; "have you anything to allege to the contrary?"

"Only this," returned Thames: "that the charge is false, and malicious, and that *you* know it to be so."

"Is that all?" retorted Jonathan. "Come, I must search you, my youngster!"

"You shan't touch me," rejoined Thames; and, suddenly bursting from Charcam, he threw himself at the feet of Trenchard. "Hear me, Sir Rowland!" he cried. "I am innocent. I have stolen nothing. This person—this Jonathan Wild, whom I beheld for the first time, scarcely an hour ago, in Wych Street, is—I know not why—my enemy. He has sworn that he'll take away my life!"

"Bah!" interrupted Jonathan. "You won't listen to this nonsense, Sir Rowland!"

"If you *are* innocent, boy," said the knight, controlling his emotion; "you have nothing to apprehend. But, what brought you here?"

"Excuse me, Sir Rowland. I cannot answer that question. My business is with Lady Trafford."

"Are you aware that I am her ladyship's brother?" returned the knight. "She has no secrets from me."

"Possibly not," replied Thames, in some confusion; "but I am not at liberty to speak."

"Your hesitation is not in your favour," observed Trenchard, sternly.

"Will he consent to be searched?" inquired Jonathan.

"No," rejoined Thames, "I won't be treated like a common felon, if I can help it."

"You shall be treated according to your deserts, then," said Jonathan, maliciously. And, in spite of the boy's resistance, he plunged his hands into his pockets, and drew forth the miniature.

"Where did you get this from?" asked Wild, greatly surprised at the result of his investigation.

Thames returned no answer.

"I thought as much," continued Jonathan. "But we'll find a way to make you open your lips presently. Bring in his comrade," he added, in a whisper to Charcam; "I'll take care of him. And don't neglect my instructions this time." Upon which, with an assurance that he would not do so, the attendant departed.

"You can, of course, identify this picture as Lady Trafford's property?" pursued Jonathan, with a meaning glance, as he handed it to the knight.

"I can," replied Trenchard. "Ha!" he exclaimed, with a sudden start, as his glance fell upon the portrait; "how came this into your possession, boy?"

"Why don't you answer, sirrah?" cried Wild, in a savage tone, and striking him with the silver staff. "Can't you speak?"

"I don't choose," replied Thames, sturdily; "and your brutality shan't make me."

"We'll see that," replied Jonathan, dealing him another and more violent blow.

"Let him alone," said Trenchard, authoritatively. "I have another question to propose. Do you know whose portrait this is?"

"I do not," replied Thames, repressing his tears; "but I believe it to be the portrait of my father."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the knight, in astonishment. "Is your father alive?"

"No," returned Thames; "he was assassinated while I was an infant."

"Who told you this is his portrait?" demanded Trenchard.

"My heart," rejoined Thames, firmly; "which now tells me I am in the presence of his murderer."

"That's me," interposed Jonathan; "a thief-taker is always a murderer in the eyes of a thief. I'm almost sorry your suspicions are unfounded, if your father in any way resembled you, my youngster. But I can tell you who'll have the pleasure of hanging your father's son; and that's a person not a hundred miles distant from you at this moment—ha! ha!"

As he said this, the door was opened, and Charcam entered, accompanied by a dwarfish, shabby-looking man, in a brown serge frock, with coarse Jewish features, and a long red beard. Between the Jew and the attendant came Jack Sheppard; while a crowd of servants, attracted by the news, that the investigation of a robbery was going forward, lingered at the doorway in hopes of catching something of the proceedings.

When Jack was brought in, he cast a rapid glance around him, and perceiving Thames in the custody of Jonathan, instantly divined how matters stood. As he looked in this direction, Wild gave him a significant wink, the meaning of which he was not slow to comprehend.

"Get it over quickly," said Trenchard, in a whisper to the thief-taker.

Jonathan nodded assent.

"What's your name?" he said, addressing the audacious lad, who was looking about him as coolly as if nothing material was going on.

"Jack Sheppard," returned the boy, fixing his eyes upon a portrait of the Earl of Mar. "Who's that queer cove in the full-bottomed wig?"

"Attend to me, sirrah," rejoined Wild, sternly. "Do you know this picture?" he added, with another significant look, and pointing to the miniature.

"I do," replied Jack, carelessly.

"That's well. Can you inform us whence it came?"

"I should think so."

"State the facts, then."

"It came from Lady Trafford's jewel-box."

Here a murmur of amazement arose from the assemblage outside.

"Close the door!" commanded Trenchard, impatiently.

"In my opinion, Sir Rowland," suggested Jonathan; "you'd better allow the court to remain open."

"Be it so," replied the knight, who saw the force of this reasoning. "Continue the proceedings."

"You say that the miniature was abstracted from Lady Trafford's jewel-box," said Jonathan in a loud voice. "Who took it thence?"

"Thames Darrell; the boy at your side."

"Jack!" cried Thames, in indignant surprise.

But Sheppard took no notice of the exclamation.

A loud buzz of curiosity circulated among the domestics; some of whom—especially the females—leaned forward to obtain a peep at the culprit.

"Si—lence!" vociferated Charcam, laying great emphasis on the last syllable.

"Were you present at the time of the robbery?" pursued Jonathan.

"I was," answered Sheppard.

"And will swear to it?"

"I will."

"Liar!" ejaculated Thames.

"Enough!" exclaimed Wild, triumphantly. "Close the court, Mr. Charcoal. They've heard quite enough for my purpose," he muttered, as his orders were obeyed, and the domestics excluded. "It's too late to carry 'em before a magistrate now, Sir Rowland; so, with your permission I'll give 'em a night's lodging in Saint Giles's roundhouse. You, Jack Sheppard, have nothing to fear, as you've become evidence against your accomplice. To-morrow, I shall carry you before Justice Walters, who'll take your information; and I've no doubt but Thames Darrell will be fully committed. Now, for the cage, my pretty canary-bird. Before we start, I'll accommodate you with a pair of ruffles." And he proceeded to handcuff his captive.

"Hear me!" cried Thames, bursting into tears. "I am innocent. I could not have committed this robbery. I have only just left Wych Street. Send for Mr. Wood, and you'll find that I've spoken the truth."

"You'd better hold your peace, my lad," observed Jonathan, in a menacing tone.

"Lady Trafford would not have thus condemned me!" cried Thames.

"Away with him!" exclaimed Sir Rowland, impatiently.

"Take the prisoners below, Nab," said Jonathan, addressing the dwarfish Jew: "I'll join you in an instant."

The bearded miscreant seized Jack by the waist, and

Thames by the nape of the neck, and marched off, like the ogre in the fairy tale, with a boy under each arm, while Charcam brought up the rear.

CHAPTER X.

Mother and Son.

They had scarcely been gone a moment, when a confused noise was heard without, and Charcam re-entered the room, with a countenance of the utmost bewilderment and alarm.

"What's the matter with the man?" demanded Wild.

"Her ladyship——" faltered the attendant.

"What of her?" cried the knight. "Is she returned?"

"Y—e—es, Sir Rowland," stammered Charcam.

"The devil!" ejaculated Jonathan. "Here's a cross-bite."

"But that's not all, your honour," continued Charcam; "Mrs. Norris says she's dying."

"Dying!" echoed the knight.

"Dying, Sir Rowland. She was taken dreadful ill on the road, with spasms and short breath, and swoonings,—worse than ever she was before. And Mrs. Norris was so frightened that she ordered the postboys to drive back as fast as they could. She never expected to get her ladyship home alive."

"My God!" cried Trenchard, stunned by the intelligence, "I have killed her."

"No doubt," rejoined Wild, with a sneer; "but don't let all the world know it."

"They're lifting her out of the carriage," interposed Charcam; "will it please your honour to send for some advice, and the chaplain?"

"Fly for both," returned Sir Rowland, in a tone of bitter anguish.

"Stay!" interposed Jonathan. "Where are the boys?"

"In the hall."

"Her ladyship will pass through it?"

"Of course; there's no other way."

"Then, bring them into this room, the first thing—quick! They must not meet, Sir Rowland," he added, as Charcam hastened to obey his instructions.

"Heaven has decreed it otherwise," replied the knight, dejectedly. "I yield to fate."

"Yield to nothing," returned Wild, trying to re-assure him; "above all, when your designs prosper. Man's fate is in his own hands. You are your nephew's executioner, or he is yours. Cast off this weakness. The next hour makes, or mars you for ever. Go to your sister, and do not quit her till all is over. Leave the rest to me."

Sir Rowland moved irresolutely towards the door, but recoiled before a sad spectacle. This was his sister, evidently in the last extremity. Borne in the arms of a couple of assistants, and preceded by Mrs. Norris, wringing her hands and weeping, the unfortunate lady was placed upon a couch. At the same time, Charcam, who seemed perfectly distracted by the recent occurrences, dragged in Thames, leaving Jack Sheppard outside in the custody of the dwarfish Jew.

"Hell's curses!" muttered Jonathan between his teeth; "that fool will ruin all. Take him away," he added, striding up to Charcam.

"Let him remain," interposed Trenchard.

"As you please, Sir Rowland," returned Jonathan, with affected indifference; "but I'm not going to hunt the deer for another to eat the ven'son, depend on't."

But seeing that no notice was taken of the retort, he drew a little aside, and folded his arms, muttering, "The whim will soon be over. She can't last long. I can pull the strings of this stiff-necked puppet as I please."

Sir Rowland, mean time, threw himself on his knees beside his sister, and, clasping her chilly fingers within his own, besought her forgiveness in the most passionate terms. For a few minutes, she appeared scarcely sensible of his presence. But, after some restoratives had been administered by Mrs. Norris, she revived a little.

"Rowland," she said, in a faint voice, "I have not many minutes to live. Where is Father Spencer? I must have absolution. I have something that weighs heavily upon my mind."

Sir Rowland's brow darkened.

"I have sent for him, Aliva," he answered; "he will be here directly, with your medical advisers."

"They are useless," she returned. "Medicine cannot save me now."

"Dear sister!"—

"I should die happy, if I could behold my child."

"Comfort yourself, then, Aliva. You *shall* behold him."

"You are mocking me, Rowland. Jests are not for seasons like this."

"I am not, by heaven!" returned the knight, solemnly. 'Leave us Mrs. Norris, and do not return till Father Spencer arrives."

"Your ladyship—" hesitated Norris.

"Go!" said Lady Trafford; "it is my last request."

And her faithful attendant, drowned in tears, withdrew, followed by the two assistants.

Jonathan stepped behind a curtain.

"Rowland," said Lady Trafford, regarding him with a look of indescribable anxiety, "you have assured me that I shall behold my son. Where is he?"

"Within this room," replied the knight.

"Here!" shrieked Lady Trafford.

"Here," repeated her brother. "But, calm yourself, dear sister, or the interview will be too much for you."

"I *am* calm—quite calm, Rowland," she answered, with lips whose agitation belied her words. "Then, the story of his death was false. I knew it. I was sure you could not have the heart to slay a child—an innocent child. God forgive you!"

"May He, indeed, forgive me," returned Trenchard, crossing himself devoutly: "but my guilt is not the less heavy, because your child escaped. This hand consigned him to destruction, but another was stretched forth to save him. The infant was rescued from a watery grave by an honest mechanic, who has since brought him up as his own son."

"Blessings upon him!" cried Lady Trafford, fervently. "But trifle with me no longer. Moments are ages now. Let me see my child, if he is really here?"

"Behold him!" returned Trenchard, taking Thames (who had been a mute, but deeply-interested, witness of the scene) by the hand, and leading him towards her.

"Ah!" exclaimed Lady Trafford, exerting all her strength. "My sight is failing me. Let me have more light, that I may behold him. Yes!" she screamed, "these are his father's features! It is—it is my son!"

"Mother!" cried Thames; "are you, indeed, my mother?"

"I am, indeed—my own sweet boy!" she sobbed, pressing him tenderly to her breast.

"Oh!—to see you thus!" cried Thames, in an agony of affliction.

"Don't weep, my love," replied the lady, straining him still more closely to her. "I am happy—quite happy now."

During this touching interview, a change had come over Sir Rowland, and he half repented of what he had done.

"You can no longer refuse to tell me the name of this youth's father, Aliva," he said.

"I dare not, Rowland," she answered. "I cannot break my vow. I will confide it to Father Spencer, who will acquaint you with it when I am no more. Undraw the curtain, love," she added to Thames, "that I may look at you."

"Ha!" exclaimed her son starting back, as he obeyed her, and disclosed Jonathan Wild.

"Be silent," said Jonathan, in a menacing whisper.

"What have you seen?" inquired Lady Trafford.

"My enemy," replied her son.

"Your enemy!" she returned, imperfectly comprehending him. "Sir Rowland is your uncle—he will be your guardian—he will protect you. Will you not, brother?"

"Promise," said a deep voice in Trenchard's ear.

"He will kill me," cried Thames. "There is a man in this room who seeks my life."

"Impossible!" rejoined his mother.

"Look at these fetters," returned Thames, holding up his manacled wrists; "they were put on by my uncle's command."

"Ah!" shrieked Lady Trafford.

"Not a moment is to be lost," whispered Jonathan to Trenchard. "His life—or yours?"

"No one shall harm you more, my dear," cried Lady Trafford. "Your uncle *must* protect you. It will be his interest to do so. He will be dependent on you."

"Do what you please with him," muttered Trenchard to Wild.

"Take off these chains, Rowland," said Lady Trafford, "instantly,—I command you."

"*I* will," replied Jonathan, advancing, and rudely seizing Thames.

"Mother!" cried the son, "help!"

"What is this?" shrieked Lady Trafford, raising herself on the couch, and extending her hands towards him. "Oh, God! would you take him from me?—would you murder him!"

"His father's name?—and he is free," rejoined Rowland, holding her arms.

"Release him first—and I will disclose it!" cried Lady Trafford; "on my soul, I will!"

"Speak, then!" returned Rowland.

"Too late!" shrieked the lady, falling heavily backwards,—"too late!—oh!"

Heedless of her cries, Jonathan passed a handkerchief tightly over her son's mouth, and forced him out of the room.

When he returned, a moment or so afterwards, he found Sir Rowland standing by the lifeless body of his sister. His countenance was almost as white and rigid as that of the corpse by his side.

"This is your work," said the knight, sternly.

"Not entirely," replied Jonathan, calmly; "though I shouldn't be ashamed of it if it were. After all, you failed in obtaining the secret from her, Sir Rowland. Women are hypocrites to the last—true only to themselves."

"Peace!" cried the knight, fiercely.

"No offence," returned Jonathan. "I was merely about to observe that *I* am in possession of her secret."

"You!"

"Didn't I tell you that the fugitive Darrell gave me a glove? But we'll speak of this hereafter. You can *purchase* the information from me whenever you're so disposed. I shan't drive a hard bargain. To the point, however. I came back to say, that I've placed your nephew in a coach; and, if you'll be at my lock in the Old Bailey an hour after midnight, you shall hear the last tidings of him."

"I will be there," answered Trenchard gloomily.

"You'll not forget the thousand, Sir Rowland—short accounts, you know."

"Fear nothing. You shall have your reward."

"Thank'ee,—thank'ee. My house is the next door to the Cooper's Arms, in the Old Bailey, opposite Newgate. You'll find me at supper."

So saying, he bowed and departed.

"That man should have been an Italian bravo," murmured the knight, sinking into a chair: "he has neither fear nor compunction. Would I could purchase his apathy as easily as I can procure his assistance."

Soon after this, Mrs. Norris entered the room, followed by Father Spencer. On approaching the couch, they found Sir Rowland senseless, and extended over the dead body of his unfortunate sister.

CHAPTER XI.

The Mohocks.

Jonathan Wild, mean while, had quitted the house. He found a coach at the door, with the blinds carefully drawn up, and ascertained from a tall, ill-looking, though tawdrily-dressed fellow, who held his horse by the bridle, and whom he addressed as Quilt Arnold, that the two boys were safe inside, in the custody of Abraham Mendez, the dwarfish Jew. As soon as he had delivered his instructions to Quilt, who, with Abraham, constituted his body-guard, or janizaries, as he termed them, Jonathan mounted his steed, and rode off at a gallop. Quilt was not long in following his example. Springing upon the box, he told the coachman to make the best of his way to Saint Giles's. Stimulated by the promise of something handsome to drink, the man acquitted himself to admiration in the management of his lazy cattle. Crack went the whip, and away floundered the heavy vehicle through the deep ruts of the ill-kept road, or rather lane, (for it was little better,) which, then, led across Southampton Fields. Skirting the noble gardens of Montague House, (now, we need scarcely say, the British Museum,) the party speedily reached Great Russell Street,—a quarter described by Strype, in his edition of old Stow's famous *Survey*, "as being graced with the best buildings in all Bloomsbury, and the best inhabited by the nobility and gentry, especially the north side, as having gardens behind the houses, and the prospect of the pleasant fields up to Hampstead and Highgate; insomuch that this place, by physicians, is esteemed the most healthful of any in London." Neither of the parties outside bestowed much attention upon these stately and salubriously-situated mansions; indeed, as it was now not far from ten o'clock, and quite dark, they could scarcely discern them. But, in spite of his general insensibility to such matters, Quilt could not help commenting upon the delicious perfume wafted from the numerous flower-beds past which they were driving. The coachman answered by a surly grunt, and, plying his whip with redoubled zeal, shaped his course down Dyot Street; traversed that part of Holborn, which is now called Broad Street, and where two ancient almshouses were, then, standing in the middle of that great thoroughfare, exactly opposite the opening of Compton Street; and, driving under a wide gateway on the left, soon reached a more open space, surrounded by mean habitations, coach-houses, and stables, called Kendrick Yard, at the further end of which Saint Giles's roundhouse was situated.

No sooner did the vehicle turn the corner of this yard, than Quilt became aware, from the tumultuous sounds that reached his ears, as well as from the flashing of various lanterns at the door of the roundhouse, that some disturbance was going on; and, apprehensive of a rescue, if he drew up in the midst of the mob, he thought it prudent to come to a halt. Accordingly, he stopped the coach, dismounted, and hastened towards the assemblage, which, he was glad to find, consisted chiefly of a posse of watchmen and other guardians of the night. Quilt, who was an ardent lover of mischief, could not help laughing most heartily at the rueful appearance of these personages. Not one of them but bore the marks of having been engaged in a recent and severe conflict. Quarter-staves, bludgeons, brown-bills, lanterns, swords, and sconces were alike shivered; and, to judge from the sullied state of their habiliments, the claret must have been tapped pretty freely. Never was heard such a bawling as these unfortunate wights kept up. Oaths exploded like shells from a battery in full fire, accompanied by threats of direst vengeance against the individuals who had maltreated them. Here, might be seen a poor fellow whose teeth were knocked down his throat, spluttering out the most tremendous menaces, and gesticulating like a madman: there, another, whose nose was partially slit, vented imprecations and lamentations in the same breath. On the right, stood a bulky figure, with a broken rattle hanging out of his great-coat pocket, who held up a lantern to his battered countenance to prove to the spectators that both his orbs of vision were darkened: on the left, a meagre constable had divested himself of his shirt, to bind up with greater convenience a gaping cut in the arm.

"So, the Mohocks have been at work, I perceive," remarked Quilt, as he drew near the group.

"'Faith, an' you may say that," returned a watchman, who was wiping a ruddy stream from his brow; "they've broken the paice, and our pates into the bargain. But shure*ly* I'd know that vice," he added, turning his lantern towards the janizary. "Ah! Quilt Arnold, my man, is it you? By the powers! I'm glad to see you. The sight o' your 'andsome phiz allys does me good."

"I wish I could return the compliment, Terry. But your cracked skull is by no means a pleasing spectacle. How came you by the hurt, eh?"

"How did I come by it?—that's a nate question. Why, honestly enough. It was lent me by a countryman o' mine; but I paid him back in his own coin—ha! ha!"

"A countryman of yours, Terry?"

"Ay, and a noble one, too, Quilt—more's the pity! You've heard of the Marquis of Slaughterford, belike?"

"Of course; who has not? He's the leader of the Mohocks, the general of the Scourers, the prince of rakes, the friend of the surgeons and glaziers, the terror of your tribe, and the idol of the girls!"

"That's him to a hair!" cried Terence, rapturously. "Och! he's a broth of a boy!"

"Why, I thought he'd broken your head, Terry?"

"Phooh! that's nothin! A piece o' plaster 'll set all to rights; and Terry O'Flaherty's not the boy to care for the stroke of a supple-jack. Besides, didn't I tell you that I giv' him as good as he brought—and better! I jist touched him with my 'Evenin' Star,' as I call this shillelah," said the watchman, flourishing an immense bludgeon, the knob of which appeared to be loaded with lead, "and, by Saint Patrick! down he cum'd like a bullock."

"Zounds!" exclaimed Quilt, "did you kill him?"

"Not quite," replied Terence, laughing; "but I brought him to his senses."

"By depriving him of 'em, eh? But I'm sorry you hurt his lordship, Terry. Young noblemen ought to be indulged in their frolics. If they *do*, now and then, run away with a knocker, paint a sign, beat the watch, or huff a magistrate, they *pay* for their pastime, and that's sufficient. What more could any reasonable man—especially a watchman—desire? Besides, the Marquis is a devilish fine fellow, and a particular friend of mine.—There's not his peer among the peerage."

"Och! if he's a friend o' yours, my dear joy, there's no more to be said; and right sorry am I, I struck him. But, blood-an'-'ouns! man, if ould Nick himself were to hit me a blow, I'd be after givin' him another."

"Well, well—wait awhile," returned Quilt; "his lordship won't forget you. He's as generous as he's frolicsome."

As he spoke, the door of the roundhouse was opened, and a stout man, with a lantern in his hand, presented himself at the threshold.

"There's Sharples," cried Quilt.

"Whist!" exclaimed Terence; "he elevates his glim. By Jasus! he's about to spake to us."

"Gem'men o' the votch!" cried Sharples, as loudly as a wheezy cough would permit him, "my noble pris'ner—ough! ough;—the Markis o' Slaughterford—"

Further speech was cut short by a volley of execrations from the angry guardians of the night.

"No Mohocks! No Scourers!" cried the mob.

"Hear! hear!" vociferated Quilt.

"His lordship desires me to say—ough! ough!"

Fresh groans and hisses.

"Von't you hear me?—ough! ough!" demanded Sharples, after a pause.

"By all means," rejoined Quilt.

"Raise your vice, and lave off coughin'," added Terence.

"The long and the short o' the matter 's this, then," returned Sharples, with dignity, "the Markis begs your acceptance o' ten guineas to drink his health."

The hooting was instantaneously changed to cheers.

"And his lordship furthermore, requests me to state," proceeded Sharples, in a hoarse tone, "that he'll be responsible for the doctors' bills of all such gem'men as have received broken pates, or been other*wise* damaged in the fray—ough! ough!"

"Hurrah!" shouted the mob.

"We're all damaged—we've all got broken pates," cried a dozen voices.

"Ay, good luck to him! so we have," rejoined Terence; "but we've no objection to take out the dochter's bill in drink."

"None whatever, replied the mob."

"Your answer, gem'men?" demanded Sharples.

"Long life to the Markis, and we accept his honourable proposal," responded the mob.

"Long life to the Marquis!" reiterated Terence; "he's an honour to old Ireland!

"Didn't I tell you how it would be?" remarked Quilt.

"Troth, and so you did," returned the watchman; "but I couldn't believe it. In futur', I'll keep the 'Evenin' Star' for his lordship's enemies."

"You'd better," replied Quilt. "But bring your glim this way. I've a couple of kinchins in yonder rattler, whom I wish to place under old Sharples's care."

"Be handy, then," rejoined Terence, "or I'll lose my share of the smart-money."

With the assistance of Terence, and a link-boy who volunteered his services, Quilt soon removed the prisoners from the coach, and, leaving Sheppard to the custody of Abraham, proceeded to drag Thames towards the roundhouse. Not a word had been exchanged between the two boys on the road. Whenever Jack attempted to speak, he was checked by an angry growl from Abraham; and Thames, though his heart was full almost to bursting, felt no inclination to break the silence. His thoughts, indeed, were too painful for utterance, and so acute were his feelings that, for some time, they overcame him. But his grief was of short duration. The elastic spirits of youth resumed their sway; and, before the coach stopped, his tears had ceased to flow. As to Jack Sheppard, he appeared utterly reckless and insensible, and did nothing but whistle and sing the whole way.

While he was dragged along in the manner just described, Thames looked around to ascertain, if possible, where he was; for he did not put entire faith in Jonathan's threat of sending him to the roundhouse, and was apprehensive of something even worse than imprisonment. The aspect of the place, so far as he could discern through the gloom, was strange to him; but chancing to raise his eyes above the level of the surrounding habitations, he beheld, relieved against the sombre sky, the tall steeple of Saint Gile's church, the precursor of the present structure, which was not erected till some fifteen years later. He recognized this object at once. Jonathan had not deceived him.

"What's this here kinchin *in* for?" asked Terence, as he and Quilt strode along with Thames between them.

"What for?" rejoined Quilt, evasively.

"Oh! nothin', partickler—mere curiossity," replied Terence. "By the powers" he added, turning his lantern full upon the face of the captive, "he's a nice genn-teel-lookin' kiddy, I must say. Pity he's taken to bad ways so airly."

"You may spare me your compassion, friend," observed Thames; "I am falsely detained."

"Of course," rejoined Quilt, maliciously; "every thief is so. If we were to wait till a prig was rightfully nabbed, we might tarry till doomsday. We never supposed you helped yourself to a picture set with diamonds—not we!"

"Is the guv'ner consarned in this job?" asked Terence, in a whisper.

"He is," returned Quilt, significantly. "Zounds! what's that?" he cried, as the noise of a scuffle was heard behind them. "The other kid's given my partner the slip. Here, take this youngster, Terry; my legs are lighter than old Nab's." And, committing Thames to the care of the watchman, he darted after the fugitive.

"Do you wish to earn a rich reward, my good friend?" said Thames to the watchman, as soon as they were left alone.

"Is it by lettin' you go, my darlin', that I'm to airn it?" inquired Terence. "If so it won't pay. You're Misther Wild's pris'ner, and worse luck to it!"

"I don't ask you to liberate me," urged Thames; "but will you convey a message for me?"

"Where to, honey?"

"To Mr. Wood's, the carpenter in Wych Street. He lives near the Black Lion."

"The Black Lion!" echoed Terence. "I know the house well; by the same token that it's a flash crib. Och! many a mug o' bubb have I drained wi' the landlord, Joe Hind. And so Misther Wood lives near the Black Lion, eh?"

"He does," replied Thames. "Tell him that I—his adopted son, Thames Darrell—am detained here by Jonathan Wild."

"Thames Ditton—is that your name?"

"No," replied the boy, impatiently; "Darrell—Thames Darrell."

"I'll not forget it. It's a mighty quare 'un though. I never yet heerd of a Christian as was named after the Shannon or the Liffy; and the Thames is no better than a dhurty puddle, compared wi' them two noble strames. But then you're an adopted son, and that makes all the difference. People *do* call their unlawful children strange names. Are you quite sure you haven't another alyass, Master Thames Ditton?"

"Darrell, I tell you. Will you go? You'll be paid handsomely for your trouble."

"I don't mind the throuble," hesitated Terence, who was really a good-hearted fellow at the bottom; "and I'd like to sarve you if I could, for you look like a gentleman's son, and that goes a great way wi' me. But if Mr. Wild were to find out that I thwarted his schaymes—"

"I'd not be in your skin for a trifle," interrupted Quilt, who having secured Sheppard, and delivered him to Abraham, now approached them unawares; "and it shan't be my fault if he don't hear of it."

"Ouns!" ejaculated Terence, in alarm, "would you turn snitch on your old pal, Quilt?"

"Ay, if he plays a-cross," returned Quilt. "Come along, my sly shaver. With all your cunning, we're more than a match for you."

"But not for me," growled Terence, in an under tone.

"Remember!" cried Quilt, as he forced the captive along.

"Remember the devil!" retorted Terence, who had recovered his natural audacity. "Do you think I'm afeard of a beggarly thief-taker and his myrmidons? Not I. Masther Thames Ditton, I'll do your biddin'; and you, Misther Quilt Arnold, may do your worst. I defy you,"

"Dog!" exclaimed Quilt, turning fiercely upon him, "do you threaten?"

But the watchman eluded his grasp, and mingling with the crowd, disappeared.

CHAPTER XII.

Saint Giles's Roundhouse.

SAINT GILES'S ROUNDHOUSE was an old detached fabric, standing in an angle of Kendrick Yard. Originally built, as its name imports, in a cylindrical form, like a modern Martello tower, it had undergone, from time to time, so many alterations, that its symmetry was, in a great measure, destroyed. Bulging out more in the middle than at the two extremities, it resembled an enormous cask set on its end,—a sort of Heidelberg tun on a large scale,—and this resemblance was increased by the small circular aperture—it hardly deserved to be called a door—pierced, like the bung-hole of a barrel, through the side of the structure, at some distance from the ground, and approached by a flight of wooden steps. The prison was two stories high, with a flat roof, surmounted by a gilt vane fashioned like a key; and, possessing considerable internal accommodation, it had, in its day, lodged some thousands of disorderly personages. The windows were small, and strongly grated, looking, in front, on Kendrick Yard, and, at the back, upon the spacious burial ground of Saint Gile's Church. Lights gleamed from the lower rooms, and, on a nearer approach to the building, the sound of revelry might be heard from within.

Warned of the approach of the prisoners by the increased clamour, Sharples, who was busied in distributing the Marquis's donation, affected to throw the remainder of the money among the crowd, though, in reality, he kept back a couple of guineas, which he slipped into his sleeve, and running hastily up the steps, unlocked the door. He was followed, more leisurely, by the prisoners; and, during their ascent, Jack Sheppard made a second attempt to escape, by ducking suddenly down, and endeavouring to pass under his conductor's legs. The dress of the dwarfish Jew was not, however, favourable to this expedient. Jack was caught, as in a trap, by the pendent tails of Abraham's long frock; and, instead of obtaining his release by his ingenuity, he only got a sound thrashing.

Sharples received them at the threshold, and holding his lantern towards the prisoners to acquaint himself with their features, nodded to Quilt, between whom and himself some secret understanding seemed to subsist, and then closed and barred the door.

"Vell," he growled, addressing Quilt, "you know who's here, I suppose?"

"To be sure I do," replied Quilt; "my noble friend, the Marquis of Slaughterford. What of that?"

"Vot o' that!" echoed Sharples, peevishly: "Everythin'. Vot am I to do with these young imps, eh?"

"What you generally do with your prisoners, Mr. Sharples," replied Quilt; "lock 'em up."

"That's easily said. But, suppose I've no place to lock 'em up in, how then?"

Quilt looked a little perplexed. He passed his arm under that of the constable, and drew him aside.

"Vell, vell," growled Sharples, after he had listened to the other's remonstrances, "it shall be done. But it's confounded inconwenient. One don't often get sich a vindfal as the Markis—"

"Or such a customer as Mr. Wild," edged in Quilt.

"Now, then, Saint Giles!" interposed Sheppard, "are we to be kept here all night?"

"Eh day!" exclaimed Sharples; "wot new-fledged bantam's this."

"One that wants to go to roost," replied Sheppard. "So, stir your stumps, Saint Giles; and if you mean to lock us up, use despatch."

"Comin'! comin'!" returned the constable, shuffling towards him.

"Coming!—so is midnight—so is Jonathan Wild," retorted Jack, with a significant look at Thames.

"Have you never an out-o'-the-vay corner, into vich you could stow these troublesome varmint?" observed Abraham. "The guv'ner 'll be here afore midnight.

Darrell's attention was drawn to the latter part of this speech by a slight pressure on his foot. And, turning at the touch, he perceived Sheppard's glance fixed meaningly upon him.

"Stow it, Nab!" exclaimed Quilt, angrily; "the kinchin's awake."

"Awake!—to be sure I am, my flash cove," replied Sheppard; "I'm down as a hammer."

"I've just bethought me of a crib as 'll serve their turn," interposed Sharples; "at any rate, they 'll be out o' the way, and as safe as two chicks in a coop."

"Lead the way to it, then, Saint Giles," said Jack, in a tone of mock authority.

The place in which they stood, was a small entrance chamber, cut off, like the segment of a circle, from the main apartment, (of which it is needless to say it originally constituted a portion,) by a stout wooden partition. A door led to the inner room; and it was evident, from the peals of merriment, and other noises, that, ever and anon, resounded from within, that this chamber was occupied by the Marquis and his friends. Against the walls hung an assortment of staves, brown-bills, (weapons then borne by the watch,) muskets, hand-cuffs, great-coats, and lanterns. In one angle of the room stood a disused fire place, with a rusty grate and broken chimney-piece; in the other there was a sort of box, contrived between the wall and the boards, that looked like an apology for a cupboard. Towards this box Sharpless directed his steps, and, unlocking a hatch in the door, disclosed a recess scarcely as large, and certainly not as clean, as a dog-kennel.

"Vill this do?" demanded the constable, taking the candle from the lantern, the better to display the narrow limits of the hole. "I call this here crib the Little-Ease, arter the runaway prentices' cells in Guildhall. I *have* squeezed three kids into it afore now. To be sure," he added, lowering his tone, "they wos little 'uns, and one on 'm was smothered—ough! ough!—how this cough chokes me!"

Sheppard, mean while, whose hands were at liberty, managed to possess himself, unperceived, of the spike of a halbert, which was lying, apart from the pole, upon a bench near him. Having secured this implement, he burst from his conductor, and, leaping into the hatch, as clowns generally spring into the clock-faces, when in pursuit of harlequin in the pantomime,—that is, back foremost,—broke into a fit of loud and derisive laughter, kicking his heels merrily all the time against the boards. His mirth, however, received an unpleasant check; for Abraham, greatly incensed by his previous conduct, caught him by the legs, and pushed him with such violence into the hole that the point of the spike, which he had placed in his pocket, found its way through his clothes to the flesh, inflicting a slight, but painful wound. Jack, who had something of the Spartan in his composition, endured his martyrdom without flinching; and carried his stoical indifference so far, as even to make a mocking grimace in Sharples's face, while that amiable functionary thrust Thames into the recess beside him.

"How do you like your quarters, saucebox?" asked Sharples, in a jeering tone.

"Better than your company, Saint Giles," replied Sheppard; "so, shut the door, and make yourself scarce."

"That boy 'll never rest till he finds his vay to Bridewell," observed Sharples.

"Or the street," returned Jack: "mind my words, the prison 's not built that can keep me."

"Ve'll see that, young hempseed," replied Sharples, shutting the hatch furiously in his face, and locking it. "If you get out o' that cage, I'll forgive you. Now, come along, gem'men, and I'll show you some precious sport."

The two janizaries followed him as far as the entrance to the inner room, when Abraham, raising his finger to his lips, and glancing significantly in the direction of the boys, to explain his intention to his companions, closed the door after them, and stole softly back again; planting himself near the recess.

For a few minutes, all was silent. At length Jack Sheppard observed:—"The coast 's clear. They're gone into the next room."

Darrell returned no answer.

"Don't be angry with me, Thames," continued Sheppard, in a tone calculated, as he thought, to appease his companion's indignation. "I did all for the best, as I'll explain."

"I won't reproach you, Jack," said the other, sternly. "I've done with you."

"Not quite, I hope," rejoined Sheppard. "At all events, I've not done with you. If you owe your confinement to me, you shall owe your liberation to me, also."

"I'd rather lie here for ever, than be indebted to *you* for my freedom," returned Thames.

"I've done nothing to offend you," persisted Jack.

"Nothing!" echoed the other, scornfully. "You've perjured yourself."

"That's my own concern," rejoined Sheppard. "An oath weighs little with me, compared with your safety."

"No more of this," interrupted Thames, "you make the matter worse by these excuses."

"Quarrel with me as much as you please, Thames, but hear me," returned Sheppard. "I took the course I pursued, to serve you."

"Tush!" cried Thames; "you accused me to screen yourself."

"On my soul, Thames, you wrong me!" replied Jack, passionately. "I'd lay down my life for yours."

"And you expect me to believe you after what has passed?"

"I do; and, more than that, I expect you to thank me."

"For procuring my imprisonment?"

"For saving your life."

"How?"

"Listen to me, Thames. You're in a more serious scrape than you imagine. I overheard Jonathan Wild's instructions to Quilt Arnold, and though he spoke in slang, and in an under-tone, my quick ears, and acquaintance with the thieves' lingo, enabled me to make out every word he uttered. Jonathan is in league with Sir Rowland to make away with you. You are brought here that their designs may be carried into effect with greater security. Before morning, unless we can effect an escape, you'll be kidnapped, or murdered, and your disappearance attributed to the negligence of the constable."

"Are you sure of this?" asked Thames, who, though as brave a lad as need be, could not repress a shudder at the intelligence.

"Certain. The moment I entered the room, and found you a prisoner in the hands of Jonathan Wild, I guessed how matters stood, and acted accordingly. Things haven't gone quite as smoothly as I anticipated; but they might have been worse. I *can* save you, and *will*. But, say we're friends."

"You're not deceiving me!" said Thames, doubtfully.

"I am not, by heaven!" replied Sheppard, firmly.

"Don't swear, Jack, or I shall distrust you. I can't give you my hand; but you may take it."

"Thank you! thank you!" faltered Jack, in a voice full of emotion. "I'll soon free you from these bracelets."

"You needn't trouble yourself," replied Thames. "Mr. Wood will be here presently."

"Mr. Wood!" exclaimed Jack, in surprise. "How have you managed to communicate with him?"

Abraham, who had listened attentively to the foregoing conversation,—not a word of which escaped him,—now drew in his breath, and brought his ear closer to the boards.

"By means of the watchman who had the charge of me," replied Thames.

"Curse him!" muttered Abraham.

"Hist!" exclaimed Jack. "I thought I heard a noise. Speak lower. Somebody may be on the watch—perhaps, that old ginger-hackled Jew."

"I don't care if he is," rejoined Thames, boldly. "He'll learn that his plans will be defeated."

"He may learn how to defeat yours," replied Jack.

"So he may," rejoined Abraham, aloud, "so he may."

"Death and fiends!" exclaimed Jack; "the old thief *is* there. I knew it. You've betrayed yourself, Thames."

"Vot o' that?" chuckled Abraham. "*You* can shave him, you know."

"I *can*," rejoined Jack; "and you, too, old Aaron, if I'd a razor."

"How soon do you expect Mishter Vudd?" inquired the janizary, tauntingly.

"What's that to you?" retorted Jack, surlily.

"Because I shouldn't like to be out o' the vay ven he arrives," returned Abraham, in a jeering tone; "it voudn't be vell bred."

"Voudn't it!" replied Jack, mimicking his snuffling voice; "then shtay vere you are, and be cursed to you."

"It's all up," muttered Thames. "Mr. Wood will be intercepted. I've destroyed my only chance."

"Not your *only* chance, Thames," returned Jack, in the same undertone; "but your best. Never mind. We'll turn the tables upon 'em yet. Do you think we could manage that old clothesman between us, if we got out of this box?"

"I'd manage him myself, if my arms were free," replied Thames, boldly.

"Shpeak up, vill you?" cried Abraham, rapping his knuckles against the hatch. "I likes to hear vot you says. You *can* have no shecrets from me."

"Vy don't you talk to your partner, or Saint Giles, if you vant conversation, Aaron?" asked Jack, slily.

"Because they're in the next room, and the door's shut; that's vy, my jack-a-dandy!" replied Abraham, unsuspiciously.

"Oh! they are—are they? muttered Jack, triumphantly; "that'll do. Now for it, Thames! Make as great a row as you can to divert his attention."

With this, he drew the spike from his pocket; and, drowning the sound of the operation by whistling, singing, shuffling, and other noises, contrived, in a few minutes, to liberate his companion from the handcuffs.

"Now, Jack," cried Thames, warmly grasping Sheppard's hand, "you are my friend again. I freely forgive you."

Sheppard cordially returned the pressure; and, cautioning Thames, "not to let the ruffles drop, or they might tell a tale," began to warble the following fragment of a robber melody:—

"Oh! give me a chisel, a knife, or a file,
And the dubsmen shall find that I'll do it in style!
Tol-de-rol.

"Vot the devil are you about, noisy?" inquired Abraham.

"Practising singing, Aaron," replied Jack. "Vot are you?"

"Practising patience," growled Abraham.

"Not before it's needed," returned Jack, aloud; adding in a whisper, "get upon my shoulders, Thames. Now you're up, take this spike. Feel for the lock, and prize it open,—you don't need to be told *how*. When it's done, I'll push you through. Take care of the old clothesman, and leave the rest to me.

When the turnkey, next morning, stepp'd into his room,
The sight of the hole in the wall struck him dumb;
The sheriff's black bracelets lay strewn on the ground,
But the lad that had worn 'em could nowhere be found.
Tol-de-rol."

As Jack concluded his ditty, the door flew open with a crash, and Thames sprang through the aperture.

This manœuvre was so suddenly executed that it took Abraham completely by surprise. He was standing at the moment close to the hatch, with his ear at the keyhole, and received a severe blow in the face. He staggered back a few paces; and, before he could recover himself, Thames tripped up his heels, and, placing the point of the spike at his throat, threatened to stab him if he attempted to stir, or cry out. Nor had Jack been idle all this time. Clearing the recess the instant after his companion, he flew to the door of the inner room, and, locking it, took out the key. The policy of this step was immediately apparent. Alarmed by the noise of the scuffle, Quilt and Sharples rushed to the assistance of their comrade. But they were too late. The entrance was barred against them; and they had the additional mortification of hearing Sheppard's loud laughter at their discomfiture.

"I told you the prison wasn't built that could hold me," cried Jack.

"You're not out yet, you young hound?" rejoined Quilt, striving ineffectually to burst open the door.

"But I soon shall be," returned Jack; "take these," he added, flinging the handcuffs against the wooden partition, "and wear 'em yourself."

"Halloo, Nab!" vociferated Quilt. "What the devil are you about? Will you allow yourself to be beaten by a couple of kids?"

"Not if I can help it," returned Abraham, making a desperate effort to regain his feet. "By my shalvation, boy," he added, fiercely, "if you don't take your hand off my peard, I'll shtrangle you."

"Help me, Jack!" shouted Thames, "or I shan't be able to keep the villain down."

"Stick the spike into him, then," returned Sheppard, coolly, "while I unbar the outlet."

But Thames had no intention of following his friend's advice. Contenting himself with brandishing the weapon in the Jew's eyes, he exerted all his force to prevent him from rising.

While this took place, while Quilt thundered at the inner door, and Jack drew back the bolts of the outer, a deep, manly voice was heard chanting—as if in contempt of the general uproar—the following strain:

With pipe and punch upon the board,
And smiling nymphs around us;
No tavern could more mirth afford
Than old Saint Giles's roundhouse!
The roundhouse! the roundhouse!
The jolly—jolly roundhouse!

"The jolly, jolly roundhouse!" chorussed Sheppard, as the last bar yielded to his efforts. "Hurrah! come along, Thames; we're free."

"Not so fasht—not so fasht!" cried Abraham, struggling with Thames, and detaining him; "if you go, you musht take me along vid you."

"Save yourself, Jack!" shouted Thames, sinking beneath the superior weight and strength of his opponent; "leave me to my fate!"

"Never," replied Jack, hurrying towards him. And, snatching the spike from Thames, he struck the janizary a severe blow on the head. "I'll make sure work this time," he added, about to repeat the blow.

"Hold!" interposed Thames, "he can do no more mischief. Let us be gone."

"As you please," returned Jack, leaping up; "but I feel devilishly inclined to finish him. However, it would only be robbing the hangman of his dues."

With this, he was preparing to follow his friend, when their egress was prevented by the sudden appearance of Jonathan Wild and Blueskin.

WHETHER OR NO.

'Mang a' the braw lads that come hither to woo me,
There's only but ane I wad fain mak' my joe;
And though I seem shy, yet so dear is he to me,
I scarce can forgie mysel' when I say "No."
My sister she sneers 'cause he has na the penny,
And cries "ye maun reap, my lass, just as ye sow,"
My brither he bans, but it's a' ane to Jenny,
She'll just tak' the lad she likes whether or no.

My father he cries, "tak' the laird of Kinlogie,
For he has baith maillins and gowd to bestow:"
My mither cries neist, "tak' the heir o' Glenbogie;
But can I please baith o' them?—weel I wat no!"
And since 'tis mysel' maun be gainer or loser—
Maun drink o' life's bicker, be't weal or be't woe,
I deem it but fair I should be my ain chooser;
To love will I lippen, then—whether or no.

Cauld Prudence may count on his gowd and his acres,
And think them the sum o' a' blessings below,
But tell me can wealth bring content to its makers?
The care-wrinkled face o' the miser says "No!"
But oh when pure love meets a love corresponding,
Such bliss it imparts as the world cannot know;
It lightens life's load, keeps the heart from desponding,
Let Fate smile or scowl, it smiles whether or no.
Whistlebinkie.

THE MEMORY OF THE POETS.

The fame of those sweet bards, whose fancies lie,
Like glorious clouds on summer's holiest even
Fringing the west, upon the skirts of heaven,
And sprinkled o'er with hues of rainbow dye,
Is not of trumpet sound, nor strives to vie
With martial notes sublime.—From ages gone,
In most angelic strain it lengthens on,
Earth's greenest bowers with fresh delight to fill,
Heard, breathing from the silence of the sky,
Or trembling in the joy of gushing rill,
Or whispering o'er the lake's unrippled breast,
Till its last earthly melodies are still;
Hush'd, 'mid the joys of immortality,
In the calm bosom of eternal rest.—T. N. Talfourd.

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

JUNE, 1839.

From the Quarterly Review.

1. *India; or, Facts submitted to Illustrate the Character and Condition of the Native Inhabitants, with Suggestions for Reforming the Present System of Government.* By R. Rickards, Esq. London. 1839.
2. *History, Antiquities, Topography, and Statistics of Eastern India, comprising the Districts of Behar, Shahabad, Assam, &c. &c., in relation to their Geology, Mineralogy, Botany, Agriculture, Commerce, Religion, Education, &c., surveyed under the Orders of the Supreme Government, and collated from the Original Documents, with the permission of the Hon. Court of Directors.* By Montgomery Martin. 1838.
3. *Special Report on the Statistics of the Four Collectorates of the Dekhun.* By Lieut.-Col. Sykes, F. R. S. 1838.
4. *Observations on the Law and Constitution and Present Government of India, &c.* By Lieut.-Col. Galloway. 2nd edition. 1832.
5. *China Opened; or Display of the Topography, History, Manners, &c., of the Chinese Empire.* By the Rev. C. Gutzlaff. 1838.
6. *China: its State and Prospects, &c.* By W. H. Medhurst, twenty years a Missionary to the Chinese. 1838.

Whenever a nation far advanced in civilization, and having, of consequence, a society of numerous gradations, re-models its political government on any other principle than that of conformity to the actual constitution of the society to be governed—when it makes classes dominant in the political which are servient in the social system—the consequences invariably have been, weakness in the government, discord and intolerance among the people. Society has laws of its own, the result of man's nature and position, and therefore referable only to the will of the Creator: it is not ruled by statutes, nor is its structure a human contrivance, although by legislation that structure may be materially influenced. It is governed in its decisions by public opinion, or the award of that portion of the community which, by a sort of universal suffrage, is invested with the power of pronouncing the national sentiment; and this class is that which, by birth, wealth, education, and high moral standards, possesses primary consideration in the state. Popular opinion, again, is that of the unintelligent, uninfluential classes, and in tranquil times generally follows and adopts public opinion: in times of turbulence only does it assume precedence.

We are paying at present the penalty of having violated this great law of social order. We have let loose ignorance, conceit, and fanaticism, to a perilous extent. This great nation, during a period of peace and prosperity, has been consigned to domestic warfare and contention;—the rival sects boil over with animosities;—the courtesies of life and the charities of religion are abeyant; coarse and vulgar ribaldries best suit the temper of the disputants; and men seem to agree in nothing else than that to be a good hater is the surest indication of right principles. Even the Quakers, now only 23,000 in number, who profess to aim by their discipline at eradicating the passions, are become an organized body of propagandists, whose object is to disturb social repose by withdrawing measures of great difficulty, and requiring unusual discretion, from the decision of the intelligent orders, that they may be determined by the excited passions of the multitude.

While such is our position at home, the phenomena exhibited on the great theatre of the world have assumed an importance and an interest, which must, under other circumstances, have arrested national attention. Unpropitious as the time is, we propose making an attempt to divert public attention from the acrimonies of political and sectarian contention, to the magnificent developements of those general laws of Providence by which the free agency of man is circumscribed, and by which he is led to results far beyond the sphere of his foresight.

When we survey the condition of our species, we perceive Europe and America to be advancing in wealth, population, and civilization—Asia and Africa to be in that stationary condition in which they have continued from immemorial time. In the two former, industrial production is in advance of population; in the two last, population is ahead of production. These are the two master principles, which, by the proportion in which they stand to each other, indicate the prosperous or adverse condition of mankind.

Of Africa and its prospects we must say little at present. Unhappy in its geographical formation, it seems destined to be for ever astern of the other quarters of the globe, in civilization. Little impression can be made on the great negro race (perhaps amounting to not much under a hundred millions of people) by the English colony at the Cape, or that of France at Algiers. As for Sierra Leone, which Mr. Wilberforce once described as 'the morning star beaming on the breast of Africa,' it is become a charnel-house for Europeans, and a nest of kidnappers and dealers in negro slaves.* This colony has cost, from 1792 down to 1830, 3,350,000*l.* in civil expenses, and in naval 1,630,000*l.*, or together, 5,000,000*l.* sterling,† without any one of its objects having been in any respect attained. Mr. M'Culloch concurs in the now common opinion that the slave trade can only be suppressed by the great European powers declaring it piracy to engage in it. Yet no writer has illustrated more successfully than he the futility of all endeavours to prevent smuggling of goods by severity of penalties; and how the thousands of leagues of African and American coasts are to be watched by cruizers so as to render capture probable, not to say inevitable, we have seen no attempt to explain. But already one consequence of our greater severity has taken place—the horrors of the middle passage are revived; and when the slaver is overtaken, the wretched victims are put into casks and sunk in the sea, to prevent confiscation of the vessel by destroying the evidence of her occupation. In 1807 the slaves exported from the Western coasts of Africa amounted to 86,000; and lately the number has been stated, on plausible authority, at 170,000, notwithstanding the entire cessation of the supply to the British colonies, into which scarce a slave has been introduced these thirty years, so effectual has the system of registration proved. But registration must be the willing act of the importing country; and so much have the slave states of North and South America been alienated and alarmed by our recent precipitate measure of emancipation, that their co-operation is for the present hopeless. This slave emancipation act has given an extraordinary impulse to the slave trade—has weakened the hopes of seeing it crushed;—and should the production of sugar in our islands give way, the mischief must be far greater, and our emancipation will rank, next to Las Casas's origination of the slave trade, as the greatest calamity ever inflicted upon humanity. It may fail suddenly. At best, its success must be long problematical.*

There can scarcely be imagined an event touching more nearly the prospects of mankind than the manner in which the New World is to be occupied. Once accomplished, nothing similar can occur again. The rate of Asiatic and European advancement must greatly depend on the races by which those vast and fertile countries of America are peopled. From its geographical structure, the rivers of America run towards the east, and its plains slope in the same direction: hence its commercial action has chiefly been exerted on Europe and Africa, from the last of which, however, it has only imported human beings. On Europe, the influences exerted by the rapid production of wealth and increased consumption in America have been very great, and are continually increasing. By the discovery of the New World, Europe procured tropical produce by a six weeks' voyage, in place of a six months' one to India; but, above all, by transferring part of its people to America, it laid the foundation for future nations of industrious habits, whose demands on European production increase annually, and form a continual stimulus to the industry of the Old World. Had none but Africans been permitted to settle in America, how little would mankind have profited by the discovery of Columbus! The negro has great physical strength, though bred in a noxious climate: he is good-humoured, cheerful, and affectionate, but evidently, of all the varieties of our race, he approaches the nearest to specific difference from the others. No African community has ever reached that degree of civilization exhibited by the empires of Montezuma and of the Incas. Ample allowance being made for the untoward circumstances under which the free blacks are placed, both in America and Europe, their want of proficiency in any science or art (except the art of cookery) is only explicable by the consideration that, among nations, as among families, some are gifted with greater intellectual and physical capacities—some with less. In America, the negro race may be taken at eight millions, the European at twenty; and so little tendency towards an incorporation of the two into one mixed race has hitherto manifested itself, that if ever the blacks of North and South America succeed in establishing independent states, a long succession of internecine wars will probably ensue.

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* 'That the slave trade has been extensively carried on at Sierra Leone is a fact which the evidence has unhappily placed beyond the reach of controversy.'—Lord Goderich's official letter of Jan. 18, 1832.

† Speech of Mr. W. K. Douglas (now Lord William Douglas) in the House of Commons, July, 1831.

* We do not enter here upon the very great slave trade which has from all time prevailed on the Eastern side of the African continent, and to which our efforts to suppress that by the Alantic, if at all effective, could only lend a new stimulus. Among his other mercantile speculations, the Pacha of Egypt has taken up this odious trade upon a gigantic scale. He employs regularly a considerable part of his army in marauding expeditions into the interior of Africa—and is at this moment by far the greatest stealer and seller of Negroes in the world. The compunction of a French adventurer, who had spent several years in this horrible service, has produced an appalling revelation of the facts, which M. Leon de Laborde has made public in a most striking tract entitled *Chasse aux Negres:* Paris, 1838.

Three hundred and forty years have elapsed without the appearance of a single Asiatic colonist in the New World, although Asia contains two-thirds of the human race, and its population has ever been in that state of penury and discomfort which disposes mankind to emigration. Had Asia been in the process of emerging from the stationary condition, the discovery of America would have enabled it to break its chains: there would perhaps have been, ere now, fifty millions of Asiatics in South America, thriving and civilized nations, whose reaction on the parent countries must have raised them to a far higher rank than they now occupy. But Asia was then completely stationary, and had scarcely any means of intercourse with the New World. It has therefore continued in its previous state, until now that America, in conjunction with Europe, has commenced its powerful action upon it; and if we carry forward our speculations to what another century may effect, we may at least conclude with certainty that when the United States shall contain a hundred millions of people, and Australia its millions too, the free intercourse of the Asiatic with his brethren of the other quarters of the world will be completely established, and it will long have ceased to be a question among politicians, whether one nation is justified in interdicting the natives of another from making use of the right which God has conferred on all his creatures—that of bettering their condition by voluntary emigration. To imprison eighty or ninety millions of human beings as if they were no better than rats in an iron cage—to debar the Hindoo from exporting himself, as well as the fruit of his labour—to make his doing so depend on the pleasure of the people of England—is an attempt so wholly at variance with right and reason, that, under present circumstances, it promises no better result than that of Xerxes to fetter the sea. In this age of misnomer, however, much may be done by giving to anything a name which ought to denote its opposite. Many a sane dog has lost his life from being called a mad dog; and, in this case, it is endeavoured to affix the opprobrious epithet of slave trade to the act of conveying a labourer from Bengal, where slavery exists and is legal, to Guiana or Australia, where it does not exist, is not legal, and where the difficulty experienced is to do justice to the rights of the master. But this emigration, to be an efficient means of extensive good, must be purified from all associations with violence and fraud. The annual emigration from Europe to America may be estimated at 100,000 to 150,000: so that, including negro slaves, 300,000 persons are transferred yearly from the Old to the New World; and if Asia had free access to this means of relief from over-population, that number might be indefinitely augmented, and a real, natural, and effectual counter-agent to the African slave trade be set in motion. In the event, too, of a famine in India, the lives of 50,000 or 100,000 natives could be saved, were the means of transport in readiness, and the people familiarized, as those of Ireland are, to expatriation. Is it so shocking a thing to benevolent feeling, that a man should be taken, of his own free will, from a country where day's wages are twopence, and conveyed to another, where he can earn above a shilling?

Besides all this, there is another consideration worthy of attention. Recent investigations lead us to conclude that the subjugation by the Brahminical Hindoos of the previously existing population of India was of a very savage description. The remains of the vanquished tribes, now termed aborigines, were reduced to that deplorable state of degradation in which we still find them, and from which every one must desire to see them delivered. This people bear different names in various parts of India—Beels, Coolees, Ramoosees, Mangs, &c.; and their numbers are estimated at betwixt 2,000,000 and 3,000,000. Driven to desperation by the Hindoos, they have retaliated by organizing themselves into societies for the purposes of robbery and murder. The systems of decoity, or gang robbery, and that of thuggery, have of late attracted notice in Europe by their atrocity, extent, and combination with religious feeling. Could this unhappy race be induced to emigrate to Australia, or the banks of the La Plata, there is every reason to conclude that they would abandon their vicious habits, and enter upon the career of industry and order. Such a measure would, however, exact a large expenditure, and, unfortunately, our philanthropy is parsimoniously disposed. £20,000,000 were, it will be said, given to the West Indian slave-owners; but this touched no individual's purse—it was only an additional bucket of water thrown into the ocean of the national debt. Yet, even in that case, if time had been allowed, it was intended to have agitated the country against any compensation whatever. The casuistry was ready, the petitions were ready, and the texts; but the promptitude of Lord Stanley in getting the vote of the Commons frustrated all opposition to the measure.

That kidnapping is more prevalent in India than in any other country cannot be questioned. 'We propose' (says Mr. Macauley in his 'Penal Code,') 'to make the punishment of kidnapping peculiarly severe, when it is committed with murderous intentions; as in the case of those subjects of the company who were lately carried into the Jynteah country for purposes of human sacrifice.' Did the opposition to Coolee emigration extend no farther than providing against deception and violence, it would have the support of every man of feeling and humanity, and of none more cordially than of those who look upon the free circulation of mankind just as beneficial as the free exchange of commodities, and upon all impediments thrown in its way as contraventions of those provisions for the progression of human society, which emanate from the Supreme Governor of the universe.

In estimating the assailing forces now in operation against the institutions of Asia, we should advert to the relations in which that continent stood to the rest of the world, prior to the opening of the trade with Britain, in 1814. That measure might not have produced effects so contrary to the anticipations of many, had it not coincided with the general peace in Europe, and the consequent fall in the cost of producing articles of commerce. From the time of Pliny, who estimated the bullion annually sent from the Roman Empire to the East, at 400,000*l.* down to 1814, India had been the great recipient of the precious metals. According to Humboldt's calculation, above thirty years ago, 25,500,000 dollars were yearly sent to Asia (*i. e.* 5,418,750*l.*), of which 17,500,000 went round the Cape of Good Hope, 4,000,000 by the Levant, and 4,000,000 from Russia.* This bullion trade has almost entirely ceased, and given place to an exportation of commodities. Since 1814 the restoration of the monetary systems of Europe and North America to their former metallic basis has occasioned a demand, according to Lord Ashburton, for from 80,000,000*l.* to 100,000,000*l.*; and in addition to this the produce of the American mines has diminished to half their previous amount. Owing to these circumstances, the cessation of the bullion trade to Asia has produced no derangement in the market of the world.

The opening of the trade with India has been followed, not only by a great increase in the commercial relations of Europe and Asia, but in the trade of India with China to the eastward, and with the Red Sea and the Gulph to the westward. Signs of change in the national habits have become manifest, and it is already evident that in Asia the circulation of new ideas, as well as of new commodities, is set in motion.

Turkey had, for ages, been the wall of brass which separated European from Asiatic institutions—but it is a barrier no longer, and it is becoming the advanced post of the European system. Egypt has felt the same influences, and probably no long time will elapse before a ship canal, cut below the level of mean tide in the Red Sea, will conduct its waters, by an imperceptible descent, into the Mediterranean, and reduce the voyage from England to Bombay from 14,000 miles, and upwards, to 7200.

When to those powerful agencies of mutation, we add the rapid increase of wealth and of demand for tropical productions in Europe,—the establishment of European colonies in Australia, and the great effects which must result from steam-navigation of the Indian rivers, nothing but blind, apathetic incredulity can hesitate to admit that against so many and such powerful causes of change no human efforts can avail. Were the rulers of all the nations of Europe and Asia to combine against this movement of our species, impelled as it is by nature, and aided by a concurrence of circumstances equally new and important, they might retard but could not repress the progress of mankind towards a happier and more advanced position. But the transition from the artificial institutions of Asia to a natural structure of society, as it is likely to be a rapid one, so it must be a painful process to a large portion of its people; and considering the strength of the powers conspiring against the stationary condition, much may be apprehended from the councils of violent and ignorant innovation, as in the revolution of France. Persons who bring nothing but good intentions, claims to common sense and common experience, as credentials of capacity for legislation on extraordinary occasions, are unworthy of national confidence, and have done infinite mischief by their incapacity and presumption, their proneness to regulate and meddle with everything. 'The true lawgiver,' says Mr. Burke, 'ought to have a heart full of sensibility. He ought to love and respect his kind, and to *fear himself*.'

It must, under such circumstances, be of paramount importance to understand the great features of the Asiatic social system, and to discover the causes which produce the stationary condition. With the view of bringing those topics into discussion, we avail ourselves of the appearance, so long wished for, of Dr. Francis Buchanan Hamilton's 'Statistics of Bengal,' drawn up about thirty years ago, and now abridged and edited by Mr. Montgomery Martin, under the authority of the East India Directors—who will, we hope, sanction and patronize the publication of several other surveys known to exist among the archives of Leadenhall-street. Mr. Martin might, with advantage, have very much abridged the selections from his original, so as to have retained what is adapted to the European student of Indian institutions, rejecting topographical and other details of local interest only. But such as it is, the work is a valuable one; and would have been more so, could the editor have repressed his *besoin de faire parler de soi*, which he has indulged by prefixing certain uncalled-for prolegomena, in which he retails his own speculations, and passes his own projects in parade. Having performed his ko-tow to the Direction by a laudatory dedication, he turns round to reproach the people of England with apathy towards, and misgovernment of, India—as if the English people were primarily responsible for the administration of Indian affairs, and the Directors not responsible at all. He gives his projects of a grand Indian bank, &c., and his calculation, 'never impugned,' showing that England, during the last fifty years, has robbed India, in tribute, of 8,400,000,000*l.* sterling money—a calculation which speaks for itself—and for Mr. Martin too! Far be it from us, 'to impugn it,' or to hurt a hair of its head. From the public journals we learn, that at a meeting in Glasgow, got up by the Society of Friends, Mr. Martin served up to his audience all these dishes warmed over again, and concluded the entertainment by assuming the attitude of a Jupiter Tonans; intimating, that should the British nation continue deaf to the voice of a charmer who charms so wisely, it might expect another visitation from cholera morbus, along with *epidemic* hydrophobia —very much in the way that Lord Peter consigned his brothers to the devil, if they presumed to doubt that the crust of bread he helped them to contained 'the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum-pudding, and custard.' We have nothing further to say of the editor's cargo of 'Notions,' to enter into an examination of which would be firing at carrion crows not 'worth powder and shot;' but as this publication must be intended for that numerous, influential, and instructed section of the public, which cultivates and appreciates political economy, we ask Mr. Martin whether such commodities as he has here brought to market are likely to suit the taste of such customers, and whether *they* can be expected to approve of the attempt to enlist that science in the ignoble service of Quaker and Baptist agitation? He evidently belongs to that class of persons who assume to themselves to be the organs of common sense, and who consider an acquaintance with any subject as useless, just in so far as it exceeds the limits of their own. Of those persons Archbishop Whately has remarked, that although the sailor, the physician, the architect, or musician may coincide in the claim of common sense to decide questions of political economy, the sailor treats its authority in questions of navigation with contempt, and so do the others in respect of their several professions. The bulk of people of common sense believe that the sun moves round the earth, and that antipodes are impossible. One of them was that worthy sailor of the Centurion, quoted by Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, who, after premising that, having been round the world with Anson, he must needs know all about it, declared that it was just as flat as the table before him.

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* Vide M'Culloch's 'Commercial Dictionary,' art. 'Precious Metals.'

We proceed to give some extracts from Dr. B. Hamilton. In the Appendix to vol. ii., we find several statements, furnished by his native assistants, of the expenditure of Hindoo families of various ranks in Dinajpoor. These we shall give in an abridged and tabular form. The house-rent, ornaments, and furniture are estimated by adding, to the ordinary rate of interest on the capital originally invested in them, that sum which is required to keep them at the same value.

I. Expenditure of a Hindoo family of high rank, consisting of 10 persons.

II. Expenditure of a family of some consideration, consisting of 8 persons.

	I. Rupees.	I. Anas.	II. Rupees.	II. Anas.
House-rent	78	0	56	0
Furniture	118	12	40	13
Ornaments	162	0	62	14
Clothing	210	0	72	0
Table	334	13	174	0
Servants	216	0	60	3
Religious expenses	586	0	140	0
Education	6	0	4	0
	Rs. 1711	9	Rs. 609	11

III. Family, in easy circumstances, of 6 persons.

IV. Family of an artisan, 4 persons.

V. Family of a common labourer, 4 persons.

	III. Rupees.	III. Anas.	IV. Rupees.	IV. Anas.	IV. Pice.	V. Rupees.	V. Anas.	V. Pice.
Lodging	24	0	2	4	9½	0	7	0
Furniture	16	7	1	3	3½	0	10	0
Ornaments	12	12	0	4	6	0	1	8
Clothes	37	8	3	6	0	2	6	0
Food	128	2	30	0	0	16	10	3
Servants	15	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Holydays, guru, &c.	63	0	6	8	0	2	0	0
Barber	0	0	0	8	0	0	8	0
	Rs. 296	13	Rs. 44	2	7	Rs. 22	10	0

The Rupee being equivalent to 2*s.* sterling, these figures denote a tenth of the number of pounds. No. I. is 171*l.* 2*s.*, and so with the others.

There is another estimate of the expenditure of an artist in easy circumstances, amounting to 116 rupees 14 anas, but it is unnecessary to give it. These details suggest many reflections. There is no religious establishment in India, and here we see how much the ryot's condition is deteriorated by being under *the voluntary system*, since the common labourer has to pay 9 per cent. of his annual expenditure of two guineas either to his guru, or in festival charges. In No. I. this charge exceeds 30 per cent.; in No. II. it is about 23 per cent.; in No. III. above 21 per cent.; and in No. IV. above 14 per cent.

The expense of refashioning gold and silver ornaments is another striking feature of those tables; and it fully explains what has become of the billions of treasure poured during ages into India, without calling in the aid of Mr. Martin's tribute. The goldsmith is a member of the Alowtay of every Hindoo village; and as there are 234,000 villages in the Bengal Presidency alone, there must be at least 500,000 in the peninsula, with each its workman in gold and silver. The consumption of these metals must therefore be excessive; and thus we find that the retention of so much treasure by India, so far from enriching it, as by the mercantile theory it should have done, terminates in the whole being volatilized and dissipated in the goldsmith's crucible.

Tobacco and betel constitute the chief luxuries of the ryot population. Spirituous liquors were then less used than Colonel Galloway represents them to be now.

> 'Many persons,' says the Doctor, 'consider that vegetable food, highly seasoned with capsicum and water for drink, is the diet best adapted to a warm climate; but I am persuaded that they are mistaken. Whoever has travelled much with the natives, and been witness to the weakness of their constitutions, in resisting the changes of air and water, will agree with me in saying, that those who enjoy a diet which includes animal food and strong liquors in moderate quantities, are best able to resist the influence of unhealthy climates and sudden changes of air. . . . . Those called moralists, in their eagerness to appear uncommonly virtuous, are apt to extend their declamation from the abuse to the moderate use of good things; but the present state of morals in Dinagepoor, under a water regimen, seems very little favourable to the wisdom of those who wish to deprive the people of the use of strong drink.'—vol. ii. p. 701-2. 'Nothing,' he adds, 'can be quieter than a drunken native.'

Upon this subject we may observe that all over Asia, where wine and spirits are forbidden by religion or custom, we find recourse had to opium, which is certainly no improvement; and that the use of that drug has of late been rapidly increasing among the lower orders in Britain. Temperance Societies are harmless if not beneficial manifestations of that excited moral temperament which at the present period characterizes this nation. The upper classes have given up hard drinking without the aid of such societies, and have had recourse to recreations more intellectual and more congenial to a social structure in which females occupy a more important station. The fine arts, especially music, are very efficient antagonists of inebriety, and their influence is now descending to the lower orders. We hear of societies for promoting education and temperance, when the tendencies of society at large have set in irresistibly in their favour, and need no one's assistance.

Bengal is, of all countries in the world, that in which population is the most excessive, and, of course, its checks are chiefly of the description called positive by Mr. Malthus. Second marriages are, indeed, restrained by the expense of nuptial ceremonies. A tradesman of pure birth must spend eighty rupees, and 'even a Bhumi Mali, the lowest of all castes, must spend seventeen,' of which the bride's father pays five. The higher Brahmins, however, receive a price from the bride's father. But universal opinion, as in China, requires of all to marry at least once, and widows may re-marry by a ceremony called Nika—a contract of fidelity, but dissolvable by consent. Girls are affianced before ten years of age, and married at thirteen; boys at sixteen. The result of such a state of things is very striking. Dr. B. Hamilton says, 'The moralist who, with a view of checking vice, should succeed in introducing early marriages, would, I am persuaded, produce great injury. The breed of men not only would degenerate, but vice would become more predominant.' Early marriages are unfruitful, as Dr. Hamilton remarked, in Bengal; and Colonel Sykes, in his valuable work on the statistics of the Deccan, states the proportion of children to each marriage to be there 2.48, that in France being 3.72, and in England 3.55. Even landlords' families in easy circumstances, the Doctor says, seldom maintain themselves for above three generations; and hence, as in China, recourse is had to *adoption*—the natural remedy of this artificial social condition. The Bengalese suffer greatly from cold, for want of sufficient clothing; and from the poverty of their fare and lodging may be truly described as being constantly in a state of famine. They are so predisposed to disease by those privations, that no one familiar with this subject will read the Doctor's details of the mortality among the natives with surprise, however much it may shock his feelings. 'Fever makes such ample havoc, that little room seems to be left for other diseases.' 'In fact there are few who escape with less confinement than one month in the year, and the whole are a sickly people.' 'Leprosy seems to occupy in Bengal the place of scrofula, being nearly as common as that malady in the colder parts of Europe. In a native of India, on the contrary, I have never seen a clearly marked case of scrofula.' Elephantiasis is not unfrequent. Statistical inquirers have of late endeavoured to ascertain the laws which regulate sickness as well as death; and Mr. M'Culloch has summed up, with his accustomed ability and judgment, the most important results of those researches in his Statistical Account of the British Empire, under the head of Vital Statistics. In England there are two persons always sick for each annual death, or one twenty-third part of the nation is always under sickness. In India, we imagine, sickness bears a higher ratio to death than the duplicate, and that the same is true of Ireland. In countries of low civilization, such as those two, the mortality of children under five years is always very great, as Dr. B. Hamilton found it in Bengal, and Colonel Sykes in the Deccan, and the mean duration of all lives is low. The great movement throughout Europe during the last half century towards a higher degree of civilization has everywhere been accompanied by an extension of the duration of life, and especially of infant life. Mr. M'Culloch thinks that the deaths under five years, which in England are now a third of the births, were double that proportion a century ago. Along with this, there is a prolongation of adult life. According to Mr. Edmonds, there are of persons of 60 years old, for each 100 living betwixt the ages of 30 and 60—in England and Wales 27·5, in Scotland 28, in Ireland 15.7, in Belgium 30·3; hence the mortality between those ages is twice as great in Ireland as in Belgium. Like Bengal, Ireland is ever in a state so little removed above destitution, that in any other country of Europe it would be called one of famine; but this being its habitual condition, the term is restricted to those extraordinary cases when signal failures of potatoes occur. The Duke of Wellington lately observed in parliament that since he first took office, in 1806, there had not been a single year in which government had not been uneasy, at one period or another, about the subsistence of the Irish people. In Bengal, dearths are much aggravated by the deficiency of internal commerce; and Dr. Roxburgh tells us he had, in one year, seen rice in the husk at eight rupees per maund, and in another at two rupees —a difference which has not occurred in England since Plantagenet times, and which we should call famine. In Ireland, again, potatoes are sometimes six times as dear as at others. It is well known that famines become less frequent as cultivation becomes more skilful, and as more capital is expended on the soil; rich land, too, is less liable to failure than inferior soils; and hence Bengal is seldomer visited by actual famine than the interior, for drought is not there followed by a total failure of the crops. Dr. B. Hamilton, writing in 1808, says, there had been only two famines in Bengal within the memory of man,—the one in 1769–70, the other in 1787. In the former, he says, 3,000,000 people perished.

A fanciful theory has lately been advanced, by which the non-occurrence of utter famine in Bengal, of late years, is attributed to the 'perpetual settlement' of the revenue, in 1792. The Turkish miri, or land-tax, has been fixed for ages, and at an extremely low rate, yet it has had no efficacy in averting famine. In China the land-tax is fixed according to the common calculations of the Chinese, at under two per cent.—so Mr. Medhurst informs us—yet famine does not spare the Celestial Empire, where cultivation is much farther advanced than in Bengal, and the government retains annually in the provinces several millions of quarters (28,000,000 bushels of grain, and 12,000,000 of rice) as a precautionary measure.* The espousers of this theory have the hardest of all tasks to perform, in showing the necessary connexion between their cause and their effect. Rammohun Roy, in his written replies to questions put to him, in 1831, by a committee of the Commons, stated that 'there is in practice no fixed standard to afford security to the cultivators for the rate or amount of rent demandable from them, although such a standard is laid down in theory.' In reply to the query 'Is the condition of the cultivator improved within your recollection of the country?' he says, 'According to the best of my recollection and belief, their condition has not been improving in any degree.' Query, 'Have the cultivators any means of accumulating capital?' 'Certainly not: in short,' he added, 'such is the melancholy condition of the agricultural labourers, that it always gives me the greatest pain to allude to it.' The Rajah further stated, 'But there are occasionally strong natural checks to this superabundance. The vast numbers carried off, of late years, by cholera morbus, having greatly relieved the pressure of surplus population, the condition of the labourer has been much improved in comparison with what it was before the people were thinned by that melancholy scourge.' (Appendix to Report on India, August, 1831, p. 691.)

The competency of this witness is as unquestionable as the decisive character of his testimony; and if it be near the truth, the perpetual settlements' claim to having averted famine from Bengal may be placed beside that of Tenterden steeple to having caused the Godwin Sands.

Had our limits permitted it, we might have entered into a comparison of the actual state of academical education in Bengal, as given by Dr. B. Hamilton, with that prevalent in Europe during its period of fixation, viz., the middle ages. The late learned orientalist and most amiable man, Professor Matthew Lumisden, used to contend that the only branch of human science in which the Oriental could claim precedence over Europeans was universal grammar; and when we turn to Dr. B. Hamilton's account of the course of study at

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* Vide Lettres Edifiantes, for an account of the famine in 1738, p. 283.

Hindoo academies, we find ten years devoted to grammar, and one, or one and a half, to the dictionary, which is not alphabetically arranged, after which follow many years devoted to poetry and law. No great wonder, then, that 'the minds of many students become confused, by the abstract nature of these investigations, and many of them are considered, by the vulgar, as little better than fools.' (vol. ii. p. 717.)

The Chinese are truly described by Mr. Davis 'as the most cheerful, industrious, orderly, and wealthy people in Asia.' They have enjoyed exemption from war longer than any other people; their taxation is light, and by some theoretical reasoners, national depression is referred chiefly to over-taxation. They possessed for centuries anterior to Europeans a knowledge of the mariner's compass, of paper, printing, and gunpowder—which inventions, we have been ten thousand times told, caused the conversion of our own ancestors from a semi-savage into a civilized state. In China there is a registration of landed properties, labour is little interrupted by holydays, there is no religious establishment, no censorship of the press. 'Books,' Mr. Medhurst says, 'are multiplied at a cheap rate, and to an almost indefinite extent, and every peasant and pedlar has the common depositories of knowledge within his reach. It would not be hazarding too much to say, that in China there are more books, and more people to read them, than in any other country of the world.' If to this be added the possession, for above a thousand years, of a system of education, so much favoured, that all state employments are given by competition, as school and college prizes, to the best scholars, *this* must evidently be the country to go to for instruction in science, in morals, and in the useful arts. It began its career long before us, and has pursued its course more systematically than we. How is it to be supposed that Europe, with half the population of China, can have anything to communicate in science to the celestial philosophers? The schoolmaster has ruled over China ever since our Anglo-Saxon Heptanarchy was at its climax of confusion. The Marquis of Lansdowne, in debating the Reform Bill in October, 1831, told us that the prosperity of Scotland, which Lord Liverpool had termed 'the best-conditioned country upon earth,' was produced wholly by its parochial schools, and in spite of its vicious political system. Can a president of the Queen's council be mystified? And if not, what must be the felicity of China, which has had parish schools for ten centuries, while Scotland has only had them since 1696? Since the establishment of this system of education in China, we discover two notable inventions—printing, and dwarfing of the women's feet—which are said to have been contemporaneous. China, according to the theories of the enlightened seers, who pretend to discern the signs of the times, ought to be the farthest advanced of all countries; but, somehow or other, the naked, indisputable matter of fact is, that it is in a semi-barbarous state, and that it neither has progressed for centuries, nor shows any tendency towards progression. It is one of the most stationary countries in the world. About 500 years ago, it is true, the construction of the grand canal gave an impulse to the empire: its cultivation was extended, and its population increased—but its institutions continued the same; the habits and intelligence of its people underwent no change. The consolidation of the empire is due, as in India, to foreign conquest; the Tartars and Turcomans subdued and moulded into one the petty states of China and India, and have held them in submission during many centuries. China, with its 361,000,000 of people, is ruled by barbarians armed with bows and arrows: the appearance of a single frigate in its waters throws the government into an agony of apprehension. So greatly is war become scientific among nations of the European race, and such is the inferiority of the Chinese, that they will be obliged to hire European or American seamen, as the Romans, in the decline of their empire, enlisted legions of barbarians.

China exhibits the extreme limit of advancement to which a people, arrested in the patriarchal condition of society, can hope to attain. Its laws are, indeed, corruptly administered; but this does not proceed from law wanting power, but from the magistracy wanting integrity—for not all the jealous provisions of its penal code, nor the frequent removals to other localities, nor the *espionnage*, nor the *coups de bâton* put in practice to prevent those *savans* from selling justice, have hitherto succeeded in making them honest. Where there is a natural aristocracy, there is a body, to which a large share of the administration of the law may be committed, without apprehending corruption, even where no recompense is given by the state. But in China there is no such body, nor is any qualification of property required from those appointed to office; so that the magistrates, (who do not covet money less from having been clever boys at school,) being poorly paid, (their usual salary is 50*l.* sterling,) and without ancestral patrimony, very naturally employ their talents in devising the most effectual and safe means of extortion. Official rank is universally coveted, not only as leading to wealth, but as conferring distinction—just as in Russia military rank is coveted, and in the United States rank of any kind, it being the artificial substitute for a natural *noblesse*. Notwithstanding all this, there is, as Mr. Davis says, evidently a fair degree of security in China, as is distinctly proved by the fact, that the houses of the peasantry are not aggregated in villages, as everywhere else in Asia, but disseminated singly over the country. There is a great deal of publicity given to acts of government in China; but there is no body to discuss those acts corresponding to our *public*, consisting of the natural chiefs of society; and to this state of things Hume's observation is correctly applicable, that 'the absence of an hereditary aristocracy may secure the intestine tranquillity of the state, by making it impossible for faction or rebellion to find any powerful heads.' There is no other aristocracy in China than the government *employés*, who constitute a despotic bureaucracy, highly centralized, and of which the emperor is merely the hereditary chief. Lord Bacon observes in one of his Essays, that a monarchy without a nobility is ever an absolute despotism like that of the Turk—that 'a great and potent nobility addeth majesty to a monarch, but diminisheth power.' There has never, therefore, been a free polity in Asia, nor can there be, so long as its social institutions remain in force, by which despotic power is given to every head of a family. Nothing can be more in accordance with their social system than vesting despotic power in the head of the state. An Asiatic cannot even be made to comprehend our term of 'freeman.' They usually understand by it a holy man—one who has subdued his passions, and freed himself from the domination of vice.

Public meetings convened by advertisement for addressing the magistracy are, Mr. Davis says, sometimes held; but in China the mob orator has a difficulty to contend with, so very singular, that it merits a digression: it arises out of the barbarity of the oral language. Mr. Gutzlaff says,

> 'The poverty to which the spoken language is reduced is such, as to occasion misunderstandings in sentences of the most frequent occurrence, and to make conversation so exceedingly monotonous, as to comprise only the ordinary objects of life. Whenever any attempt is made to discuss more abstruse subjects, recourse must be had to ink and paper, and the speaker is obliged either to define the sounds by synonymes or write them down. There are no orators, nor do the masters in schools give oral instructions. Nothing tends so much to counteract the progress of civilization as the poverty of the oral medium, and the consequent paucity of ideas. No new subject of any importance can be introduced.'

Had they a parliament, the orators must, he thinks, print their speeches. This, it should be observed, is the state of the great instrument for communicating thought, after China has been schooled for 1000 years. Legal proceedings, too, are all in writing.

The oral language consists of 483 sounds, which, by variations in tone, are increased to about 1400 monosyllables. The written language, again, is quite unconnected with the oral. Sir G. Staunton says:—'Its written symbols realize the seemingly visionary theory of an orthography expressive, according to an established and received classification, of the ideas as they arrive in the mind, disregarding wholly the sounds employed to give them utterance. The theory is beautiful, and the practice no less perplexing and inconvenient.' As this written language, with its 214 roots, is capable of great extension by new combinations, and is, like musical notation, a universal system, independent of oral language, its superiority over the latter for affairs of state was manifest, especially after the empire became so extended as to comprehend provinces using various dialects. This preference being once decided on, a national system of schools followed, of course, from the great numbers to whom practical acquaintance with the written symbols must be communicated, and from their artificial nature.

The oral language indicates the state of Chinese society when first arrested in its growth, and the written one is the measure of whatever improvements it has since received.

That the population is in a very depressed condition is quite certain. Mr. Medhurst says:—'The extreme poverty of the people in the south of China is well known to all who are acquainted with those regions, and the piteous scenes presented in winter, by whole hosts of peasants almost destitute of food or fuel, are enough to affect most deeply the minds of the compassionate.' Common wages are, according to the same authority, 4*d.* a-day, and the pay of a private soldier the same. This seems more correct than those other accounts which make day-wages 7*d.* and 8*d.* a-day. An Indian sepoy costs ten guineas a-year, or not quite 7*d.* a-day.* Sir G. Staunton says that infanticide is in China chiefly confined to the lower orders, and is extenuated in some measure 'by the wretched and desperate condition to which they must, by the universal and almost compulsory custom of early marriages, often be reduced, of having large and increasing families, while, owing to the already excessive population of the country, they have not the most distant prospect of being able to maintain them.'

The description Mr. Gutzlaff gives of the habitations and food of the Chinese peasantry cannot fail to remind an English reader of Ireland.

> 'Millions of people live in small mud hovels. . . . . . . The interior of the houses of the poor is wretched. They consist of one room, which serves the purposes of kitchen, sleeping apartment, parlour, and stable, the floor not being paved. In the cold regions a flue runs along the room, which serves as an oven for cooking the victuals and warming the apartment. The pigs lodge in the snuggest corners; and goats, asses, and colts share the dwellings of their masters.'

Let no one, however, imagine that happiness is not to be found in the Chinese or Hindoo hovel, miserable as it seems, or conclude that, as

'Ward tried on puppies and the poor his drop,'

so we may try all manner of political and social experiments on a people so lowly situated in the scale of enjoyment. *They* do not so consider their own lot, nor have they ever authorized, nor will they ever authorize any man or body of men to try experiments with their little alls and with their lives, in order to obtain *a chance* of great benefits to posterity. 'Contentment reigns,' Mr. Gutzlaff tells us, 'even among the wretched. They sit down to a meal, consisting of a little boiled grass and potatoes, with cheerfulness, because they know no better. However poor, they are fond of inviting a passing stranger, and offering him a share of their meagre repast.' Mr. Medhurst gives the following account of one Chinese peasant's visit to another:—

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* Select Committee of Commons on India, 1832. Sir J. Malcolm's evidence.

> 'Complimentary cards are presented, and polite answers returned, all vying with each other in the display of humility and condescension. On the arrival of the guest, considerable difficulty is found in arranging who shall make the lowest bow, or first enter the door, or take the highest seat, or assume precedency at table, though the host generally contrives to place his guest in the most elevated position. When conversation commences, the mutual assent to every proposition, the scrupulous avoiding of all contradiction, and the entire absence of every offensive expression or melancholy allusion, show what a sense these people entertain of politeness.'

Excessive population, although a very usual attendant upon the stationary condition of nations, does not appear to be an invariable one; since the peasantry of European Turkey, of Anatolia, and even of Persia, though stationary, are represented by recent travellers as being in comfortable circumstances.

The most remarkable phenomena of the stationary condition are these:—The production of wealth does no more than replace its annual consumption. No new *natural* grades can, therefore, be added to the society, for these originate in additions to the national capital. There is a great tendency towards professions becoming hereditary, and to fixed lines of demarcation between the various classes of which society is composed. Forms of intercourse, from being conventional, are regarded as the natural signs of mental disposition. 'Forms and ceremonies are so interwoven with the real business and pursuits of life, that it is not deemed tyrannical that they are enforced by the highest authority.'—*Sir G. Staunton*, 'Penal Code,' s. 173. The relations betwixt grades being no longer affected by the innovating influences of new creations of property, and those relations having become immutable, every one acquires a knowledge of them as they acquire their mother tongue—by imitation, and of necessity. When the rules of intercourse are precise, and universally understood, no one is at a loss how to behave himself in presence of inferiors or of superiors—and the precedency of one rank to another is not, as with us is often the case, a matter of doubt. Hence arises that characteristic of Asiatics, the absence of awkwardness and of bashfulness: hence, too, their mildness, urbanity, general self-possession. It no more lowers them in self-estimation to repress their resentment in conversing with superiors, than, with us, a soldier is lowered in character by submission to his commanding officer, or a man by giving precedence to a woman.

In India a man's social rank is fixed for ever by his birth: he can no more elevate himself from a low to a superior caste, than a Knight at chess can become a Rook.

The human mind is arrested in all its aspirations after things more perfect—it loses its motive power—as running water does by congelation. Hence that want of individuality so often noticed by European travellers. 'When,' says Mr. Medhurst (p. 79), 'a man has studied the main features of the Chinese character in one place and one person, he has studied them all; and when he has discovered a train of argument that will silence the philosophical and superstitious objections of one individual, he has provided himself with materials that will be serviceable on all occasions.' He adds—'This uniformity and invariableness of the Chinese mind is to be traced to their possessing one set of opinions on philosophy and religion;' but here is no solution of the problem to be solved—namely, whence this uniformity of thought, this coincidence of opinion on religion and philosophy? Nowhere is Wieland's observation as to the rarity of original minds so applicable as to China—'There are in this world so many echoes, and so few voices.' The Chinese are evidently not deficient in mental capacity: we must, then, search for the explanation of their want of originality in the circumstances they are placed under. When once a nation ceases to advance, it does not simply stop, but a set of new phenomena commence. Habit derives its power from that original quality in our nature by which things done repeatedly are done more easily; and joined to this is the tendency of the human mind to associate things which often occur together as being necessarily related to each other. There are certain expressions of affection, anger, and other mental states, which are understood everywhere by the adult, the child, and even by some animals, such as the dog. These are natural signs. The forms of salutation, again, are in Europe variable conventional signs; but in Asia they have long ceased to be so, and have become invested with the same authority as natural signs. *We* know that all that salutation can ever express may be expressed in many different modes; but were we in the stationary condition we should obey its laws: our dress—our modes of salute—our language—our ideas would become fixed, as if enchained to the same spot—we should be what our ancestors had been. It may be even found, on investigation, that the prevalence of fatalism all over

Asia is a consequence of the Asiatic being under the dominion of habit and authority to such a degree—that, finding so very few things subject to his individual decision, and almost everything determined independently of him—finding himself so generally an actor in scenes in which his part is prescribed, he is led to conclude against his having freewill at all.

We are accustomed to speak of imagination as if it was subject to no law at all, but it conforms itself as readily to stationary laws, as any other faculty that partakes in this paralysis. 'The faculty of imagination,' says Dugald Stewart, 'is the great spring of human improvement. As it delights in presenting to the mind scenes and characters more perfect than those with which we are acquainted, it prevents us from being ever satisfied with our present condition. . . . . Destroy this faculty, and the condition of man will be as stationary as that of the brutes.' Invention, in a stationary society, disappears—not because mankind are less endowed at one time with inventive powers than at another, but because invention has no longer an object. If an improvement is discovered, it can bring neither fame nor profit to its author, unless it has the consent of society to its practical introduction; and this every one feels would be denied in such a state as China now is, where the great end of government, social and political, is to repress all disturbing forces that might interfere with the mental repose of the nation. We are naturally enough surprised that the Chinese should not have invented canal-locks, considering their superiority over the inclined plane, and there are a thousand other such examples of the same thing; but the Chinese have never yet adopted European inventions when made known to them—we need not wonder then at their not having invented what could be of no practical utility. Were all mankind to turn Quakers, would there be so many endeavours to discover new scarlet and crimson dyes? or to improve gunnery?

In this social state literature loses its courage and its energies: it does not aim at extending its empire, being content to work up, to polish, and to veneer the former stock of materials. We are then in the age of vamped epitomes, of small, creeping criticism, of sentimentality, of concetti, of anagrams, and so forth. It is as if whole nations were breathing the atmosphere of some one enervate *boudoir*. The drama is old in years, but in character a child.* In music no progress has ever been made. The Asiatic might be easily taught musical notation, but that would do nothing towards advancement in the art. Painting is just as lifeless: yet this is not from ignorance of higher achievements in those arts, for they have had these communicated to them by Europeans; nor from want of capacity—but from the people of whom they form a part, and whose social system they obey, having lost the use of those faculties conferred by Providence upon man as instruments of progression.

Language invariably follows social advancement; nor does the cultivation of a foreign literature appear to give momentum to a stationary people. During the dark ages, Latin was generally understood by a large portion of the influential classes of Europe, but they *thought* in their mother tongues, which were barbarous, and hence their compositions were feeble and tame. Germany did not assume her rank among literary nations, until her language became the written, as well as spoken, medium of communicating thought. The Sclavonic nations must cease to speak French and German, before they can have anything worthy to be called a literature. The language of literature is always the dialect of the upper classes, constituting the *Public*, and is nowhere vernacular. Italian is not the dialect of Rome, nor French the patois of Paris, nor is English the cockney of London. In China the Mandarin dialect is nowhere vernacular. In Bengal the Procrit is not the common speech. A language is improved as those who speak it require to express new objects of thought—it is fashioned by man—it cannot take the lead in national progression.

There is little circulation of persons. The equality of condition is such, that the wants of families being few, and for home productions, are supplied by their own vicinity. Roads of communication are few and bad; and where population is everywhere superabundant, the labourer cannot better his condition by seeking employment at a distance. He is, for this reason, very dependent on his employer; and, in return, the latter considers his servant as his peculiar charge: so that, in this state of things, the important relation of master and servant, is on a much more agreeable footing than in a country of rapid progression, as in England just now, and still more so in the United States, or Australia, where the servants and masters are perpetually in collision, and where the former seldom remain a twelvemonth in the same place. In Asia, again, the duties of the servant are exactly defined—he knows what he has to do and he does it—he has no thoughts of quitting one master for another—he has no motives to do so—and mutual good feeling and mutual interests are the results. We may trace throughout the laws which govern the moral world the uniform proportion which kind feeling on the part of those we are dependent upon bears to the degree of dependence on the other side. The affection of the mother for the child is of all human affections the greatest, and it increases whenever the child is sickly, and requires it most: the nurse's attachment is next to the maternal. Among the lower animals this affection, so powerful at first, ceases altogether when the age of independence is attained by the progeny. Where there is no dependence, there we find no natural affection. As we are incomparably, all of us, more dependent on God than we can be on our fellow-creatures, so it is our consolation to believe that his beneficent disposition towards the beings of his creation very far exceeds the maternal affection for the child.

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* In Java (where alone, in Asia, dancing is a genteel accomplishment) we find, from the descriptions given by Mr. Crawford and Commodore Downes, that they possess the fantoccini, and, besides, all the rude elements of the Italian opera—the most artificial, refined, scientific, and intellectual of human amusements. Like the *Commedie dell' Arte* of Italy, their plays are sketched in outline, or *scenarii*, and the dialogue is in impromptu. Masks are generally used: the manager frequently recites the speeches, and the actor accompanies him by gesture, while a band of music contributes its aid to the performance. No later than 1758, or eighty years ago, M. Grosley (who is known to have written the 'New Observations on Italy by Two Swedish Gentlemen,) saw at Venice in a court of law the same separation of declamation from gesture—the lawyers acting the part of gesticulators, and attended by relators, who recited their briefs.

Such are the leading features presented by a people that has long been in a state of fixation. Our explanation of the phenomena will consist in showing that the structure of human society is not of human but of divine original; that it is naturally progressive, from the agency of certain motives inherent in all men, by which they are impelled to improve their position—that the means are provided by which they may effect that object by industry;—that man has no power to advance in civilization but by those means ordained by his Maker, *nor* can he alter or suspend the laws of his nature;—but as a free agent he may decline availing himself of those means, and try devices of his own, in which case his error is punished by his remaining where he was, or rather by being placed in a worse position;—that no nation ever yet was stationary, where mankind allowed free scope to those divine arrangements, nor ever progressive where the natural incentives to individual exertion were circumscribed or withheld. We propose next to explain how society, all over Asia, was arrested in its march at a very early period, and why it has so continued. The exterminations by the Hindoo conquerors,—the devastations of the Moslem invaders,—the intestine wars among Indian rulers,—the misgovernment of England, of which Lord Cornwallis's *Perpetual Settlement* is by much the most prominent example that can be given;—all those events, though very important in their consequences, lose much of their interest in an investigation which terminates in proof, that it is to other and very different causes we must refer the depressed condition of Asia, with its six hundred millions of mankind. The causes just enumerated can never explain the fixation of China or Japan, and therefore they must be set aside in an inquiry into the cause of the fact that Asia, once in advance of Europe, has fallen so far behind it.

Adam Smith, after stating that we never think of referring the movements of a watch to the spring or the wheels, but to the contrivance of the watchmaker, or the circulation of the blood to the blood itself, continues,—

'But though, in accounting for the operations of bodies, we never fail to distinguish, in this manner, the efficient from the final cause—in accounting for those of the mind, we are very apt to confound those two different things with one another. When, by natural principles, we are led to advance those ends which a refined and enlightened reason would recommend to us, we are very apt to impute to that reason, as to their efficient cause, the sentiments and actions by which we advance those ends; and to imagine that to be the wisdom of man, which, in reality, is the wisdom of God. The man of system, on the contrary, is apt to be very wise in his own conceit, and is often so enamoured of the supposed beauty of his own ideal plan of government, that he cannot suffer the smallest deviation from any part of it. He goes on to establish it completely in all its parts, without any regard either to the great interests, or to the strong prejudices which may oppose it. He seems to imagine that he can arrange the different members of a great society with as much ease as the hand arranges the different pieces upon a chess-board: he does not consider that the pieces on the chess-board have no other principle of motion beside that which the hand impresses on them; but that, in the great chess-board of human society, every single piece has a principle of motion of its own, altogether different from that which the legislature may choose to impress upon it. If those two principles coincide and act in the same direction, the game of human society will go on easily and harmoniously, and is very likely to be happy and successful. If they are opposite, the game will go on miserably, and the society must be at all times in the greatest disorder.'—*Moral Sentiments*, ii. s. 2.

There would be no end to quotations from eminent men to the same effect. From Burke alone we might borrow to any extent. To regulate by an artificial system the structure of society, the forms of intercourse, dress, amusements, and manners, is still more barbarous than to attempt the regulation of property or population. It will ere long be advocated by those only who would imitate the Chinese in dwarfing the women's feet, and encouraging the growth of their nails.

Man is by nature fitted for a much higher condition than that of a savage; he has appetites and desires after objects external to him, which are placed within his reach, but on one condition, and that condition is labour. The earth is endowed with the power of yielding, not merely the seed committed to it by the sower, but a large increase. But for this there could have been no capital, no classes of men exempt from labour of body, no science or civilization. By labour man can not only provide for his own subsistence, but can accumulate what is over and above his consumption, until he can afford to hire others to labour for him. But he will not labour unless he is sure of enjoying exclusively the fruit of his exertions: he will not toil for others, or for the universal happiness principle. If he is to reap the harvest as one of many, and to have only an aliquot part of it, he limits himself to do no more than what the others do; and when society is composed of joint-stock labourers, it is stationary all the world over. Here is to be found the source of Asiatic fixation. Without increased labour there can be no increase of population, except that to a certain extent the annual produce of food may support more people, by putting them individually on shorter allowance. Without increased labour there can be no accumulations of capital, no progression; and if the natural incentives to labour be withheld, no artificial substitutes are of the slightest avail. The labourer must have entire confidence in being protected by law, so that none shall take from him the produce of his labour by violence, and he must be allowed entire control over it, or he relaxes into idleness. 'The property which every man has in his own labour, as it is the original foundation of all property, so it is, of all others, the most sacred and inviolable.' Although these words of Adam Smith may seem merely to state a truism, yet it is very certain that no community can be named in which the natural inducements to exertion have been allowed free scope; and this is the reason why, after man has inhabited this globe for 6000 years, it is very far from being yet occupied by him. There is in India one-third part in jungle, or waste, much of it never yet cleared, and probably the territory of the United States will be all cleared and occupied before that of Hindostan. All over Asia, China excepted, population is distributed in villages, and, in India at least, those villages seem to have been originally Byacharry, or coparceny communities, where the land was held in minute portions, jointly and severally liable for the whole rent and taxes. The exactions of the Mussulman rulers, by ruining those corporations, have greatly diminished their number, so that many are now held by single proprietors, or in severalty by more than one. In Bengal, what was left undone by the Mussulman in this spoliation, was accomplished by Lord Cornwallis's perpetual settlement,—*Quod non fecerunt barbari fecere Barberini.* As far as this system extended, it need not be insisted upon that it completely repressed national prosperity. It is a community of liability, not of goods. A community of property has never had any other than the same consequences. Crete and Lacedæmon in ancient, Mexico and Peru in modern times, show its uniform operation under circumstances the most dissimilar. 'As to China,' Sir G. Staunton informs us, that

> 'the ancient annals of the empire testify that for a long period of time the earth, like the other elements of nature, was enjoyed by its inhabitants almost in common. Their country was divided into small equal districts; every district was cultivated conjointly by eight labouring families, which composed each hamlet, and they enjoyed all the profit of their labours, except a certain share of the produce, reserved for public expenses. It was true, indeed, that, after a revolution deplored in all the Chinese histories, which happened prior to the Christian era, the usurper granted all the lands away to the partners of his victories, leaving to the cultivators of the soil a small pittance only out of the revenue which it yielded. Property in land also became hereditary; but in process of time the most considerable domains were subdivided into very moderate parcels by the successive distribution of the possessions of every father equally among all his sons, the daughters being always married without dower.'*

We have here placed before our eyes the process by which the degradation of Chinese society was effected; and in France the agricultural population are now in the act of transition, by the same agency, to the same deplorable condition, notwithstanding the counteragency of a flourishing external commerce, and great manufacturing activity in the large towns.

An equal division of property in cases of intestacy is of small importance, if the power of testamentary bequest be left free, as the example of Kent sufficiently proves; but to take from a testator, by the force of statutes, religion, and custom, the power of apportioning his property among his children and relations as he deems best, is a signal violation of the social laws, and it is severely punished by them—that people ceases to thrive. As soon as land is all appropriated and is become valuable, condensation of population ensues; to increase the productive power of the soil an expenditure of more capital, or accumulated labour, is necessary;—for cultivation begins by throwing into the earth a quantity of human food, and it proceeds by expending food on horses and labourers, all which *must have been previously stored up: it* ends by the replacement, six months afterwards, of this expenditure by the reproduction of an equal quantity of food and somewhat more, which is termed profit. The capacity, therefore, of any nation to increase its production of food will mainly depend on its stock of moveable capital, and this, again, upon high wages of labour, enabling the operative to save part of his earnings. But wages cannot be high under a law of compulsory equal partition, which gives an artificial bounty to numerical increase. In the slave, serf, and metayer states of society this preponderance of population is checked by the power and interests of the proprietor; but in those of the ryot, and cottier of Ireland, this check operates feebly, or not at all, as Professor Jones has shown.† It is insecurity of possession which in Asia decides the retrocession of population. With a fair degree of security cultivation may be extended, as has lately been the case in India and in Ireland, but the condition of the ryot and cottier is not raised thereby, nor is the culture of the soil improved. Cholera or typhus may thin the population and raise wages for a time, but its numbers are speedily reproduced.

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* Staunton's Embassy to China, ii. p. 131.

† Essay on the Distribution of Wealth, by Rev. Richard Jones, book i. c. 5. This able and original thinker appears to us to attribute more than its due influence to political government, which, in Asia, is the natural result of the social system of the people.

Another effect of this system has been overlooked—it is its tendency to produce community of property in families. Both in China and India subdivision has been carried so far that heirs find it inconvenient or impossible to partition the succession any farther; the eldest son acts as head manager or trustee, and in this way common proprietorship goes on, often for several generations, until disputes arise, terminating in one of those hundred thousand suits which fill the files of Indian courts of justice. It is owing to this community of goods that in China, Sir G. Staunton informs us, three families frequently lodge in the same house, one room of which serves for a common eating apartment, and that there are so very few households, compared to the population.

In Asia none are allowed to gratify the natural desire, so dominant in the European capitalist, of founding a family, whose chief, by possessing a landed property under the law of primogeniture, should be one of a permanent body of gentry. There can be no natural gradation of ranks between the throne and the cottage, no chateaux, no gentleman's mansion, no opulent tenantry—and all this is because Asiatics are not permitted to dispose of their own property as they please. It would be in contradiction to what has ever proved true in other parts of the world were Asia, with such laws of property, progressive in wealth and civilization.

This village system, which not only pervades Asia, but has been distinctly recognised in many parts of Europe,—even in Italy, in the earliest Roman times,—was probably the remedy adopted in a rude state of society against insecurity from neighbours and wild animals. Exactly in proportion as civilization proceeds we find that man has regained his natural rights over the produce of his labour. His powers over it enlarge until he can do with it what he chooses, provided he neither injures individuals nor society. This is social freedom—a thing incomparably more valuable than political liberty, which last is founded, not on right, but on expediency and convention, for no one can have a natural right to govern other people.

By these means the career of Asiatic advancement was arrested some thousand years ago. It is an idle thing to seek for its actual depression in over-taxation, or tribute, or fiscal or political causes, which at best explain depression in one part, not in another, and are practically all delusive, by withdrawing attention from the true solution of the whole appearances. Nothing like proof has yet been adduced that India was ever more prosperous that it now is. The notion of a Hindoo empire, ruled by the mild and paternal sway of one native sovereign, is evidently a fiction. According to Arrian, Megasthenes found 122 independent states in India. There is no more evidence of this Hindoo empire than of the existence of Prester John, or of the voyages of Sindbad.

To the arrestation of productive industry it is not indispensable that there should be what is commonly understood by community of goods, but only that the labourer should be obliged to share with another the produce of his exertions. The slave, the serf, the metayer, are nowhere industrious; and in the case of tithes we know how much production is increased by individualizing the interests of the parties, so that if the farmer lays out more capital, as his is the venture, so his shall be the gain.

When additional production has ceased, population (which has laws of its own quite independent of those of property) proceeds on its course. Food remaining as before, and the consumers of it annually increasing, the portion of each individual is reduced until it comes to the minimum sufficient for existence, and such is the Bengal ryots' condition. Then follows that social conformation which we have endeavoured to sketch in outline; and once reduced to such a state, society has no intrinsic powers of regaining the path of prosperity and progression. There is no length of time it may not continue stationary if left to its own energies.

The principles we have endeavoured to establish respecting the arrestation of nations would receive many confirmations from an inquiry into the transition process, by which they pass into the progressive state; but this we cannot go into. Hereafter we hope to give a sketch of its laws—its phenomena—and the important suggestions thence deducible, in regard to the line of conduct, on the part of Great Britain, the best suited to the interests of India, and for conducting it unstained by anarchy and crime through the perilous crisis which awaits it.

Here we should have ended—but there is yet a particular topic of great interest to India, on which we wish to make some observations, because we deem its agitation to be at the present moment especially ill-timed, injudicious, and calculated to misdirect public attention. We allude to a revival of the plan of extending the *perpetual settlement* to the Upper Provinces of Bengal, comprising a populaion of about twenty-three millions—nearly equal to that of our British Islands.

The general reader may require to have an outline of this perpetual settlement laid before him, but we hope to avoid entering into the intricate controversies to which this *vexata quæstio* has given birth. In 1793 Lord Cornwallis promulgated, by proclamation, his definitive arrangement of the land revenue in Bengal, the basis of which was a relinquishment by government of the power of augmenting that revenue in future; the zumeendar was invested with the property of the soil, but the cultivating ryots were guaranteed in their possessions so long as they paid their *then* rents to the zumeendar. The difference between the amount paid by the zumeendar to government, and that received by him from the ryot, was supposed to be one-third. The waste lands (one-third of the province) were given as a *douceur* to the zumeendars at no rent. They had till then been fiscal officers, removable, and though the son generally succeeded, there was no equal division of the office as in succession to property. Lord Cornwallis made them liable to the law of equal division, and he took from them the power of enforcing payment from the ryot by summary process and ejectment. There were no pains taken to fix the zumeendar's claims on the ryot, and these proved to be vague and litigable beyond all previous conception. But his lordship had made up his mind.—'I must declare that I am clearly of opinion that this government will never be better qualified, at any given period whatever, to make an equitable settlement of the land revenue;' (Minute, 3d February, 1790;) and he affirmed that if the measure were postponed, in order to obtain more information, 'the commencement of the happiness of the people, and the prosperity of the country, would be delayed for ever.' His lordship was not of Fielding's opinion, who entitles one chapter of Tom Jones, 'An Essay to prove that an Author will write the better for having some knowledge of the subject on which he writes.' The result of the experiment corresponded with the incapacity and self-sufficiency displayed in its contrivance. The zumeendars, unable to enforce payment from the ryots, were ruined, and their zumeendaries sold by auction in great numbers. Some were fraudulently brought to sale, and repurchased, in order to annul the ryot leases, which by another blunder were not good against purchasers. In 1799 the zumeendars were reinvested with the power of ejectment, and then came the ryots' turn. They could only oppose to this power the slow remedy of a suit-at-law against a person armed with wealth and authority. Fictitious claims were preferred against them—ejectment followed, and innumerable families of those poor people were deprived of their little properties, and ruined. The zumeendars in the end obtained higher rents by getting rid of the ryot rights of property, and they have profitted by the great increase of cultivation and its extension to the waste lands. But the operation of the law of equal division is gradually reducing them to poverty, and threatens, ere long, to involve the system in new difficulties.

The lower province (Bengal, Behar, &c.) has a population of 36,000,000, and pays about 3,000,000*l.* sterling under the permanent settlement. When acquired by the company in 1765, it paid 4,620,000*l.* Mr. Colebrooke, more than twenty years ago, states the cultivated and assessed land in Bengal and Behar at 95,000,000 of beegahs, (of one-third of an English acre,) the assessment at 2,500,000*l.*, or 15*d.* per English acre. There are in the whole lower province 162,000 square miles, or above 100,000,000 of acres, and if we assume 40,000,000 only as being now cultivated (the rest being waste or exempt from taxation)—at the low rate of 3*s.* per acre—the zumeendars draw 6,000,000*l.* sterling from the ryots, of which they pay one-half to the company. Bengal, styled in the Imperial Firmaun 'the Paradise of the Earth,' being so low taxed, the other provinces have to contribute disproportionately. In the Deccan Colonel Sykes found the assessment averaged 2*s.* 9*d.* per English acre. Notwithstanding the inferiority in soil and population of the upper or western provinces, which are not under the permanent settlement, they pay as much land-tax as the lower, and have been increasing in prosperity and cultivation much more rapidly (until the famine of 1837) than Bengal.

After the masterly exposure by Mr. Rickards of the misery inflicted by the permanent settlement on the ryots of Bengal, we little expected to hear of its reproduction; but there are, as Dugald Stewart observes, certain notions which come round at stated intervals like the tunes of a barrel organ, and it would seem that it is come to the permanent settlements' turn. A new set of variations have been composed, and have been repeatedly rehearsed in Leadenhall-street. Of these alterations we only know one—namely, that the waste lands are to be reserved, which must disappoint the rajahs of the western provinces, and make them unwilling to accept the measure. That the proposers of the plan are persons of capacity and the best intentions, and that many of its supporters are so, we in nowise doubt. But this is not a question of capacity or intention. It concerns many millions of our species, and no effort ought to be untried to avoid acting in ignorance when knowledge is attainable. If the ryot is to be protected, his lease should be as precise as is possible; his rent and tenure ascertained for every field, and an alternative given him of paying a fixed sum of money. When an English proprietor's estate is out of lease, he gets a plan and valuation made of his farms. There is scarcely a European state that has not found it necessary to have a trigonometrical survey, accompanied by minute statistical reports, in order to avoid injustice in levying their territorial imposts. The company has prosecuted, since 1759, such a survey of the South of India under Colonels Lambton and Everest, which Major Jervis tells us, on General Salmon's authority, has cost 1,400,000*l.*; adding, that it embraces a total amplitude of 23°, and, with a topographical survey connected with it, might be finished in seven years, comprehending the Company's entire territories. Can it be imagined by any body of competent persons that a revenue assessment would not be better executed with those aids than without them?

When science and deliberation have done all that can be done, we expect nothing beyond a very imperfect attainment of the object in view. Every one knows how difficult it is to release a regular income from a numerous poor tenantry, as in Ireland, and that when middlemen are employed, rack-renting is the consequence. In India the company has at least seven millions of ryot tenants, for the most part in great poverty: it is, therefore, vain to pretend that any system can be devised by which the revenue is to be raised without giving occasion to oppression by the numerous agents employed in collection. Were the ryots under landlords, the same evil would present itself: it is inseparable from the vicious system of Hindoo society, by which the peasant is crushed and enslaved. Even in Europe it is deemed necessary to levy taxes by summary process, and in India this power must be delegated to the farmers of the revenue, or (in the ryotwar system) to the subordinate agents of government. So completely does this place the ryot at the disposal of those agents, that he rarely attempts resistance. Twenty years ago an inquiry took place at Madras into the enormous peculations of Cass Chitty, continued during several years, and the report (believed to have been drawn up by Sir T. Munro) states, that out of 30,000 ryots who must have submitted to this man's exactions, not above twenty complained of them. Such is the value of the legal remedies provided for the ryot, and such the efficacy of the safeguards devised in Leadenhall-street, and represented as adequate to their object.

Rammohun Roy was of opinion that the perpetual settlement had operated advantageously for the revenue in comparison with the ryotwarry system; the whole revenue of Bengal having increased 100 per cent. between 1792 and 1827, whereas that of Madras had only increased 40 per cent.; but he has made no comparison between Bengal and the upper provinces, which have partaken of the same progression in wealth and numbers, although *not* 'permanently settled.' This fact is decisive of the impropriety of referring the rise in landed property in Bengal to the settlement, unless in so far as it was coupled with the throwing the waste lands into the market—a thing quite distinct and separate. The Rajah says the arrangement was still more beneficial to the zumeendars, landed estates having risen to ten times their value in 1793, which he attributes solely to the cultivation of waste land and to exaction of higher rents from the assessed land. This last source of zumeendarry revenue is in contravention of the perpetual settlement. Lord Cornwallis, in his minute, 3d Feb. 1790, says, 'Every abwah or tax imposed by the zumeendar, over and above that sum, is not only a breach of that agreement, *but a direct violation of the laws of the country.*' 'Whoever cultivates the land, *the zumeendar can receive no more than the established rent.*' 'The rents of an estate can only be raised by inducing the ryots to cultivate the more valuable articles of produce, and to clear the extensive tracts of waste land which are to be found in almost every zumeendarry in Bengal.' These are not equivocal expressions, nor is it a doubtful matter that the Eighth Regulation of 1793 (Art. 2, s. 60) was framed to give them practical effect.

Rammohun inclined to the opinion that the additional wealth of Bengal was owing to foreign commerce, but that 'it is confined to landlords and dealers in commodities.' 'When we reflect,' says he, 'on the extent of overwhelming poverty throughout the country—(towns and their vicinity excepted)—we cannot admit that increase of wealth in general has been the cause of the actual rise in the value of landed estates. To those who have ever made a tour of the provinces, either on public duty or from motives of curiosity, it is well known that, within a circle of one hundered miles in any part of the country, there are to be found very few, if any (besides proprietors of land), that have the least pretensions to wealth, or independence, or even the common comforts of life.' It is not, then, surprising that the Rajah denied the claim of the settlement to having benefitted the ryot population, or, in other words, the people of India.

The onward movement in the Gangetic empire is manifestly due to foreign intercourse—just as the still greater rate of increase in the cottier population, and in the rental and cultivation of Ireland, has its source in the augmented demands of Britain for Irish produce—the ryot can pay rent for waste land, because a new demand has appeared for his exportable commodities, which are purchased for the foreigner, or to supply the increased consumption of the commercial towns: were this extraneous demand withdrawn, he could pay rent no longer, or only a lesser one; so with Ireland, were the abolition of the Corn Laws followed by the substitution of a continental supply of grain to England in place of the Irish one, the cottier's means of paying his rent would cease, or be greatly diminished.

Bengal, like Ireland, exports grain, notwithstanding the great wretchedness of its cultivators; but, among the benefits of the perpetual settlement, we do not hear of greater comforts among the poor, or the conversion of mud cabins into stone dwellings.

That the Bengal ryot is rack-rented is certain, and to him it must seem a mockery to be told that he is benefitted by the perpetual settlement: the zumeendar's claims on him have no other limit than his capacity to pay. After forty years have expired, the pledge to limit the ryots' rent is unredeemed, and instead of talking of redeeming it, we hear only of repeating the same pledge to the ryots of another province. It is surely a reasonable demand that the promise made in Bengal shall be fulfilled before any more promises are made. In all countries impolitic arrangements, when long endured, are somewhat mitigated by natural remedial processes; but most of all is this the case in stationary conditions of society, and from thence we may deduce an additional reason for exacting from the proposers of extensive mutation the most intimate knowledge of their subject. The British people are now immersed, as it were, in an atmosphere of exciting influences. Unknown to, and unperceived by ourselves, we are actuated by a restless activity, which seeks gratification in change for its own sake, and makes little account of obstacles opposed to its projects by the nature of man and by the general laws of the universe. Deeply will it be felt by the people of India for ages, should this appetite for innovation, unaccompanied by discretion and self-distrust, acquire the ascendancy in our Eastern legislation.

It remains only to add a few sentences respecting Mr. Rickards' theory, that over-taxation is the radical evil of India. He had levelled the pretensions of the zumeendarry and ryotwarry systems with the ground,—in so far, his work is 'une réponse sans réplique,'—and yet this most acute and candid investigator has completely failed in constructing a theory qualified to explain the facts of his own selection. He has given a quotation from Volney, where it is stated that the miri, or assessment, of Syria was fixed by Selim I., that it was accompanied by a registration, was extremely moderate ('infiniment moderée'), and made perpetual. Volney proceeds to detail the extra cesses and exactions by which Selim's perpetual settlement was rendered a dead letter, and Mr. Rickards' remarks on the parallelism betwixt the history of this ancient settlement and the Indian mode of procedure; but it never seems to have occurred to him that, merely to lower the government [illegible]ent—so that it shall be 'infiniment moderée'—is to do nothing for the ryot, who has then to pay so much more to the pasha's agent, or some other middleman. If he had adverted to the actual condition of the lackerage, or rent-free lands of Bengal, which are of vast extent, and in fully as miserable a state as those assessed, he must, one would imagine, have seen that, whatever be the cause of the depressed condition of the Indian peasantry, it certainly cannot be explained by over-taxation; but when once a ruling idea has remained for some time in quiet possession of the brain, the stationary condition is very apt to ensue, and it maintains its ground against the strongest assaults. Colonel Galloway (p. 124), on the authority of the Ayeen Aekburee, states that Akbar's revenue from all Hindoostan was 116,000,000*l.* sterling, although he had made very great remissions of taxes, and among them the jizeeah, or capitation on non-Moslems, which infidels were compelled to pay 'in an humble and abject posture,' and which produced 10,000,000*l.* sterling, according to the Colonel's calculation. That Akbar ever realised anything like this revenue we cannot credit. According to Mr. Fraser, in his History of Nadir Shah, the Mogul drew from all India 37,700,000*l.* at the beginning of last century. As the Company's territories comprehend two-thirds of the Mogul empire, and their revenue is 22,000,000*l.* or 23,000,000*l.*, it is abundantly clear that, to explain the depression of India by the exactions of the Company, is to take up a false position, and one which cannot be maintained.

Sooner or later, we shall arrive at the conclusion, that the evils of India, like those of Ireland, are social evils, and to be dealt with as such. The art of Irish agitation consists in representing all the ills of Ireland as political grievances. The delusion of many persons versant in Indian affairs is to consider the evils of India as fiscal evils—they seek for the living among the dead.

From the Monthly Chronicle.

FIELD-MARSHALL SUWAROFF, AND THE CAMPAIGN OF 1799.

PART THE SECOND.

Before we return to the operations of the campaign it will be as well here to state the views entertained by some of the allied cabinets, and which are brought to light by the correspondence we have taken for our text: they tend to throw light, not only on the events of the field, but on the history of the period also.

From the letters of the Emperor Paul it appears that the Russian government were very anxious to carry the war into the south and centre of Italy, there to establish some influence of their own. For this purpose the country was filled with secret agents, a fleet was kept in the Adriatic, where they endeavoured to obtain possession of Ancona. Suwaroff combats this resolution on military grounds; declaring that the fate of Italy will be decided in the north; and the result justified the assertion so rapidly as to prevent all further attempts in the south. But the cabinet of St. Petersburg continued to keep an eye on Malta; a corps was ordered to land on the island, which the French had not yet surrendered, and the Emperor actually appointed a military governor to the place. After the capture of Turin, Suwaroff had, by order of his sovereign, invited the King of Sardinia to return to his dominions; but this the Austrians instantly oppose, declaring that, during war, a country is much better governed by the military authority of the conquerors than by its legitimate princes; the king was therefore obliged to remain at Cagliari. The Austrians also object to the proposed march to the south, and seem not well pleased with the attachment every where evinced towards the Russian government and its general.

The victories of Suwaroff had probably led to a belief that something might be gained by joining the coalition against France; and we consequently find Prussia negotiating an alliance with Russia for that purpose: the events in Switzerland soon put an end to these diplomatic doings.

We must now return to the events of the field. Moreau had not awaited Suwaroff's return from the Trebia, but had sought hasty shelter in the mountains of the Riviera, where it was now the Russian's anxious desire to follow him, had not the express orders of the Emperor of Austria forbade all offensive movements till the fall of fortresses. The constant difficulties thrown in his way by the Aulic council seem, at this time, to have completely broken his spirit, so that he applies for his recall. On the 6th of July he writes to the Emperor Paul, and, after saying that he had "given up all hopes of the Archduke Charles," continues,—"The timidity of the Aulic council; their jealousy of me as a stranger; the intrigues of the different generals, who address themselves directly to Vienna, from whence they obtain their instructions; my inability to carry into effect operations dictated at the distance of a thousand *versts*, oblige me to solicit from your majesty my recall, unless all is altered. I wish to lay my bones in my native land and to pray for the welfare and happiness of my sovereign."

To the Russian ambassador at Vienna he constantly complains of the contrarieties which he is made to experience; and foretels truly enough that as pedants and martinets,—*Bestimontsager* he calls them,—had occasioned the loss of the Netherlands; sent the court of Turin to Cagliari, and that of Naples to Palermo: so they would yet send the court of Vienna to Presburg. On the 8th of July he writes to him as follows:—"The wise B——— (meaning Count Belgrade) has got into the habit of losing men. At the opening of the campaign in the Tyrol, he brought the enemy a sacrifice of 10,000 soldiers under Laudon. And now in my difficulties he has played me away 2,000 more. * * * A few secret intrigues with the Aulic council excepted, Count Melas is a good honest man; so is Kray, who of all here would be the most fit to succeed me in the command. * * * * * The French have lost upwards of 65,000 men during the campaign; Moreau and Macdonald have not above 10,000 each; the favourable opportunity should be seized. But * * * * * the greatest favour his Imperial Majesty could confer upon us would be to change the tortoise into a reindeer. His Majesty wishes that, if I intend to fight a battle to-morrow, I should first apply to Vienna. But in war things change hourly, so that no fixed plan for its guidance can ever be made beforehand. I never dreamed of following in the footsteps of Hannibal at the Trebia till chance had enabled us to profit by the treasures found at Turin; not even at Milan, the gates of which were opened to us by the battle of Cassano. The back of fortune's neck is bare; but she has fine curls hanging over her brow; and if you do not seize her by the forelock, she will soon escape your grasp. Is not one campaign better than ten, and is it not preferable to take the shortest road to Paris than to debar yourself from all success by the profound wisdom of your own measures? Farewell, my friend and benefactor; obtain for me power, or liberty to return to the plough." On one occasion, in speaking of some harsh measures of the Austrian government, he has the following passage, that may perhaps be thought at variance with the character generally ascribed to him. "I conquered Poland by generosity and humanity, and Italy must be subdued by the same means."

No sooner had the fate of the citadel of Alessandria given him free hands to act, than preparations were made for the invasion of the Genoese territory. Release from long thraldom seems to have poured fire through his veins, and on the 31st of July he writes to Melas, "I conjure your excellency, by your devotion to our sovereign, and by your zeal in the good cause, to exert all your power and authority, to have the necessary arrangements for our advance into the Riviera ready in the course of eight days. No excuse can now be taken, celerity is indispensable, delay a crime, and its evil consequences unpardonable."

While the Russian field-marshal was thus engaged, the French were preparing on their side to save him the trouble of a long advance. The wrecks of their Italian armies having been allowed to collect in the Riviera, were soon reinforced from France. When about 45,000 men were assembled, the young and fiery Joubert was placed at their head, with orders immediately to advance and raise the siege of Mantua. These orders were too much in accordance with the general's own wishes to be long delayed: he issued from his fastnesses with about 35,000 men; and though the allies were numerically superior, it might be fairly enough expected that they could not, immediately, assemble any greater number for battle. The news of the fall of Mantua, which had just surrendered, Joubert refused to credit, deeming it a mere device of the enemy.

The Austrians, with the view of throwing a shade of ridicule over old Suwaroff, constantly kept back all notice of the dispositions made for the battle of Novi, and contented themselves with producing a few lines of doggrel verse, sent to General Kray the evening before the action, and containing, as they would insinuate, all the arrangements made for the attack. We now know how matters stood. As stated, Joubert intended to advance into the plain for the purpose of relieving Mantua. On the 14th he received certain news of its fate, and immediately recalled his leading divisions, intending to retire next day into the Riviera, unless attacked at Novi, where, from the nature of the ground, he thought all the chances of victory were in his favour.

Suwaroff, for the purpose of making good use of his numerous cavalry, intended to fight in the plain, and had made arrangements for intercepting the retreat of the French; but he no sooner found that the leading columns of the enemy were withdrawn, than he immediately altered his resolution, and fearing that they might escape altogether, or fortify the strong position of Novi, he determined to attack them at once, with all the troops within his reach, and hold them fast till the other divisions should come up. It is no doubt a dangerous experiment to bring the separate corps of any army successively into action if they are too far asunder to lend each other immediate and certain support; for it exposes them to be defeated in detail; but there are cases in war when generals must give the reign to courage, and trust to fortune; and when the spirit of victory is high; when it brings conviction of success in flashes of inspiration to the heart and mind; when all are eager to fight, and confident in the skill or fortune of their leader, then we may strike boldly against all the odds that cold calculation would sum up against us.

The details of the battle of Novi we must pass over: the action began early in the morning, was very bravely contested, and ended with the complete defeat of the French, who, besides their commander-in-chief, lost four generals, 10,000 men, and all their artillery.

It might have been supposed that so decisive a victory would have been quickly followed up, and that the capture of Genoa would have been the reward of this splendid feat of arms. But here we have another admirable proof of the working of coalitions, and again find national jealousies thwarting the progress of military operations.

The Archduke Charles had remained so inactive in Switzerland, that the inferior French had taken possession of the St. Gothard and the passes leading into Italy; and one of their corps actually threatened Milan. Against this unexpected attack it was necessary to detach General Kray with 10,000 men. Besides, the Austrian government were determined not to allow the Russians to take Genoa from the French; they thought the town better in the hands of foes than of friends: or they thought rather that, at a proper time and place, they could take it themselves. How sadly they were out of their calculation in regard to time needs not be told here. The Russians had, as we have seen, shown great anxiety to obtain possession of Malta, and to get a footing in Italy; they had a fleet in the Mediterranean, and now proposed to invade the Riviera; and in Suwaroff's disposition the attack on Genoa was to be executed by the Russian troops, while the Austrians were to take the direction of Ceva and Aqui. This was enough for the cabinet of Vienna, and we consequently hear nothing more of the proposed undertaking, while every effort is used to hurry the Russians out of Italy.

There is nothing to show that Suwaroff was aware of all these ambitious views and mean jealousies.

At the moment of which we are writing an Anglo-Russian army of 35,000 men was landing in Holland under the command of the Duke of York; while another Russian army of equal strength was already approaching the frontiers of Switzerland, under the orders of General Korsacoff. Seventy thousand men were thus about to be thrown into the scale in favour of the allies, at the very moment when they were completely victorious in Italy, and already superior in Switzerland. Even without this great reinforcement success was within their reach, had they followed up the advantage gained; but the mismanagement of generals, and the incapacity of cabinets, attempting to direct military operations, ruined the brilliant prospects which the sword of Suwaroff had opened; and the additional thousands, hurried to the field, came but to heighten the shame of defeat, and to render more conspicuous the folly by which disaster had been occasioned.

The extreme anxiety of the Austrian cabinet to get the Russians out of Italy led to an arrangement between the allied courts, according to which the Russians were all to be assembled in Switzerland under the command of Suwaroff, leaving the Archduke Charles to transfer his inactivity to the Rhine and the Necker. In vain the Russian field-marshal represented that his troops were peculiarly unsuited to mountain warfare; equally vain were his representations of danger of allowing the Archduke to leave his position till the Russians should be all assembled. "Massena," he says, in a memorandum on the subject, "has no object in waiting for us when he can beat us in detail. He will first throw himself upon Korsacoff, who is nearest to him, and then upon Condé, and that will probably be enough for him." How just was the prophecy we shall see presently.

In the meantime Korsacoff had arrived in Switzerland with 30,000 Russians, and the Archduke thought it right, as he tells us himself, to strike some decisive blow with the overwhelming majority which these troops gave him. He made a feeble demonstration against the left of Massena's army, but relinquished the intended attack the moment he found himself opposed, by a couple of light companies, at the passage of the Aar. His Imperial Highness strives hard to free himself from the charge of want of resolution displayed on this occasion; but no effort can clear him of having neglected the golden opportunity of overwhelming, by his vast superiority, the only efficient army which then remained to republican France. Having established Korsacoff in the position of Zurich, and left Holtze with 20,000 Austrians to await the arrival of Suwaroff, he took the road to Necker: his departure was the very turn of fate.

Suwaroff had obtained, through Lord Mulgrave, a promise that the Archduke was not to leave Switzerland till his (Suwaroff's) arrival, a promise that was confirmed by Count Thugot, the Austrian prime minister, himself. And yet we know from the Archduke, that he had "positive orders to march to the Necker immediately, but to keep his orders secret till the moment of execution" ! ! ! This certainly looks like treachery; but it was evidently nothing more than a little diplomatic trickery of which the gentlemen of Vienna were, no doubt, very proud at the time. They knew Suwaroff's objection to the Swiss expedition; they also knew his irritable and obstinate disposition, and were afraid that he would refuse to march if informed of the Archduke's departure: this, at least, is the most charitable construction we can put on their strange and unworthy conduct. These cabinet dwarfs trifled with the giant of war, till crushed beneath the weight of the fearful Colossus which they thought their puny hands could guide at pleasure.

The important fortress of Tortona had no sooner fallen, than Suwaroff, having freed Italy in half the time Napoleon took to conquer it, advanced with his usual celerity to Taverne, where by agreement with the Austrian commissariat, mules were to be in readiness for the conveyance of provisions and ammunition across the mountains. Not a sigle beast of burden was found, and five days were lost in collecting what proved after all an insufficient number, for the Cossacks had to dismount and give their horses to make up the deficiency. The artillery and heavy baggage were sent round by the Splüggen, and only a few mountain guns, carried on mules, were taken along with the army.

General Le Courbe was stationed with 12,000 men between Altorff and the Hospital, and occupied with about 3500 men of his right wing, the passes of St. Gothard. On the 24th of September Suwaroff advanced from Airolo with 18,000 men, the remnant of the Russian army of Italy, to the attack of the mountain. The narrow paths and steep ascent rendered the enterprise extremely hazardous: and on the part of the French, the defence was skilful and determined. From overhanging cliffs, from behind fragments of rock, from crevices, breaks in the ground, and from every turn of the road, fire poured in upon the advancing masses. This first attempt at mountain war seems to have had something altogether appalling for the Russians. They came from the fertile, smiling fields of Italy, and were here to break through the closed ranks of snow-covered Alps. The narrow ravines, the huge and countless fragments of granite, the high perpendicular walls of rock, and the continued ascent through heaps of ruined masses, remnants of the mighty revolution of nature, struck fearfully on the imagination of all ranks. Even the enemy in possession of this lofty region, and familiar with all its gloomy horrors, assumed a gigantic appearance in the eyes of the invaders: they murmured and refused to advance. The voice of their general, himself looked upon as a man of superior and gigantic nature, vanquished these dangerous impressions; and, in constant and bloody combat, the column reached the summit of the mountain about four o'clock in the evening. They had lost about 1200 men in the ascent.

But another action of daring had still to be performed. The road from St. Gothard to Altorff leads through what is termed the Urner Loch, and over the Devil's Bridge. The Urner Loch is a tunnel eighty yards in length, and blown out of the solid rock, and about 600 yards in front of the bridge over the Reuss, a river fordable, indeed, but thundering in rapid course through high, steep, rocky banks. The pass hardly admits of being turned, and is of a nature not to be encountered except in the wildest mountain regions. The retiring French had broken down one arch of the bridge, but had made no attempt to barricade the Urner Loch.

On the morning of the 25th of September, Suwaroff arrived at the pass. The leading battalions threw themselves gallantly into the dark steeply descending abyss, whence some new and unknown species of destruction seemed vainly to waft its shadowy terrors upon the hearts of the advancing soldiers. Troop followed troop, the rearmost pressing the foremost rapidly down the gorge;—nor halt, nor stay was possible, and the leading ranks, hurried tumultuously forward, found themselves before the broken arch of the bridge, and received with a murderous fire of musketry from the opposite rocks. Wounded and unwounded went down the precipice with frightful crash; and frightful was the situation of all, for death came on wings of fire from above, and threatened in the foaming waves of the Reuss below. In this hour of fear the Russians gave proof of the greatest courage and resolution. They descended, under constant fire, into the bed of the river; forded the rushing stream though breast high; ascended the opposite side, and overcoming all resistance, drove the enemy from their formidable position. Though this was no doubt effected by superior numbers, who were enabled to extend themselves along a considerable front, yet it must still be acknowledged as a brave and noble deed of war.

The bridge was soon restored, and on the 22nd, the army being joined by General Auffenberg with 5000

Austrians, reached Altorff on the Lake of Lucerne; and here it was that Suwaroff first became aware of the dreadful error into which the incomprehensible conduct of the Austrian staff had led him. The St. Gothard's road ends in the waves of the Lake of Lucerne at Altorff, and the enemy had of course not left a single vessel for the conveyance of the allied troops!!! By land the Kizig Kulm appears to defy all passage: rising from the valley of the Shachen, this frightful mass of rocks stretches its naked arms high in air, threatening, like landmarks fixed by the hand of fate, to debar all further progress. It is only over the highest ridge of the mountain, and by paths deemed dangerous even to hunters and shepherds, that the army can reach the valley of the Muotta, and the road to Schwyts; and even this must be quickly accomplished; for since two days the roar of cannon has been heard above the roar of the cataracts, and the world's destiny may hang upon an hour's delay.

Massena no sooner learned the departure of the Archduke Charles for Germany, than he saw the advantage which might be taken of so great an error on the part of the allies. The immediate overthrow of the Austro-Russian army under Holtze and Korsacoff offered the only chance of turning the fate of the campaign, and perhaps of saving republican France, the government of which had sunk to the lowest ebb in public estimation. If the intrepid Suwaroff joined the allies with his victorious army, then the fate of Switzerland was decided; the *moral* of the French troops ruined, and France itself thrown open to invasion, at a moment when there was no government round which the national patriotism was likely to rally. The peril was evident, and yet Massena hesitated long; and if the blow which he struck became decisive, it became so, as much from the want of skill displayed by his adversaries, as by his own energy and ability. Three weeks had elapsed since the departure of the Archduke Charles, and Suwaroff, though arrested for five days at the foot of the St. Gothard, had carried that formidable post, and was already in full march towards Altorff: a day's delay might now bring certain ruin.

Early on the morning of the 25th of September, the French forced the passage of the Limath, twenty miles below Zurich, and defeated a Russian division which attempted to oppose them. It is only justice to say that the arrangements for the operation were made with great ability, and that the execution was distinguished for skill and gallantry. On the 26th, the decisive battle of Zurich was fought, the Russians were completely routed. On the same day, Soult defeated the left wing of the allied army under General Holtze, who was killed in the action.

This battle of Zurich, was, in its consequences, the most important of all those fought by the armies of republican France. It turned the fate of a campaign which threatened the safety of the country, and dissolved the most formidable and prosperous coalition which had yet been formed against the new order of things. The next campaign was little more than a gathering in of the fruit of this one battle; the Austrians were then, with broken hopes, alone in the arena; England had withdrawn from the scene of continental warfare, and Russia had abandoned the cause altogether.

On the 26th of September, the very day that Soult and Massena achieved this great victory, Suwaroff arrived at Altorff with an army already much loosened in its discipline by want and exhaustion. For five days the Russians had been constantly ascending and descending rugged mountain paths, carrying on a new and dangerous species of warfare,—forcing passes, climbing rocks, fording rivers,—they had been exposed during the whole time to the most inclement weather, and from the convoys not being able to keep up, had been destitute of all provisions, except what they had taken from the French, or collected from the inhabitants. The train of stragglers and beasts of burden extended all the way from Altorff to the St. Gothard.

Under these circumstances, a couple of days' rest seemed indispensable to the army, but the continued roar of cannon told that it could not be granted; and Suwaroff determined to cross the mountain by paths such as he had not as yet encountered, and such indeed as no army had ever, long as wars have been carried on, before attempted to ascend. To demand this new exertion from troops reduced to the state in which the Russians were on their arrival at Altorff, required no ordinary resolution; to obtain compliance was a proof of the powerful sway which the commander exercised over the minds of his followers. An ordinary general, if we can suppose such, or one so situated, would have halted or retired; but Suwaroff was too conscious of his strength to recoil from these difficulties, and too proud to support the idea of being absent from a battle-field which any power of mortal exertion could yet have reached. His impatience brooked not one instant's delay, nor was an instant lost.

On the morning of the 27th of September, the army commenced the passage of the gigantic Kizig Kulm. The distance from the Schachen into the Muotta valley hardly exceeds nine miles; but the path is so steep and dangerous, that a single traveller requires seven or eight hours to perform the journey; and the 200 Cossacks who preceded the columns, only arrived in the valley at 5 o'clock in the evening, having been twelve hours on the march. Suwaroff reached Muotta with the leading division, at 8 o'clock in the morning, having been all night on the mountain; and the rear division only came up at sunset on the 29th, sixty hours after the departure of the van. No sooner was the main body at a distance, than the rattling of musketry told that Le Courbe was already attacking the rear-guard; and the fatigued, barefooted, and heavily-laden soldier was forced to exert the last breath of life to escape destruction from the foe, and to drag himself along from rock to rock over paths rendered slippery, and doubly dangerous, by the rain and by the collected cataracts descending from all the overhanging cliffs. Every chasm and ravine was filled with sick, straggling, and exhausted men, and with lamed and dying beasts of burden. How many perished in this dismal march, because the last spark of life gave way before the haven of hope was reached, or because a false step hurled them headlong down the frightful precipice, has never been mentioned; but the peasantry of these retired valleys speak, even to this day, with wonder and astonishment of this unrivalled expedition.

At Muctta, Suwaroff heard the disastrous news of the battle of Zurich, and then only became aware of the full peril of his own situation. The attack made by Le Courbe on the rear-guard had been easily repulsed. But Massena, having left a corps to pursue Korsacoff, was advancing from Schwyts with the greater part of his victorious army, while General Moliter was already in possession of the passes leading out of the Muotta valley. Nothing but the greatest boldness and daring could save a suffering and exhausted army so situated. On the morning of the 30th September the troops began their march towards Glarus; which, if not exactly a retrograde, was no longer an offensive movement; it was, for the moment at least, a total abandonment of the intended conquest of Switzerland. Even edging away from the enemy cost the proud spirit of Suwaroff a terrible effort, and he yielded only to absolute necessity; for it was evidently impossible with his worn-out troops, destitute of cavalry and artillery, and short of ammunition, to face three times their number of French soldiers flushed with recent victory. General Moliter was driven on before the advanced columns; he defended position after position with great bravery, but was constantly forced to give way. On the 1st of October, and while the van of the army was thus engaged, Massena arrived from Schwyts, and fell with his victorious troops on the rear. This attack was either so badly made or so bravely resisted, that the French experienced a signal overthrow, and were forced to retire, leaving a vast number of killed and wounded on the field, and 1000 prisoners, together with five pieces of artillery, in the hands of the conquerors. This is, under all the circumstances of the case, one of the most extraordinary victories ever achieved in war: it is like the wounded bear crushing, in his dying grasp, the heedless huntsman who ventured to follow him to his last den of death and despair.

The army reached Glarus on the same day, and having there found a magazine of provisions, Suwaroff despatched General Auffenberg to secure the passes into the Grisons, and gave the remainder of his army three days' rest. Surrounded on all sides by vastly superior numbers, even this delay seemed dangerous; but the inactivity of the French justified the measure, and on the morning of the 5th, the army resumed its toilsome march. To reach the valley of the Rhine they had to pass the lofty mountain-ridge, called the Panixberg, less difficult, indeed, than the Kizig Kulm, for it is crossed by a bridle-road, but the snow which had fallen for two days had covered the face of the hill and rendered it completely trackless. The wearied soldiers who, for fourteen days, had been toiling incessantly to climb the rocky masses that met them at every turn, began to fancy themselves under the power of evil spirits, determined to effect their destruction by enclosing them in these labyrinths of desolation. On the morning of 6th they ascended the Panixberg: far as the eye could reach from this mighty Alpine height the whole country presented only one vast desert of snow; no path, no mark of human habitation was visible; nor did a single bush, or pine, offer the possibility of kindling a spark of cheering fire. On the eastern side, a cold wind had congealed the snow and covered the face of the mountain with a complete sheet of ice; so that the fall of the foremost men and horses was the only warning for the rearmost to seek better paths. The whole day was passed in this manner, and it was with difficulty that the advance-guard, and the head-quarters reached the village of Panix late at night. The main column, encumbered with sick and wounded, remained all night under a frosty sky, on the top of the snow-covered mountain. More than 200 men, and all the remaining beasts of burden, perished during this night: the few mountain guns still left had to be thrown down the precipice, and it was only on the evening of the 8th that the last of the stragglers reached the village. On the 10th all the remains of the army were assembled at Ilanz, where ended the sufferings of this Alpine march. In the valley of the Rhine the troops found supplies, and a good road leading to the Lake of Constance. The French made no attempt to impede the retreat after the action of Glarus, and showed a singular want of energy and ability in all their operations against the Russian field-marshal. It was evident that Massena had no wish to risk the laurels of Zurich in a desperate combat with the conqueror of Novi.

The Archduke Charles had taken Manheim, and forced the French to raise the siege of Philipsberg,—operations which could have no influence on the fate of the campaign,—when the news of the disasters in

Switzerland reached him. He instantly hurried back to the Danube, and arrived with his whole army at Donauschwingen on the 7th of October, at the very time when, on his side, Suwaroff reached Ilanz. Here another golden opportunity for deciding the fate of the campaign was again offered to his Imperial Highness. Korsacoff, terrified by the orders of Suwaroff, who, on peril of his life, commanded him not to retire another step, had already turned upon the pursuing foe, though with little effect; but had the Archduke joined him with the whole of his unbroken army, and fallen with this combined force upon the scattered enemy, success was almost certain. The French were already half vanquished by the ardour of pursuit; elated with conquest, they had thrown themselves after the allies, and in long, thin, unconnected columns, were traversing, like a mountain torrent, split by intervening rocks, all the valleys and ravines of Switzerland, from the St. Gothard to the Lake of Constance; so that an efficient and compact body could hardly fail to crush them in detail. But though success was at that moment more necessary than ever, not to check an enemy, but to gain an ally,—for the Russians were already loud in their complaints of actual treason,—the Archduke remained, as usual, inactive in his camp. Victory is a female, and as pitiless as the rest of her sex when scorned; and never smiled upon his Imperial Highness again. The ruin of mighty lands had, unfortunately, to pay the forfeit of the gentleman's errors and of the lady's caprices.

On the 12th of October Suwaroff removed to Feldkirch, from whence he sent to the Archduke Charles a plan for a combined movement against the enemy. Writing to his friends at the same time, he expresses his conviction, however, that no efficient assistance is to be expected from the Austrian field-marshal, without whose aid the Russian army is no longer in condition to bring offensive operations to any successful termination. This expectation was but too truly fulfilled. The Archduke, instead of promising full and active co-operation, and striving to sooth and gain the old, and naturally irritated soldier, criticised the plan,—proposed other measures,—without saying a word about aiding them; thus appearing only to advise or instruct, and ended by asking for an early meeting in order to arrange future operations. This was the last drop of water which made the goblet overflow. Suwaroff sent an evasive answer, showing the full bitterness of his feelings. And when, on the 16th, an aide-de-camp of the Archduke came to renew the application for a meeting, the old man's anger could contain itself no longer. "Tell his Imperial Highness," said Suwaroff, "that I know nothing about defensive warfare; I only know how to attack. I shall advance when I think proper, and shall not stop in Switzerland, but proceed immediately into France. Tell him farther, that at Vienna I shall be at his feet; but here I am at least his equal. He is a field-marshal, and so am I; he is in the service of a great emperor, and so am I; he is young, I am old. Victories have given me experience; I have no counsel to take from any one, and take none except from God and my sword." Having once given scope to his passion, he broke out into bitter complaints against the Austrians, and declared his intention of retiring into winter-quarters. All attempts of the Archduke to make him change his resolution were unavailing. Suwaroff proposed to establish his head-quarters at Augsburg, and his Imperial Highness was inconsiderate enough to remonstrate against the choice of that particular place, as it interfered with the Austrian line of communication. "Would it be more agreeable," replied the old marshal, "that I should retire into Bohemia?" Writing to the Archduke on the 1st of November, he says, "In your letter of the 30th ult. you make use, in regard to me, of the word 'retreat:' against this I beg to protest, having never, in the whole course of my life, known that word, or 'defensive war;' which cost us 10,000 men in the Tryol at the opening of the campaign; a greater loss than we sustained during the whole course of it in Italy."

As long as wars are carried on by men of mere earthly mould, influenced by human feelings and passions; so long must a knowledge of human character form the first requisite of an officer; and yet it is nearly the last attended to in all ranks; and the extreme want of tact and judgment displayed by the Archduke Charles and the Austrian cabinet in their intercourse with Suwaroff, must detract greatly from their claims to fitness for the high situations which they filled.

In the first instance the Russian army only fell back to Augsburg; but the representations of Suwaroff, the Grand Duke Constantine, and other officers, had been so unfavourable to the Austrian government, that the Emperor Paul recalled the troops and renounced the alliance. The Emperor Francis, with whom Suwaroff had always corresponded in the most friendly terms, as well as the Archduke Charles, used every effort to detain the field-marshal; but in vain. All they could obtain was, a promise that he would wait for further orders at Prague, and return to the field if commanded. As no such orders arrived, he proceeded on his march, and led the army back into Russia. That he had great reason to complain of the Austrian government, is certain; but this sudden abandonment of the cause, which he and his sovereign looked upon as an honourable one, and in support of which he had performed so many brilliant actions,—the unexpected forsaking of an ally, called to the field by Russian promises,—seems hardly to admit of any defence: for in his high station it was a crime to allow personal anger to influence public conduct. His march through Switzerland was one of victory rather than of defeat; and such even the result would have proved, if, with the conviction of having performed great actions, and with the consciousness of being equal almost to the greatest, he had not allowed a hatred of the Austrians to spring up in his breast and smother all the better feelings of his nature. By yielding to unworthy resentment, he excluded himself from the brilliant career allotted to him; exchanged the noble part he was called upon to act in directing the efforts of civilized nations, for that of a mere Tartar khan, who in a moment of barbaric rage, calls out to horse, and gallops back to his deserts, followed by the whole of his savage horde.

Suwaroff had been invited to Petersburg, where he was to be received with triumphal honours; but he was taken ill on the road and confined to bed for several weeks at Kotryn. During this time his enemies contrived to excite the displeasure of the weak-minded Paul against him. In the course of the campaign Suwaroff had occasionally neglected some of those points of military etiquette on which little minds place such great value, and the emperor issued an order, which he caused to be read at the head of every regiment, and which was to the effect that, "the general-in-chief, Prince Italinsky, deserved the utmost censure for having disobeyed the orders of the emperor." The blow struck the old man severely, and again threw him back on his bed of sickness, and he was often heard to exclaim that he had lived too long. He recovered sufficiently however to proceed to Petersburg, which he only entered after dusk; and though received by the guard with military honours, he went immediately to the house of a relative in a retired part of the town, where none of his friends were allowed to visit him. This mark of imperial displeasure, together with the grief occasioned by seeing himself totally abandoned by the world in the hour of affliction, pressed heavily upon him, and he declined rapidly. The emperor relented indeed, at last; but it was too late: exhausted by toil, suffering, sorrow and anxiety, the old man breathed his last on the 18th May, 1800, in the seventy-first year of his age.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

HALLOWED GROUND.

BY GEORGE FAULIN, PARISH SCHOOLMASTER, NEWLANDS.

PART I.

Ask yon pale mother what is hallow'd ground—
And she will tell you, by the falling tear,
And gaze of silent misery—'tis here,
Where mute she bendeth o'er a grassy mound.
Here, in the place of tombs, a lonely spot
Lies fresh and green, where churchyard verdure waves;
Here she hath nursed a lone "forget me not,"
With which to hold communion—not of graves.
It breathes fond whispers of a beauteous boy,
To whom in days for ever past she clung,
And drank heart-gladness from his looks of joy,
And the low music of his prattling tongue,
Who smiled her own sweet smile, and look'd her love,
And fill'd her eyes with tenderness profound;
He was her light, her lion, and her dove—
Then, deem you, can one spot of earth be found
So hallow'd to her heart as that low little mound?

Ask the stern patriot—and he lifts his eye
To the rude cairn upon the mountain's breast,
Hid by the heather and the mantling mist
That blends it with the cloud-sea roll'd on high;
And loftily he answers, "There—below,
His gallant heart is laid who flung the tone
Of brave defiance to the invading foe;
And made those bright blue hills and streams our own.
Houseless he wandered with his little band
'Mong yon white cliffs that stem the rolling sea,
And knew no home until his father-land
Could boast its sons and glorious mountains free.
His last red field was on *that* heathery height;
Near yon grey cairn his heart's best blood was shed;
There burns for aye our memory's beacon light,
And we have sworn no foeman's foot shall tread
Upon that hallow'd spot—our chieftain-father's bed."

Ask the lone exile, musing by the shore
Of his bleak isle of friendless banishment:—
He deems the roll of ocean's music blent
With sounds that mate not with the billow's roar—
With sounds that waft his spirit by their spell
To a far isle amid the western seas,
To old familiar scenes where loved ones dwell;
The well-known cottage, flowers, and streams, and trees,
The root-worn ash, where whilome he had hid,
In gleeful joy, from prying laughing eyes;
The hill up which his eager steps had sped
To reach the bending glory of the skies;
The burn to its own music dancing forth,
That imaged oft the happy bosom's truth
Beam'd from young eyes in boyhood's hour of mirth;—
All blend to fill that tear of tender ruth;
He weeps while gazing on the hallow'd ground of youth.

Ask the fond lover, and he haply tells
Of some old minster's vast religious gloom,
Or the dim abbey's dust-wreath'd vaulted tomb,
Or cave where hermit contemplation dwells;
But the fair image of a holier spot
Is shrined within his soul—such sacred fane
As one sweet arbour in a garden grot,
Earth bosoms not within its green domain.
For *there* were breath'd the vows of plighted love,
There, in the evening hour, eye pour'd on eye
Its wondrous spell, while sanctioning stars above
Shed holier lights to bless the mystic tie.
Mar not with footfall of ungentle sound
The spell-wrought quietude of evening's hour,
For more than magic guards that hallow'd ground,
Spirits of beauty haunt that garden's bower,
And watch love's mystic rites from every chaliced flower

Ask the enthusiast boy, whose burning soul
Is rapt in visions at the wondrous story—
Of kings whose war-tones on the ear of glory
Age after age undying echoes roll;
Of men whose death redeem'd a nation's fame,
Whose graves were water'd by a nation's tears;
Of men who lighted Truth's etherial flame
Amid the darkness of benighted years;
Of heroes who unveil'd to wondering eyes,
A beauteous world far smiling in the West;
Or braved the fiery might of Ethiop skies
In quest of fountains in the desart's breast;

And he will name the Granic's golden sands,
Farino bright in endless summer's smile,
The grove where walked old Plato's listening bands,
The greenwood glades of Guanahani's isle,
Or solitudes whence gush the streams of infant Nile.

Ask the old saint—when, paling death's dark shroud,
Life's twilight trembles o'er the verge of Time,
And Memory wings her backward flight to climb
Youth's Pisgah heights unshadow'd by a cloud—
One brief fond hour to track the varied past,
A world of oceans, continents, and isles,
Flower-lands all blighted by the withering blast,
Bleak desarts fancy-robed in flowers and smiles;
And he will tell you as it pauseth o'er
A humble but a sweet and solemn spot,
Where in a calm of eventide he'd pour
Prayer to his God to bless his lowly lot,
That *that* lone place is hallow'd in its calm
By the *felt* presence of the Holy One,
Felt in the thoughtful hush—the breathing balm
Of evening's solemn hour, what time the sun
And weary human toil a sweet repose have won.

Weird dweller in the past! *thy* wand hath power,
Enchantress Memory! to wake the tones
Of other years, to clothe the mouldering bones
With beauty, and renew the faded flower;
To crown with auburn locks the hoary head,
To fill the silent chamber with the faces
Of buried love, and call affection's dead
From earth's deep cells and ocean's secret places.
Say, whence the witchery that charms thy wand
To linger o'er the ruin and the grave,
O'er the grey rocks along life's perilous strand,
And the dark heaving of its wint'ry wave?
Why lures it from the dream-land of the past,
Some bygone scene in strong reality,
While others, like the phantoms of the blast,
Unheeded, float in shadowy dimness by,
Nor wake one passion's gleam in mind's entranced eye?

A stronger charm subdues the sorcerer's spell—
A mightier magic guides that mighty hand;
The soul's deep feeling wins it to the land
Of bliss or pain where joys or sorrows dwell.
There, fond Affection claims a myrtle glade,
Or wild Revenge a darkly crimson'd sod,
Or Piety, a calm sequestered shade,
Where warm Devotion breathes itself to God;
Or Cheerfulness, a bower in beauty's bloom,
Or Grief, a lonely spot beneath the yew,
Or veiled Despair, the dungeon's living tomb,
Where fancy dyes the wall with murder's hue.
For Mind can hallow with its deep emotion
Earth's gloom and glory, splendour and decay,
While wizard Memory tracks the land and ocean,
Fit homage to its master-power to pay,
And o'er its sacred scenes her subject wand to sway.

And thou, weird Memory's siren sister, Hope!
Hast in thy cloudland many a hallow'd fane:
Wild Passion's hosts are priests in thy domain,
And to the bright young eye thy temples ope.
And they have rear'd the altars which they guard,
And round them breathe a beauty not of earth;
And roofed them with a sky of brightness, starr'd
And sunn'd with lights—Creation's future birth.
Fairer than aught in Memory's colder clime
Is that flower-arbour claim'd by young Desire;
With holier music peals Devotion's chime,
And mounts, with loftier glow, Fame's altar fire;
Enthusiasm there stands before his fane,
His rapt eye gleaming with intenser joy;
While Patriotism there scans with proud disdain
The hallowed scenes that charm'd the ardent boy,
And guards a noble pile no tyrant can destroy.

Another clime my raptured vision charms;
The poet's home in thought's ecstatic mood—
When sweetest sounds of earth were far too rude,
And far too tame its most bewitching forms.
No other clime hath aught so rich and fair,
Nor aught so dread, magnificent, and wild.
Imagination holds her empire there,
Her mountain-throne beyond the white clouds piled;
A land where shapes of hideous horror dwell,
And wond'rous beauty ne'er to mortals given;
All that affrights the soul in dreams of hell,
And all it longs to clasp in dreams of heaven;
A land of valley, mountain, tower, and town,
Of forest, ocean, river, solitude,
Bathed in the sunbeam's smile, or shadow's frown—
Where music floats by stream and haunted wood,
And meets the poet's ear in fancy's frenzied mood.

The storm may rage—*he* lists no sound of earth,
While wandering in its forest wilds afar;
He communes with a lone and quiet star,
That owns in other skies its beauteous birth:
He claims a kindred with the glorious things
That fill the air with life and loveliness;
A faëry band with music-moving wings,
Trancing his soul in dreams of deeper bliss;
The spell may break, and coldness, sorrow, shame,
May blast each hope that bloom'd within his heart,
But, lingering there amid the blight of fame,
With those loved visions memory cannot part.
Still on his ear falls faëry music's tone,
By pauses heard, 'mid strife and sorrow round,
And in his eye the tear of grief that shone
Is sunn'd with rapture. Grudge him not that bound
Of wild delight—he hath a glimpse of hallow'd ground.

Part II.

Virtue, fair daughter of Eternal Truth!
Cold; pure, and beautiful, beloved with awe,
Winning wild passion back to duty's law,
Hatred to meekness, and revenge to ruth!—
All nature worships thee, thou mighty one;
Ocean and earth obey thee; at thy shrine
Kneels the dark savage 'neath the tropic sun,
And the pale wanderer of the frozen line.
Where is thy temple? whither flock the lands
The homage of their tribes and tongues to pay?
A glorious temple's thine—not built with hands,
Owning no kindred with the world's decay;
A glorious temple, roof'd by cloud and star,
Whose arch bends o'er the pillars of the sky.
Kneels there the Ocean-empress, and afar
Bends the proud knee of desart Araby,
And India worships there, with awed and reverent eye.

Full many a shrine that boundless dome contains.
Where patriot ardour, piety and faith,
And holy friendship, strong as conquering death,
And love that alters not in bowers or chains,
Crowd with their priceless offerings—noble thought,
And sigh, and tear, and triumph-beaming look,
And honourable stain of blood unbought,
And calm, stern glance that tyrant cannot brook—
The treasures of the soul—more bright than gems
That burn along the bosom of the deep,
Or wreath with light barbaric diadems,
Or gleam in torrents down the Afric steep.
Ye hallow'd Fanes! may I, with pilgrim feet,
With pilgrim reverence, and with holy zeal,
Awhile, by fancy led, your altars greet,
And mingle solemn vows with those who feel
In virtue's sacred cause—the cause of human weal!

They rise before me, robed in many hues,
Distant and dim with years, or brightly near —

The mouldering records of a bygone year,
When Greece own'd heroes, Helicon a muse—
The high blue hills that cleft the Grecian heaven,
When sunn'd with glory's beam, and cleave it still;
The Eternal City, with its splendours riven
By conquering Time from its own palace-hill.
And later hallow'd, not less true to fame,
Helvetia's mountain-land of liberty;
The island heights that despots quake to name,
Guarded by valour and the rolling sea;
And, holier far, the plains by angels trod,
What time a lowly wanderer, faint and poor,
Walk'd o'er the Syrian sands the incarnate God
Who paved with burning suns heaven's palace floor,
And toil'd with humble men by Galilee's lone shore!

They rise before me, bursting through the veil
Of bygone years; and many a scene beside,
Of its own land the glory and the pride,
Hallow'd for ages by the poet's tale.
I see a million swords flash back the sun
From high Oëta's base, and Malia's shore;
I hear the Persian shout, "The pass is won!"
I see their glittering myriads downward pour:
Thermopylæ! thy own Three Hundred stand
Before me as they stood when round their lord
They vowed to die, or save their fatherland
With Freedom's keen and consecrated sword.
There stood—there fell Leonidas, and round,
With twice ten thousand foes, his little band;
Their fall hath sanctified that gory ground,
Their fall hath hallow'd all that wondrous land,
And still the Egean hymns their dirge by Malia's strand.

Gray Marathon! the pilgrim turns to thee,
Flashes Athena's banner on his sight,
And all the glittering splendour of the fight—
The plume, the shield, the sword, the prostrate tree.
Rolls on the Mede's interminable host,
Stand firm and stern and mute the patriot few:
See yonder hero, Athens' proudest boast,
With joyous look the moving myriads view:
The war-peal bursts—the dawning light of heaven
Blends the wild strife of freeman and of slave;
And see, before the avenging banner driven,
To shun the sword, the Persian seeks the wave.
To fetter freedom in her loved retreat,
In pride of power the despot left his throne,
He chain'd the floods that lash'd his worshipp'd feet,
But found Miltiades and Marathon,
And bent his haughty crest a present God to own.

Clime of the ancient but undying glory!
Birth-place of freedom, valour, love, and song!
Fain would the pilgrim lingering, dwell among
Your haunted heights and vision'd vales of story;
Fain would he linger by Cithæron's steep,
And kneel upon the shores of Salamis,
Wander a while where Leuctra's heroes sleep,
And muse o'er Sparta's tomb where adders hiss,
Stand mournfully where old Athenæ stood,
And fair Ilyssus rolled its flower-kissed stream,
And Plato walked in triumph's noblest mood,
Amid the youthful blooms of Academe;
For time that steals from beauty, power, and fame,
Adds to the charm that wins the poet's eye—
To each loved scene whose old familiar name
Linked with the soul's bright youth, can only die
With poesy divine and high philosophy.

On fancy's bark the pilgrim quits the land
Of freedom's birth, and skims the Ionian tide;
Before him, in its old heroic pride,
He sees the city of the Cæsars stand;
And *there* the stern dictator, on his brow
The majesty of empire and its care;
Content and poor, he guides his humble plough,
And toils for bread his little ones may share.
There sits the stern tyrannicide, whose doom,
His country's laws from tyrant scorn to save,
Consign'd his valorous offspring to the tomb,
Himself with blighted heart to wish the grave.
There Cato stands, and flings his honest frown
On Rome's degenerate wealth, and shakes the soul
That quails before the splendours of a crown;
While Tully points to Greece and glory's goal,
And o'er the tyrant's head bids Roman thunders roll.

Ages have crumbled Cæsar's marble hall,
And mock'd imperial pomp, and still'd the tone
Of flattering millions round the imperial thrône,
And mantled Roman pride in ruin's pall.
But there are lights amid the ruins playing,
Known to the pilgrim; he can there behold
The ancient Lares with their torches straying
Where high their altars burned in days of old.
They light a few dim spots of nameless earth,
But pass the pillar'd tomb in darkness by;
At these low shrines the pilgrim kneels to worth,
For *there* the early Roman's ashes lie.
The Coliseum with the dust may blend,
Column and tower may moulder where they stand,
Where empire fell the triple crown may bend;
But while the sunlight warms that lovely land,
These hallow'd graves shall guard the fame of Tiber's
strand!

Another clime! the pilgrim knows it well—
Oft has his soul with Alpine thunders been,
And oft the bursting avalanches seen
Roll stormy music o'er the land of Tell.
See where the keen-eyed archer stands amid
His bold compatriots on the mountain's brow;
His eye pursues the eagle's flight, till hid
Beyond the clouded peaks of Alpine snow;
Then with his little band he bends his knee,
And vows to heaven, upon that hoary height,
That the wild hills that nursed its plume should be
Unchain'd and tameless as the eagle's flight.
And how he kept his vow, the Switzer-boy
Sings to his comrade's pipe upon the fell,
Tending their flock in freedom and in joy;
And to the stranger points, with bosom's swell,
Where stood the humble cot of glorious William Tell!

The rush of waves—the voice of many floods—
Old ocean's music, meets the pilgrim's ear;
Grim frowning rocks their giant heights uprear
Around Britannia's hills, and streams, and woods:
Bewilder'd is his eye; for who can count
Those fanes in sunshine and in shade that lie,
Studding each down, and dell, and hoary mount,
Beneath the blue of Albion's cloudy sky!
The dim cathedral's high and solemn pile,
Whence float to heaven old England's songs of praise,
Whence peal'd the ancestral worship of our isle,
Tuned to the organ's swell of other days;
The ivied church, where England's noble poor
Mingle their prayers on day of holy rest,
That he who bade their mountains stand secure,
And fix'd their isle a gem on ocean's breast,
Should bid their fathers' fanes and fatherland be blest.

And Scotia! gleaming o'er thy lowland sod,
And up thy highland heights amid the heather,
Fanes where thy Sabbath-honouring children gather
To pay their vows to Scotia's covenant God.
They pour the reverence of the simple heart
In solemn melody and humble prayer;
And with their dearest blood would sooner part,
Than see the altar-spoiler enter there!
And Scotia's emigrant, when far away
Amid the forest stillness of the West,
Oft from the banks of Tweed or Highland Tay,

Lists the loved tones steal o'er the ocean's breast!
They lead him back to childhood's happy home,
The village church beside the old yew-tree,
The silent Sabbath, when he loved to roam
In fields, to hear the hum of heather bee
Float in the hallow'd air from brake and flowery lea:

They lead him back to where, in days of yore,
The austere sires of Scotland's freedom stood
Banded to save the Bibles which they bore,
Their heritage of hope, from men of blood.
The trembling boy—the parent grey with years
And bent with toil—the widow poor and old,
Driven houseless forth by persecuting spears,
To shiver on the bleak and wintry world.
Their blood hath nursed a tree that will not die,—
That braved the blast, and still the blast shall brave;
And Scotland will not own the ungenerous eye,
That beams not proudly o'er her martyr's grave.
And haply, too, they lead him back to where
The Southern plume lay low on Bannockburn;
He sees the Bruce his Carrick falchion bare;
And patriot chiefs, where'er his eye may turn,
Start from their hallow'd bed—the thistle-tufted urn.

Forgive the Pilgrim, Fatherland! if o'er
Thy hallow'd scenes he lingers not again;
His feet may wander in the Highland glen,
And up the cairn-crown'd hill renown'd of yore:
For dress'd in flowers, or chain'd in winter's thrall,
In earth's fair realm no lovelier land is found;
Thee virtue claims her cherish'd home, and all
Thy peaceful cottage hearths are holy ground.
But, led by fancy at her own wild will,
He shapes a wizard course from clime to clime;
Now wandering by some old and rooted hill—
Now by the trophies of subduing time
Tracking her wayward steps—before him rise
The hoary solemn pomps of Egypt's pride,
That from defiance to the burning skies.
Millennial piles to empire's birth allied—
They stand the giant wrecks of Time's devouring tide.

A sense of power—a feeling of the vast—
Of hoar antiquity and dim decay—
Of might misnamed eternal, swept away—
Hallow those tombstones of the buried past.
But virtue owns them not *her* sacred shrines,
Nor lingers there the pilgrim—brightly o'er him
Now bends the holy blue of Palestine,
And Jordan rolls his silver flood before him.
An herbless desert and a naked rock—
An humble stream—a city's ruin'd wall,
Slaves crouching 'neath the proud oppressor's stroke;
And this is Palestine!—but is *this* all?
Is this the whole for which Crusaders flung
The fiery cross upon the Syrian breeze?
Is this the whole that haughty monarchs strung
To scorn for Palestine luxurious ease,
And brave the Arab lance, the desert, and the seas?

High thoughts are blended with that river's flow,
And solemn thoughts are clinging round that hill;
Mysterious thoughts that awe the pilgrim's will,
Brood o'er that lakelet, murmuring faint and low.
This is no land of laughter and of joy;
Sadness hath claimed Judea for her own;
Stern desolation works her wild annoy,
And ruin's dust hath mantled Salem's throne.
The sceptre's gone—the temple's fretted gold
No longer beams on Zion. David's tomb
Hath mix'd with David's ashes—o'er their mould
Sweep the wild Arab and the dread simoom:
But mystery is here. These skies have seen
A Mighty One on those blue waters stand;
The footsteps of Omnipotence have been
On Carmel's steep and Jordan's golden sand,
And left the impress of a God on Judah's holy land!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SONNETS.

BY THE SKETCHER.

"KNOW THYSELF."

"Know thyself"—wandering, on this text I mused,
And, in the mock of vain philosophy,
I ask'd the babbling brook, that pass'd me by,
Lend me his glass—I look'd; but all confused
The image was—and Fancy's self abused,
With dream-like music; and I turn'd mine eye,
And of the awful cataract ask'd reply
From its oracular flood.—It roar'd—refused:
Then sped I on—o'er mountain, moor, and fell,
Until I came unto a dismal lake,
All ink, th' unfathomable blot of hell,
And from its depth did vapours rise, and take
The form of fiends, as from the womb of sin;
"Look!" said a voice—I look'd, and saw *myself* therein.

WOMAN.

Of manly wisdom if there lacketh aught
In the fair structure of dear woman's mind,
It is Heaven's benison, of so sweet kind,
That she may walk this earth with evil fraught,
And know it not. For purity untaught,
And unassailable in *her* enshrined,
Shines like the ray in precious stone confined,
Through the clear adamant of holy thought:
But man, that makes and combats evil, needs
The serpent's wisdom, and the serpent's lure
Comes with it, and his feet too often leads
Astray: Woman, with light, and instinct sure,
Walks virtue-charm'd 'mid the world's blackest deeds,
Unharm'd—"For to the pure all things are pure."

REALITY AND FANCY.

To reach a seeming gem, one tax'd his speed,
On the wet shore—the disenchanted cheat
Vanish'd, as down he stoop'd—but at his feet
Stood cold Reality. "How poor thy need,"
Quoth she: "thus Fancy's fools take fruitless heed,
Wasting the precious life in feverish heat
To follow glittering things—joys incomplete—
A little sunshine gilding worthless weed.
I too can offer treasures, but not here,—
I lay not up for time. Th' Eternal Hand
Hath sown the world with virtues. Pray, with fear,
For grace to reap them: then that promised land
Is thine, where all things *are* what they appear,
And Fancy cheats no more with glittering sand.

NIGHT.

How shall I name thee, Night, Great Secresy?
For thou dost hide in darkness many a deed,
The world's and all thine own—and thou dost breed
Things of all unknown shapes, and mystery,
In every element—th' unfathomed sea,
Cavernous earth—and storms, that in their speed
Crush luminous towns, yet spare thy shelter'd weed
That frights mankind, inhaling death from thee:
Some feign thee evil thus—more thankful I
View thee, kind Mother, when thou lay'st to rest
All creatures underneath thy gracious eye,
Soothing with dreams instill'd the aching breast;
And settest up thy watchers in the sky,
That all thy children's sleep be safe and blest!

THE BIRD.

It was a sunny eve—and in a bower
There was a bird sent forth his carols sweet
To the soft air—and glistening leaves did meet
And bend around him to the magic power.

And there were Two, that hand in hand that hour,
That happy hour, pass'd by with lingering feet;
And listening look'd into that green retreat.
O Change! why art thou true love's only dower?
Dead is the bird—the leaves that interposed
Their golden light lie o'er him—they too dead!
And of the Two—the eyes of one are closed;
And her dear feet, that did in sunshine tread,
Upraised, and cold and bare, in darkness lie—
O, that the lonely wanderer, too, could die!

BLESSING.

Oblivion! but the darkness of the blind!
It is not real; deed, word, vision, past,
Are known to God; and if so known, are cast
In mould imperishable as His mind.
Or be they spiritual, and unconfined,
Still are they in that knowledge self-amass'd—
Knowledge that is Creation; and must last
With all things that have ever been, combined.
Nor would I deem the Divine Consciousness
All from this earth removed, o'er which the Dove
Brooded: for rocks and wooded wilderness
Are but reflections of things known above;
And I would trust that every scene we bless
With one sweet thought will live, for ever, with our love.

THE MIND.

The human mind is like a working-shop,
Where Self-Will rears the anvil—and strong Passions
Forge for Philosophy, and eke for Fashions—
High thoughts for heroes, fancies for the fop.
Big resolutions glow, and cool, and drop
In Idless' stagnant pool: here sparks of wit
Fly upward and around, and nothing hit.
Noise and confusion to the very top.—
So round the Ætnean fires a grisly band,
Brontes and Steropes, their metal clot,
Urg'd with their brawny sinews at command
Of limping Vulcan, and now hissing hot
Plunged into troughs, and now turn'd out of hand
Jove's thunderbolts—and now—an iron pot.

AFFECTION.

O lead thy children in Affection's way—
With every living thing to sympathize—
'Tis better to be kind than to be wise.
"Our boy's from school," the mother cries, "to-day.
How many will rejoice!" "Puss, pur and play;
And Rover, leap," the little sister cries.
"*How many will rejoice!*"—Now home he hies—
Indulgence gives. He takes his swing and sway;
Th' ungenerous Boy becomes the general dread;
Stick, stone, and gun, the weak and ag'd molest—
The red-breast that came daily to be fed
Is blown away, the muzzle at his breast:
"*How many will rejoice!*"—say rather, weep—
Who sow in joy unwise, in sorrow reap.

THE WARNING.

The storm-cloud came, o'er heaven's large pathway strode,
The billows roll'd around with awful roar—
Two Brothers parted on the sea-lash'd shore.
"I go," said one—"nor heed what ye forebode,
My bark shall ride where she hath proudly rode."
He went—was wrecked; he went—return'd no more.
The other, calm and thankful, bow'd before
The mercy-sign—and sought his safe abode.
O, fear ye Him, whose hand, as with a rod
Scourgeth the seas, and measures with a span—
Through whom, a passage once was safely trod,
When upwards all the refluent waters ran:
The warning winds are but the voice of God,
Of disobedience is the voice of man.

EQUINOCTIAL GALES.

Howl on, ye winds, and fill the world with fears,
Ye now have license—yet a little while—
A voice shall call you from your far exile:
The heaven-commission'd spirits that touch the spheres
With holiest fingers, and angelic ears
Charm with celestial song, shall reconcile,
With various stop, you and your wild compeers,
To waft soft airs o'er many a summer isle.
O, ye harmonic spirits, your skill transfer
To rebel passions, till *their* tumult cease
Or even *they* subdued shall minister
To virtue in her glorified increase;
And every thought like sainted chorister
Breathe in its sunlit sanctuary—peace!

From the Examiner.

LADY CHATTERTON'S RAMBLES IN IRELAND.

Rambles in the South of Ireland during the Year 1838. By Lady Chatterton. Two vols. Saunders and Otley.

These volumes are the production of an accomplished and amiable woman, desirous that others should reap as much benefit to their health and spirits as herself from a visit to the neglected sister-island, and justly willing to regard in their most favourable light a people who, however they may have been forced to cry out from time to time by the long tyranny of misgovernment, are famous for making the best and cheerfullest of their lot. A little too much so, indeed. The Irish abound so much in the pleasures of sympathy, that perhaps they have not exhibited enough of the energies of resistance.

This fact, however, (for indeed such we believe it,) only becomes the more dishonourable to those who have oppressed them, for the more willing a servant is to be pleased with little, and thankful even to tears (as this nation has always been) for the least show of affection, the more monstrously ungenerous becomes the hard conduct of the master. In truth, one of the affecting points in the character of the Irish is, that in the midst of their wretchedness, they are always a people who seem born to be happy,—but alas! not so by their own means, except by a certain never-failing support of wit and animal spirits. They require somebody else to make them so, and somebody else's exertions even to enable them to hope it. One individual "agitates" for them;—another individual is adored by them as the only lord-lieutenant they ever had, who seemed to care about them;—and even when the

Prince Regent, who had broken his promises towards them, gave them as it were a "look in" (a visit), and once more patted "poor ould Ireland" on the head, down went the poor old, lively, pathetic, everlasting *boy* at the feet of the great, rich, worn-out, dull, selfish, spoiled child of an old man of the world, and took everything he said for granted with tears of gratitude! Truly, a soft Celt, we fear, is the poor, ultra-good-humoured Irishman, before the sterner strength of the Saxon; but not the less is he a creature eminently made to be happy under a government possessing half his own good-heartedness and a tithe of his wit; and such a government, we believe, must arrive (the last four years have made great advances towards it) in the course of the growth of good sense and of the general decencies of civilization. So many capabilities of enjoyment have not been given him for nothing.

Meanwhile, his very poverty does some things for him, which the happiest opportunities fail in doing sufficiently for the rich. Here follows a specimen;—he is forced to live a good deal out of doors, and luckily his pliable mind has a beautiful country round about him, to move it and keep it lively. Lady Chatterton says on the

POETRY OF THE IRISH CHARACTER.

"When in Ireland I gaze on the ever-changing colours and aspects of nature, I no longer am surprised that the inhabitants should teem with poetic ideas. Riches and artificial refinement tend certainly to destroy the impression which the sight of nature produces on the mind. The Irish peasants only sleep within walls; they spend all their waking hours beneath the broad vault of heaven—their view bounded alone by the ocean or distant mountains—no employment, save the cultivation of their potato field—no object in life to divert their thoughts from the observation of sights, and sounds, and the meditative indolent enjoyment of wild and magnificent scenes. I am particularly struck with the rich and vivid colouring of the scenery in Ireland; when the sun shines after one of the frequent showers, the whole landscape resembles a highly finished and freshly varnished picture, not by any well known master, for the composition, to speak technically, is totally different, though I think quite as fine, as any ideal imagery of Claude, Hobbina, or Poussin. The varieties of green are particularly lovely, yet there is never too much; the eye is always relieved by masses of rock of a dark purple or reddish brown, which harmonize perfectly with the light green tender moss or darker coloured grass."

See how they can rise too above the squalidness of circumstances even in point of neatness of dress when they set their wits at it;—a phase of things, this neatness, under which Ireland is seldom presented to the imagination!—but probably, indeed, the girl was dressed to meet a lover—

THE PERSONAL TRIUMPHING OVER CIRCUMSTANCES.

"On our return by another route to the point where we had crossed the river, I remarked a cottage, or rather hovel, in a very lovely spot. It stood near a grove of fine old beeches, on a little green lawn which sloped down to the bright Marney. Behind, rose some lofty and perpendicular rocks, and from the fissures projected the fantastic roots of arbutus and holly trees, whose shining foliage waved in mid air with graceful lightness. Far above were fields, and interspersed little patches of woodland. Then appeared more rocks, with projecting arbutus trees, till the distant summit of the mountain faded into the clear blue sky. Close to the little cottage grew a fine mountain ash, the branches of which, with their clusters of deep-red berries, overshadowed and almost seemed to form a part of its roof. The door-way, or rather entrance, for it possessed no door, was, as usual in this district, very small. A fat person certainly could not enter—windows there were none, yet the little hovel was not so dark as usual, for the smoke escaped and the light streamed through different parts of the roof. The contrast of this old smoke-stained and nearly ruined hovel, with the sublime and highly decorated character of the surrounding scenery, was very striking. A picture of distress where all nature seemed to rejoice; a mass of wretchedness amid the perfection of beauty. As we stood by the door, the fire which burned cheerfully within shone upon the countenance of a solitary inmate—a young woman—and discovered features which, though far from beautiful, told of pleasant feelings and much thought. I entered this humble dwelling, as I have frequently done in many parts of Ireland, but never did I see the abode of a human being so entirely destitute of all that apparently could make life comfortable. No bed, not even a heap of fern or straw, was to be seen. The woman was sitting on a basket, and she wiped the only stool there was with the corner of her apron, and begged the lady would 'rest a while.' Her neatness of dress, as well as expression of countenance, formed a striking contrast to the wretched hovel. Her net cap was clean and well plaited—her bright green petticoat was covered by an apron of snowy whiteness, and the red silk handkerchief which was round her neck looked as if it had been just taken out of a nice wardrobe. Yet no dresser—no box was to be seen in the place."

To see fair play, however, to Irish reputation in externals, we have here, in contrast to the beauty in neatness,

A MATHEMATICIAN IN RAGS.

"A bare-footed, tattered young fellow came up to us, and in excellent English, asked some questions about the ruin. He very good naturedly afterwards came to show the nearest way to Coom-croun, a little harbour in the Bay of Dingle. On our way I discovered that our ragged guide was a mathematician. We did not give him credit for much acquirement in this branch; however, to ascertain the point one of my companions asked him if he knew the 5th proposition of the 1st book of Euclid, known at school as the 'pons asinorum;' he was so perfect in this, and in the 47th prop., that the inquirer would not venture any further, lest he might get out of his depth."

When our fair traveller brought us to Darrynane Abbey, we expected to hear a good deal of O'Connell, and of course were proportionately disappointed in hearing—nothing. All the addition to the public stock of O'Connell information is, that there is a bust of a daughter at the abbey, and that she is lovely.

DARRYNANE ABBEY AND SCENERY.

"Darrynane house is situated in a beautiful spot, facing the south, and overlooking a little bay, where the waves come rolling upon the smooth sands. The plantations near seem to thrive, well protected as they are from the northern blast, by a fine range of rocky heights. The house is an irregular pile of building, having received various additions at different times; the interior is most comfortable, and affords the extensive accommodation which the hospitality of its proprietor renders necessary. The drawing room is a spacious apartment, on each side of which is a row of windows commanding beautiful views. It is well furnished, and adorned by a fine bust of the owner's lovely daughter. The tables are covered with the latest publications, and numerous good prints, and caricatures. Near this room is the library, full of well chosen books. The walls of the dining room are covered with family portraits; and on a slab at the end opposite the fire place, are some old spear and hatchet heads, of a mixed metal, which were dug up not far from Darrynane. The next morning I took a delightful walk before breakfast on the sand hills, at whose base the house is situated, and whose slope, covered with fine grass, forms the grounds beyond the plantation. The view over the bay is beautiful: its fine sandy beach—the rocky mountain which forms its western boundary—the magnificent sea breaking in heavy billows against it—the indented shore of Darrynane—the Islands at its entrance, and ocean beyond, create a splendid landscape. The enjoyment of such a scene was rendered perfect by the sunshine and brilliancy of the finest day we have had this year."

"Short and sweet," and very completely to the purpose, are the following verses on

THE BLARNEY STONE.

"We went up to kiss the far-famed stone—

There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of Parliament:

A clever spouter
He'll sure turn out, or
An out and outer,
'To be let alone.'
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him;
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney stone!

I had neglected to kiss this stone on my previous visit, because the important ceremony could not be performed without the risk of falling headlong down a height above a hundred feet; but in these days of marching intellects, and diffusion or confusion of knowledge, even the privilege of being able to pay extravagant compliments is made of easy attainment."

Contrast the ensuing phenomenon with the jumps which children take down London staircases, sliding the hand on the bannister, and clearing half a flight at a time:—

HORRORS OF A STAIRCASE.

"It often happens that when peasant girls come into service in a gentleman's family, direct from the wretched hovels in which they have been brought up, in a wild part of the country, they are surprised and perplexed by all they see: the commonest things are new and astonishing to their simple gaze. As the dwellings of the Irish poor are never more than one story high, what excites their perplexity, and often their fears, more than anything else, is, of course, a staircase. A friend told me she once took a very interesting orphan girl from a cabin, or rather farm-house, as it was called, which had belonged to a tenant of hers. The poor girl was so terrified at the prospect of being obliged to go up the long winding flight of stairs, which led to the attic where she was to sleep, that she crept up on all-fours, and after accomplishing this feat, she remained up there a whole day before she could summon up sufficient courage to encounter the still greater apparent danger of coming down. She at last accomplished the dreaded descent by turning her face from the dizzy height, and creeping down backwards."

What follows, however, is still more startling to one's habits of eyesight and feeling. Here is a man who had never seen trees! and who, when he did, had a horror of them, and thought they would fall upon him!

A CARPENTER'S FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH TREES.

"I heard to-day an anecdote, which shows how apt we are to be afraid of what is new. A young carpenter came here for employment, from Kilkee, a delightful sea-bathing place on the western coast, abounding in ocean scenery, but where there are no trees—literally, none. The highest growing plants usually seen by the inhabitants of that place were the 'praties.' The astonishment of the poor fellow at the first sight of a tree cannot be described. He looked timidly at the roots; then, with an expression of the greatest alarm and wonder, slowly raised his eye up the stem and when it arrived at the upper branches, his terror lest the stupendous mass should fall upon him was extreme. He could never be persuaded to go home at night along a road which unluckily was bordered by a row of his gigantic enemies, without having some one to accompany him; and even then used often to exclaim in dismay, before encountering the walk, 'How do I know now but some of them big, tall craythurs will be down upon me before I know what I am about!' It was winter when he first went to the country, and all the larger trees were of course leafless. When summer came, and he saw these fearful giants become more and more massive every day, and all those large formidable leaves flapping about in the wind, the poor fellow's astonishment knew no bounds."

"Extremes meet," says the proverb. When a jovial Irish widow sets about being worldly wise, the following is the style in which she does it; contriving even to make prudence hereditary as far as the next generation; and in what a manner! Pray admire the dispassionate and beautifully divided political opinions of her sons Teigue and Donough—

PRESERVATION OF THE O'BRIEN PROPERTY.

"There is a romantic traditionary story told of the manner in which the O'Brien property has been preserved amid the revolutions in Irish affairs. Connor O'Brien is said to have been the only gentleman in the county of Clare, who, after the Commonwealth party was triumphant, refused to make terms with Ireton; and Ireton is believed to have caused him to be assassinated, having despatched a party of five of his best marksmen, in the disguise of sportsmen, for the purpose.

Connor O'Brien's wife, Mary-ni-Mahon, informed her sons Teigue and Donough of the murder of their father, and at the same time, advised them to offer no further opposition to the dominion of the English regicides. The assassin, however, was taken and hanged; and immediately after his execution the widow of Connor O'Brien ordered her carriage to be prepared. Dressing herself in a superb suit of blue and silver, she travelled with six horses towards Limerick, which then was the head-quarters of Ireton, and where he soon after died. It so happened that on the evening of her arrival, there was a large entertainment at the General's quarters. Upon demanding at the door to see Ireton, she was refused admission by the sentinel. A discussion followed, which it would appear was of so noisy a character that it attracted the attention of Ireton, who, coming to the door, inquired the cause of the sentinel's violent conduct, and why he refused admittance to a lady of noble appearance; asking at the same time the name of his fair visitor. 'I was,' she replied, 'the wife of Connor O'Brien, but I am now his widow.' Ireton hesitated to believe her; but the disconsolate widow convinced him that she was free by offering to marry one of his officers. He assented to the proposal, and she was married to an officer named Cooper. By this marriage the O'Brien property was saved from forfeiture. Her sons Teigue and Donough, finding that a political struggle was again likely to occur in Ireland, in the contest between James II. and William III., and that their property would be again endangered by their decidedly espousing either party, they consulted together, and determined that one should take the Jacobite, and the other the Orange side of the question. The first choice was made by Teigue as the eldest brother, who determined to follow the cause of James, his lawful king. Donough became a partisan of William's, and the possessor of the property."

These agreeable volumes are illustrated by a variety of corresponding landscapes, designed, we presume, either by Lady Chatterton or the friends that accompanied her, or each of them in their turn; for they all appear to have been of the like amiable and accomplished sort;—truly a pleasant pilgrimage.

From the Spectator.

MAJOR BEVAN'S THIRTY YEARS IN INDIA.

The author of these volumes left England for India in 1808, as a cadet; and worked his way slowly up to a captaincy, in despite of ill-luck and lack of influence; after eighteen years service in the Pindarrie or Marhatta war, in the surveying department, and in the routine of out-station duty. In 1832 he embarked, as an invalid, for England; where he married, and, returning with his family to India on the expiration of his leave, he had the irreparable misfortune to lose his wife and three children, in two days, by an attack of cholera. The service or its prospects had now nothing to offer; and Major Bevan, returning to England with his surviving infant, appears to have endeavoured to divert his mind by composing these Reminiscences; which form two volumes of unaffected, off-hand, pleasant reading.

The subject-matter they contain is various,—the rapid march, the hurrying pursuit, and the dashing encounter when engaged with the Pindarrie banditti; the storming of native forts; the contending with the lying wiles of Indian diplomates; and, at Mahedpoore, an Indian battle-field and battle's miseries upon a large scale. In personal history, or individual incident, we have the Major's account of his own career, with his studies as a linguist, a land-surveyor, and an engineer; varied by notices of the singular fates of brother officers, either in life or death. Many native and European characters, too, did the Major encounter in his Indian pilgrimage; and many stories—like all collections of stories, good, bad, and indifferent—does he tell of wits, wags, or practical jesters. He has also some curious Hindoo traditions or native tales; and intermingles his higher matters with occasional disquisitions on Indian policy and Indian society, in which, amid some useful hints of an economical kind, he exhibits a dash of the

> "laudator temporis acti
> Se puero, castigator censorque minorum."

But the Major's strong point is the chase. He whiled away the tedium of remote stations by field sports; he supplied the mess with game upon the march, or in quarters, when game was to be had; "by day, by night, in weal or wo," he encountered the tiger, the pard, the wild boa, and hyæna; he took a shoot at alligators, and slaughtered hecatombs of small things, for any one of which the European sportsman would go wild; he became known through whole districts as "a mighty hunter;" and *perhaps* his occupations in this way might reach to Leadenhall Street itself.

Yet notwithstanding Major Bevan's Nimrodian eminence, we prefer a sporting anecdote of one of his comrades: not that the Major lacks incidents as strange, but that there is something in the serpent tribe revolting to the Old Adam. Any one would sooner be struck down by a lion, or a noble beast of prey, than be crushed in the coils of a snake, however big.

A BOA-CONSTRICTOR.

On his return from Bombay, Lieutenant C. had a still more singular adventure near the same place. He entered the jungle in search of game, preceded by a favourite powerful dog, that had courage to seize any thing. The dog ran a little ahead, and suddenly made a noise, as if choking. "Run, master! a cheetah has caught your dog," said the natives. Lieutenant C. advanced cautiously, and saw a large heap, just the colour of a royal tiger, black and orange. In a few seconds he beheld the head and neck of an enormous boa-constrictor slowly uncoiling itself and gliding towards him. He waited until half of the snake was out of the coil or lump, and then fired both barrels.

One ball entered immediately behind the eye, the other about four inches from the head. The whole coil instantly fell, and revealed the poor dog crushed to death within the folds. In the mean time all Lieutenant C.'s followers had fled, and he was forced to go to a village for assistance. Having with some difficulty mustered a little band, he returned and brought out the snake, the dog, and a spotted deer that the snake had killed, the scent of which had probably tempted the unfortunate dog. The carcass of the deer was so bruised that even the lowest caste in the village refused to touch it, declaring that it was full of *zahar*, or venom of the *ashgur*, as they called the snake. The boa was twenty-three feet eight inches long, and about six feet in circumference. There was a large cake of fat all the way inside from the head to the tail, and of this the natives showed great anxiety to obtain possession, declaring that it was an infallible cure for all diseases. The body was hung up on the banyan-tree opposite the choultry, or inn of the village. People flocked from all parts of the country to see the monster, and many of the natives used to try whether it was possible to cut through the carcass with a blow of a sword; but even after it was skinned, no person was found who could penetrate more than half way at a single stroke.

If not better in itself than most practical jokes, the following led to the exhibition of more epigrammatic wit than they usually give rise to.

TRICKS UPON "GRIFFINS."

A gentleman in the Company's service, equally eminent for his hospitality and his love of practical jokes, derived almost incessant amusement from playing tricks on the fresh comers from Europe. No sooner had he heard of the arrival of a batch of griffins, than he hastened to the beach, and as he was somewhat of a physiognomist, selected the most simple and innocent-looking for the exercise of his talent. He once met a young cadet, exceedingly puzzled about his luggage, which he was unwilling to trust to the *coolies* or porters, who ply between the beach and the town. The crafty old civilian with affected sympathy inquired the nature of his distress, and related so many stories of trunks disappearing and coolies running away, that the young cadet was quite terrified, and was easily persuaded to have his baggage placed inside the palanquin, while he proceeded to town seated on the outside. This was just as if in the days of sedan-chairs, a person had placed his baggage within, and astounded the chairmen by perching himself on the top. In this singular guise, much to the amazement and amusement of all who met him, the young man proceeded to report his arrival at the Town-Major's office, where he was informed of the trick that had been played upon him, by which he was made the laughingstock of Madras, and exposed to the danger of a *coup de soleil* into the bargain.

RETRIBUTION.

Some years elapsed, the cadet became an officer in command of an outpost, and one day examining the passports, without which, until very recently, no European was allowed to travel through the interior, he recognized the name of the civilian who had given him so uncomfortable a ride. He went to the gentleman's tent, planning various schemes of retaliation, and found that he had gone to enjoy the luxury of bathing in a tank beyond the village. The officer immediately had all the civilian's clothes removed so craftily that he did not discover his loss untill he left the water. The scorching sun soon began to blister his naked body, and yet he could not venture to take the shortest road to his tent through a populous village, but was forced to make a circuit through thorny and pathless tracks. In the evening the clothes were restored with a polite note, and the following lines—

"You gave me a ride on a palanquin,
  I gave you a walk in the sun,
Now, neither can laugh at the other, I ween,
  For both have been properly *done*.
The difference between us I thus may express,
  I was done very raw in the town;
And when you reflect, I am sure you'll confess,
  In the country that you were done brown."

Here is a picture of glory, when the glare is past.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Near midnight, when about to retire to rest, an order was received from the Commander-in-Chief to detach an officer and one hundred pioneers for the purpose of collecting the wounded, and also such arms and accoutrements as could be found on the field of battle. This severe duty devolved upon me, as the other officers were all laid up from the fatigue they had undergone throughout the day. Several palanquins belonging to the head-quarters and staff were kindly sent to bring in the wounded, as none of the public dooly boys could be procured, they having dispersed in search of plunder.

The scenes of wo and misery I experienced during this dark and dismal night, in my progress over the field of battle amidst the carnage of the day, will never be effaced from my memory.

The groans and screams of the wounded and dying constantly struck my ear, as also the piteous wailings of the wives, daughters, fathers, or sons of those who had fallen, or the cries of others in search of their missing relatives. With these heart-rending sounds were often mixed the wild execrations of the dying, who were attempting to repel the marauders who came for the purpose of plunder and rapine.

We found many bodies of our own soldiers in a perfect state of nudity, which plainly evinced they had not escaped those indignities offered to the dead and dying by the profligate followers of a camp.

Our enemies were treated in the same manner; the wretches who wandered over the field in search of plunder spared neither friend nor foe when there was a prospect of booty. We rescued a considerable number of the wounded from this lonely death, the most terrible to the imagination; but several of them had fallen victims to the cowardly assassins or the inclemency of the weather before we could afford them rescue or relief. The ground was soft clay, which had been saturated by the heavy rains and trodden into a quagmire by the passing and repassing of men, animals, and carriages; a misty, drizzling rain fell incessantly, and these circumstances rendered our toil exceedingly difficult and tedious. We had to wait a considerable time for the return of the palanquins from the field-hospital, whither our wounded were conveyed, so that the morning dawned ere our task was completed.

The scenes which I witnessed in the hospital were scarcely less harrowing to the feelings than those in the field. Dr. A. and the rest of the medical staff employed all that skill and energy could suggest for the relief of the sufferers. I saw them perform several very difficult operations and amputations, and especially one on Lieutenant H., whose knee was severely shattered. He sustained the operation with unflinching courage, but expired soon after it had been completed. Few, indeed, of those who had received gun-shot wounds survived, for the fractures they had suffered were generally so extensive as to bring on lock-jaw. Many young aspirants for military fame, dazzled by "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," would have their ardour sadly damped by witnessing the scenes on the field and in the hospital of Mahedpcore.

PRANKS OF A NATIVE PRINCE.

Countless anecdotes have been related of his cruelty, and in no part of the world but Hindustan would such a wretch have been permitted to disgrace a throne. The very commencement of his reign was inauspicious; for, it being suspected that his father, Linga Rajah, had died by poison, the Rajah ordered the suspected person, Pundit Ramaya, to submit to the ordeal of boiling oil; to which he consented, and his hand, as might have been expected, was dreadfully scalded. In vain he pleaded that this was the Kali-age, and that ordeals were no longer efficient criterions of guilt; the Rajah, from an upstairs verandah in which he was sitting, gave a signal, and those who were standing by struck immediately their spears into his body, and lifted him up in the air. Eleven other Brahmins who were suspected, were wrapped up in mats and beat to death. An old man named Tuntri Narna Bhutt, and his son Vishnoo, not being acquainted with these circumstances, came from the low country to Marcara, to see Pundit Ramaya, who was a friend of theirs. Upon their asking a Brahmin, "whether Pundit Ramaya was well," the Brahmin fled in horror; and the question having been overheard by two watchmen, who reported it to the Rajah, both the father and son were summoned into the Rajah's presence and beat to death. Another person, named Kushnor Shastri, who was ignorant of Pundit Ramaya's death, was called by the Rajah, and upon his replying to a question, whether Pundit Ramaya "was a good or a bad man," that he was a good one, had his ears and nose cut off. In 1828 or 1829, a Parsee, named Horjee, was alleged to owe the Rajah 40,000 rupees. He went to bring the money, and left his brother in Coorg. The Rajah, in order to extort the money, caused him for six months to sleep in the open air on the top of a mountain. He subsequently caused a person to strike him with his knee on the back every morning and evening; and finally, as he positively refused to pay the money, his feet were tied, and he was dragged through the town till he died.

The Rajah had formerly five wives, of whom one was a Brahmin, one a Lingayut, and three of the Coorg caste. It being an abomination to the Brahmins and Coorgites to give their daughters in marriage to a person of Lingayut caste, it followed that the marriages of the Rajah were contracted against their will. In 1826, the Rajah wished to add five more wives to his establishment; and for this purpose employed his dewan, Boloo and Karicar Buswappa, to look out for proper persons. These, foolishly, let out the secret, and on the very day that the news spread amongst the Coorgites, every marriageable daughter was given in marriage. The Rajah was highly indignant at being disappointed in his object, and immediately caused the dewan Boloo to be flogged and beat in such a manner that he died in a few days; Buswappa cut his own throat; those who had given their daughters in marriage were flogged, and had their ears cut off, and those who gave information of the Rajah's intention had their lips cut off.

Several persons of high rank, including the Rajah's own sister, sought shelter from his tyranny in the British dominions.

The scattered remarks of Major Bevan on the arts and productions of India, the increasing distress of the natives from the growth of British manufactures, and the best mode of remedying them by facilitating cultivation, may be read with advantage, but are not sufficiently close in matter to quote. To the modern Indian policy Major Bevan seems somewhat adverse, especially to the Affghaun war; but his mind is not of a character to induce much reliance upon his judgment in such matters. Of the difficulties that may have to be encountered, or the force that we have at our disposal to overcome them, we cannot speak; but the prudence of the policy seems perfectly clear, of having a strong and friendly power between Persia and the Indus, instead of a distracted country influenced by Russian intrigues.

From the Quarterly Review.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

1. *Reports from the Select Committee on Transportation.* July, 1837, and August, 1838.
2. *New South Wales, its State and Prospects.* By James Mac Arthur, Esq. 1837. 8vo.
3. *History of Australasia.* By R. Montgomery Martin, Esq. 1836. 12mo.
4. *New South Wales Calendar and Directory.* 1836. 8vo.
5. *Felonry of New South Wales.* By James Mudie, Esq. 1837. 8vo.

Within the memory of thousands of people now living, the lonely coasts of Australia were scarcely visited but by the winds and waves. There lay, on the map of the world, a huge circle of 'wide watered shores,' inscribed with the general name of New Holland; but what was their climate or their soil—or what manner of men were their in-dwellers—these were matters of which, for many a year after the close of the American war, there was little or nothing accurately known. The fleets of the sovereign company, bearing northward through the Indian Ocean, left that vast land three thousand miles upon their right, unexplored and uncared for; and even the captains who gave the convoy of his majesty's flag, in the war of 1793, to the traders with Batavia and China, never dreamed that, at the antipodes of their country, yet scarce ten days' sail from their habitual track, there would exist, in their own time, a little English world, with flourishing cities, and cultivated fields, and fantastic villas, harbours alive with the ships of every nation, and jostling crowds, and angry politics, and warring journals—all the savagery of a horde of buccaneers, and all the jealousies, vices, and vexations of the most civilized society. Such is the colony which now bears the name of New South Wales.

Nor is it a less, though a different wonder, that the territory which this strange plantation has begun to people, though comprising, as Du Freycinet has computed, upwards of three millions of square acres, or somewhat more than one-eighteenth of all the land in the world—is yet but an island; whereof, indeed, the constitution and position were so puzzling to Blumenbach, that he conjectured it to be a comet, which, happening to come within the sphere of the earth's attraction, had lighted upon its surface!

The first settlement on this tract was a penal one. An expedition, conveying about seven hundred and fifty convicts, was sent out under the command of Captain Philip of the King's navy, an experienced sailor, who selected the shore of Port Jackson for the debarkation of his party, and, on the 26th of January, 1788, hoisted the British ensign on the beach of Sydney Cove. The growth of the infant settlement was retarded by famine, and other difficulties, which were manfully combated by Governor Philip; and during his administration, which lasted four or five years, and that of his successor, Captain Hunter, R. N., which continued till 1800, the colony made some progress, and was reinforced by arrivals of settlers. The next governor was Captain King, also of the royal navy, who appears to have been a spirited, but somewhat arbitrary and indiscreet officer. A circumstance which occurred in his time is recorded, as curiously illustrating the *genius* of the new community. He had preferred certain charges against a colonist, in a despatch addressed to the Secretary of State; the contents of which, having been allowed to transpire, had unluckily become the subject of conversation at Sydney before the sailing of the packet. When the box in which the papers had been placed, arrived at the colonial-office in Downing-street, they had utterly vanished from it, and all that appeared in their stead was a bundle of newspapers. The governor, or his people, must have been a little careless here.—There are other stories told of him in Ross's Hobart Town Almanack, which show some vigour and some humour:

> 'One day, at Paramatta, he was waited on by two prisoners sueing for pardons. One presented a petition signed by all the first men in Sydney, while that of the other was signed by only one. "How comes it," said the governor, "that you have only one name to your petition, while this man has so many?" "I have lived," answered the man, "with only one master all my time, sir, and I did not know anybody." The governor immediately gave the latter a pardon; but to the former he said, as he already knew so many rich friends he did not need one. At another time, a country settler waited on him, requesting the loan of a man to assist him in shingling his house. "Come to me," said the governor, "in six weeks' time, when the harvest is over, and I will find a man for you." Accordingly, at the end of that time, the settler, who does not appear to have been a man of much personal industry, again presented himself. "Go into that room," said the governor, "and you will see him." After a few minutes the man returned, saying he could not find him, though he had looked all about the room, even under the table and behind the sofa. "Not find him!" said Captain King, "how is that? Come with me, I will soon find him for you." Then, leading him a second time into the room, he made him look into a large mirror that was over the mantel-piece; "That is the man to shingle your house," said he: "take him with you, quick! and see that he does it."'

We may pass over the short and luckless government of another sailor, Captain Bligh, who succeeded in 1806, and was suspended from his functions in 1808. From this latter period, for a couple of years, the colony was administered by a succession of temporary commandants; and then we arrive at the commencement of 1810, when the government was assumed by Lieutenant-Colonel, afterwards General, Macquarrie.

By this time the foundations of that prosperity which, as a pastoral region, this colony has now obtained, had been laid by the judicious experiment and enterprise of the late Mr. Mac Arthur. He had been struck with the aptitude of the indigenous herbage for the pasturage of fine-woolled sheep; and he applied his capital and his talents to the establishment of extensive sheep-walks. The first exportation of wool had been in 1807, when 245lbs. of this commodity were shipped, the produce wholly of his own flock. In 1837, only thirty years afterwards, the effect of his example and instruction had been such, that the number of pounds of wool exported by him and others from this colony, and from Van Diemen's Land, where the precedent was actively followed, amounted to about seven millions of pounds, or upwards of three thousand tons.

But although, during the administration of General Macquarrie, which lasted for almost twelve years, the rural industry of New South Wales was thriving under Mr. Mac Arthur and some other settlers of capital and character, the policy of the governor on another most important matter, the management of the convict population, was such as to counteract much of the benefit which emigration and investment would otherwise have wrought for the colony. The principle of his government was, that the colony existed for the benefit rather of the convicts than of the free emigrants; and the interests of the convicts were therefore the great object of his solicitude. He favoured them in all practicable ways, not only by granting them early emancipation, but by endeavouring, as they acquired property, to introduce them into the society of the clergy, officers, and other respectable inhabitants. Nay, he went so far as to appoint several of them justices of the peace. Thus the salutary check of shame was weakened; the emancipated convicts, emboldened to consider themselves on a level with the free settlers, organized a party of their own: and at this day they attempt to divide, with their more respectable neighbours, the influences of the state, both social and political. The effect of all this movement upon morals and upon security has been eminently mischievous.

During the four years for which Sir Thomas Brisbane, an estimable and scientific man, administered the government, the convict party continued to advance in numbers and pretensions. General, now Sir Ralph Darling, who succeeded at the end of 1825, exerted himself to restore the ascendancy of good character; but the emancipists, as they are strangely called, were too strong for him. Slight indiscretions on his part were magnified by them into serious offences, and every possible effort was employed to prejudice and degrade him, both by the transported radicals of New South Wales and their unconvicted confederates in England. He returned home after six years, now the usual term of colonial administration, successfully vindicated his own character before a Committee of the House of Commons, and obtained the knighthood of the Guelphic Order. The Whig ministers then appointed in his stead General, now Sir Richard, Bourke. At his outset, Sir Richard appears to have acted too much in the spirit of his patrons, for he has been principally eulogised by the guilty and the lawless, with whom a really good government is seldom popular; but experience and reflection seem to have done something toward the correction of his views. His successor is Sir G. Gipps, an officer of engineers, of whose government nothing is yet known to us.

Under all these variations, however, of policy and of administration, the plenty and fertility of the land have been rapidly augmenting the numbers and wealth of the colonists; and several populous towns have already sprung up. The most considerable is Sydney, the metropolis. Here are long, wide, English-looking streets,—barracks, an hospital, a market-place, churches and chapels of various denominations, wharfs, mills, and steam-engines, auction-rooms, a theatre,—and inns, hotels, and other like places of public entertainment to the amount of more than two hundred. So valuable has the space in Sydney now become, that building-land, in a good situation, has been sold at the rate of 20,000*l.* an acre. At the distance of fifteen miles to the north-west is another thriving town, called, from the aboriginal name of the creek it stands upon, Paramatta. Indeed, the aboriginal nomenclature has been liberally adopted in various parts of New South Wales; but we cannot venture on ascribing its reception to the music which a reverend and very sensible, though we think somewhat partial, describer of the colony, has discovered in the native words; so insensible are our English ears to the euphony which glads him in the names of Woolomooloo, Woogarora, Buckobble, Tongabbee, Mittagong, Murroo—to say nothing of Cookbundoon and Wingycarribee, or of the Bungaribbee, the Warragumby, and the Wollondilly.

But in the midst of this outlandish vocabulary the substance of things is externally British:

> 'The colony contains two colleges, an agricultural and horticultural society, a religious tract society, a society for promoting Christian knowledge, a society for promoting colonial produce, a subscription library, five banks, two assurance companies, a benevolent asylum, a bible society, associations for suppressing cattle-stealing, a museum, a botanical school, an emigrant's friend's society, a mechanics' school of arts, several masonic lodges, a church missionary society, a Wesleyan ditto, an observatory, orphan schools, a school of industry, a steam conveyance company, a dispensary, and various other institutions,—besides a theatre, with balls, concerts, races, and other public amusements; altogether presenting a state of things perfectly unexampled in the formation of an infant community, and exhibiting the phenomenon of a colony that has not yet existed fifty years with most of the distinguishing features hitherto belonging only to ancient and civilized states.'—*Mudie*, 330.

In the infancy of a colonial establishment the primary objects of interest are physical ones; the climate, the soil, the country's surface, its animal, vegetable, and mineral resources. Of these, in various articles respecting New Holland, we have treated from time to time. But the colony has now reached a stage in which a new class of interests succeed, and in which the questions that engross the minds of the colonists are no longer the materials for food, shelter, and raiment, but the relations of society and the securities, privileges, and prospects, of a rapidly increasing people. Such therefore, are the subjects to which we now address ourselves, and which we shall illustrate by references to the publications enumerated at the head of this paper, beginning with the work of Mr. Mac Arthur, who brings sound judgment, calm temper, and accurate knowledge, to bear upon these important topics.

The appendix to the transportation report of 1837 contains the census of the inhabitants for the respective years 1828 and 1833, distinguishing their religious creeds; and the appendix to Mr. Mac Arthur's work contains a similar census taken in September, 1836. These documents, of which we subjoin a short abstract, afford some measure of the increase of the population; though of course such an estimate of progression must be far from precise, in a country where a considerable part of the increase is produced by so variable a cause as emigration:—

Year	Male.		Female.		General Total.	Religion.		
	Free.	Convict	Free.	Convict.		Protestants.	Catholics.	Of other Creeds
1828	13,456	11,157	7,474	1,513	36,598	25,248	11,236	114
1833	22,798	21,845	13,453	2,698	60,794	43,072	17,279	443
1836	30,285	25,254	18,980	2,577	77,096	54,621	21,898	577

The accounts of exports and imports come down no further than the year 1835. They show a great progressive improvement, and, as might be expected from a new country in a course of developement, a large increase in the proportion of its exports to its imports. The total of exports for 1829 was 161,716*l.*; in 1835 it was 630,881*l.* The revenue has kept pace of course. In 1829 the 'ways and means' were about 100,000*l.*; in 1837 they had reached, in all, 384,000*l.*; to meet a charge of only 241,000*l.*!

In this colony, slang designations are much in fashion. Thus the settlers from England are called *sterling*, and the children born of European parents in the colony are styled *currency;* a distinction invented by a facetious paymaster, whose mind ran much upon the difference between a pound in English money, and a pound in the current, but less valuable, coin of the colony. Again, a convict who has served out his period of punishment is called an *expiree*; while he, whose term has been abridged by a pardon, rejoices in the anomalous appellation of an *emancipist.*

Society, in all its classes, is affected by the vast proportion which the convicts and their associates bear to the whole population. The lower ranks are corrupted, and the higher annoyed, by the juxta-position; so that everything either savours of the mischief, or suffers from it. Strange as it may be thought, the acquisition of money, at least among the lower classes, appears to depend less upon a good, than upon a vicious, character and connexion. If a respectable emigrant were to set up an inn at Sydney, an emancipist, starting a rival house on the opposite side of the street, would get all but 'the genteeler custom,' which is of little profit. What is valuable is 'the tap-custom,' that of fellows who spend from 20*l.* to 50*l.* at a sitting. 'One of these men will go into a public house with 50*l.* in his possession, and he will not leave it till he has spent every farthing' (First Transportation Report, 1524). And Dr. Lang confirms this evidence, by stating that an emancipist workman has spent, without leaving the public-house, 100*l.*, the whole earning of many months, during which he has perhaps been conducting himself decently (*ib.* 4009).

We subjoin a specific piece of biography, furnished by Mr. Mudie, and confirmed by Dr. Lang, who says it is by no means a solitary instance of the acquisition of vast wealth at the expense of extravagant customers. The man described, who was transported in his boyhood for seven years, is supposed to have accumulated not less than 45,000*l.* per annum.

'He was always remarkably sober; so much so, that when they were building the jail at Paramatta, (in fact, he has told me this himself,) though they were allowed spirits occasionally, he did not drink his spirits, but he sold whatever he got; and he made a point, during the whole time he was a prisoner, of keeping every shilling that he could make; then, after he became free, he commenced keeping a public-house, and he got a horse and gig that he used to hire out. One day his horse and gig were wanted to drive a woman to Paramatta; he had no person to send to drive this woman, and therefore he went himself; she had been a convict, but had become free, and possessed property to the amount of some hundred pounds; they commenced an acquaintance, and he got married to her. He then removed into a much larger house, and the convicts at that time (a vast number of them) had small grants near Windsor, at what is called the Hawkesbury; these men would come down to Sydney with a load of wheat and different produce; there was no regular market then, and there were certain individuals that bought this property or produce of these farmers, and they generally paid in what they call property, that is, different things that were required to be consumed; some would pay half in money and half in property; this man's house was more frequented by these sort of people than any other in the colony. A great portion of these men would get drunk and remain at his house a day or two (he did not tell me this part of it, I heard it from others, and know it to be correct); he would say, "Are you aware how much your bill is?" "No." "Perhaps 40*l.* or 50*l.*" "Why, how is that?" "You were so drunk you do not recollect what you have been doing; you told me to give a gallon of rum to Peg Such-a-one, a convict woman, and another to such a person." "I cannot pay it." "Never mind, I must trust you till you come again; in the mean time you must sign this." He used to keep warrants of attorney ready filled up in his drawer, and these ignorant people used to sign warrants of attorney; and he went on this way till he thought there was a risk in the value of the property they possessed, and then they were sold off. The consequence was, that he carried this on for a number of years, until he got possession of a very great portion of the whole cultivated part of the colony at that time. I have known a man drink his farm, of 100 acres of land, away (it can be proved beyond any question) in one night; that man has hired the same farm back from this man, and he has made some of them pay 1*l.*, and some 30*s.* an acre yearly rent, and they have lived on it. I am convinced this man had a mortgage on the principal part of the colony by becoming a money-lender, and he bought stock, and sheep, and horned cattle.—*Q.* Men living solitary part of the year, and living in public-houses the other part of the year, were likely to spend a deal of money? *A.* Yes; they would say, we will have a spree.'—*First Transp. Report*, 1540, 1–8.

It appears from a report of the first police magistrate, printed in 1835, that in Sydney, covering an area of more than 2000 acres, there was at that time a population of probably 20,000 souls. Of these a great proportion were convicts of both sexes, having violent passions, which they did not control, and could not lawfully gratify. There were in 1835 no fewer than 219 licensed public-houses; and the number of places where spirits were sold without license was too large to be even guessed. The vices of convict society appear to have been extensively imbibed by the lower classes of the colonists. 'Latterly,' says Colonel Breton to the committee, 'owing to the emigrant ships' (which have carried out cargoes of female settlers of indifferent character) 'Sydney has been inundated with loose women. The chief bane is drink.'—(First Transp. Report, 2395, &c.) We learn that in 1835, when the population was about 70,000, the quantity of spirits imported, to say nothing of wine and beer, was 501,282 gallons, being about seven gallons of spirits per head for every man, woman, and child, beside what was distilled in the colony.

The modes of life among the highest classes are said by Colonel Breton to be much the same as in England. Among those, however, who pretend to what is called a place in the highest class, there are many whose distinction consists merely in their being old settlers, and having acquired a good property without the drawback of crime; and of this merit, though little more than negative, they are described to be obtrusively and ludicrously proud. Mr. Mudie gives an instance

'of a lady whose husband kept a day-school in England. I do not say it,' continues he, 'as any thing derogatory to the man; he went out there with his wife and family, in fact, pennyless. By industry they acquired considerable wealth; and, when they first got a few cows, the lady used to go into the farm-yard and milk the cows, and the daughters did the same; but after arriving at considerable wealth, it was reported that one of the daughters was to be married to a gentleman, a surgeon, a highly respectable man. A friend of mine who told me the anecdote (I am perfectly sure it was correct) was congratulating this lady on the approaching marriage of her daughter, and she said, "I can assure you that I do not feel at all complimented by your congratulating me on my daughter's being about to be married to such a one as a surgeon; I have endeavoured to bring my family up with different ideas, to give them a proper notion of their rank and consequence in society here, for I consider my family and a few others quite the same as if you were to speak of the ancient nobility in England, the Dukes of Bedford, and Devonshire, and Norfolk, and so on." In consequence of that and a few other anecdotes, they go by the name of the ancient nobility of Botany Bay. *Q.* Would you say they are haughty in their manners? *A.* Yes; no question of it. At the same time, the females display great ignorance in their conversation: still they dress fine, and show off all the airs of fine ladies. Latterly, they have got into the habit of announcing the ancients' marriages as "marriages in high life." I can show you the papers:—"It is whispered that a marriage in high life is soon to take place." '—*First Transp. Rep.*, 1664—1670.

The luxuries of a community thus circumstanced cannot, for the most part, be of a very elevated or intellectual description. Good tables are kept, and showy carriages and horses; but the arts are little in request, and the theatre, which is much attended by emancipists and their associates, is conducted in a manner by no means calculated to refine or improve the people. A taste for music, however, is general, and the concerts are respectably attended, particularly on the evenings when they are patronized by the governor. (First Transp. Report, 1621 to 1624.) A library has been built by subscription, on ground given by the governor for the purpose. There is a mechanics' institute, with occasional lectures; and there are in Sydney about half-a-dozen booksellers' shops, in which, however, the books for sale are of an inferior class:—

'I have attended,' says Mr. Mudie, 'what they call book-sales myself, and I have always found that books really valuable have sold for much less than they could have cost in England, and I remember on one occasion there was a general noise in the room when the Newgate Calendar was put up, and every person said, "Ah, I shall have that;" I forget what it brought, but it brought something enormous, and I recommended the bookseller to send home and get a *few editions* out. Then they are fond of the history of highwaymen, or any thing of that kind.'—*First Transp. Rep.*, 1635.

One species of literature appears to be in great demand,—that of the periodical press. The freedom from stamp and advertisement-duty promotes the circulation of newspapers of all kinds; and most of them, being addressed to a very low class of readers, pander to their bad passions and ignorant prejudices, and encourage them to think lightly of crime; several of the editors have been, perhaps are, emancipists. With all our attachment to the liberty of the press, we have some doubts of its unlimited fitness for a colony of convicts. A rational man, while he sincerely advocates the popular principle of general enlightenment, may fairly be allowed to question the prudence of striking sparks in a powder-magazine.

The changes of system in the management of the convicts have been not less frequent than the novelty of the experiment gave reason to expect; a sketch, therefore, of this Australasian 'felonry,' which was quite accurate half-a-dozen years ago, will by this time have become 'an old almanack.' The latest authentic account, we believe, is to be found in the evidence given before the Transportation Committees of the last two sessions; and of that evidence, as it relates to the state of the convicts, the following is the result:—

On the arrival of a vessel, a board of three colonial officers determine the classification and distribution of the convicts, either as labourers in the employ of government, or as assigned servants among the settlers who have applied for them. Field-labourers are allotted with reference to the applicant's quantity of land; but domestic servants and mechanics are assigned without respect to landed qualification. The demand having now for several years exceeded the supply, complaints of favoritism are of course not infrequent. The convicts have an allowance, fixed by law, of food and clothing; what they may obtain beyond this is at the pleasure of the masters, whose ordinary indulgences to their servants are tobacco, tea, sugar, and milk. Too many, however, of their masters, are themselves but convicts who have fulfilled, or obtained remission of, their sentences. In such circumstances the servant's reformation is hardly to be expected, and indeed there are cases where assigned servants have been actually employed by their masters as assistants in stealing cattle, and as accomplices in other crimes. The field-labourers are described by almost all the witnesses as prone to insubordination, insolence, petty theft, and, above all, drunkenness. These imputations apply with double force to the shepherds and neat-herds, from the nature of their employment, which leaves them in a state of very imperfect restraint. The neat-herds are the worst of all. Mr. Mac Arthur's evidence informs us that they are generally mounted for the convenience of following the cattle: yet, for months together, sometimes even for whole years, the cattle are uncollected. These mounted stock-keepers, meanwhile, are galloping about the country, and assemble in great numbers at the huts of squatters, who collect their female acquaintance and supply the whole party with spirits. The domestic servants are of course more immediately under the inspection of their employers; but here too a great laxity appears to prevail. The women, with a few exceptions, are so ill-conducted, that the more respectable settlers are unwilling to receive them at all. Their numbers being small in comparison to the male convicts, they are assailed by so many temptations, that reform seems hopeless. Their conduct is marked not only by idleness, drunkenness, and unchastity, but too often also by untameable ferocity; and the only mode of getting rid of them is to return them to the female factory at Paramatta, which, after all, is scarcely a place of punishment. A Captain Walrond, who had two of these women in his service, had occasion to find fault with one of them for neglecting to clean the verandah, and threatened to return her to the factory; upon which the other said, 'If you return her, you must return me—we shall not part.' An altercation ensued: the women became outrageous, attacked him, and got him down; he cried for assistance, but was not rescued; and in a few days afterwards he died of the injuries they had inflicted. They were tried for the murder, and sentenced to death.—(First Transp. Rep. 1430.)

The skilled mechanics, such as blacksmiths, tanners, joiners, and the like, are of exceeding value, and obtain proportionate indulgence from their employers. So little penal is their condition, that, in order to induce them to exert themselves, their masters will sometimes form with them a partnership in the gains to be acquired by their labour.

The assigned convicts are subject to a peculiar code, administered by magistrates, and comprising many offences not punishable in free persons; among these are disobedience, neglect of work, insolence, and, in general, any 'disorderly or dishonest conduct.' Among the punishments for males is the lash, which is a very unequal infliction upon culprits of different constitutions, and by executioners of more or less rigour. Although, from the occasional severity of this chastisement, and the indefinite character of the offences themselves, the convict is very much at the mercy of the magistrates, and consequently, to a certain extent, of his master, who, if he be of a brutal temper, may make the state of his assigned servants a condition of almost unmixed misery,—yet, with a few exceptions, the result is rather an excess of laxity than of harshness; so strongly does interest impel the employer to conciliate the services of the employed, especially since the increase in the demand for labour. The convict, too, has a remedy before a bench of magistrates against his master; if he succeed, he obtains his removal from the defendant's service—but if he fails, he may be punished for his unjust complaint. The assigned servants of all classes amount to about four-fifths of the convict population.

The remaining convicts, about one-fifth of the whole, are under the immediate supervision of the government, being either employed in the public works of the colony, or consigned to some place of confinement. Educated persons are not assigned as private servants; and some difficulty has arisen in finding suitable employment for them in the service of the public. Until lately they were placed in the government offices as clerks, but it was found that they obtained an inconvenient knowledge of the colonial affairs, and the practice has been discontinued; they are now sent to Port Macquarrie, a settlement upwards of one hundred miles north of Sydney, and occupied in light works. Another and inferior class of convicts are employed by government in the police, a duty which free emigrants of sufficient respectability are not easily found to discharge; but this system produces of necessity a very bad police, in that community in which, of all others, a good one is the most required. The large majority, however, of all the convicts in the hands of the government, are persons who have been returned by their employers as unfit for private service—which, from the scarcity of labour, seldom happens but in the cases of irreclaimable profligates;—or persons who, having committed some new crime since their arrival, are sentenced to undergo an additional punishment by working in gangs upon the roads, in or out of chains, according to the shade of their offences. The chain-gangs are men on whom minor punishments have been inflicted in vain. They work under a civil superintendent, with a military guard to prevent escape. The strictness of the arrangements makes it much easier to preserve discipline in these gangs, notwithstanding their reprobate character, than in those which work unfettered. The unfettered road-parties are very unproductive as labourers; while of disorder and demoralization they are a fruitful source. They are spread over a wide surface of country, with overseers who have themselves been convicts, and in whose sole charge they are sometimes left for many days. They are often in league with the convict-servants of the neighbouring settlers for the general plunder of property, which they filch, and consume in every species of debauchery. The mechanic convicts in these parties have also considerable facilities for making money by working at their trades for the surrounding inhabitants; the overseers conniving at their absences in consideration of a share of the earnings. The work performed by a road-party, when *bonâ fide* employed, though they take good care that it shall be trifling in its quantity, is irksome enough in its nature—particularly, we should think, the breaking of stones under a hot sun—yet not a few are found by whom this allocation is thought preferable to private service, probably for the sake of the profligate society which the road-party affords; and others, who dislike their masters, commit some offence which will send them to a road-party, in hopes of a better service at the expiration of that punishment. The road-work, however, is so disagreeable, and, from having long been the doom of convicts, so discreditable, that no free labourers of decent character could at present be found to undertake it. Meanwhile, the private evil is endured for the public convenience; the governor, Sir R. Bourke, observing, that great as are the complaints among the colonists of the crimes committed by the road-parties, the demand for good roads is greater yet.

In this, which might seem the lowest deep of infamy and punishment, a lower deep still has been opened, by transportation to the penal settlements of the colony, of which there now are two, Norfolk Island and Moreton Bay. Here are no assignments to private settlers; all the convicts are in the employ of the government, with severer work and few or no indulgences; and, that nothing may be wanting to complete the dreariness of the prisoners' condition, these penal colonies are wholly without women. The desperate and dangerous character of such a society is well illustrated by that part of Major Wright's evidence before the committee of the present year, in which he narrates an attempt made by the convicts to capture Norfolk Island about ten years ago, when he was its commandant. Considering it his duty to make himself personally acquainted with everything which went on within his jurisdiction, he occupied several weeks in attending the works from morning to night, and ascertaining, by measurement of the time and observation of the labour, 'what every man could accomplish without tyranny,' so as to obtain a just scale of punishment for idleness. During the first month, says he,

> 'There was no end of the artifices which they had recourse to, to avoid labour and impose on me; and at the end of the month I told them, that what I had done had been done by design, for the purpose of making myself conscientiously acquainted with what they could do, and what they ought to do; and that from that time thenceforward I would make them do it, and that I should make the strictest justice my rule, even to the quibbles of the law in their favour; because all on which a convict lives are the quibbles of the law in his favour.'

Such vigilance being exceedingly distasteful to the convicts, a man named Clinch, one day, as the Major was returning from this disagreeable duty, waylaid him in the road, and endeavoured to murder him with a club. The blow not taking effect, the ruffian fled into the bush; and the failure of the attempt so disheartened some of his accomplices, that they came forward and gave information to the Major of a conspiracy then in progress, to take the island, murder the troops, and escape in the next ship that should bring a cargo of prisoners from Sydney. Two of these conspirators had been ringleaders in a previous mutiny, and pardoned. One of these two explained to the Major the particulars of the design, and the circumstances which they had regarded as peculiarly favourable for their attempt. They had expected that when the Major, who was to have been assassinated, should be missing at night, the officer next in command of the garrison would disperse the greater part of the soldiers over the island in search of him—

> 'and as the palisades of the stockades were known to be rotten, and were in the act of being repaired at that time, they intended to rush on the remainder of the troops which were left in the stockade, in the dead of the night, and overpower them. They then intended, when they had possession of the island, to dress themselves' [and among them there were some who had been soldiers] 'in the uniform of the men of the 57th, who were on the island, and pull off in a boat to the brig when she came; that they would be received without suspicion on board; they would then take possession of the brig, and make to sea in her.'

The soldiers expected from Sydney were a party of the 39th regiment, just arrived from England, and total strangers to the 57th. Here was a combination of favourable circumstances, not likely to recur, acutely discerned, and skilfully calculated on; but it failed, from the infidelity of the conspirators to one another. 'They betrayed it,' says the Major, 'to get anything they could by it. They do so perpetually; it is a universal remark. If they could be true to each other, they would do wonders; but they are the most treacherous beings on the face of the earth.' (Second Transp. Rep. 1677 to 1701.)

The female convicts in New South Wales are divided into three classes. The first consists of those who are waiting to be assigned, or who, after assignment, have been returned by their masters as unfit for the duties required of them. The labour performed by the women of this class is slight; and from among them, those male convicts, whose masters permit them to marry, obtain their wives. When a master has granted this permission, and entered into a contract with government for supporting the woman and her offspring, the man goes to the factory and gets an order from the matron for a wife. Mr. Mudie, who was for fourteen years a resident in New South Wales, and had at different times from seventy to one hundred and twenty convicts, being asked by the committee to state full particulars upon this subject, speaks as follows:—

> 'There are a certain number of the women that are not allowed to marry; but, with respect to those who are not under punishment, Mrs. Gordon (I have been there and seen the ceremony) says, "Well, turn out the women of such a class." They are turned out, and they all stand up as you would place so many soldiers, or so many cattle, in fact, in a fair; they are all ranked up. It is requisite for me to state that the same sort of ceremony and the same mode occur with a free man; for there are free men that go to the factory to select a wife. The convict goes up and looks at the women, and if he sees a lady that takes his fancy he makes a motion to her, and she steps on one side; some of them will not, but stand still, and have no wish to be married, but that is very rare. Then they have, of course, some conversation together, and if the lady is not agreeable, or if the convict does not fancy her from her conversation, she steps back, and the same ceremony goes on with two or three more. I have known an instance of convicts going and having the pick of one hundred or two hundred without finding one to please them; the lowest fellows you can fancy have said it would not do; they could not get one to suit. But if he finds one to please him, they get married, and on returning to his master's estate he knocks up a hut for himself and his wife, and they live together when he is not at work; the master allows generally what is called half a ration for the wife, in addition to the man's ration.
>
> '*Q.* What security is there that the man or woman is not married in England?—*A.* There is a list generally comes out with them, and it mentions whether they are married or not; but these lists are by no means correct, and they carry on that system to such an extent, that it has been known that convict men and convict women have actually written letters in New South Wales and sent them to some acquaintance in England to put into the post-office, in order to have the English postmark; writing to say, "Dear Jack," or "Dear Tom, I am very sorry to tell you that your wife died on such a day," giving a full account of the death, and what has become of the children. It has been proved that these letters have been sent from the colony to England, and have been sent back to enable them to get married.'—*First Transp. Rep.* 645, 6, 7.

The second class consists chiefly of women who are returned to the factory pregnant. This occurs to a very large proportion of the assigned females; insomuch that the factory is said to be a lying-in hospital for unmarried convicts. We may add, that it is a foundling hospital too; for the government generally supports the children, and sends them to the orphan-schools.

The third class, who are women convicted of offences in the colony, are employed at the factory in spinning wool, and sometimes in breaking stones. The labour, however, is so light, that many of them prefer the factory to an assigned service. Associating there in large numbers, they rely on each other for support in their freaks of insubordination. A few years ago, according to the testimony of Mr. Martin, who was then at Paramatta, the female prisoners, having been deprived, for their refractoriness, of their usual allowance of tea and sugar, struck work; and, after spending two days in sulking, gave notice to the matron that, unless the tea and sugar were restored, they would leave the factory. She laughed at their threat; but, on the third morning, two hundred of these heroines surprised a body of workmen employed in the factory, and, seizing their hammers and sledges, burst open the huge doors of the prison, and rushed in arms into the town, where they attacked the shops. The alarm became general. The troops were ordered out, the light company of his Majesty's 57th regiment in advance. The ladies beat a retreat to the surrounding hills: the bugles of the military sounded a charge. After various manœuvres on the part of the soldiers to prevent the fair foe from taking refuge in the bush, the drums and bugles announced a parley; the affair was voted on both sides to be a drawn battle, and a treaty was concluded, by which it was stipulated that the Amazons should march back into the walls of the factory with all the honours of war—that the past should be covered by an amnesty—and the future brightened by a dole of tea and sugar.

We come in the next place to the cases of remission and expiration. The most usual remission is that which a ticket of leave affords. This is a permission to the convict to work for his own benefit, on certain conditions, of which the chief are, that he reside within the district which it prescribes, and that he produce himself and his ticket before the magistrates at appointed periods. The ticket can be granted only after the fulfilment of a certain proportion of the sentenced period of transportation, and is resumable at the pleasure of the government. The advantages of it are greatly abridged by the Act of 2 and 3 Wm. IV. c. 42, which, forbidding the holder to acquire property or sue in courts of justice, discourages him from industry and accumulation. At the expiration of the sentence, or upon the grant of a pardon, the convict acquires the same civil rights as a free settler.

With such an infusion of depraved inhabitants of both sexes, suffering punishment or emerging from it, the society of New South Wales presents a strange combination of the features of civilized and of lawless life. It has happened, as might have been expected from such circumstances as these, that crime has progressively increased from 1810 to 1835, and is still, we fear, unchecked in its rate of progression. On the summary punishments before magistrates in petty sessions, which are almost all of them convict cases, and which, in the last year of this period were nearly 22,000, in a population containing about 30,000 convicts, we will found no argument at present: because among these convictions are many included for offences not cognizable in England, such as drunkenness, insolence, and neglect of work, which it would occupy too much time to distinguish and reason upon. We, therefore, speak only of the greater offences, those which are tried in the superior court and at the quarter-sessions: of which more than five-sixths appear to be felonies. (App. to First Transp. Report, p. 256.) The proportion then, which the offences tried in these superior courts have been found to bear to the entire population, from 1810 to 1835, is thus summed up from official documents by Mr. Mac Arthur:—

> 'In the first eight years of that period, the proportion of convictions by the criminal court, relatively to the whole population of the colony, appears to have been about one in 375 persons. During the next three years it amounted to about one in every 360. In the five years, from 1821 to 1825, to about one in 183; and from 1831 to 1835, the five years concluding the period, it had increased to one in 119 persons. In 1835 (the population being about 70,000) the number of convicts was near 28,000.'—*Mac Arthur*, p. 35.

In such a state of society, it required all the effrontery of modern Radicalism to set up a claim for a representative government. Yet such a claim is actually advanced and pressed by the 'felonry' of Australia, and warmly supported by their political friends on this side of the water. At present, the constitution of that country comprehends, under the governor, an executive and a legislative council: the executive council consisting of the governor, the colonial secretary, the lieutenant-governor, the bishop, and the colonial treasurer; the legislative council comprising, in addition to all these members except the last, the chief-justice, the attorney-general, the chief officer of customs, the auditor-general, and seven private gentlemen appointed by the crown for life.

It will be obvious to all rational thinkers, that a great change, a great purification, the work of many years, must be carried into full effect, before the theory of popular representation can be safely adopted in a colony, so large a proportion of whose inhabitants are convicted thieves and their associates. The probability however is, that, if the possession of office be continued for a year or two more to the cabinet which now administers (we cannot truly say governs) the dominions of her Britannic Majesty, this, like almost every other revolutionary demand, will be yielded to the rough-riding will of the masters of the ministers—and the security of property, and of religion, and even of life itself, will be made, in Australia, as it has been made in Canada, and in Ireland, the price of a score of votes in the English House of Commons. Nay, the Australian sacrifice has already begun: already the jury-law established there by the Whig administration has put a firebrand into the grasp of the felonry, and spread dismay among the possessors of property or good name. We entreat the attention of our countrymen to what we now lay before them upon this topic.

The statute 9 Geo. IV. c. 83, made *crimes* and *misdemeanors*, in New South Wales, cognizable by a judge with a jury of seven commissioned officers of the army or navy; but that statute having empowered the Crown to allow the trial, by an ordinary jury, of such offences as should be specified by an Order in Council, the Whig ministers have authorized a liberal ordinance, the effect of which has been—first, to allow an ordinary jury in every case of crime or disdemeanor in which that mode of trial shall be desired *by the defendant;*—and, secondly, to render admissible upon such jury *every convict* who, having obtained a pardon or served out his term of punishment, is possessed of the small amount of land or chattels required as a qualification: in other words, to make the convicts the judges of their own confederates.

A synopsis of the jury panels in the Supreme Court, from November, 1833, to February, 1836, shows that, of 1289 persons who served during that period, there were, of this class, no fewer than 322, being just one in every four (Appendix to First Transportation Report, p. 304). In June, 1836, when the colonial government had become alarmed at the consequences of their own indiscretion, and had directed all possible precaution to be employed in the making up of the jury-lists, Governor Bourke relates that 116 emancipists were found in a list of only between 700 and 800 persons (Appendix, p. 296). Thus, when all had been done to weed them out, the emancipists remained in a proportion of one to six or seven of all the jurors;

so that, on an average, every rogue brought to trial would have a chance to find a couple of his comrades among his jury. The governor thinks this immaterial, provided the verdicts be satisfactory. We shall presently give our reasons for venturing to be of a different opinion; but first let us look at the facts.

Sir F. Forbes, the chief judge, reports that, with one or two exceptions, he has 'been satisfied with the verdicts;' but as this gentleman was the patron of the Radical faction in the colony, his opinion on this agitated point is of very little more value than the testimony of the Morning Chronicle to the virtue of the Whig Election Committees. The next judge, Mr. Dowling, declines to go so far: remembers *some few* unsatisfactory verdicts even in the small number of about 100 cases tried by him; thinks the system 'will not bear a *very* disadvantageous comparison with that of the mother country.' The third judge, Mr. Burton, who had tried 111 criminal issues, (in most of which, as he truly observes, the evidence is short and clear, and leaves no plausible excuse for a false verdict,) gives however several instances which let in some strong light upon the working of the law. For example, he tells us of an acquittal, before himself, of which a highly respectable gentleman on the jury afterwards disclosed the following particulars. On entering the room in which they were to consider their verdict, one of the jurymen laid himself on the table with his arms folded, saying, 'Well, my mind is made up.' Another followed, and lay down on the floor, saying, 'My mind is made up.' For about twenty minutes, several discussed indifferent topics; and when they were invited by their foreman to enter on the business in hand, they answered, as before, that their minds were made up. One said he knew the prisoner's father—one his mother—and a third had known the prisoner himself from a child. The narrator and two other persons being persuaded of the prisoner's guilt, the jury remained locked up all night, during which there was much foul and disgusting language; and in the morning, rather than continue in such an association, the three jurors who were adverse to the acquittal gave way. Of the nine who prevailed, three were *known* to be convicts, and appeared to lead the other six, whose conversation proved them to be persons similar in their habits to the three actually recorded felons. Another instance of the same kind is reported by the same judge more briefly. He mentions a third case, 'related,' says he, 'by a respectable inhabitant of Sydney, on whose veracity I rely:'—

> 'He was sitting under the jury-box in the Supreme Court upon an occasion when a prisoner was on his trial for cattle-stealing, who was defended by one of the practitioners of the court, when, during the progress of the trial, a juryman leaned over my informant towards the practitioner, and called him by his name. The latter looked up, and the juryman said, "It's all right, we'll acquit him." When the prisoner was called on for his defence, the practitioner advised him to say nothing, and call no witnesses; and he was acquitted.'—*Mac Arthur, Appendix*, 94, 95.

Judge Burton adds, that he could adduce other facts, within *his own* knowledge. Mr. Mac Arthur mentions several more (State and Prospects, 125, 126). The Sydney Herald, May 9, 1836, has the following intelligence:—

> '*Cattle-stealing.*—A man, named Lewis Solomon, recently convicted of this offence, was actually one of the jury at the last sessions, upon a trial for cattle-stealing, (he himself being, at the time, out on bail on a charge of horse-stealing,) and stood out for an acquittal in the face of the clearest evidence.'

Mr. Mudie gives the following account of the proceedings of a jury impannelled to try a convict, who was charged with the murder of his wife in the colony:—

> 'The foreman was a magistrate; and a few others of the jury were men of respectability. The rest were emancipists. The judge, in his summing up, had considered the case so clear, that he almost told the jury that they must find the prisoner guilty. But when the foreman asked the jurors for their opinions, one of them, an emancipated felon, immediately exclaimed, with horrid oaths, that "*he* would not find the prisoner guilty; in *his mind*, the woman *deserved* what she had got!" Pulling off one of his shoes, and repeating "he'd be d—d if he'd find him guilty;" he declared his resolution to subsist upon his shoe-leather, if the rest of the jury had a mind to test their consciences by the process of starvation. The jury returned more than once into court, to appeal to the judge under the circumstances in which they found themselves placed. The judge, unfortunately, could render them no assistance. Reason and remonstrance with the ruffian juror were of course vain, how perseveringly soever they were tried. The case ended in the *acquittal* of the prisoner, an acquittal so wrong and culpable in the estimation of the judge, that he ordered the prisoner to be taken back to Bathurst, whence he had been brought, and to be there delivered to a bench of magistrates, to be dealt with in a summary way, not, of course, on the charge of murder, but on some other charge, to be framed from the circumstances accompanying the commission of the crime.'—*Mudie*, 228, 229.

We are not informed before which of the three judges this acquittal took place; but we should have supposed it would lead him to any conclusion rather than 'that the verdict was satisfactory.' The attorney and solicitor-general, in a letter to the governor, dated 8th of April, 1836, contributed their testimonials to the 'satisfactory' character of the verdicts; but they appear to have seen early cause for changing their opinion: since we find in the Sydney Herald that, on the 12th of May then next following, one of these very law-officers, after a jury had been called to try a case of cattle-stealing, told the court, that in the absence of the better class of jurors he would not go on with the prosecution. 'The names that had been called were almost all *publicans*,—[that is, generally, emancipated convicts,]—and in the absence of the *merchants*—[that is, the repectable tradesmen]—he would not risk the administration of justice in their hands.' (First Transportation Report, 3386, 7, 8.)

But there can be no doubt that verdicts such as we have been analysing—verdicts delivered before the regular judges of the colony—would, on the whole, perverse as they were, be very much more 'satisfactory' than those delivered before the magistrates at quarter-sessions, for whose opinions and directions the jury would of course have less respect. The extent to which justice is relaxed at the quarter-sessions will appear from this anecdote, related to the Transportation Committee. On an occasion where the jury, in a *most infamous case*, had recommended the prisoner to mercy, Mr. Mudie represented to the chairman of the quarter-sessions the impropriety of any remission, saying, 'I know five or six of these men to be publicans, and I have heard them tell me that they could not afford to bring in a verdict of guilty, because they would lose all their custom.' And the chairman made this remark, 'If we do not attend in some degree to the recommendation which these fellows give, they will acquit the next man, whatever his guilt may be, and therefore we must attend to their recommendation.'

Another case is mentioned by Mr. Mudie, where the jury, at the quarter-sessions, acquitted a man who, in the opinion of the whole court, was guilty. The foreman, a respectable emigrant, came to Mr. Mudie, and said, 'I wish you would speak to the chairman, for here is one of our jurymen who says he took an oath this morning, before he came into court, that he would not find any man guilty.' This fellow was an emancipist. Mr. Mudie, who was a magistrate, spoke to the clerk, and he, without saying anything to the man, substituted another person in the next jury that was called. (First Transp. Rep., 1859 to 1865.)

We have not room for any more of the specific examples of false verdict which are contained in the works before us. The cases we have extracted are amply sufficient to show that the fruits of the system, as appealed to by the governor in its favour, are anything rather than recommendations of it. But we go a great deal further. We contend that, if the verdicts actually given during the three years of which we know the results, had been much less objectionable than they are proved to have been, the jury-law of New South Wales would still be a solecism in legislation. For the trial by jury is not a mere mechanical contrivance for delivering the jails; it is an institution affecting the whole composition, character, security, and comfort of a nation. There are many other ways in which safeguard may be had against oppression and injustice; and such safeguard, we believe, did actually exist in New South Wales antecedently to the last vagary of the governor, establishing the present jury-law. The peculiar recommendations of the trial by jury are, the confidence in the laws which is felt by the people when they are themselves partakers in the administration of them, and the operation of the system in bringing free and reputable men together,—to form their views of life and its business, of truth and its semblances, of human nature and its infirmities,—and to correct and improve their individual judgments by communication and consultation with one another. Is it possible that confidence can exist, or judgment be improved, in a tribunal of twelve men, of whom, upon an average, a couple are sure to be persons themselves but just emerged from the penal condition of criminals?

In fact, though the proportion of convicts to free settlers, on list of persons qualified by property to be jurors, is only abont two in twelve, the proportion actually empannelled is vastly greater; because the respectable inhabitants avoid, in every possible way, the annoyance of serving on juries with those people. This, again, still further aggravates the general distrust entertained of the tribunal; and accordingly, Mr. Justice Burton, in an official communication, declares that he witnesses, in every session, the want of confidence and respect for the colonial juries, which is exhibited by the civil inhabitants, evinced particularly by their unwillingness to appear and serve; and, in his opinion, 'this arises from the circumstance that very low and disreputable persons are qualified and liable to serve on juries according to colonial law, and that the juries actually empannelled are frequently formed of such persons.'—(First Transp. Rep., App., 300.) And even when respectable men appear and are ready to serve, the prisoner and his lawyers take care to strike them off. The works before us give many instances of such tactics. An emancipated felon, says Mr. Mudie, was arraigned before the supreme court. Several jurors, successively called, 'were perfectly to his mind; for they were brethren of the felonry.' (This is a word which Mr. Mudie values himself, and we think, very fairly, upon having coined, after the model of peasantry, yeomanry, gentry, &c.) At length, a genman was called whom the prisoner challenged; a magistrate, a man of property, of high respectability, and of an appearance and demeanour corresponding with his good qualities. The prisoner was asked why he challenged such a juror. His answer was, that he did not know exactly; the gentleman was quite unknown to him;—but, in fact, he didn't like his appearance.—(Mudie, 229.) In another case, Mr. Justice Burton says,—

> 'I observed gentlemen of character and respectability thus peremptorily rejected on the part of a prisoner, that I took the liberty of asking some of them afterwards if the prisoner were known to them, and was answered that he was not. The conclusion in my own mind was, that they were challenged on account of their respecta-

bility. In another case before me, every person of apparent respectability who was called was peremptorily challenged on the part of the prisoner, which the crown officer observing, challenged all the others, and the case remained over for the default of jurors! In both cases the accused had professional assistance.'—*First Transp. Rep.*, *App.*, p. 301.

Of those who are left on the juries by the prisoners, a large proportion are publicans.

'These,' says Mr. Justice Burton, 'are chiefly persons who have been transported to this colony, or are married to convicts; many of them are notorious drunkards, obscene persons, fighters, gamblers, receivers of stolen goods, receivers and harbourers of thieves and of the most depraved of both sexes. They exist upon the vices of the lower orders, and, inasmuch as there are no licensed pawnbrokers in Sydney, they are, in fact, the pawnbrokers; but not, as frequently occurs in other countries, upon occasion of some temporary pressure on the poor, for some necessary of life, but for intoxicating liquor.'—*First Transp. Rep.*, *App.*, p. 301.

To the houses of these persons,

'prosecutors, and parties accused and on bail, and their witnesses, bond and free, resort for the purpose of drinking during the time they are in attendance on the court; and a reasonable fear is thus excited for the purity of the administration of justice, which *I have had occasion as a judge to see realized.*'—*Ibid.*, p. 301.

The consequence of such a constitution of affairs, says the same judge, is, that a great mass of false testimony is continually brought into court, to contradict or discredit the witnesses against the prisoner; testimony 'which an honest man may believe, and a dishonest man lay hold of to raise a doubt upon. There can be no confidence in such cases, but in a jury themselves above suspicion.' How much it is matter of course with some colonial lawyers to provide their clients with such evidence, appears from a story related to the committee by the Rev. Mr. Lang:—

'A respectable free emigrant had a tailor's bill presented to him for a suit of clothes, although he had never got clothes from the tailor. He received a summons for the bill to the court of requests; he represented the case to a colonial attorney, and requested him to manage the matter for him, which the attorney said he would do. The gentleman who had been summoned, of course, did not give himself any further concern about the matter, but appeared in court when the cause was called on. The tailor proved that he had furnished the defendant with the suit of clothes, and of course that the debt was a just one; but, to the utter astonishment of the defendant himself, the lawyer had got a witness to swear that he saw him pay the tailor the bill.'—*First Transp. Rep.*, 4026.

'But, perhaps,' says Mr. Mac Arthur, 'of all the evil influences of the system, the most pernicious is the general debasement it produces in the tone of society, and its effects more especially upon the minds of the young people born in the colony. Let the case be supposed, of an inexperienced youth, called upon for the first time to act as a juror, and introduced in that capacity into scences such as those described by Mr. Justice Burton; and which (with no less shame than regret be it spoken) are reported upon good authority to have been of repeated occurrence in juries assembled in a British colony—the inevitable consequence must either be the breaking down of all right principle and of every just sentiment; or contempt and disgust for an institution which, if constituted upon right principles, would be regarded with veneration, and would become one of the best schools for acquiring habits of business, and practical experience in the discharge of the most important social duties.'—*Mac Arthur*, p. 106.

After a long and obstinate adherence to this pernicious jury-law, the liberal governor himself became at length convinced of its impolicy; and, in proposing to the legislative council, in 1836, 'a short renewal' of it, with reference to the changes which were likely to be consequent on the expiration of the British statute, 9 Geo. IV. ch. 83, commonly called the New South Wales Act, he expressed his hope that the jury system would eventually be placed 'on its *ancient* English foundation;' in other words, that convicts would again become ineligible in New South Wales, as they were in England before the jury-law, 6 Geo. IV., c. 50.

The two great questions of the legislative constitution, and of the jury franchise, stood for the consideration of parliament in the session of 1837. Our readers will not be surprised to learn that the government, instead of introducing the promised bill for the settlement of these agitated and agitating questions, contented themselves with a bill for continuing the old law to another year. In the session which has just elapsed, the subject, of course, had become so much the more urgent. The same government took the same remedy, and continued the old law for another session still. The civil rights, therefore, and the political constitution, of this rapidly progressive community, remain, under the reforming ministry, at the close of 1838, exactly at the point where that ministry left them at the close of 1837, and at the close of 1836.

The effect of European colonization upon the native black tribes has been, as in most other new countries, an injurious one. They are unable to resist the temptation of spirits, with which the white men supply them profusely; they are averse from labour, and seldom continue in any agricultural service. They are, however, excellent marksmen, and are sometimes employed as constables in aid of the police, on account of the acuteness of sight and of scent with which they trace and hunt down fugitives. An instance of this keenness is said by Mr. Martin to have occurred during his stay in New South Wales, under the following extraordinary circumstances:—

A settler on the great western road was missing from his small farm. His convict overseer gave out that he had gone off privately to England and left the property in his care. This was thought extraordinary, as the settler was not in difficulties, and was a steady, prudent man; the affair, however, was almost forgotten, when, one Saturday night, another settler was returning

> with his horse and cart from market. On arriving at a part of the fence on the road side, near the farm of his absent neighbour, he thought he saw him sitting on the fence; immediately the farmer pulled up his mare, hailed his friend, and, receiving no answer, got out of the cart, and went towards the fence. His neighbour (as he plainly appeared to be) quitted the fence, and crossed the field towards a pond in the direction of his home, which it was supposed he had deserted. The farmer thought it strange, remounted his cart, and proceeded home. The next morning he went to his neighbour's cottage, expecting to see him, but saw only the overseer, who laughed at the story, and said that his master was by that time near the shores of England. The circumstance was so inexplicable that the farmer went to the nearest justice of the peace (I think it was the Penrith bench), related the preceding circumstances, and added that he feared foul play had taken place. A native black, who was (and, I believe, still is) attached to the station as a constable, was sent with some of the mounted police, and accompanied the farmer to the rails where the latter thought he saw, the evening before, his deceased friend. The spot was pointed out to the black, without showing him the direction which the lost person apparently took after quitting the fence. On close inspection, a part of the upper rail was observed to be discoloured; it was scraped with a knife by the black, who next smelt at it and tasted it. Immediately after, he crossed the fence, and took a straight direction for the pond near the cottage; on its surface was a scum, which he took up in a leaf, and, after tasting and smelling, he declared it to be "white man's fat." Several times, somewhat after the manner of a bloodhound, he coursed round the lake; at last he darted into the neighbouring thicket, and halted at a place containing some loose and decayed brushwood. On removing this, he thrust down the ramrod of his musket into the earth, smelt at it, and then desired the spectators to dig there. Instantly spades were brought from the cottage, and the body of the settler was found, with his skull fractured, and presenting every indication of having been some time immersed in water. The overseer, who was in possession of the property of the deceased, and who had invented the story of his departure for England, was committed to jail, and tried for murder. The foregoing circumstantial evidence formed the main proofs. He was found guilty, sentenced to death, and proceeded to the scaffold protesting his innocence. Here, however, his hardihood forsook him: he acknowledged the murder of his late master; that he came behind him when he was crossing the identical rail on which the farmer fancied he saw the deceased, and, with one blow on the head, killed him—dragged the body to the pond, and threw it in; but, after some days, took it out again, and buried it where it was found. The sagacity of the native black was remarkable; but the unaccountable manner in which the murder was discovered is one of the inscrutable dispensations of providence.'—*Martin*, p. 130.

The numbers of the natives, in the territory actually occupied by the colonists, is estimated by Mr. Martin to be below 5000; and even this slender population is wasting away.

Mr. Mudie, in his evidence before the committee, speaks strongly of the deterioration, both in health and morals, which the intercourse with the white men has produced among the aborigines. 'In all the districts,' he says, 'that become inhabited by the Europeans, the blacks always die at a much earlier age than those that live in the bush, from the different mode of living and from the spirits they get.' Possessing no article of legitimate commerce, they purchase spirits by bartering or lending their wives. When the convicts first became acquainted with them, a great many children of the half-caste were produced. The convicts, who were the fathers, persuaded the black men that the child's colour was owing to the mother's having eaten too much white bread. But when they became acquainted with the truth, they profited by it for procuring rum and tobacco; and to the arrangement, when put upon this basis, they were, as Mr. Mudie expresses it, 'quite agreeable.' Disease and child-murder are the frequent consequences; and contribute, with famine and internal war, to diminish the numbers of these miserable tribes. In Van Diemen's Land there is not a native left. The last remnant of the aboriginal people there, who had been in constant hostility with the settlers, were sent to a small island in Bass's Straits, called Gun-Carriage Island, where government have maintained and made some attempts to civilize them. More than half their number, however, have already died, says Mr. Barnes, the surgeon, in his evidence before the committee of the present year, 'not from any *positive* disease, but from a disease which we know in medicine under the name of home-sickness, a disease which is very common to some Europeans, particularly the Swiss soldiers and peasantry: it comes on entirely from a desire to return to their country.'—*Second Transp. Rep.* 422.

Our readers will agree with us, that a state of society, such as New South Wales is thus found to exhibit, is not one which it would be desirable, even if practicable, to perpetuate. The transportation system, as now executed, while it injures the free colonists, and saps the well-being and very life of the black population, is productive, we suspect, of very little reformation to the convicts, and of no substantial relief even to the mother country. That it has done some service in bringing the colony up to its present prosperity, we are ready to believe; but we incline to think that its advantages are now exhausted, and that, for the future, if not wholly discontinued, it must at least be materially modified. In the early stages of colonization, when the labour required is of the rudest kind, and while yet no inducements exist to tempt free labourers from their own country, considerable numbers of convicts may be, as they have been, very usefully employed in advancing roads, and bridges, and public buildings, and bringing the new settlement into a state for receiving a healthier population. But when that first stage is past, and the colonists require, not simply hard work, but trustworthy qualities, and skill, either mental or manual,—convicts, in the unreclaimed state in which they are now exported, are no longer a desirable class of servants. Trust is out of the question; and as to skill, since it cannot, like ordinary bodily work, be elicited by compulsion, the master, to induce the exercise of it by his convicts, must make them think it worth their while to be useful to him, which raises the cost to the price of free labour. Such considerations have led to a very general opinion among the well informed Australians, that free labour, on the whole, answers better to the settler than the labour of assigned convicts; and the only practical qualification of that opinion seems to be, that the supply of convicts, if discontinued, ought not to be cut off abruptly. The prevalence of these sentiments, and the influx of free labourers (which is now daily increasing, partly through the character which the colony has acquired for prosperity, and partly by the application of the proceeds of crown lands to the conveyance of emigrants thither), are gradually, and not slowly, diminishing the disposition of the settlers to hamper themselves with assigned convicts, except for the rude works of the road and the field; and more and more of the prisoners, especially the most unmanageable and unprofitable, will be left upon the hands of the government, at a great increase of public cost. The expense of the system to the mother country is likely, therefore, to augment, in the same proportion in which its usefulness to the settlement is diminishing.

No doubt, there are other and very important considerations to be pondered, involving, indeed, no less a matter than the whole subject of secondary punishment. And we will readily acknowledge,—nay, we would anxiously inculcate, in these days of cheese-paring economy and rush-light reform,—that expense ought not to weigh against any measure which should really have the effect, first of diminishing crime by the dread of punishment, and secondly of relieving this country from the revisitation of dangerous criminals, without the extremity of capital execution, and with the reasonable chance of eventual reformation. But we doubt very much whether transportation, on its present scale, and with its present circumstances, be the best mode either of diminishing crime or of reclaiming criminals. The situation, *however morally degraded*, of a convict servant in New South Wales, will yet, if he has incurred no additional punishment for some new offence since his arrival, be found, *physically*, very little different from, but rather superior to, that of a farming labourer in England: above all, the convict is in plentiful possession of the external necessaries of life, with the addition of divers comforts and indulgencies, when he conducts himself with common decency. When his friends at home, of whatever calling or character, hear how he fares, their regret for his banishment is very much relieved from horror, and the reflection is apt to present itself to their minds, that, but for the disgrace, the man's crime has been a gain to him. Whether, by putting an end to the system of assignment to private masters, and retaining all the convicts under severe control in government gangs, the state of the offender might be rendered more irksome, and its prospect therefore more alarming, is another question. In that case, beside the aggravation of expense, you would lose the arguments, such as they are, which at present you derive from the utility of the convict to the colonial settler, and from the healing effect of new associations upon a mind not utterly irreclaimable; and then comes the question, why, if the man is merely to be provided with hard labour in prison by the government, he may not just as well be tasked with it in a prison at home as in a prison at the Antipodes. The clear result of the evidence is, that the assignment system as now arranged works no dread in those who hear of it on this side of the ocean; and so far therefore as the aim is to diminish crime by example, the failure is a total one. And how far the other object, the reformation of offenders, has been achieved, we have but too ample means of judging, in the accounts which all the writers of books, and all the witnesses examined before the committee, have furnished, of the frightful depravation engendered everywhere by the hordes of hardened criminals, the glut of ardent spirits, and the gross disproportion of the sexes.

We concur then with the committee in their general conclusion, that the time is come when the practice of transportation to the Australian colonies can no longer be continued on its present scale, or in its present shape, with any advantage to those settlements, to the mother country, or to the persons whom her laws have condemned; and if, as we are led to hope, those colonies may still be made to bear a part in the reformation of offenders, it must be in connexion with other and more wholesome institutions. In a word, it is our belief that transportation, to be a useful ingredient in our code, must no longer be inflicted as a punishment, but rather permitted and promoted as a refuge. The reports of the parliamentary committee on secondary punishments, dated September, 1831, and June, 1832; the reports of the French commissioners, Messrs. de Beaumont and de Tocqueville, Paris, 1833; the paper prepared by Mr. Heath, which is printed in the Appendix to the First Transportation Report, p. 258; and the miscellaneous information of many other competent judges of the subject, have satisfied us, as far as satisfaction is attainable on a subject on which experience is yet but imperfect, that the basis of punishment, for those grave offences which in modern time have been visited with transportation, should be the imprisonment of the offender at home with hard labour, wholly apart from his vicious companions, on the plan pursued in the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia—which appears in the highest attainable degree to combine the advantages and exclude the defects of all the plans elsewhere essayed.

> 'The principle there adopted is that of the complete isolation of the prisoners, each from the other, so that no one of them ever sees another, or has any means of knowing who besides himself is in the prison. Their solitude is prevented from being absolute, only by its being relieved by the visits of the officers of the prison and the chaplain and other clergymen, who have admittance to their cells. Employment is given to them, the profits of which go to defray the expenses of the establishment. They are allowed no communication with friends out of doors. Labour is not in this case, strictly speaking, part of the punishment, but rather an alleviation of it, which alone maks it endurable for long periods; so much so, that any very unruly behaviour is punished by depriving the offender of his work.'—*First Transp. Rep. App.* 273.
>
> 'The warden states his conviction that no great benefit will result to any prisoner whose sentence does not extend to two years or more. He entertains no apprehension of the health of the prisoners suffering from sentences however long, experience having shown that they continue to enjoy good health; besides that such a period is necessary to give a fair chance of eradicating old habits, breaking off old acquaintances, and giving a taste for employment, and some degree of skill in working. In England, where this system is proposed as the punishment for those offences next after capital ones, the lowest degree of it should be such as to inspire considerably more dread than any imprisonment with which the public has long been familiar. On the other hand, five or six years of solitary confinement may be expected to produce the fullest effect in the way of reformation which can ever be expected; and a longer term, at least if inflicted for first offences, might perhaps, in this country, be apt to convert horror at the punishment into compassion for the criminal. Perhaps, then, from two to six years might be taken as the limits of the terms of confinement, and four years as the average.'—*Ibid.*, 276.

Now suppose a certain number of convicts to have fulfilled the term of their imprisonment. Those of them who have any chance of being re-admitted into any decent employment or fellowship at home will be very few; the rest will be wholly without any honest means of maintenance. If all these last were turned loose, as is now the case with convicts who have been sentenced to short terms of imprisonment, this country would be infested with very many more offenders, of the worst class, than at present; because, the present practice being to transport them to the number of about 4000 in each year, it is found that the difficulty of a homeward passage, and the attractions of an Australian residence, reduce to a very small amount the numbers who actually reappear in England. If then we suppose a long imprisonment *here* to be substituted for immediate transportation, we shall be bound to make some provision against the evil which English society will suffer from the greater reflux of prisoners set at large. It is not to be inferred, however, that, because 4000 are annually transported, 4000 will be annually sentenced to, and released from, the proposed imprisonments; because, if we are right in the opinion that imprisonment will be more effectual than transportation has been in deterring from crime, the number of original offenders will be decreased to the extent of that difference. Be their number, however, what it may, the prisoners enlarged will be of two classes: those with whom punishment has failed, and those with whom it has, at least to appearance, succeeded; and one great question for experiment is, the proportion which these two classes will bear to each other. Whatever be the number of the unreformed offenders, to that extent, no doubt, the mother country will have to bear the nuisance which is now endured by the penal colonies, so long as those offenders shall remain at large after the expiration of their imprisonment: but if the legislature shall make due provision for the re-apprehension of such incurables on the first repetition of any felony great or small, society will speedily be re-delivered from them; and though, happily, the humanity of modern time no longer allows the old method of final riddance by capital execution, the respectable part of the community have a right to require that an offender who has come out unreclaimed from a long term of such alterative imprisonment as we have been recommending, and has again made war upon his fellow-men, should now be definitely cut off from the further opportunity of crime, by being *permanently* placed in some penal receptacle. Such receptacles may probably be fixed, with much less expense, and with much better security against oppression or neglect, in secluded spots of the British islands, than on the distant soil of an infant colony. But we will not anticipate that the number of hopeless offenders will be sufficient to form a source of any great embarrassment or outlay.

> 'It may fairly be hoped,' Mr. Heath observes, 'that, after some years of solitary meditation, in which labour has been felt to be a solace and recreation, aided by religious instruction, which will derive a peculiar force by coming from the only human being with whom the prisoners can have any unrestrained intercourse, a great number will be found anxious for honest means of livelihood.'—*First Transp. Rep., App.*, 274.

We believe so: and it is to this class of persons that we think the settlements now called penal will afford a refuge and an opportunity of reformation. At home, the facility of procuring the labour of respectable persons will always make it difficult for a convict, even with the best testimonials from his penitentiary, to obtain a creditable livelihood. But in a colony like New South Wales, when the dregs of the jails shall no longer be poured out upon its coasts, the comparative scarcity of labour, and the milder form of public opinion upon the subject of expiated crime, will give almost a certainty of work and wages, and of a respectable establishment, to men who have undergone their chastisement, redeemed their character at home, and obtained a conveyance to Australia at the expiration of their term, or perhaps, under especially favourable circumstances, even earlier. And if in that new sphere of action some be found to relapse, the local authorities can but deal with them (as relapsing convicts would be dealt with at home,) by consigning them to a lasting confinement in some of those auxiliary settlements to which at present the perpetrators of crimes in Australia are condemned, and in which, as in all the prisons of the mother country, we would have the Philadelphian system as far as possible observed. The conveyance of the reformed convicts from home to New South Wales should, on the system we now advocate, be made matter of indulgence, depending upon conduct and character. Nor must the expense be thrown ultimately either upon the mother country or upon the colony; because, if convicts were enabled to emigrate for their own profit at the public charge, they might be placed in a better situation than men who have never offended; it must, therefore, be made a condition of their conveyance that the passage-money advanced for them by the government shall be repaid from their labour in the colony, by stopping a reasonable proportion of their earnings until the advance be liquidated. With ordinary emigrants this arrangement is not easily enforced, because there is no privity between the master who employs the labourers and the local government which has to get its payment out of their earnings; but with a body of convicts, whose labour would be under control, the same difficulty would not exist—especially a body of selected and tractable convicts like those who, on this plan, would be the only class exported by the government.

From the British Magazine.

DR. JOHNSON.

The republic of letters is a community exposed to constant changes of government. It presents at different times the appearance of a wild democracy, of a stern oligarchy, of a stringent despotism. When the minds of men in general are awake and active, when they are hurrying headlong into new fields of knowledge, and are engaging in fresh pursuits without concert or subordination, literature is a democracy, exhibiting all the energy and vices of that form of polity—adventurous, original, independent, but at the same time rash, extravagant, unchastised, and always rapidly tending to the repose offered by more settled rule. When society has advanced in manners, institutions, and intelligence, when individuals regularly fall into prescribed stations and the various branches of knowledge are cultivated almost exclusively by professional men, literature presents the image of an aristocracy. But let a man of unusually powerful parts or genius arise, who, by his surpassing talents, or from his being the representative of opinions or feelings to which the age is already disposed, becomes an object of general attention; and it frequently happens that he is lifted by his comrades to the seat of empire, and hailed by the acclamations of the multitude as the monarch of literature. Such, indeed, is the natural disposition of mankind to subordination, and such the force of superior minds, that though the whole realm of letters has rarely been united under one man, its various departments and provinces are usually subject to a single master.

The establishment of a literary monarchy has perhaps in most instances been effected by violence and faction, and has often been characterized by the worst features of an act of usurpation. Yet it has not unfrequently been introduced by unexceptionable means, and has sometimes exercised a most favourable influence on the interests of mankind. The dictatorship enabled Cincinnatus and Fabius to save, though it was abused by Sylla and Cæsar to destroy, their country. The malignant effects of the influence exercised in France by Voltaire were scarcely more remarkable than the happy results which in England attended the literary supremacy of Dr. Johnson.

The high principles and great abilites of this eminent man, fostered as they were, and enjoying free scope for their exercise, in our happy institutions, placed him for the last twenty years of his life at the head of English literature. His success was honourable alike to himself and his country. With scarcely a friend, and without a party, he rose, without any adventitious advantages, from the lowest depths of obscurity and indigence to the greatest distinction which can be procured by letters. After having spent the earlier part of his life in attempts to gain a scanty subsistence, when the royal bounty had placed him in easier circumstances, in spite of uncouth manners and a rough and independent bearing, he became the companion of nobles and senators, and dictated the laws of morals and criticism in the intellectual circles of our metropolis.

In power and independence he pursued the course which he had followed in obscurity and poverty. At the splendid tables and in the brilliant circles to which he was admitted in his latter years, he asserted the same truths, and maintained the same opinions on the great points of life and literature, as he had defended when his lot was very different. He was conscious of his vocation. It was a noble one. He was called by Providence to bear his testimony to the principles which alone could enable his country to weather the greatest storm which ever agitated the world. Some may think that he enunciated them in a form somewhat exaggerated. But if England had not been under the influence of a respect for religion and royalty, which calculating men might sneer at as superstitious, she would scarcely have escaped the convulsion which devastated France.

More than fifty years have now elapsed since the death of Dr. Johnson. The interval has been filled with great events, and by nearly two generations of men of letters. The progress of society in the meantime has been unusually rapid. The tumult of war and change has torn us from our ancestors, and in fifty years the world has, as it were, lived a century. The consequence is, that we think very little of what immediately preceded the mighty events which are even still in the course of developement. Material and visible changes engage more of our attention than the subtle and delicate influences which form the bond of union between the past and the present, and serve to perpetuate national identity. But rightly to estimate any particular period, we must always make due allowance for these secret or less obvious causes. After all the great events which have been crowded into the last fifty years, we cannot duly estimate our present position without taking into account the influence which was exercised upon English society and literature by Dr. Johnson.

The admiration with which Johnson was regarded by his contemporaries has long given place to a very different view of his merits. It has of late become the fashion to depreciate and despise him. He has been ridiculed as a vulgar pedant, and a narrow-minded bigot. His style has become a by-word for what is laboured and pompous. His criticisms have been pointed at as exhibiting the very dotage of an obsolete school. His works have been represented as destitute of taste and feeling, and as burying good sense and truth under a load of verbose formality.

It is not the object of the writer of this paper to undertake the advocacy of Johnson, or even to attempt an estimate of his intellectual and literary character. In the study of the writers of a very different school he has become abundantly sensible of his faults and deficiencies. He is willing to admit that the extravagant estimate formed of him by his contemporaries was characteristic of the state of things which prevailed at the period, and that his criticisms and learning could only be admired by a formal and superficial age. He is well aware that much of his direct influence is gone, since the great German critics have discovered the true philosophy of literature, and given better views of the principles of art and criticism than were ever taught by the *modern* classical schools. But he would have justice done him for what he effected among his contemporaries, and for what we ought to acknowledge ourselves indebted to him even now. In directing attention to undoubted historical facts, he will be rendering the highest praise to the memory of Johnson.

To those who have been in the habit of regarding Johnson as having corrupted our language by his free use of words of Latin origin, it may seem strange to represent him as the writer who first rendered the English tongue perfectly correct and grammatical. Yet this was most certainly the fact. Poetry with us, as among every other people, was correct and elegant, when prose was scarcely cultivated at all; and we had undoubtedly great models of prose from an early period of our literature; but Englishmen generally wrote loosely and ungrammatically, and some of our most eminent authors were in their style negligent and inaccurate till the middle of the last century. Johnson effected a complete and permanent reform. His extreme accuracy banished solecisms and vulgarisms from the written language of his country. And from his time negligence in composition has been regarded as a proof of vulgarity and ignorance. No one will consider this as a small service who duly estimates the connexion which must always subsist between language and manners.

This was not the only service which he rendered to our literature; but his services in matters of literature and philology are of small account, when compared with the influence which he exercised upon the state or English society and morals. We have had no man of letters who has contributed in any thing like the same degree to improve the national character. The political convulsions of the seventeenth century had produced a most injurious effect on the public morals. The reign of Puritanism had been followed by a dreadful reaction. Freethinkers, politicians, and the latitudinarians had brought about a melancholy relaxation of principles and manners; and the earlier part of the eighteenth century was a period of general profligacy. The most successful works of our literature were, with a few admirable exceptions, sceptical and licentious. Literature appeared to be entirely dissociated from religion. All classes were more or less infected with gross vices. There was no earnest attention given to great principles; the most exciting and awful subjects were treated with coldness and levity. As the century advanced, there was a manifest improvement. There was still little real philosophy, little originality or deep feeling; but men became more serious and regular, more thoughtful and reflecting, more willing to attend to and examine serious subjects. And yet this was the very period when an opposite process was going on elsewhere. France was becoming infidel, and a spirit of profane scepticism was spreading over all the rest of Europe.

This memorable result was chiefly due to the influence of Johnson. It was he who reclaimed the truant

spirit of literature, and brought her back to the service of religion. He formed a link between the world and the Church. Even the admirable example of George the Third would, as far as we can calculate, have operated much less beneficially, if the great principles of morality and religion had not been maintained and vice and profaneness rebuked by this great great man.

The author of "Rasselas" and "The Rambler" must have exerted a powerful influence upon mankind if he had been a retired student. But it was not merely, or chiefly, as a writer that Johnson acted upon his generation, and, through his generation upon posterity. His great conversational powers rendered him an object of respect and attention to people who would not have been affected by books. His eccentricities made him an object of curiosity. He was universally courted and listened to. Wherever he came he inculcated his principles. He put down what was noxious with a high hand. Vice and sophistry cowered before the modern Socrates. His vigorous and eloquent talk purified and elevated the minds of his hearers. Filthy communication and profane swearing, which had so long been the disgrace of English society, fled from his presence. Every company which he entered became a school of morals.

We still feel the effects of his influence, though his reputation has decayed. It is thus the world treats its benefactors. These few words are written by one who reveres his character, and who would have it estimated as it deserves. This, therefore, is not the place for qualification or complaint. It is not the time to point out the deficiencies of his moral system, or to show how that love of society which led him so much into the world acted injuriously upon his own character, and led him to take up with views which came far short of the purity and elevation of Christian morals. He taught all he knew. We have to be thankful that he was brought to know so much. His vocation did not extend further. What is highest and holiest cannot profitably or safely be exposed indiscriminately to all. Pearls must not be cast before swine. His was an honorable duty. If any in these times are called to a duty still more honourable, let them not forget that he has made it easier for them to perform it. The unclean spirit must be cast out, and the man be brought to his right mind before the soul is in a state to receive the deep things of the Gospel.

It seems at first sight a singular thing, that the uneducated should attach the most weight to *words*,—evidently attributing to them a value in themselves, instead of regarding them as only the representatives of ideas or images: yet so it is. Of all littérateurs sprung from the labouring millions, Burns alone regarded his diction merely as a vehicle for his thoughts,—and that, by the by, only in poetry, or perhaps in his country dialect; for there is much "fine writing" in his prose, and his verse often approaches inflation when he uses English. The rule obtains as we ascend in the scale: the half-educated, or the scholastic youth who has escaped too soon from the ferule, both seem to think that there is some magic virtue in the nice choice or cunning arrangement of mere words; whilst those who have been regularly drilled in grammars, nonsense verses, and college themes, appear, like a pastrycook's apprentice, to have been cloyed with kickshaws, and get a taste for something solid. The Doctor or M.A., his nature so ordaining, may be dull, or twaddling, or verbose enough; but he seldom attempts to glorify his dirty water by blowing it into bladders.—*Spectator*.

From the Retrospective Review.

THE WARS OF CHARLEMAGNE IN SPAIN.

Libro chiamato La Spagna. Qual tratta gli granfatti et el mirabil battaglie che fece il magnanimo Re Carlo Magno *nelle parti della Spagna. Nouamente stampato, & con diligentia ricorretto. In Venetia, appresso Agostin Zoppini & Nepoti.* 1599. 8vo.

We have selected a very curious and a very interesting work for the commencement of a series of articles, which we hope, from time to time, to continue, on Italian Literature, and especially on the early Italian Romances.

From the title, it appears, that it relates to the enterprise of Charlemaine and his Paladins against the Moors in Spain; and our readers may judge of the value and rarity of the work, when we state, that it is, in all probability, the earliest Italian poem on that subject, preceding, not merely Ariosto, but Boiardo and Pulci, and all the many anonymous productions of the close of the fifteenth, and of the opening of the sixteenth centuries.* The edition we have used is dated as late as 1599, and is considered one of the best; but all are of most rare occurrence, both in this country and on the continent. Brunet, the French bibliographer, is decidedly of opinion, that it was first printed before 1500; while Blankenburg, in his "*Zusatze zu I. G. Sultzer's Allgemeiner Theorie der Schönen Künste*," says, that it was first published at Milan, in 1518; and afterwards at Venice in 1568 and 1610; its earliest title being, "*Questa si e la Spagna historiata. Incomminicia el libro volgare dicto la Spagna*

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* It is supposed to have preceded even the following, printed at Venice as early as 1476:—"*Altobello e Re Troiano suo Fratello, Histor: nella qual se leze li gran facti di Carlo Magno et di Orlando suo Nipote.*"

in quarante cantare diviso." We have found no precise notice of it by Tiraboschi, Guingené, or Sismondi. We mention these particulars, not because they are important in any point of view, but merely to shew the rarity of the production.

Blankenburg places it among anonymous pieces; but the name of the author, Sostegno di Zinabi of Florence, is given in the last stanza of the poem: regarding him, or his other works, we have been able to discover no particulars. This is the more to be regretted, as his romance of "*La Spagna*" is a poem of much invention, and of great poetical merit, even independently of the allowances that ought to be made for the age in which it was written. The style throughout is simple and unaffected, without inflation, yet, in the descriptions and in many of the speeches, vigorous and characteristic. In our translations, we have endeavoured to give correctly the spirit and energy of the original, in that style of English poetry which best becomes such a romantic subject, and which, of late years, by the study of our elder writers, has been rendered more familiar. The original is in the *octave rhime* of Boiardo, Ariosto, Tasso, &c., and we have adopted the same construction.

It was our intention to have introduced the poem by some historical details and remarks upon romances, and especially upon those of Italy; but we find that our quotations of the more important and interesting passages have unavoidably run to so great a length, that we have been obliged to omit and postpone this part of the subject. We shall, therefore, proceed to the production itself without more delay.

Every body knows that Boiardo and Ariosto followed commonly the Chroncle of Archbishop Turpin, and both repeatedly make their acknowledgments to him:

> "*Turpin lo scrive, e per vero l'accerta*
> *Ch'ogni ala è dieci braccia essendo aperta.*"
> *Boiardo, O. I. l.* 1. *c.* 13.

But Sostegno di Zinabi no where mentions such a Chronicle; and, indeed, it would be very singular if he did, for, according to him, the valiant Archbishop falls with the Paladins at Ronoesvalles. There can be little question, however, that he resorted to some authority of the kind,* although he varies almost all the principal incidents of Turpin. Sismondi (*Litt. du Midi*, I. 289) says, that Turpin's Chronicle is not to be considered a romance of chivalry, because "*il y faudrait des femmes et de l'amour, et jamais il n'y est question ni des unes ni de l'autre:*" the poem before us, according to this definition, is a romance of chivalry, for love and women are both introduced: indeed the war against Spain is commenced by the Emperor Charlemaine, in consequence of the marriage of Orlando with Alda, or Aldabella, the sister of Oliver; but of this we shall speak again presently.

One great internal proof of the antiquity of the production is to be found at the commencement of the cantos: they all begin, without an exception, by an address, or a sort of dedication, to God, to the Saviour, or to the Virgin Mary, sometimes in two, but commonly in one stanza: the following may be taken as an example:

> "Oh blessed Mary, Virgin glorious pure,
> Of wretched sinners the repose and trust,
> Of our salvation the true way and sure;
> Mother of Jesus, humble as the dust,
> Grant me thy grace, and let it so endure,
> That I may tell in seemly order just
> This noble story as I now pursue it,
> That all men with delight may listen to it."

There are also often introduced lines to the audience, intreating their patience or attention at particular parts of the narrative:

> "*Signori e bona gente ch'a udire,*" *&c.*

these, however, are generally little needed, for the interest is well sustained through the whole forty cantos, (of about fifty stanzas each), of which the production consists.

The Emperor Charles, having determined on a war against the Moors of Spain, summons his peers and allies to Paris on Christmas day; and they accordingly assemble from all quarters:

> "Charles, when his valiant peers and knights he saw,
> Thus inly said, 'Well may I gratulate
> Myself that I am king, and give the law
> To all who own the faith the Pagans hate!
> Each to the field his warlike powers can draw,
> And as companions on my fortunes wait.'
> Then rising from his throne, aloud he spake,
> As now you all shall hear, if heed you take.
>
> 'Well know you, peers, and have good cause to know,
> That Christendom beneath my sway is brought:
> I have no son, nor now can hope it so;
> Deeply and often, therefore, have I thought
> To whom my kingdom at my death should go.
> I have no kinsman, save Orlando: nought
> Has he, a royal issue to maintain,
> If first he be not made the king of Spain.
>
> 'I promis'd when he married Alda late,
> That she with Spain's brave kingdom should be crown'd;
> Therefore, my noble peers, without debate,
> (More bold and puissant than on earth are found,)
> To overthrow the cursed Pagan state,
> Let all your forces with my own be bound;
> To crown Orlando, as ye know I vow'd,
> The king of Spain, his claim by all allow'd.'"

Salomon of Britain, Gan of Pontiers, Oliver of Vienna, Ogier le Danois, and the rest, all swear to lend their utmost aid in the enterprise. Orlando is then despatched to Rome, where he obtains the blessing of his holiness the Pope, and returns with the style of Champion of the Church. In the mean time Marsilio, Moorish King of Spain, who holds his court at Saragossa, collects forces from Persia, Alexandria, Syria, and Africa, to resist the invasion of the Christians. Among the allies of Charlemaine, we find the King of Scotland, the son of the King of England, and Richard, Duke of Normandy, with many more, besides his own twelve Paladins. The description of their arrival, with their armed powers, at Paris, is striking and poetical.

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* He now and then alludes to an author as furnishing him with some particulars; but he does not give his name.

"I have nor skill nor language to relate
 Ev'ry brave nation's rich accoutrement,
That flock'd to Paris in such gorgeous state;
 A sight that wond'ring eyes might well content:
The very steeds were trapp'd in gold and plate,
 Curvetting proudly 'neath their ornament;
While helms and shields, with pearls and pierry bright,
Cast back to heav'n an ever-varying light.

High overhead were ensigns broad display'd
 Of lorldly barons, dukes, and peers of fame,
That here and there uncertain partial shade
 Spread o'er the sunny host to court that came.
These must I leave, of such a task afraid;
 And more befits that now my song I frame,
To shew how Charlemaine made first advance
T'wards his fierce foe with all his püissance."

His army sits down before Lazera, a strong city of Navarre. Here we are introduced to the Pagan hero, Ferrau, who afterwards made so conspicuous a figure in Boiardo and Ariosto. He resolves to challenge Orlando to single combat, and his fond mother endeavours in vain to dissuade him. Charles orders Astolfo to meet him; but he being overthrown, and led prisoner into Lazera, Danois goes out to avenge his fate: he is also overcome, as well as Walter Montlion, Oliver, Otto, Gan, and several others, who follow Astolfo. At length the taunts of Ferrau draw Orlando to the field; and at night-fall neither party could be said to have the advantage: they promise to renew the fight next morning; and on returning within the walls, Ferrau rises in our esteem by his noble treatment of his illustrious prisoners, justifying the exclamation of Ariosto on a different occasion:

"*O gran bontà de' cavalieri antichi*
Eran rivali, eran di fe diversi," &c.
Orlando Furioso, Canto I.

which Spenser translated into his Fairy Queen. Next morning Ferrau is unhorsed.

"But when Orlando saw him on the ground,
 He quickly from his lofty steed alighted:
'By my true faith, (he said,) thou hast not found
A foe at thy unlucky chance delighted.
I'll fight with thee on foot: there can redound,
 In terms unequal, fame to no one knighted.'
Then, sword in hand, on foot they both address
Themselves to battle—furious, pitiless."

The second day closing as the first, on the third they meet again on horseback:

"Each knight embraces firm his levell'd lance,
 And fixes steadily in saddle-seat,
Then at full speed impetuously advance,
 And on their echoing shields their weapons meet:
Ne'er rushes arrow through the air's expanse
 With progress half so certain or so fleet:
Ne'er starts the barbed dart from cross-bow string
With half the vigour they together spring."

Ferrau, after a desperate struggle, is mortally wounded; and, before he dies,[*] begs Orlando to baptize him. The Paladin fetches water in his helmet, and complies; while the soul of the converted Pagan is seen by Charles and his host, at a distance, to ascend between two angels. The Emperor accordingly concludes that his nephew has fallen, but is soon undeceived. Orlando then puts on the helmet and armour of Ferrau; and thus disguised obtains entrance into Lazera, where he visits the Christian prisoners, and threatening and promising them in the Moorish tongue, in vain tempts their fidelity to the Emperor. This incident is not ill-contrived, though given, perhaps, in too much detail. The Pagans, in the mean time, mistake the dead body of Ferrau for that of Orlando. The prisoners, by the aid and advice of Orlando who at last discloses himself, contrive their escape:

"Said Count Orlando, 'Now be silent all,
 And let not the vile Pagans overhear.
Your ready armour hangs within a hall,
 Not to deceive you,[†] which this place is near.
Then weighty Durlindana[‡] he let fall
 Upon the gate, and striking, loud and clear,
'Pagans, (he cried,) know that Ferrau is dead!'
And from the chamber all the pris'ners led.

Into the hall the Count Orlando broke,
 And found the armour of the barons there:
Each one his own with speed and courage took;
 More swift than pards or lions they prepare.
Then, as Orlando bade them, they forsook
 The palace high, and straight descended where
The body of Ferrau, in rueful state,
Was laid unheeded at the entrance gate."

While the peers are harnessing themselves, Orlando hastens to the loftiest tower; and there upon his lance, to the army of Charlemaine, displays his emblazoned surcoat, thereby denoting that he, Astolfo, and the rest, are safe:

"Upon the lofty tower he far could see
 The sprinkling tents of valiant Charlemaine:
Orlando rais'd his pennon, waving free,
 That could be well beheld upon the plain.
Long time upon the friendly host with glee
 His eyes were fix'd—he look'd and look'd again:
At length he satisfied his greedy sight,
And swift descended from the turret's height."

The above is the last stanza but one of a Canto which ends in the following strain of simplicity almost amounting to the ludicrous, but at the same time very characteristic of the time and author:

"Here, gentle lordings, I this tale suspend:
 To drink and to refresh me I must close;
And if you be too weary to attend,
 You may meanwhile, if so you please, repose.

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[*] Boiardo represents Ferrau as invulnerable, excepting in one part of his side.

[†] "*A non mentire.*" Chaucer frequently says, "I will not lie."

[‡] His sword, so named.

Hereafter, at your leisure, I will end
  This noble story of the Christian's foes,
And shew how Lazera by Charles was taken:—
By Christ's defence may we be ne'er forsaken."

The original of the four first lines is worth quoting:

"*Signori io vò finir questo cantare,*
  E ire a bere, e rinfrescarmi alquanto:
E se voi stanchi fussi d'ascoltare,
  Si vi potrete riposar in tanto."

There is a great reality about this; and it is not impossible that the poem was at first recited, or intended for recitation, in the same way as Chaucer's "*Troilus and Cresseide*," and many other old productions of the same class in our own language. We may observe here also, that a Canto is seldom terminated without some prayer or religious allusion.

Lazera is taken by assault, Orlando and the Paladins lending their aid within the walls. After an unsuccessful embassy from Marsilio, the Christians march against Pampeluna, defended by King Mazarigi and his son Isolieri. Charles remains seven years under its walls; and at length builds a wooden castle, or tower, overlooking them, from which to assail the enemy: its effects are thus vigorously described:

"Now from the tower the Christians 'gan to throw
  Spears, shafts, and arrows, dealing wounds and death
Among the Pagans on the walls below;
  Crying, 'Long live the holy Christian faith,
And long live Charles, its foes to overthrow:
  Long live the Church!' they cry, till out of breath:
'Perish Marsilio, and all those who set
Their trust and strength in cursed Mahomet!'

Within, without, loud instruments resound,
  Serpents and clarions, barbarous harmony;
The shouts of Christians by the Moors were drown'd:
  The trampling troops of rattling chivalry
Appear'd to sweep in silence o'er the ground
  Amid the din of arms confusedly:
Darts, lances, stones, on every side assail;
And fall as thick as storm of pelting hail.

This tower is ultimately destroyed, with five hundred knights upon it. We now arrive at a very singular and prominent event in the story. Orlando, without the knowledge or consent of his uncle, orders an assault of Pampeluna, in which he fails, and in which Samson of Picardy, a great favourite with Charles, and five hundred more, are slain. The Emperor is highly incensed at this disaster; and when Orlando returns, losing all command of his temper, he strikes him on the face;

"*E tre gioccie* di sangue gli usci*
Di naso a Orlando."

This is unquestionably a most unheroic incident; and it may seem strange, to those unacquainted with the manners of the age when the poem was written, that even a blow should have been inflicted, much less that the Emperor should give his nephew, literally, a bloody nose. The indignation of Orlando is thus related:

"Orlando felt the blow, but not the pain;
  The pain was nothing: his resentful rage
Against his monarch he could not restrain;
  And while he strove his sword to disengage,
Sprang forward to the wrathful Charlemaine,
  To slay him there; but that old leader sage,
Duke Namus, and the vigorous Danish lord,
Grasp'd the wild arm that held the vengeful sword."

Orlando, like Achilles, withdraws in disgust to his tent, and afterwards from the camp. Under the name of Leonagio, he passes in disguise through the country of the Moors, and finally embarks for the East. After many difficulties, narrated in the most unaffected style, he obtains employment; and his first adventure is to overcome Amastante, and thus deliver a beautiful young damsel from a marriage with an old man. She presents the Paladin with a splendid suit of armour; and among it,

"A glittering surcoat, skilfully ywrought
  With gold and precious stones, that daz'd the eyes:
This with a face so beautiful she brought,
  Her look seem'd caught from early paradise."

The last line will remind the reader of, perhaps, the prettiest passage in the late tragedy of *Mirandola*. Orlando, for his services, in time is appointed commander of all the armies of the Soldan of Lamecho, being considered a Mahometan; and in the course of his wars, he lays siege to Jerusalem. At this period of the history, we lean that Alda, the wife of Orlando, informed of his long absence from the camp of Charlemaine, and in terror for his safety, had despatched his cousin Hugo, (a boy, when the Spanish war was undertaken,) with a large troop of followers, in search of him. They arrive at Jerusalem just before Orlando attacks it; and they agree to aid King Machidante in defence of the holy city. In a conflict under the walls, Orlando and Hugo encounter: the former, seeing that he is a Christian, asks Hugo his name and parentage:

"'I am, by blood, the cousin,' he replied,
  Of Count Orlando, nephew to our King,
Whom I have sought long time, both far and wide,
  Yet tidings of him met with none to bring."
Orlando fear'd this tale some fraud might hide,
  And answer'd thus to Hugo's questioning:
'If what thou tell'st me now, indeed, be true,
Thy search in vain thou further would'st pursue.

'Since I Orlando slew a year is past:—
  Behold the sword of that unhappy chief!
If proof thou askest, here the proof thou hast,
  And wise it were to yield the truth belief.'
Brave Hugo knew the weapon, and full fast
  Spurr'd t'wards Orlando in despight and grief,
With sword in hand, and cried in bitterest hate,
'On thee will I revenge Orlando's fate!'

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* Throughout, we have found some difficulties, in consequence of the numerous misprints occurring, and the obsolete and strangely spelt words employed. We have availed ourselves of no other dictionary than that of John Florio. London, 1611.

For nought he stay'd, and on the helmet smote,
But sever'd not the bright resisting steel.
Orlando struck him on his mailed coat
So gently, Hugo scarce the blow could feel;
Then bending o'er his saddle bow to note
His ireful mood, most playfully did deal
With his dear foe, who in his stirrups rose,
And on Orlando's casque dealt vengeful blows.

Still the firm helmet every stroke resisted,
Without impression on the surface made:
The Paladin return'd them as he listed,
Of injuring his cousin most afraid;
And oft amid the conflict he desisted,
To think how welcome truth might be bewray'd
To Hugo only, from the rest conceal'd.
At last he feign'd to yield, and quit the field.

"Swift at his heels the wrathful Hugo flies,
To keep his vantage when his foe gave place:
But when Orlando, not more bold than wise,
Saw themselves only in an open space,
As fresh as rose in May to Hugo's eyes,
He rais'd the vizor that conceal'd his face,
And said 'I ween, we long enough have fought,
Behold Orlando, whom till now you sought!'

"So great was Hugo's wonder and delight,
In the clear truth he scarcely could believe:
Raising his helm, a scrutinizing sight
He bent on him who could so far deceive,
Then in his arms he snatch'd the long-lost knight.
Orlando cried, 'the Pagans will perceive
How near we stand—keep therefore more aloof,
Or dearly we aby our friendship's proof.'"

This is a very pleasant incident, managed with ingenuity, and told with an agreeable mixture of pathos and playfulness. The result is, that the Soldan is victorious, and entering Jerusalem, makes rather a sudden determination to become a Christian: what is more surprising is, that his whole army follows his example, so that Orlando and Hugo, have a great deal to do in performing the ceremony of baptism; but they dismiss it in rather a wholesale way. By the persuasion of Hugo, Orlando consents to return to his uncle Charlemaine, and they are accompanied by Sansonet (son of the Soldan, and afterwards a Paladin) and Pilagi, another converted Pagan. They are, however, soon nearly deprived of the latter in a singular manner; for, all four crossing a deep river on horseback, Pilagi being in some danger, thoughtlessly calls upon Mahoun, or Mahomet for aid: the new proselyte is immediately plunged over head and ears: he is soon afterwards killed by a giant, whom he encounters. Orlando hears of the safety of Alda from a hermit, and magician, and finding that Charles in despondency is about to raise the siege of Pampeluna, he hastens thither. The emperor is informed of his approach, and rides out to meet him: Orlando, at sight of his uncle, leaped from his horse, and embraced his knees.

"Then Charlemaine with fondest reverence,
Stooping, Orlando's open forehead kiss'd;
The generous Count with love not less intense,
His Uncle's greeting strove not to resist.
With joyful cheer then rode the peerage thence,
To th' emperor's high pavilion, as they list,
And seated there, as they were wont of old,
The Count the names of his companions told:

viz. of Sansonet and Hugo, to which he adds a panegyric on their valour and virtues. We now arrive at a part of the *historia bella*, that on many accounts deserves particular regard. The Soldan of Lamecho, before he departed, gave Orlando a book of magical characters, similar to that of Malagigi in Boiardo, and to that of Atlante in Ariosto,

————— onde facea
Nascer leggendo l'alta meraviglia.

By the assistance of this necromantic production, he calls up "a thousand devils;" the Coryphæus of whom informs him of the treachery of Machario (nephew of Ganelon of Pontiers) in Paris, who having intercepted the letters of Charlemaine to the Queen for some years, persuaded her that he was dead, and was about to usurp his empire, and compel her to marry him, to strengthen his pretensions to the throne. Orlando compels the fiends to manufacture for him on the instant a steed, something between the griffin-horse of Ariosto, and "the wonderous horse of brass" of Chaucer; and after some debate, he places his uncle upon it, and in the habit of a Pilgrim, of St. James of Compostella, sends him off to Paris, through the air. The emperor arrives at his palace in a single night, but not without being dismounted; for, when within a few yards of the steps of his palace, returning thanks to the Saviour for his safety, his demon-steed at once flings him from his back. This event, which, like some of those in Pulci, produces a very jocose impression on the modern reader, is not at all so intended by the author, who relates the accident with very pious seriousness.

The first place to which Charlemaine goes in his Pilgrim's weed, is the kitchen, for the night air had given him a very keen appetite; but he is driven out by the cooks, upon one of whom he inflicts a very sound beating. At length, a young man named Gione, one of the sons of Salomon King of Britain, hearing that the Pilgrim brings news from Charlemaine and Pampeluna, introduces the disguised emperor into the apartment of his empress, or queen.

"The queen a little favourite dog had kept
For seventeen years, a fondling kind and tame;
Into the chamber where of old they slept,
Each morn and eve by habit long it came:
From Charles alone would it caress accept,
Or from his queen, and answer to its name.
When now it saw the Pilgrim kneel in place,
It leap'd with joy and lick'd his rev'rend face.

"From head to foot the animal would range,
Fawning upon him with a fierce delight:
The empress mark'd the dog's demeanour strange
And wonder'd at the new, unwonted sight,
And what had wrought within her dog such change.
It seem'd as if it knew the Pilgrim wight;
Then said she, 'Pilgrim, tell me now, I pray,
Why with such joy my dog with thee doth play?

" 'Hast thou ere now within this palace been,
  And serv'd its long-lost lord as squire or page?
Before this day, save Charles, was never seen
  One who its playful fondness could engage.'
Then royal Charles made answer to his queen:
  'Nor squire nor varlet in my earlier age!——
Can I be recogniz'd by this poor beast,
And thou, my wife, know thine own husband least?

" 'Behold me, Charles, of royal Pepin son,
  The emperor of Rome and king of France;
And though thou now behold'st me here as one
  On pilgrimage, the victim of mischance,
Instead of scarlet robes, in vesture dun
  To hide my person; at a single glance,
And in one instant, thou ought'st well to know me,
And not compel that I declare and show me!' "

He clears the careful wrinkles from his brow, and swears on the cross of his sword how he had been miraculously borne through the air to Paris:

" 'If so it be (she said) then shew the ring
  That I thee gave, the pledge of marriage band!'
'Behold it here, more bright (replied the king)
  Than on the day I took it from thy hand!'
Yet did not this complete conviction bring
  To the good queen, who did again demand;
'Shew me the cross on thy right arm with speed,
And I shall know thee to be mine indeed!'

"Great Charles compell'd his coarse attire give place,
  And to the queen display'd his shoulder bare.
She saw the well-known mark before her face,
  And kiss'd it joyfully to find it there.
Then met they in an uncontroll'd embrace:
  She thank'd good heav'n that yet his life would spare;
'If heav'n (she cried) had ta'en that life away,
The Christian faith had lost its hope and stay.'

This uncontrollable rapture produces a very strange effect, indeed:

"After their joy's first transport and excess,
  They fell exhaust together on the floor,
And thus they lay in utmost tenderness,
  In the queen's chamber: through the crevic'd door,
Gione saw them, but he could not guess
  The cause why strangely thus themselves they bore,
And to the king some sturdy blows he gave,
Saying, 'What do'st thou, base unmanner'd slave?'

"The queen, 'Hold! hold thy hand, Gione!' cried,
  'This is thy king and emperor, Charlemaine!'
The young Gione threw his staff aside,
  And in his arms the king did fondly strain:
'Oh God (he said) and virgin purified,
  The life and power of Charles for aye maintain,
And every traitor to his rule and joy
Without remorse incontinent destroy!'

This is another proof, not only of the extreme simplicity of the author's mind, but of the uncultivated simplicity of those also to whom he addressed himself. By the aid of Gione and some old remaining friends, Charles puts an end to Machario and his conspiracy; and afterwards hastens back to Pampeluna. Orlando is warned, in a vision of the Virgin Mary, that Mazarigi, by turning a river, is about to overflow the plain where the army of the Christians is encamped, and Charles accordingly removes the tents to higher ground. The fall of Pampeluna is ultimately occasioned by the junction of King Desiderio, with thirty thousand Tuscans and Lombardians, a compliment paid by the author to his own countrymen. The Christians enter the place pell-mell, and Mazarigi, unhorsed by Orlando, is required to renounce his heathenish faith. For so doing, he assigns the following very satisfactory and sufficient reason.

"Son of Aglante, 'tis because I want
  My horse, thy strength and valour to defy,
I now renounce Mahoun and Trivigant,
  And great Apollo for my god deny."

In the same way the conquered Isolieri tells Sansonet,

——————— *non posso altro fare*
A te mi rendo, e mi vo battezare.

The death of the faithful Gione, who had rendered such important services to Charles in Paris, is the next event worthy of distinct notice, and the feelings of the reader are very powerfully excited in his behalf. He is sent on an embassy to Marsilio, at Saragossa, and on his return is beset by two hundred Moors; but, through the aid of the virgin, escapes dreadfully wounded. He falls lifeless from his horse, the instant he has delivered to the emperor the defiance Marsilio had sent back. King Salomon, his father, takes ample vengeance for the death of his son, and Orlando kills Serpentino, who trusted in vain to his enchanted armour.

We now arrive at the treachery of Ganelon of Pontiers, that famous piece of infamy, which led to the calamitous event, referred to by Dante, in the thirty-first Canto of his *Inferno*, in terms that seem dictated by an immediate contemplation of the bloody field, on which were strewed the bodies of the twelve Paladins, and the flower of France. His words are:

Dopo la dolorosa rotta, quando
Carlo magno perdè la santa gesta,
Non sono si terribilmente Orlando.

We know that it was proverbial in England, in the days of Chaucer, who had himself travelled in France and Italy, and has translated much from Dante. He alludes to the treachery of Gan, (as he is often contemptuously called,) in his *Monk's Tale*.

"Not Charles Oliver that toke aie hede
  Of troth and honour; but of Armorike,
Genilon Oliver, corrupt for mede,
  Brought this worthy king to such a brike."

It is in this tale that Chaucer translates the story of Ugolino, under the title of "Hugeline of Pise." He mentions the punishment of Ganelon, in his *Shipman's Tale:*

"And but I doe, God take on me vengeaunce
As foule as ever had Ganilion of Fraunce."

It is also noticed by him in his *Nun's Priest's Tale*, and in the opening of his *Prioress's Tale.* When Milton, in *Paradise Lost*, speaks of the time

> "When Charlemaine with all his peerage fell,
> By Fontarabia,"

it is known that he did not follow the French, but the Spanish historians, who maintain that the battle took place in Biscay, and that Charlemaine was killed among his Paladins. The author before us, Zinabi, adverts to the extreme notoriety of the guilt of Ganelon, where he observes,

> "And hence that monstrous fatal treachery springs,
> With whose report the universe yet rings."

It is remarkable, that Pulci, in the opening of his "*Morgante*," speaking of the dreadful overthrow of the Christians at Roncesvalles, uses precisely the words of Dante.

Marsilio, alarmed by the successes of Charles, sends an offer to pay an immense tribute, and to receive baptism, with all his nobility, if the Christians will withdraw into France. The proposal is accepted, and Ganelon is sent to conclude all necessary arrangements. He is brought before Marsilio, who is disposed to treat him rather unceremoniously, until one of his peers, who had accompanied the traitor to Saragossa, informs him that Ganelon was not unwilling to deliver all the Paladins into the power of the Moors. Marsilio then seats Ganelon by his side, but the throne breaking down by a miracle, they retire into the garden of the palace, where the treachery is completed. Ganelon thus explains his project.

"If over all the world you wish to reign,
  Thus must you do.—The promis'd tribute bring
You have provided now for Charlemaine,
  And let me bear it to your foe the king.
When he obtains it, he will not remain,
  But quit your realm, his army summoning:
Thus all, except Orlando's powers, will leave you,
And he at Roncesvalles must receive you.

"I will tell Charles that you to France will speed,
  To be baptiz'd on great St. Michael's feast:
Then he will leave Orlando with good heed,
  And twenty thousand followers at the least,
To give you convoy through his realm at need.
  Then let your force to th' utmost be increas'd;
Into three armies be the whole disperst,
With full one hundred thousand in the first.

"The Christians must this hundred thousand kill,
  Against them then the second band address,
Which at the last shall meet a fate as ill:
  Yet shall the Christians suffer great distress,
For rivers of their blood your troops shall spill;
  And when they hope to rest their weariness,
Must your third army from behind advance,
And hunt the Christians down with sword and lance.

"Them shall it find exhausted and forlorn,
  The chief part dead, and wounded all the rest;
Their horses kill'd, their flanks by weapons torn,
  The living fain to fight on foot at best.
Your barons will be strong and fresh as morn,
  And will accomplish well your high behest.
Of all your foes shall none survive that day,
But great Orlando whom you cannot slay.

"O'er him no power can all your weapons have,
  Yet, witnessing the death of every friend,
He alone left of all his comrades brave,
  His life with grief shall miserably end.
All comfort lost, Charles too shall fill the grave,
  While you your rule o'er France and Spain extend.
Under your sway each town and tower shall come,
And you be lord of subject Christendom."

At the disclosure of this horrible scheme, the waters of a fountain, near which it is concerted, turn to blood. We have detailed it with particularity, not merely because it renders the sequel more intelligible; but because, in our day, few are acquainted with the facts, even by tradition, and Mr. Wharton's "*Roncesvalles*," and Lucien Bonaparte's "*Charlemagne*," have not circulated so widely, as to inform many readers. Ganelon,* returning to Charles with a smooth tale of the sincerity of the offer of Marsilio, the emperor retires with his forces to *St. Jean piè de Porto*, on the side of the Pyrennees, leaving Orlando, Oliver, and the rest of the Paladins, posted at Roncesvalles, with twenty thousand six hundred men, to escort Marsilio, when he proceeds with his nobility to Paris to receive baptism. Orlando and Oliver think it necessary to keep watch, entertaining some distant suspicions, the first till midnight, and the last till morning. The first view Oliver obtains of the approaching enemy, is thus related.

"When o'er the brighten'd world the sun 'gan rise,
  Oliver cast an anxious look t'ward Spain,
As an old tailor at his needle pries:
  He saw a host come marching on amain,
But o'er one fourth he could not cast his eyes,
  So num'rous were they upon hill and plain;
With banners white and red, blue, black, and green,
The cover'd ground on no side could be seen.

This stanza is remarkable, not only for the striking and picturesque manner in which the advance of "numbers numberless" is described, but for the introduction of a simile, in the line printed in italic, copied from Dante, (*Inf.* XV.)

> "*Come 'l vecchio sartor far ne la cruna.*"

The words of Zinabi are,

> "*Si come la nell ago il vecchio sarto.*†"

Perhaps, after all, this might be a proverbial expression, in the time of both the poets. Oliver hastens to awaken his cousin Orlando, and to tell him of the danger; but the son of Aglante, vexed to be roused out of his sleep so early, replies somewhat angrily, and with a degree of coarseness not well suited to our modern ideas of refinement.

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* Pulci improves upon this romance, in one respect; for he gives to Ganelon a strongly operating motive to procure the destruction of Orlando; viz. envy of his power over Charles. Zinabi represents him influenced only by the rich reward Marsilio promises.

† It is printed *Si come la nel lago, &c.;* but this is only an error of the press.

"*Tu puzzi da vino, e sei ancora imbriaco.*"

He is, nevertheless, soon convinced, by his own eyes, that the terrible enemy is at hand. Oliver requires Orlando to blow his powerful horn, that Charles might hear it at *St. Jean piè de Porlo*, and come instantly to their assistance; but Orlando entertains too much contempt for the Pagans to comply:

"'Why should I sound it in such fearful haste?
Why should I throw on that my strength away?
The road that leads to Charles is quickly past;
Nor would I willingly that men should say,
I did not struggle bravely to the last,
But sounded frighten'd by such poor array.
If thou hast fear, and tremble to advance,
Away, and take the speediest road to France.'

"'Lead on, brave cousin!' Oliver replied,
'With Durlindana, thy good sword, in hand:
My lance as deep in blood shall soon be dyed,
Fearless as thou against that Pagan band.
But death from us great Charles shall aye divide;
And Aldabella, with her accents bland,
Shall never greet thee more with love's delight:
We both must fall with pitiless despite!'"

Nobody but Orlando would think of charging Oliver with cowardice; and throughout the poem the latter is less of the mere hero, and more of the human being, with the feelings and pulses of humanity, than his somewhat boastful and perhaps fool-hardy cousin. This is especially shewn in the two stanzas, last quoted; and we may say of Orlando and Oliver, what every body feels, and therefore has been over and over again said, of Achilles and Hector, that though we may admire the first, we love the last: the one interests the curiosity, the other the heart. While pointing out this distinction between Orlando and Oliver, we may take the opportunity of praising the general individuality, and the absence of mere abstraction, in all the characters in this poem. There is always some point, some peculiarity, that differs one Paladin, or one personage, from another. Upon the illustration of this position, we regret that we have not more space to dwell.

The Christians prepare on the instant, and the dreadful conflict begins; Turpin having addressed the Christians in a vigorous speech, ending,

"Since on the rood for us our Saviour died,
To die for him be it this day our pride!"

All the peers perform wonders; and among them, Baldwin, the young son of Ganelon, greatly distinguishes himself. By noon, the first hundred thousand of the Pagans are disposed of; but nine thousand Christians are killed, and two thousand more wounded. The fight is then renewed under Grandonio, who leads two hundred thousand Pagans to the field. Here, again, we find the peculiar bravery of young Baldwin dwelt upon, for the sake of introducing an incident of a peculiar kind. Baldwin, in presence of Orlando, mentions the success he had met with; when the Paladin openly attributes it to an agreement made between Ganelon and the Pagans, that they should not assail his son's person, whose armour and device he had made known to them.

"Baldwin reply'd, 'My father's treachery,
If he be false, proves not his son so too.
I ne'er consented to such villainy
As now is charg'd against my sire by you.
But if this day we 'scape with victory,
I swear, by our just God, if it be true,
With my own hand a full revenge to take,
Ev'n upon him, for truth and honour's sake!'

"Orlando answer'd, 'If you wish to show
That by your father we are not betray'd,
Cast off that shield and crest the Pagans know,
And let your harness all aside be laid:—
Then to the field, and we shall see, I trow,
If Gan have not this damned compact made.'
Baldwin his hauberk cast away, and there
Forsook his shield, and laid his temples bare.

"Now more than all his gen'rous valour shines:
For the hot fray the Paladin he left,
And rushing through the Pagan's thickest lines,
Of life at once a Saracen him reft;
Nor paus'd the foe, nor at the blow repines.
Orlando saw young Baldwin's forehead cleft,
Saw his fair limbs upon the earth display'd,
And now was certain Gan had all betray'd."

This test was not only cruel, but most unfair; however, Orlahdo makes amends by taking instant vengeance on the enemy. Four of the Paladins are killed by the army of Grandonio, and several others wounded; and towards the evening, Balsinello, King of Barbary, takes his station on the field with one hundred thousand fresh troops. The Christians, weak, reduced, and disheartened, still maintain their stand, and Orlando and Oliver, embracing, agree to die struggling to the last extremity. We now approach the catastrophe, the interest of which is worked up with considerable force and ingenuity.

"On ev'ry side was great Orlando found,
Giving and taking most despiteful blows,
Strewing the Pagans on the loaded ground,
While from their wounds in tides the black blood flows.
Nor Oliver, I ween, did less astound
And spread destruction 'mid his coward foes;
While bold Angolier equal glory wins
That fatal day among the Paladins.

"Walter Montlion, although wounded sore
As he fought reckless in his fierce despite,
Still drove the enemy dismay'd before,
Who fled whene'er he desp'rate came in sight;
At length exhausted he could slay no more.
Thus but six Paladins were left to fight,
And King Corbaces with eight thousand men
Renew'd the strife for the dark Sarasen."

Marsilio now enters the field with a large reserve, but Orlando hunts him over the plain until he takes shelter in a cavern. At this period, Orlando, Oliver, and Turpin, are the only Paladins left alive, the rest being overwhelmed by a torrent of enemies, yet dying upon heaps of Pagans that had fallen by their hands.

We know nothing finer or more impressive of its kind than the death of the hardy generous Oliver, whom the reader follows over the bloody field with most earnest anxiety. In almost his last moments it will be seen that he affords another instance of the prevalence of those affections that distinguish him so importantly from Orlando. We should mention that, independently of many mortal hurts before inflicted, he has just received a fatal wound from the gigantic Caliph of Baldracha. Nevertheless,

"He scour'd that memorable field amain
Till now all sight and consciousness he lost,
And in the madness of his rage and pain
Orlando, that great Paladin, he crost,
Bowing 'ev'n him upon the splashy plain
By one dread blow upon his helm embost:
Orlando, at the stroke, in daz'd surprise
To Oliver uprais'd his doubting eyes.

'My dear and noble cousin (then he said)
Why against me is thus thy rage directed?
Art thou on sudden turn'd a renegade,
Hast thou our faith, our God, and Christ, rejected?'
'Pardon!' (cry'd Oliver) 'nor me upbraid;
I knew you not, nor here to meet expected:
Wounded to death, I cannot see the day:
But brother,* if thou haply 'scape, I pray,

'That to my sister, whom so dear you prize,
You will commend me ever lovingly;
And as in death these Pagans I despise,
Amidst the hottest battle let me die!'
Orlando's grief all utterance denies,
He scarce had strength remaining to comply,
While taking by the rein his cousin's horse
Into the thickest fight he turn'd his course.

'Now strongly strike, my valiant coz! (he cried)
Thy death but proves thy noble prowess more!'
Oliver spurr'd his starting charger's side,
And woe to him his way that came before.
Full thirty Pagans by his weapon died
Weak as he was, with ev'ry sense forlore:
Him and his steed could no obstruction stay
'Till he cut through the scatter'd foes' array."

His horse carries him to the tent, and, alighting, Oliver dies upon his knees in the act of prayer. This is a noble incident, and worthily related by the author. The death of Turpin is not so striking: he and Orlando retire from the field for a few moments, when the bold archbishop dies of fatigue and loss of blood; and the angels,

"Amid sweet songs and hymns of joy and grace,
Bore Turpin's soul to Heaven's holy place."

Orlando is then only left by all his great companions, and he fervently prays to be allowed to die upon the spot. A voice from Heaven promises that he shall soon rejoin the Paladins, and just afterwards his young squire, Terigi, arrives.

"The count receiv'd him with a kindly gladness,
And said, 'To yonder mountain let us go.'
Orlando and his squire both mov'd in sadness,
On foot towards the hill with progress slow:
Then on a rock Orlando, as in madness,
With Durlindana struck a furious blow,
Thinking to shatter thus his well-prov'd brand,
But the hard rock could not its edge withstand.

Full oftentimes again he struck his sword
Upon the jagged rock its blade to break,
With all the strength that in his arm was stor'd;
But vainly struck, the rock was all too weak.
Ceasing his fruitless efforts, he ador'd
Th' unequall'd God, and of his sword 'gan speak:
'Oh noble steel, so strong the rocks to hew,
Until this hour thy worth I never knew.

'Had I but known thy virtue from the first
I ne'er had doubted, temper'd as thou art,
Prov'd in this latest trial, hardest, worst.'
Then putting horn to mouth, his mighty heart,
Ev'n with the force of his own blowing, burst,
And from his visage made the red blood start.
The Sarasens, who on the field had stay'd,
Fled in confusion by the blast dismay'd."

Charlemaine, at *St. Jean piè de Port*, heard it, and said to his barons,—

" 'What means that sound of my bold nephew's horn?
Marsilio has deceiv'd me much, I dread,
By Moorish fraud!'—Then Gan, as if in scorn,
Smiling, 'Oh sacred Emperor Charles, (he said)
Although grey hairs thy temples may adorn,
Thy thoughts I ween befit a younker's head.'
To quite this jeer no words the monarch spoke:
Again Orlando's horn the silence broke."

The traitor next tells Charles that Orlando is only hunting on the plain; and, in the mean time, Orlando orders Terigi to speed to Charlemaine with the news of the disastrous fight of Roncesvalles. It does not seem that the bursting of his heart occasioned instant death, since he blows a third time with all his remaining strength;—

"——— then beside his page
He fell upon his knees, spent, broken-hearted,
And praising God, his lordly soul departed."

At the third blast, all is confusion at St. Jean. Gan is accused of treachery, is struck by Ogier, Gerard, Namus, and others, and cast into a dungeon; while the emperor makes instant preparations to cross the Pyrenees, and, by a miracle, the mountains are removed and the rough places made plain that he may arrive with greater speed. On the road, Charles meets Terigi; and, to shew how well little circumstances are introduced to add to the general effect, we may mention that the squire, in the stupefaction of his suffering, and in the anxiety to make its cause known, forgot to kneel to the emperor. We can only give one stanza of his affecting relation of the disaster.

"Dead is Orlando, flower of chivalry;
Dead is Astolfo, his brave cousin dear;
With Oliver and Sansonet they lie:
Turpin is dead, who never yet knew fear;
Dead are Avino, Otto, Berlinghri,
And Angiolino, strong of arm whilere:
Angolier of Bayonne and Hugo Count,
With noble Walter of the Lion-Mount."

Charlemaine thus imprecates the most dreadful curses upon Ganelon.

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* They were brothers, by marriage, as well as cousins.

"Curst be the father in his lonely tomb
  That thee begot in matrimonial rite;
And curst no less the wretched mother's womb
  That brought thee, worst of devils, forth to light.
Thy monstrous treachery to me and Rome,
  Thy league detested with the Pagan might,
Have slain my hope, all Christendom's sweet flow'r,
And seed of heroes, in one damned hour!"

Terigi leads him to the body of Orlando, over which the emperor weeps bitterly; and, striking his breast and face, exclaims, addressing the corse;

"Is this the promise that you made to me
  When in the land of Aspramont we fought:
When I first gave you knighthood with my blade,
  After huge Almont to the earth you brought?
As Durlindana on your thigh I laid,
  You promis'd with a look that spoke your thought,
That when your task was ended with that sword,
Into my hand it should be then restor'd."

Here a new wonder is shewn; for the dead body of Orlando, being filled by the *Santo Spirito*, rises from the earth.

"To Charles, Orlando with his sword in hand
  Turn'd, while a smile his deathly visage wore,
And murmuring said, 'Great Charles, as you command,
  The noble sword you gave me I restore!'
Charles took it wond'ring, and upon the land
  The life-deserted body fell once more:
The holy spirit that had fill'd it fled,
And down it dropp'd a shapeless heap, and dead."

This part of the story, we apprehend, differs from most of the other romances, some stating that Orlando failing to break his sword flung it into a river, while others relate that he succeeded in destroying it, not by striking it upon the rock, but by inserting it in a crevice and then dragging it transversely.—We like the invention of Zinabi much better, nor was it inconsistent with the superstition of his time. Charles takes ample vengeance on the Moors, compelling Marsilio to throw himself from a lofty tower, and returns to Paris with the dead bodies of the Paladins, which are laid in the church of *Nostra Donna di Parigi*. We need not dwell upon the exemplary punishment of Ganelon, who is torn to pieces by four wild horses, after his wife has in vain interceded, and his nephew fought for him. Alda not being in Paris the emperor sends for her, and, when informed of the fate of her husband and her brother, she hastens in an agony of grief to *Nôtre Dame*, where, as we have said, their corses are deposited.

"She groan'd, and tears ran down her pallid cheek
  While she besought th' eternal Majesty,
That she might hear once more Orlando speak,
  Her lord without a peer in chivalry:
Then to console the kneeling lady meek,
  This miracle God wrought most wond'rously,
That Oliver, who lay her husband near,
Should comfort her, and she his voice should hear.

'Sweet sister! (said he) we are now at rest
  Amid the glory of our Saviour dear.'
When his pale lips this sentence had exprest,
  He sank again upon his mournful bier.
Fair Alda heard it:—with grief-stricken breast
  She felt her own glad end approaching near,
And at her husband's and her brother's side
The fairest Alda laid her down and died."

After thanks to his auditors, the poem concludes with the following stanza:—

"Lordings, for you this rhiming tale is told:
  Sostegno di Zinabi, Florentine,
Entreats high God him in his care to hold,
  And aye preserve him from his wrath divine;
And that to you he clearly would unfold
  Whatever may from virtue's path incline,
Which leads to Paradise and heav'nly glory.—
Now to your honour here I end my story."

If we had space, we should, probably, think it needless to add any thing to the running criticism with which we have accompanied our quotations.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

THE HEROINES OF BURNS.

It is generally known that the fine impassioned songs of Burns were mostly written with regard to real women—in some instances, of no great beauty in the world's estimation, and in most of very humble rank, but almost always genuine flesh-and-blood women of this world, whom the poet was pleased to admire for the time being. In this respect he was very different from the poets of a former age, with their supposititious Daphnes and Phillises—with Burns, to quote a line of old Maclaurin, Lord Dreghorn,

"———Nelly, not Neæra, was her name."

Plain, downright Annies and Nannies, and Tibbies and Jeanies, they were every one of them. He was a great poet—more particularly a great lyrical poet—perhaps we may say the very greatest that has ever lived; and wherever he had been born, there was it certain that the women, whether in silk or drugget, must have been made immortal. He rose in Kyle, amongst a simple peasantry, the female part of which wore short gowns and sometimes no stockings, and were accustomed to wield the muck-fork and the sickle, like the men themselves. But then it was Burns who had alighted amongst them, and the haberdashery of the imagination was ready to deck every one of them as finely as if they had been Sacharissas or Vanessas. It may afford some amusement to the reader to be introduced to such particulars of these persons as have been handed down to us.

We have the poet's own authority, that the first flame in his bosom was kindled in his fifteenth autumn by "a bonnie sweet sonsie lass," who was assigned to him as his partner on the harvest-field. She was unwitting at first of the power she had acquired over him, and he himself did not know, as he tells us, "why he liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from their labours; why the tones of her voice make his heart-strings thrill like an Æolian harp; and particularly why his pulse beat such a furious rattan when he looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles." Love brought poetry to its aid, and he now composed his first verses, beginning "Once I loved a bonnie lass, and aye I love her still"—a very poor set of rhymes truly, but curious as the first turnings of so sweet an instrument. Her name appears to have been Nelly Blair, and, like many of his subsequent flames, she was a house-servant. The daughter of an individual in whose house she at one time served, communicated, through a newspaper, a few years ago, her recollections of Burns's visits on the occasions when "rockings" were held in the house. These were meetings of the rustic youth of both sexes, at which the lasses plied their spinning-wheels (formerly their rocks—hence the name) and the lads knitted stockings, the entertainment consisting of songs, and a light supper of country fare. Often did this lady meet Burns at the head of a little troop, coming from a distance of three or four miles, to attend these meetings, with the spinning-wheel of some lass over his shoulder, and a hundred jokes in his mouth to keep the party in merriment. Often had the lady of the house to find fault with her damsels next day, for their lack of alacrity, the result of Burns's too late sitting at his courtship with Nelly Blair.

Another of his very Dulcineas was a certain Isabella Steven or Stein, who lived near his father's farm of Lochlee. He was then about seventeen. But, alas, she was an heiress—her father a laird; that is to say, the proprietor of probably twenty acres of moorland, with a cot-house and garden. She therefore looked high, and the consequence was that the poet had occasion to write his song—

"Oh, Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye wadna been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I carena by.
Yestreen I met you on the muir,
Ye spakna, but gaed by like stoure;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I," &c.

Thus we find that in the humblest spheres of life, there are nice distinctions of grade; altogether uncognisable, possibly, to one observing at a little distance, like that between stars of the fifteenth and sixteenth magnitudes, yet with immense gulfs between, for all that. Tibbie, by virtue of her father's two or three fields, passed like stour the tenant's son whose name was ultimately to be great in both hemispheres.

His next serious fit of passion took its rise while he was studying mensuration at Kirkoswald. The fair maid's name was Peggy Thomson, and he celebrates her in his song "Now westlin win's and slaughtering guns:" she became the wife of a person named Neilson, and long lived in Ayr.

About the time when he was two or three and twenty, his attachments came in such thick and rapid succession, that there is no individualising them. Scarce a lass existed in the happy parish of Tarbolton who had not been a transient object of worship to Robert Burns. There was one whom he celebrates under the name of Montgomery's Peggy. To this girl, who had been reared in rather an elegant way, he made love, merely to show his parts in courtship; he got really in love, and was then refused. "It cost me several heartaches," he says, "to get rid of the affair." Another, named Anne Ronald, the daughter of a farmer, is said to have been the "Annie" of his lively song of "the Rigs o' Barley:" The heroine of "My Nannie O," that most exquisite of songs, was Agnes Fleming, the daughter of a farmer at Caldcothill, near Lochlee, and at one time a servant.

"Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The opening gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O."

Was ever rural maid so canonised? He was not only a lover himself, but an abettor of the loves of others. "A country lad," he says, "seldom carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions; and I dare say I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves of Tarbolton parish, as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe." We once conversed with an aged man in Tarbolton, who had served Burns partly in the same capacity; they would go together at night to houses in which lived girls admired by the poet; and these girls it was the duty of John Lees to ask out for his friend, who meanwhile waited near the door. When he had succeeded in bringing out any favourite lass of the poet, he became of course *Monsieur de Trop*, and Burns would then say to him, "Now, Jock, you may gang hame." The old man seemed greatly to relish his recollections of these adventures.

At about four-and-twenty, while still assisting his father in the small poor farm of Lochlee, he became acquainted with the young woman whom he addresses in several of his published letters as "My dear E——." From these letters he appears to have at first made sure of obtaining the young woman's hand, but to have been finally rejected. It is probable that this person was the heroine of his song, "From thee, Eliza, I must go," which seems to have been written when he contemplated leaving her for a distant clime. The letters are in surprisingly pure English, and of a more moderate and rational complexion than the most of his compositions of that class, while the song ranks with his best.

> "Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
>   The maid that I adore;
> A boding voice is in my ear,
>   We part to meet no more.
> The latest throb that leaves my heart,
>   While death stands victor by,
> That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
>   And thine that latest sigh."

Eliza long survived the poet, and, if we may judge from the following obituary notice of her, she must have been a person somewhat above the common standard. "At Alva, on the 28th ult.,* in the 74th year of her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Black, relict of the late Mr. James Stewart, vintner there. Though called upon to discharge the uncongenial duties connected with a humble public-house, and early deprived of her partner, Mrs. Stewart, in her guarded walk and conversation, during the many years she spent in Alva, threw such a moral halo around her character as secured for her the unceasing esteem and good wishes of her fellow-villagers. * * She was Burns's Eliza. She was born and brought up in Ayrshire, and in the bloom of youth was possessed of no ordinary share of personal charms. * * She early became acquainted with Burns, and made no small impression on his heart. * * She possessed several love-epistles he had addressed to her. It was when Scotia's bard intended emigrating from his own to a foreign shore that he wrote the stanzas beginning, 'From thee, Eliza, I must go'—the subject being of course Elizabeth Black."

This brings us to Highland Mary, the most interesting of all Burn's heroines. He was now the joint tenant with his brother of the little farm of Mossgiel, in the parish of Mauchline. Mary Campbell, for such was her name, was as lowly a lass as any whom he ever admired, being the dairy-woman at Colonel Montgomery's house of Coilsfield. There is a thorn near the house, beneath whose boughs the poet lover often met his simple mistress. He celebrates her charms, and the happiness he enjoyed from these stolen interviews, in the song of "the Highland Lassie."

> "Nae gentle dames, though e'er so fair,
> Shall ever be my muse's care.
> Their titles a' are empty show,
> Gie me my Highland lassie, O.
>
> Oh, were yon hills and vallies mine,
> Yon palace and yon gardens fine,
> The world then the love should know,
> I bear my Highland lassie, O."

The design of going in search of fortune to the West Indies was still upon him, and he is found asking this mistress if she will accompany him:—

> "Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
>   And leave auld Scotia's shore,
> Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
>   Across the Atlantic's roar?"

At length he resolved to marry her, and endeavour to remain contented at home; and they met on the banks of the Ayr, "to live one day of parting love," previous to a visit which she was to pay, in anticipation of her marriage, to her relations in Argyleshire. In the song of "Highland Mary," the history of this precious day is written in immortal light. Mary, as is well known, sickened and died at her father's house in Greenock, leaving to the poet an image which never forsook him in all his after days, whether of joy or sorrow. Six or seven years afterwards, when a married man at Ellisland, he observed the anniversary of her death in a way which showed the depth of his feelings respecting her. In the evening, he retired to his stack-yard, in a state of great apparent dejection, and threw himself on a mass of straw, with his face upturned to the sky. There he lay for hours, notwithstanding the kind remonstrances of his wife. When he came into the house, he wrote down, with the facility of one copying from memory, the grandly melancholy hymn beginning,

> "Thou lingering star, with lessening ray."

We have treated Highland Mary shortly, for her story has been often told. We shall afford more space to the lady who next presided over the imagination of the bard—the celebrated Jean Armour. The father of this young woman was a master mason or builder, of some substance, in the village of Mauchline. She was rather above the middle stature, of dark complexion, and irregular features, but of a fine figure, and great gentleness of nature, and a very agreeable singer and dancer. According to her own story, she and Burns first saw each other as she was one day spreading out clothes on the green to be bleached. As he passed by, his dog ran over some of the clothes; she called to the animal in no gracious terms, and requested his master to take him off. The poet made a sportive allusion to the old saying of "Love me, love my dog," and some badinage was interchanged. Probably neither knew on this occasion who the other was; but their acquaintance was not to stop short here. We are enabled to continue its history by John Blane, a decent old man now residing in Kilmarnock, who was at this time Burns's plough-boy and bed-fellow. There was a singing-school at Mauchline, which Blane attended. Jean Armour was also a pupil, and he soon became aware of her superior natural gifts as a vocalist. One night there was a "rocking" at Mossgiel, where a lad named Ralph Sillar sang a number of songs in what was considered rather good style. When Burns and Blane had retired to their sleeping-place in the stable-loft, the former asked the latter what he thought of Sillar's singing, to which Blane answered that the lad thought so much of it himself, and had so many airs about it, that there was no occasion for others expressing a favourable opinion—yet, he added, "I would not give Jean Armour for a score of him." "You are always talking of this Jean Armour," said Burns; "I wish you could contrive to bring me to see her." Blane readily consented to do so; and next evening, after the plough was loosed, the two proceeded to Mauchline for that purpose. Burns went into a public-house, and Blane went into the singing-school, which chanced to be kept in the floor above. When the school was dismissing, Blane asked Jean Armour if she would come to see Robert Burns, who was below, and anxious to speak to her. Having heard of his poetical talents, she said she would like much to see him, but was afraid to go without a female companion. This difficulty being overcome by the frankness of a Miss Morton—the Miss Morton of the Six Mauchline Belles—Jean went down to the room where Burns was sitting, and from that time her fate was fixed.

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* The year is recent, but unknown, in consequence of the notice having been cut carelessly from a newspaper. It was probably about 1827.

The subsequent history of this pair is well known. Jean ultimately became the poet's wife, and the partner of all of weal or woe which befell him during the Ellisland and Dumfries periods of his life. It is rather remarkable that, excepting two or three passing allusions, Jean was not the subject of any poetry by Burns during the earlier period of their acquaintance, nor till they were seriously and steadfastly married. He then, however, made up for his former silence. It was during the honeymoon, as he himself tells us, and probably while preparing a home for her on the banks of the Nith, that he composed his charming song in her praise—

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I loe best;
Though wild woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' mony a hill between,
Yet day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
Sae lovely, fresh, and fair,
I hear her in the tunefu' birds
Wi' music charm the air;
There's no a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean."

Not long afterwards, he infused his love for her into the still more passionate verses beginning, "Oh, were I on Parnassus Hill!" of which one half stanza conveys a description certainly not surpassed, and we are inclined to think not even approached, in the whole circle of British poetry—the vividness and passion rising in union from line to line, until at the last it reaches a perfect transport, in which the poet involves the reader as well as himself.

"I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,*
Thy tempting lips and roguish een—
By heaven and earth, I love thee!"

Mrs. Burns is likewise celebrated in the song, "This is no my ain lassie," in which the poet describes himself as meeting a face of the fairest kind, probably that of some of the elegant ladies whom he met in genteel society, but yet declaring that it wants "the witching grace" and "kind love" which he found in his "own lassie:" a very delightful song, for it takes a fine moral feeling along with it. Of "Their Groves o' Sweet Myrtles" we are not so sure that Mrs. Burns was the heroine, though, if the wives of poetical husbands always had their due, she ought to have been so. Jean survived in decent widowhood for as long a time as that which formed the whole life of the poet, dying so lately as March 1834. She was a modest and respectable woman, and to the last a good singer, and, if we are not greatly mistaken, also a tolerable dancer. She had been indulgent to her gifted though frail partner in his life, and she cherished his memory when he was no more.

It has been said that the visit of Burns to Edinburgh in the winter of 1787–8, opened up a new world to him. One peculiar novelty to which it introduced him was the society of elegant and accomplished women. Such a phenomenon had not previously crossed his path, and it was one calculated to make a deep impression on him. He regarded them with as much admiration as he had previously bestowed on the homely maidens of Kyle, but it was an admiration in which reverence was mingled. His address to them was extremely deferential—so we are informed by Sir Walter Scott—and "always with a turn to the pathetic or humorous which engaged their attention particularly." Another witness, herself a lady moving in the highest walk of life—the late Duchess of Gordon—described the power of his conversation with persons of her stamp by the Scottish phrase, that "nothing ever had carried her so completely off her feet." Amongst the first gentlewomen with whom he formed any friendship, were Miss Margaret Chalmers and Miss Catherine Hamilton, the latter being sister to his friend Mr. Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline. A relationship between the two ladies had ripened into a warm attachment, and Burns seems to have always regarded them as a binity of female loveliness and worth, rather than as two persons. An elder sister of Miss Chalmers, by name Lady Mackenzie, added an equally agreeable third to the group. We get an affecting insight into the pleasure which their society conferred on him, from a passage in a letter written by him to Miss Chalmers, after he had retired to the country, to resume his life of obscure toil—"When I think of you—hearts the best, minds the noblest of human kind—unfortunate even in the shades of life, when I think I have met with you, and have lived more of real life with you in eight days than I can do with almost any body I meet with in eight years—when I think on the improbability of meeting you in this world again—I *could sit down and cry like a child!*" He never did see any of them again.

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* This phrase is apt to displease an English ear; but the displeasure vanishes when its Scotch meaning is understood—namely, *the reverse of clumsy.*

During the autumn of 1787, being engaged in writing songs for Johnson's Scottish Musical Museum,* he resolved to canonise Miss Hamilton and Miss Chalmers. Upon the former—whom he has in prose described as "not only beautiful, but lovely," of "an elegant form," features not regular, but invested with "the smile of sweetness and the settled complacency of good nature," and "a complexion equal to Miss Burnett's"†—upon her he wrote his song "How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon," in which occurs the following exquisite stanza:—

"Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew!
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew."

Miss Chalmers, on the other hand, was the Peggy of his song beginning "Where braving winter's angry storms," and of another beginning "My Peggy's form, my Peggy's face," in which last he chiefly insists on the mental beauties of the heroine—

"The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway!
Who but knows they all decay!

The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look, that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms."

Miss Chalmers was married in the ensuing year to a gentleman named Hay, and we are given to understand that she still lives, at Pau, in the Pyrenean district of Berne. Miss Hamilton, two or three years later, became the wife of Dr. Adair, of Harrowgate, a gentleman whom Burns had been the means of introducing to her; she has long been gone to the land of the generous and faithful.

The year 1787 was drawing to a close, and Burns was contemplating an immediate departure from Edinburgh, when, drinking tea one evening at the house of a Miss Nimmo, in Alison Square, he met a young married lady, named Mrs. Agnes Craig of M'Lehose, who was destined to be one of the most distinguished of all his many heroines. This lady was, by birth, connected with some of the most eminent literary and philosophical persons who flourished in Scotland during the last century. Her paternal grandfather was the Rev. John MacLaurin, one of the ministers of Glasgow, and author of a volume of sermons, one of which, in particular, has been in high repute for a century, as a model of evangelical piety and pulpit eloquence. Colin MacLaurin, the eminent mathematician, and friend of Newton, was brother to this gentleman, and consequently granduncle to our heroine. Mrs. M'Lehose was also cousin to the Hon. William Craig, a judge of the supreme civil and criminal courts in Scotland, and further distinguished as one of the principal writers in the Mirror and Lounger, the last of the brilliant line of the British Essayists. The lady was beautiful, possessing in particular very fine dark eyes, and her conversation was remarkable for an intelligent sprightliness and naïveté, though expressed in the phraseology and accent of her native country. Her matrimonial connection had proved, from no fault on her part, unhappy, and she now resided in Edinburgh, with two young children, while her husband pushed his fortune in Jamaica, where he ultimately became chief clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, and died in 1812. It was impossible for two minds, such as those of Burns and Mrs. M'Lehose, constituted alike with superior intellect, and ardent feelings, to meet without being mutually pleased, and becoming in some degree mutually attached. The lady, from her high admiration of his poems, had long wished to know the bard; and when she left the house, Miss Nimmo did not fail to rally the poet on the impression which had evidently been made upon him. Burns, with the prospect before him of quitting Edinburgh in eight days, probably for years, could only express his regret that he had not made the acquaintance earlier. We learn from the series of letters which he addressed to the lady, that he had expected again to meet her after an interval of two days, but on that day met with an unlucky accident, a bruised limb from the fall of a coach, by which he was prevented from attending to his appointment. The accident confining him to his room for several weeks in Edinburgh, gave him an opportunity of cultivating the friendship of Mrs. M'Lehose by correspondence. After writing two or three letters to him with her usual signature, in answer to one of his, she, in the spirit of romance, took the name of Clarinda, and he immediately followed up the idea by assuming that of Sylvander, as suitable to his rustic education. The fact that she also had some share of the poetical gift was soon made known to him, and on his enclosing for her some of his recent attempts in verse, she returned the compliment by sending him a little poetical effusion, the first of her efforts in that way, which she had some years before, while living at Burntsfield Links, composed on hearing a blackbird singing near what is now St. Margaret's Convent in that neighbourhood, the ideas, to use her own words, coming into her mind like inspiration: they are as follow:—

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* We are glad to learn that this valuable repertory of Scottish music and song is about to be republished by Messrs. Blackwood, with a volume of extremely interesting notes by the late Mr. W. Stenhouse, and some additions to these by Mr. David Laing.

† Eliza Burnett, youngest daughter of the learned and eccentric Lord Monboddo, was celebrated by Burns in his "Address to Edinburgh," but she scarcely ranks as one of his heroines, not being the subject of any distinct song from his pen. Of her exquisite beauty a faithful and very pleasing representation is given in a work now in course of publication, entitled "The Land of Burns." She died of consumption in June 1790.

"Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,
Thy tuneful notes will hush despair;
Thy plaintive warblings, void of art,
Thrill sweetly through my aching heart.
Now choose thy mate and fondly love,
And all the thrilling transport prove;
While I a love-lorn exile live,
Nor transport or receive or give.

For thee is laughing Nature gay,
For thee she pours the vernal day;
For me in vain is nature drest,
While joy is stranger to my breast!
These sweet emotions all enjoy;
Let love and song thy hours employ!
Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,
Thy tuneful notes will hush despair."

Burns, in reply, complimented her on her "fine taste and turn for poesy," and mentioned that Dr. Gregory, to whom he had shown the verses, could scarcely be persuaded that they were the composition of a young unknown female. He, in the same letter, spoke of love, such love as genial souls of whatever sex can feel for each other—described himself as a will-o'-wisp being, composed of pride and passion, but too little of a calculator to be capable of forming a design against her—and added what follows:—"'Tis true I never saw you but once; but how much acquaintance did I form with you in that once! Of all God's creatures I ever could approach in the beaten way of my acquaintance, you struck me with the deepest, the strongest, and most permanent impression. I say the most permanent, because I know myself well, and how far I can promise either on my prepossessions or powers. Why are you unhappy, and why are so many of our fellow-creatures, unworthy to belong to the same species with you, blest with all they can wish? You have a hand all benevolent to give: why were you denied the pleasure? You have a heart formed—gloriously formed—for all the most refined feelings: why was that heart ever wrung? Oh, Clarinda, shall we not meet in a state, some yet unknown state of being, where the lavish hand of plenty shall minister to the highest wish of benevolence! * * * * If we do not, man was made in vain."

The word love used in this letter distressed the pure mind of Clarinda, and in her answer she enclosed the following verses—

"Talk not of Love, it gives me pain,
For Love has been my foe;
He bound me with an iron chain,
And plunged me deep in woe.

But Friendship's pure and lasting joys
My heart was formed to prove;
There, welcome, win and wear the prize,
But never talk of Love."

The poet professed to be highly pleased with this epigram, the third and fourth lines of which he considered worthy of Sappho; and he added the two following verses in accordance with the strain of her letter:—

"Your friendship much can make me blest,
Oh, why that bliss destroy?
Why urge the only one request
You know I must deny?

Your thought, if love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought;
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I sought."

And he caused both the former and this poem to be inserted, in connection with proper music, in Johnson's Museum.

The correspondence went on for several weeks, during the confinement of the poet, who, after the first interview at Miss Nimmo's, never saw Clarinda all that time. At length he so far recovered as to be able to walk abroad, and the first use he made of his regained strength was to call for Clarinda. The letters of the poet show how keenly he enjoyed the conversation of the lady on this and similar occasions, during the very short time which he was able to spend in Edinburgh. He then saw, to use his own enthusiastic language, "a bosom glowing with honour and benevolence; a mind ennobled by genius, informed and refined by education and reflection, and exalted by native religion, genuine as the climes of heaven; a heart formed for all the glorious meltings of friendship, love, and pity." Again he tells her, "You have stolen away my soul, but you have refined, you have exalted it: you have given it a stronger sense of virtue, and a stronger relish for piety." Then he pours forth a train of fervent aspirations. He desires to have "the social heart that kindly tastes of every man's cup. Is it a draught of joy? be my heart warm and open to share it with cordial unenvying rejoicing! Is it the bitter potion of sorrow? be my heart melted with sympathetic woe! Above all, may I have the manly mind that resolutely exemplifies, in life and manners, those sentiments which I would wish to be thought to possess! The friend of my soul—there may I never deviate from the firmest fidelity and most active kindness! Clarinda, the dear object of my fondest love—there may the most sacred inviolate honour, the most faithful kindling constancy, ever watch and animate my every thought and imagination!" The whole strain of the letters is one of enthusiastic admiration and attachment, mingled with the bitterest bewailings of that fortune which had condemned them to a speedy and probably mending separation.

He left Edinburgh in February (1788), after addressing her in the four well-known stanzas beginning

"Clarinda, mistress of my soul."

He was soon after married, and from that time no further correspondence took place between them until the end of 1791, when, learning that the lady was about to proceed to Jamaica on the invitation of her husband, who had become very prosperous, he, with his wonted enthusiasm, and a strong impression on his mind that they might never meet again, which was realised, sent three beautiful and now well-know lyrics (all of which, he said, were to be set to favourite old Scots tunes) addressed to his friend, beginning "Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December," "Behold the hour, the boat arrive"—and the following stanzas:—

"Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me!

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy!
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love, and Pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever?
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee."

The fourth stanza Byron put at the head of his poem of the Bride of Abydos; Scott has remarked that it is worth a thousand romances; and Mrs. Jameson has elegantly remarked that not only are these lines what Scott says, but "in themselves a complete romance. They are," she adds, "the *alpha* and *omega* of feeling, and contain the essence of an existence of pain and pleasure, distilled into one burning drop." In the last letter of the printed collection, dated in 1793, after her return from abroad, which she was compelled to do by extreme bad health, he says, "Before you ask me why I have not written you, first let me be informed *how* I shall write you? 'In friendship,' you say; and I have many a time taken up my pen to try an epistle of friendship to you. But it will not do. 'Tis like Jove grasping a pop-gun, after having wielded his thunder. When I take up the pen, recollection ruins me. Ah! my ever dearest Clarinda! Clarinda!—What an host of Memory's tenderest offspring crowd on my fancy at that sound! But I must not indulge the subject—you have forbid it." He also tells her, that, when called on in social companies to name a married lady as a toast, her name in an abbreviated form is that which he invariably presents. And so concludes the history of Sylvander and Clarinda.*

A few other ladies attracted the poetical admiration of Burns during the Edinburgh period of his life. On Miss Ann Masterton, he wrote—

"Ye gallants bright, I rede ye right,
  Beware o' bonnie Ann,
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
  Your hearts she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night," &c.

She was daughter of the Allan of his song, "Here are we met, three merry boys"—a teacher of writing in Edinburgh, and the clever composer of Scottish airs, of which that to the above song is a favourable specimen. The lady married a gentleman of the name of Derbishire, and now resides in London. Another teacher, Mr. William Cruickshanks, of the High School, was an endeared friend of the poet, and in his house Burns lived at the time when he carried on the above described correspondence. Mr. Cruickshanks had a daughter, a beautiful girl of twelve or fourteen, who was then beginning to play on the piano-forte, with which instrument she often regaled the bard. He marked his sense of the blossoming loveliness and fine musical talent of this young creature, by composing his delightful song,

"A rose-bud my early walk
Adown a corn-enclosed bank,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
    All on a dewy morning," &c.

Never, perhaps, was a poetical compliment to *one* so tolerable to the many as in this fine composition. She who stands thus in poetry's celestial globe, became, in prose's terrestrial one, the wife of a gentleman named

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* This most interesting woman still lives, but has long been in, rather than of, the world, as befits her advanced age and infirmities. The letters which Burns addressed to her were published surreptitiously, and by a gross breach of confidence on the part of a literary friend of Graham, the amiable author of "The Sabbath," to whom they had been entrusted in March 1802. The further publication of these letters was afterwards interdicted by the Court of Session, in a law-suit between Cadell and Davies (with the concurrence of Mr. Gilbert Burns), and Mr. Thomas Stewart of Glasgow, the publisher. The case, which was one of some legal nicety, and was pleaded by several of the most eminent counsel then at the Scottish bar, is reported in the Faculty Collection, June 1, 1804, under the following title:—"Literary Property—The person to whom letters are addressed has no right to publish them without the consent of the writer." However, within the last ten or twelve years these letters have been published by various booksellers both in Scotland and England, in their editions of the works of Burns.

Henderson, a legal practitioner in Jedburgh; and, if we are not mistaken, she still inhabits our nether sphere. To conclude the heroines of this period, it is only necessary to allude to a lady whom he met in the summer of 1787 at Auchtertyre, the seat of Sir William Murray in Perthshire—Miss Euphemia Murray by name, but more generally called, on account of her personal charms, the *Flower of Strathmore.* Delighted with the conversation of this amiable young lady, he wrote, with reference to her,

"By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks o' Earn,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonnie face, it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee."

This lady also still lives, the widow of the late Lord Methven, a judge of the supreme civil court of Scotland.

The heroines of the Dumfriesshire period of Burns's life will form the subject of the next (the concluding) paper.

From the Athenæum.

MEMOIRS OF AARON BURR.

Memoirs of Aaron Burr: with Miscellaneous Selections from his Correspondence. By M. L. Davis. New York, Harper & Brothers; London, Wiley & Putnam.

The Private Journal of Aaron Burr, during his Residence of Four Years in Europe. Edited by M. L. Davis. Same publishers.

One of these works, the Private Journal, is among the latest importations from America; but the other was published some eighteen months since, and has created, we observe, a considerable sensation in the United States, particularly among the politicians, a class for which both works possess a good deal of interest. Burr was eminently one of the class himself. Next, perhaps, to his great rivals, Jefferson and Hamilton, of whose character and career also these volumes are full of illustrations, no American ever caused more excitement among the various parties which have divided the republic than Aaron Burr. Two or three events in his history will never perhaps cease to be discussed in that country; we mean especially his duel with Hamilton, (fatal to the life of the latter, and not less so to Burr's own reputation,) and the memorable share he took in the Presidential election of 1800, one of the most exciting and remarkable of the political phenomena which have occurred in the United States. A few reminiscences relating to each of these curious topics, may not be amiss, now that we have received so abundant and authentic a mass of new illustrations.

Burr, it should be premised, having lived more than thirty years after the duel in an obscurity and an odium as miserable as his preceding career had been brilliant, died at New York in the autumn of 1836, at the age of eighty years. Mr. Davis being himself, we believe, not unknown as a political writer in America, and for a long time intimate with Burr, was by him urged on to undertake this publication, which he appears to have performed unreservedly and in good faith. His obvious impartiality at least is creditable to him. He not only makes no attempt to shield Burr from whatever reprehension he deserved, but in some instances has boldly come out, like a true-spirited historian, with disclosures which he might have withheld, and even with strong comments on them. This increases our confidence in those expositions which are in Burr's favour.

The curious affair in which Burr first acquired his equivocal notoriety, may be soon understood, and is worthy of attention, for the light it throws on American politics. The election of 1800 was anticipated, for special reasons, with an extraordinary excitement. The whole country was distracted with it. The rival candidates for the Presidency were John Adams, (the successor of Washington,) then serving in his first term of four years, and Jefferson; the former being the candidate of what was called the Federal party, and the latter of the Anti-Federal, or Democratic,—combinations then, at length, distinctly developed, and drawn up against each other throughout the country in battle array. These parties were also sometimes called *English* and *French*, seeking to throw odium on each other, by reference respectively to the then exciting condition and policy of the two most conspicuous nations of Europe.

Burr, at this juncture, was resident at New York. He had been, since the war, a lawyer, in full practice and high reputation; the rival, at the bar, of Hamilton, then of the same place; these two standing, by a long interval, and according to universal acknowledgment, at the head of their profession in the United States. In politics, also, they gradually assumed a like attitude, as parties became distinct; Burr attaching himself to Jefferson's party, and Hamilton (who had been Washington's aide-de-camp in the war, and one of his chief secretaries after it,) to that of Adams. Both had become distinguished politicians, leaders of their several parties. The public character of both was unimpeached. Burr, in 1789, had been appointed Attorney General of the State of New York, on the election of a governor whom he had *opposed*, and had accepted the appointment;—a fact honourable to all parties. Three years after, he was chosen senator, and then appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court, which appointment, however, he declined.

Thus matters stood, as the great election in question drew nigh. Parties meanwhile were not only highly excited, but balanced with an equality so remarkable, as to enhance the interest in the issue. In fact, it was calculated on both sides that the state of New York would have the deciding power in her hands: there would be no election by the people; the choice would come into the House, to be determined there by the States. Again, the State of New York would be decided in its political character by the delegation sent to the local State legislature from the city of New York; which, in fact, proved true,—so that that city may be said to have decided the general election. In other words, Burr decided it, for he devoted himself to the local election with extraordinary zeal and complete success. Hamilton and his party were defeated. The city chose twelve democrats. The State legislature was thus made democratic by a small balance, and chose presidential electors of their own party. The whole number of votes given for president by the electors of the States, was 138; of these Jefferson and Burr himself had 73,—as democratic candidates for the two highest offices; Adams and Pinkney having 65 each. Jefferson and Burr being equal, and neither having been formally designated as candidate for President and Vice President, an election now commenced in the House. The balloting continued no less than *nine days*. The agreement of *nine* States was necessary to constitute a majority, there being sixteen in all. In thirty-five ballots Jefferson had *eight*, and Burr *six*, (the Federals mostly voting for Burr,) and two of the States were divided. On the thirty-sixth trial, the choice was determined by Maryland and Virginia giving their vote, instead of remaining *equally divided*, and Jefferson was President, Burr Vice-President.

Thus near did he come to the first and highest office, —thus near, as it were, by a mere emergency, an accident, for he had never considered himself a candidate for it, till the election came on in the House. A little more, and he would have been triumphant: as it was, he was completely ruined. Never was there so signal an instance of a political leader thrown down in one moment from being almost the head of a great party, to being trampled under foot by the same men. Burr never rose afterwards; he was never a candidate set up by any party for any office, after leaving the Vice-Presidency, which he did in disgrace. The secret of this reverse has never been fully explained. Mr. Davis endeavours to show that Jefferson and his friends, who were very powerful, were (honestly perhaps) jealous of Burr, and conspired to effect his political overthrow by every possible means. All manner of scandal, he says, was circulated against his political character: and the papers were filled with charges of treachery to his party, and desertion of his principles.

The whole proceeding furnishes a lesson worthy of serious consideration, especially to the American people. Our author diminishes the strangeness of the result a little, by his developement of the personal character of Burr, which seems always to have been misapprehended; wrapt in a sort of mystery; a mystery, in a great degree, of his own creation. This was one of his singularities. He disdained even to defend himself from the attacks in question. He would not so much as contradict the worst of the charges. This aggravated his situation. His enemies took courage from it. His friends were frightened away from a man who allowed himself to be so libelled. Some inferred his guilt from his silence. Thus matters went on, till the press, so powerful in such a country—a party press—the press of his own party, be it remembered, in addition to that which had always been, always continued his political opponent—succeeded at length in covering him with disgrace and contempt. Only a small coterie of ardent admirers remained by his side. These he was never without.

Thus affairs stood with him up to 1804. If by that time the obloquy had begun to subside in some small degree, an event now occurred which again turned the tide against Burr, and raised it to a pitch of irresistible fury. This was the duel with Hamilton. Mr. Davis gives us all the disagreeable details of this affair. We shall not repeat them. Suffice it to say, that the provocation again arose in a violent contest for State elections, wherein both parties were deeply engaged, and pitted against each other as usual. Burr, perhaps, had now grown more than usually sensitive—rather desperately so. It appears to us that he followed up Hamilton too inveterately for an explanation or apology, which the latter, as a man of honour, could not give: —at all events, so the public determined. The melancholy result completed Burr's ruin. Hamilton's own party idolized him. Of course, Burr became hateful to them. The democrats, on the other hand, wished to shake off the overwhelming odium of the event; and they were not sorry to break off their connexion with the man. Burr, as usual, said nothing; he maintained a proud Indian silence, never moving a muscle. Even in private, it would appear from the volumes before us, he was hardly more communicative than in public. The little he does say shows feeling enough. Nobody that knew him ever charged him with the want of it; but he would not defend himself; he asked no favours. Burr was now a sort of refugee in Philadelphia. Soon afterwards he made a long tour in the southern States; nor did he ever afterwards show himself much in public. Still his misfortunes were not ended. In 1806 he made a tour in the west; and Mr. Davis shows clearly the objects of it. He had a land-speculation in view, and a political one. The latter was construed by his persecutors into *treason*. He was charged with getting up a military expedition into the American possessions of Spain, and thus exciting to a *war*. To a certain extent this was true. Burr, apprehending such a war to be near, as every body else did, wished to be ready to take advantage of it in some movement which should help the provinces in question (chiefly Mexico) to become independent of the mother country. It was, at the worst, not half so suspicious a movement as the part openly taken by many Americans in the late Texian revolution, and tolerated by the government; or in the Canada affair, censured by the government. At all events, there was no treason in it. Burr, however, was arrested as a traitor, and brought to trial at Richmond;—one of the most remarkable judicial proceedings which have occurred in the United States. He defended himself with consummate ability, and, in spite of all his enemies, with complete success,—the presiding judge being Chief Justice Marshall, a distinguished member of the Federal party.

The position of Burr, though now again at liberty, was not improved: in some respects it was worse than before. Such is the force of prejudice, such the effect even of an accusation, that Burr was an odious character. Everybody shunned him: he was obliged to retire from his profession: he could not safely reside at New York—scarcely in the United States. He left the country, in fact, and was in Europe four years before he ventured to return. • He then resumed his practice with some success, though he finally died in obscurity and poverty. Such was the career of one of the most gifted men America has produced,—a man, too, of many fine qualities, having great faults, but still greater virtues—a victim to party spirit and his own eccentric perversity of disposition. Having drawn this outline of his history, we shall borrow a few passages from the work before us, of a more agreeable character,—such, at the same time, as may help to throw light on the preceding details.

Burr's family was what may be called, in reference to the United States, rather "aristocratic," such grades being necessarily relative. His grandfather was a German of noble parentage. His father, a clergyman, was the first President of Princeton College, New Jersey. This gentleman, who was famous in his days, married the daughter of Jonathan Edwards, who himself afterwards became the second President of the same institution: thus he came fairly by his talents. His only sister was married to Judge Reeve, of Connecticut. His only daughter became the wife of Governor Allston, of South Carolina.

He was a severe student, in college and out of it, reading sometimes sixteen, and even eighteen, hours a day. During this period occurs the following remark, which throws light on what we have said of his habitual "secretiveness." This brought him into no small trouble, though apparently a mere whim:—

"In 1806–7 great excitement was produced in consequence of Colonel Burr writing in cipher to General Wilkinson. In this particular he seems to have had peculiar notions. However innocent his correspondence, he was, apparently, desirous at all times of casting around it a veil of mystery. The same trait was conspicuous in his political movements and intercourse. This has been one of the weak points in Colonel Burr's character. He was considered a mysterious man; and what was not understood by the vulgar, was pronounced selfish or ambitious intrigue. Even his best friends were often dissatisfied with him on this account. Acting upon this principle of mystery at every period of his life, he has corresponded with one or more individuals in cipher. While yet a student in college, the letters between his sister and himself are frequently written in cipher."

Here is a scrap of a letter, which lets us into one of Burr's chief failings, his vanity:—

"What would you say if I should tell you that—had absolutely professed love for me? Now I can see you with both hands up—eyes and mouth wide open; but don't be over scrupulous. Trust me, I tell you the whole truth. I cannot at present give you any further particulars about the matter, than that I felt foolish enough, and gave as cautious a turn to it as I could, for which I am destined to suffer her future hostility."

Such passages are frequent. Mr. Davis, we are glad to see, makes no attempt to defend Burr on this point, but states that he has destroyed an immense quantity of affectionate epistles addressed to his hero by ladies,—some of them not unknown, but whose names he honourably suppresses. It seems that Burr prided himself on his powers of fascination, which, indeed, were extraordinary; and it is not a little remarkable, that such powers, and such a disposition to exert them, should have existed together with so much perversity as he manifested in his intercourse with men. He seems to have been always quarrelling with somebody. In 1775, when the war broke out, he quarrelled with all his friends about joining the army. This he insisted on. He went to head-quarters at Cambridge, and there fell sick. The following illustrates his singular headstrong energy and decision:—

"One day he heard Ogden and some young men of the army conversing, in an apartment adjoining that in which he was lying, on the subject of an expedition. He called Ogden to his bedside, and inquired what was the nature of the expedition of which they were speaking. Ogden informed him that Col. Arnold, with a detachment of ten or twelve hundred men, was about to proceed through the wilderness for the purpose of attacking Quebec. Burr instantly raised himself up in the bed, and declared that he would accompany them; and so pertinacious was he on this point, that he immediately, although much enfeebled, commenced dressing himself. Ogden expostulated, and spoke of his debilitated state—referred to the hardships and privations that he must necessarily endure on such a march, &c. But all was unavailing. Young Burr was determined, and was immoveable. He forthwith selected four or five hale, hearty fellows, to whom he proposed that they should form a mess, and unite their destiny on the expedition through the wilderness. To this arrangement they cheerfully acceded. His friend Ogden, and others of his acquaintance, were conveyed in carriages from Cambridge to Newburyport, distant about sixty miles; but Burr, with his new associates in arms, on the 14th September, 1775, shouldered their muskets, took their knapsacks upon their backs, and marched to the place of embarcation."

The next passage is in a like vein, but it shows good feeling also:—

"A day or two after Burr's arrival at Newburyport, he was called upon by a messenger from his guardian, Timothy Edwards, with instructions to bring the young fugitive back. A letter from his uncle (T. Edwards) was delivered to him at the same time. Having read the letter, and heard the messenger's communication, he coolly addressed him, and asked, 'How do you expect to take me back, if I should refuse to go? If you were to make any forcible attempt upon me, I would have you hung up in ten minutes. After a short pause the messenger presented a second letter from his guardian, and with it a small remittance in gold. It was couched in the most affectionate and tender language, importuning him to return; and depicting, in the darkest colours, the sufferings he must endure if he survived the attempt to reach Quebec. It affected young Burr very sensibly, insomuch that he shed tears. But his destiny was fixed. He wrote, however, a respectful letter to his uncle, explanatory of his reasons for accompanying the army, and expressive of his gratitude for the kindness he had experienced."

In this famous expedition Burr underwent all manner of hardships. Towards the end of the march, Arnold sent him forward to General Montgomery, on a very delicate mission, which he performed (in the disguise of a Catholic priest,) with singular ability. After the General's death—before Quebec—we have another specimen of his spirit. Arnold wanted to send in a flag to General Carleton, to demand a surrender. He told Burr of his plan; the latter, now a Captain, required "that he should be made acquainted with its contents. Arnold objected; whereupon Burr remarked that, if the general wished it, he would resign; but that he could not consent to be the bearer of the communication without possessing a knowledge of its character. At length, it was exhibited to him. It was demanding a surrender of the fortress, but in terms that Captain Burr considered unbecoming an American officer, and he so stated to the general; adding, that the bearer of such a message, if he were permitted to deliver it, would be treated by the British with contumely and contempt; and therefore declined the mission. Another officer was selected, and met the fate Burr anticipated."

Burr's military reputation was already high; and he was soon known to Washington, and became one of his aides-de-camp. This situation, however, did not suit him. He left it; and we find him soon after a major, and then a lieut. colonel, under General Putnam's command. In this station he rendered essential services. These Washington appreciated as they deserved, as the memoir itself shows: but he thought better of Burr in his military than in his political capacity. This appears from the fact, that he declined nominating him minister to the French Republic, in 1794, when Gouverneur Morris was recalled, at the request of the French Provisory Council. Burr was now in high favour with his party,—at least, highly respected;—not much beloved, we suspect, at any time. They sent a committee to the President to move in his favour; and Madison and Monroe, both subsequently Presidents, were on the committee. The scene is characteristic:—

"Washington paused for a few moments, and then remarked, that he had made it a rule of life never to recommend or nominate any person for a high and responsible situation in whose integrity he had not confidence; that, wanting confidence in Colonel Burr, he could not nominate him; but that it would give him great pleasure to meet their wishes if they would designate an individual in whom he could confide. The committee returned and reported the result of their conference. The senators adhered unanimously to their first nomination, and the same delegates waited upon the president and reiterated the adherence of their friends to Colonel Burr. Whereupon General Washington, with some warmth, remarked that his decision was irrevocable; but immediately added, 'I will nominate you, Mr. Madison, or you, Mr. Monroe.' The former replied that he had long since made up his mind never to leave his country, and respectfully declined the offer. They retired, and reported the result of their second interview. The democratic gentlemen were not less inflexible, and instructed their delegates to say to the president that they would make no other recommendation. On the third visit they were received by Mr. Randolph, secretary of state, to whom they made the communication, but who considered it indecorous, knowing the president's feelings, to repeat the message."

In the end, Monroe was selected. But, to return to the war. Here is another specimen of tactics, more spirited than proper, we should say. Washington's army evacuated New York in September, 1776. The retreat was rather confused. By some unaccountable mistake, one

"brigade was left in New York, and conducted by General Knox to a small fort then in the suburbs, and known as Bunker's Hill. Major Burr having been despatched, at his own request, with a few dragoons, by General Putnam, to pick up the stragglers, discovered the error which had been committed, and galloping up to the fort, inquired who commanded. General Knox presented himself. Major Burr desired him to retreat immediately, or the whole brigade would be cut off and sacrificed. General Knox replied, that a retreat, thus in the face of the enemy, was impracticable, and that he intended to defend the fort. Burr remarked that it was not bomb-proof; that it was destitute of water; and that he could take it with a single howitzer; and then, addressing himself to the men, said, that if they remained there, one half would be killed or wounded, and the other half hung, like dogs, before night; but, if they would place themselves under his command, he would conduct them in safety to Harlem. Burr's character for intrepidity and military skill was already so well established, that they determined to follow him. In the retreat they had some skirmishing, but met with very little loss in effecting their union with the main body of the army."

We do not hear that Burr suffered in any way for this bold flourish; he seems indeed to have established a character for eccentricity as well as ability, which saved him from many hard blows, though it, no doubt, got him others. As a disciplinarian, after all, he was uncommonly severe with those under his command—so much so as to excite occasional discontent among irregular spirits. At one time, in winter quarters, near Valley Forge,—

"He was notified of the contemplated mutiny in which he would probably fall a victim. He ordered the detachment to be formed that night (it being a cold, bright moonlight), and secretly directed that all their cartridges should be drawn, so that there should not be a loaded musket on the ground. He provided himself with a good and well-sharpened sabre. He knew all the principal mutineers. He marched along the line, eyeing the men closely. When he came opposite to one of the most daring of the ringleaders, the soldier advanced a step, and levelled his musket at Colonel Burr, calling out,—'Now is your time, my boys.' Burr, being well prepared and in readiness, anticipating an assault, with a celerity for which he was remarkable, smote the arm of the mutineer above the elbow, and nearly severed it from his body, ordering him, at the same time, to take and keep his place in the line. In a few minutes the men were dismissed, and the arm of the mutineer was next day amputated. No more was heard of the mutiny; nor were there afterwards, during Colonel Burr's command, any false alarms. This soldier belonged to Wayne's brigade; and some of the officers talked of having Colonel Burr arrested, and tried by a court martial, for the act; but the threat was never carried into execution."

At this time he was only twenty-one years old and very small for his age. It was a year after when he "repaired to West Point and joined his regiment, notwithstanding the shattered state of his constitution. He was unwilling to absent himself from the service, and at the same time receive pay. Colonel Burr was now in his twenty-third year, and yet so youthful was his appearance, that strangers, on a first introduction, viewed him as a mere boy. As evidence of the fact, he has often related, with great good humour, this anecdote. While he was commanding at West Point, a countryman had some business to transact with him. He requested admittance to Colonel Burr. The orderly servant conducted him into head-quarters. 'Sir,' said the countryman, 'I wish to see Colonel Burr, as I have something to say to him.'—'You may proceed. I am Colonel Burr.'—'I suppose,' rejoined the honest farmer, 'you are Colonel Burr's son.' The sentinel at the door heard and repeated the conversation, and Burr was often afterwards designated as Colonel Burr's son."

In 1779 we have another touch of his spirit:—

"Colonel Burr, then in feeble health, visited his friends in Connecticut. He was at New-Haven when, on the 5th of July, the British landed, with 2,600 men, in two divisions; one under Governor Tryon, at East Haven, and the other under Garth, at West Haven. At East Haven, where Tryon commanded, great excesses were committed, and the town set on fire. Colonel Burr was at this moment confined to his bed; but, on hearing that the enemy were advancing, rose and proceeded to a part of the town where a number of persons had collected. He volunteered to take command of the militia, and made an unsuccessful attempt to rally them. At this moment he was informed that the students had organized themselves, and were drawn up in the college-yard. He immediately galloped to the ground, and addressed them; appealing, in a few words, to their patriotism and love of country; imploring them to set the example, and march out in the defence of those rights which would, at a future day, become their inheritance. All he asked was, that they would receive and follow him as their leader. The military character of Colonel Burr was known to the students. They confided in his intrepidity, experience, and judgment. In their ranks there was no faltering. They promptly obeyed the summons, and volunteered. Some skirmishing soon ensued, and portions of the militia united with him. The British, ignorant of the force that might be presented, retired; but shortly returned, with several pieces of artillery, when a cannonading commenced, and the boys retreated in good order. An American historian says,—'The British entered the town after being much galled and harassed.'"

About this time we have something like a new disclosure concerning the treason of Arnold, of which so much so much has been said. It would seem, from certain communications which Mrs. Arnold made to Mrs. Prevost, whom Burr afterwards married, that *she* had quite as much to do with the *treason* as *he* had. She stated, in substance, that, owing to her disgust at the Americans—

"Through great persuasion and unceasing perseverance, she had ultimately brought the general into an arrangement to surrender West Point to the British. Mrs. Arnold was a gay, accomplished, artful, and extravagant woman. There is no doubt, therefore, that, for the purpose of acquiring the means of gratifying an inordinate vanity, she contributed greatly to the utter ruin of her husband, and thus doomed to everlasting infamy and disgrace all the fame he had acquired as a gallant soldier at the sacrifice of his blood."

Some plausible confirmations of this story appear in the memoir, to which we shall return if possible.

We resume our notice of these works with a view to citing a few passages, which we select from a great mass of matter not unimportant, perhaps, in America, but comparatively without interest to English readers. In 1794 Burr in writing to his wife from Albany, whither he had gone in the course of his legal practice, gives a sketch of his voyage, which will serve as a pleasant contrast to the modern state of things on the same route. Albany is about 150 miles above New York, on the Hudson River. Fulton, it will be remembered, did not introduce steam-boats till twelve years or more after that date:—

"We arrived here yesterday, after a hot, tedious passage of *seven days*. We were delayed as well by accidents as by calms and contrary winds. The first evening, being under full sail, we ran ashore at Tappan, and lay there aground, in a very uncomfortable situation, twenty-four hours. With great labour and fatigue we got off on the following night, and had scarce got under sail before we missed our longboat. We lost the whole tide in hunting for it, and so lay till the morning of Wednesday. Having then made sail again, with a pretty strong head wind, at the very first tack the Dutch horse fell overboard. The poor devil was at the time tied about the neck with a rope, so that he seemed to have the alternatives of hanging or drowning (for the river is here about four miles wide, and the water was very rough); fortunately for him, the rope broke, and he went souse into the water. His weight sunk him so deep that we were at least fifty yards from him before he came up. He snorted off the water, and turning round once or twice, as if to see where he was, then recollecting the way to New York, he immediately swam off down the river with all force. We fitted out our longboat in pursuit of him, and at length drove him on shore on the Westchester side, where I hired a man to take him to Frederick's. All this delayed us nearly a whole tide more. The residue of the voyage was without accident, except such as you may picture to yourself in a small cabin, with seven men, seven women, and two crying children—two of the women being the most splenetic, ill-humoured animals you can imagine."

This journey, which, in those days, sometimes took a fortnight, is now regularly performed in about *ten hours!*

In domestic life, Burr, with all his faults, appears to very great advantage; he was a most affectionate husband and father. These volumes are full of letters, which prove this beyond question. Even as a slave-owner, there was something amiable in him. Slavery existed in New York till 1800, and Burr essentially helped to abolish it. All his slaves were regularly taught to read and write, and when absent from home he encouraged them to correspond with him. A specimen may interest the reader:

"Honoured Master,—I received your letter, and am happy to hear that you are in a good state of health. Harry went to Mr. Alston's farm the day after I received the letter, and the man had gone away on the 11th day of December. Stephen was not at home when he went there, and by what he could understand there was a great difference between Daniel and Stephen; and Harry says that for the time that he has been there he had not neglected his work. But, master, I wish to beg a favour of you; please to grant it. I have found there is a day-school, kept by an elderly man and his wife, near to our house, and if master is willing that I should go to it for two months, I think it would be of great service to me, and at the same time I will not neglect my work in the house, if you please sir.—Peggy."

Here we have another sample:—

"*To Peggy Gaitin (a slave.)*

"Washington, January 4, 1804.

"You may assure the family that I never was in better health; that I have not been wounded or hurt, and have had no quarrel with anybody. I received your letter of the 29th this evening. Let nothing hinder you from going to school punctually. Make the master teach you arithmetic, so that you may be able to keep the accounts of the family. I am very much obliged to you for teaching Nancy. She will learn more from you than by going to school.

"I shall be at home about the last of this month, when I will make you all New Year's presents. Tell Harry that I shall expect to find a good road up to the house. Tell me what Harry is about, and what is doing at Montalto. Sam and George are well.

"You must write to Mrs. Alston about Leonora's child. Enclose your letter to me. I hope little Peter is doing well. "A. BURR."

Burr, in spite of his unpopularity, always commanded admiration by his talents. When, as Vice-President, he dissolved the United States Senate in 1805—

"The whole Senate were in tears, and so unmanned that it was half an hour before they could recover themselves sufficiently to come to order, and choose a vice-president pro tem. At the president's, on Monday, two of the senators were relating these circumstances to a circle which had collected round them. One said that he wished that the tradition might be preserved as one of the most extraordinary events he had ever witnessed. Another senator being asked, on the day following that on which Mr. Burr took his leave, how long he was speaking, after a moment's pause, said he could form no idea; it might have been an hour, and it might have been but a moment; when he came to his senses, he seemed to have awakened as from a kind of trance."

We heretofore made mention of his tour in the West. He visited New Orleans on that occasion—in 1805. The following sketch, in a letter, conveys a tolerable notion of the *tact* we have already noticed:—

"The inhabitants of the United States are here called Americans. I have been received with distinction. The mark of attention with which I have been most flattered is a letter from the holy sisters, the Ursuline nuns, congratulating me on my arrival. Having returned a polite answer to this letter, it was intimated to me that the saints had a desire to see me. The bishop conducted me to the cloister. We conversed at first through the grates; but presently I was admitted within, and I passed an hour with them greatly to my satisfaction. None of that calm monotony which I expected. All was gaiety, *wit*, and sprightliness. Saint A. is a very accomplished lady. In manners and appearance a good deal like Mrs. Merry. All, except two, appear to be past thirty. They were dressed with perfect neatness; their veils thrown back. We had a repast of wine, fruit, and cakes. I was conducted to every part of the building. All is neatness, simplicity, and order. At parting, I asked them to remember me in their prayers, which they all promised with great promptness and courtesy—Saint A. with earnestness."

Our next extract has, ere this, probably startled some of the old enemies of Burr, since become admirers of another great personage, who, it will be seen, was involved in his famous *treason*:—

"During the year 1806 Colonel Burr was at the house of General Andrew Jackson for some days. Repeated and detailed conversations were held between them in relation to the expedition. Subsequently, General Jackson addressed a letter to Colonel Burr, in which he alluded to rumours that were afloat of his having hostile designs against the United States; adding that, if this were true, he would hold no communication on the subject; but, if untrue, and his intentions were to proceed to Mexico, he (Jackson) would join and accompany him with his whole division. To this the proper answer was given."

This was in 1806, in Tennessee. This same Mexican expedition was always a favourite scheme of Burr's. During his four years' exile, as it may be called, he had this project ever in his thoughts. On his arrival in London he brought the subject under the consideration of the British Ministry, and had interviews with Lord Melville, Mr. Canning, and other influential persons: but, considering our then relations with Spain, and the noble struggle she was engaged in, it was impossible for England to be a party to any scheme for separating the colonies from the mother country. Burr, too, was a suspected man—the effects of his excessive unpopularity at home was felt even in Europe, and after a few months residence here he was ordered to leave the kingdom. Still, his undoubted talent, and the high situation he had filled in the American government, secured for him many flattering attentions. Bentham appears to have welcomed him heartily, and for some time he resided with that illustrious man. On a subsequent visit to Edinburgh, he was very kindly received, and he describes his residence there as a continued round of visiting. But though these facts are made clearly manifest in his *Journal*, which ought therefore to have been extremely interesting, it is, on the whole, meagre, enigmatical, and unsatisfactory, a mere record of personal incidents and names. During his residence in England, Burr was often in great pecuniary difficulties, but this was carefully concealed from his friends, especially Bentham. "The benevolent heart of J. B.," he writes, "shall never be pained by the exhibition of my distress." Under all privations he maintained his cheerfulness, and thus pleasantly records an adventure, painful enough to a poor man:—

"*London, December* 21, 1808. In a garret at the Black Lion, Water Lane, London. Having made half a dinner at Queen's Square Place, drove off furiously to the White Horse, Piccadilly, to be in time for the Oxford stage. Having waited half an hour and the coach not come, the weather *cool*, went in to warm. Having warmed half an hour, and wondering at the delay, went out to see. The coach had been gone twenty minutes. My honest coachman, as well to be sheltered from the storm as for repose, had got inside and was sound asleep. Drove to Gloucester Coffee-house to take the mail. Was advised to go to the Golden something, Charing Cross. Thither went. The mail was full inside and out. Thence to the Saracen's Head. Thence back to the Ship. To Fetter Lane. Coach full. To the Black Lion, Water Lane, Fleet—full, inside and out. To the Old Crown, Holborn—no coach hence till Friday. To the Bolt Inn, where found a seat in a coach to go at seven to-morrow, but no bed to be had. Went to the nearest inn, being the same Black Lion, where I am occupant of a garret room, up four flights of stairs, and a very dirty bed. * * Coach hire nine shillings.

"*Oxford, December* 22. Was called at six, to be ready for the coach at seven. Gave my baggage to a porter, but, being stopped a minute to make change, he got out of my sight. I missed the way, and when I got to the Bolt Inn the coach had gone. My passage having been paid in the evening, there was no inducement to wait for me. Pursued and had the good fortune to overtake the coach. Found in it one man. Having preserved perfect silence for a few minutes by way of experiment, I remarked that the day was very mild, which he flatly denied, and in a tone and manner as if he would have bit me. I laughed out heartily, and very kindly inquired into his morning's adventures. He was old, gouty, and very fat. No hack being to be had at that early hour, or, what is more probable, choosing to save the shilling, he had walked from his house to the inn. Had fallen twice; got wet and bruised, and was very sure that he should be laid up with the gout for six months. I sympathized with his misfortunes. Wondered at the complacency with which he bore them, and joined him in cursing the weather, the streets, and the hackney coachmen. He became complacent and talkative. Such is John Bull."

On leaving England, Burr proceeded to Gottenburgh, and thence through Germany to Paris. He now endeavoured to engage the Emperor in his schemes, but without success—indeed, suspicion attached to him from the first moment that he set foot on the continent; and when he had resolved to return to America, his passport was refused. In Paris, however, as in London, he received many proofs of personal kindness, and records in his Journal, with gratitude, the friendly attentions of Volney, Denon, the Duke de Bassano, Miss Williams, and others. But these gleams of sunshine were often followed by others of deep gloom—thus we find recorded in his Journal, written for his daughter, whom he idolized:—

"Nov. 3d.—'Your watch and your ring are both pawned for one thousand francs;' 11th, 'My boots are at the shoemaker's to be soled. They are done, and I cannot redeem them.' * *

"23d.—'I am about to undertake the translation from English into French of two octavo volumes for one hundred louis. It will take me three months hard work. Better than to starve. *But the most curious part of the story is, that the book in question contains a quantity of abuse and libels on A. Burr.*'

"24th.—'Came home and locked myself up against duns.'"

These following bear date in London, which he visited a second time:—

"30th.—'I have serious thoughts of offering in the lump the residue of your coins and medals. Trash indeed; but there happens to be a medal-monger who may value such trash; and, if he should offer ten guineas, they are gone—gone.'

"Feb. 7th.—'The cash has gone down to seven pence, and I have no tobacco; and coffee, and coal, and bread only for to-morrow.'

"8th.—'Held a consultation with myself about dining. Instead of having bread for the day, had not a mouthful, and was sick for want of tobacco. To dine and drink a pint of ale would just ruin me. So sent my little maid for fourpence worth of bread and an ounce of tobacco, threepence halfpenny; for which had to borrow a penny and a half of her; and having only coffee for the morning, and very scant, for J. Hug is to breakfast with me, agreed to omit the dinner, and take tea with my cassonade, which found very good; with a bit of cheese made a hearty meal.' * *

"'Then went to Captain J. to attempt again to pledge your watch, but he could not or would not advance five pounds. Then home: took my p. d. t. and bouef froid; still the same half pound bought just ten days ago, and, with a pot of ale, made a feast.'"

Singular predicaments for the Vice-President of the Great Republic!—but this must suffice. The details we have quoted give but too fair a specimen of his melancholy, solitary, friendless career.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE POPULAR SONGS OF IRELAND.*

This book will cause some disappointment. The reputation of the compiler, and especially the boundless scope afforded by the subject—the Popular Songs of the most joyous and jovial, song-singing, loving, marrying, drinking, hunting, racing, revelling, rebelling, tearing, swearing, reckless, and rollocking people under the sun, and one of the liveliest and wittiest withal—promised too much not to entail disappointment, for which the editor is hardly to be held blameable.

The greatest fault of the collection is of a character resembling what the lawyers call error *in substantialibus.* The book is, in fact, lamentably deficient in songs. Sixty-four songs, with frequent illustrative snatches of song, and a few variorum readings of favourite lyrics, however skilfully selected, can constitute but a specimen of the Popular Songs of Ireland. *Specimens* had, perhaps, been the truer title, while that adopted led us to look for an Irish compeer to Dr. Percy or Joseph Ritson. Mr. C. Croker has taken chiefly songs in vogue, and often those in merely temporary vogue; while his predecessors have filled stronger and higher ground, entrenching themselves among the enduring national lyrics of their country. There are in Mr. Crofton Croker's selection songs which will not be considered popular at the end of another twenty years—if they deserve the name now, which we question. From the general character of the collection, we are led to conclude that the editor has preferred those lyrics which gave him the best opportunity of introducing the curious, if not very profound or recondite, information he has collected as to the birth and parentage of these fugitive lyrics. Another blemish is the predominance of what we are compelled to regard as mere *slang* songs—*slang* in idea, if not in phrase—and the introduction of the namby-pamby, and the clap-trap. For this error there may be reason, if the book is merely made to sell; nor has it been carried to any unpardonable length, though, in so limited a list as sixty-four songs, every lyric ought to have been a gem or a unique. Among what we consider purely *slang* songs, we may point at—"O Blarney Castle, my darling;" of the *namby-pamby*, that melancholic, caterwauling and superannuated ditty—"Shannon's Flowery Banks;" while we have a fair specimen of the clap-trap—a hit at the gods, and a sentimental side-aim at the two-shilling gallery—in "An Irishman's heart is as stout as Shillelah," an idea which the editor considers eminently original and felicitous, as if "Hearts of Oak" had not been Great Britain's ships and her men for above a century. These may be the popular Irish songs of theatres, Mason and Orange Lodges, and convivial parties of the middle class; but they cannot be the songs of the Irish people. They are not those sung round the farmer's fire-side, on a winter's night, by the girls spinning or knitting, or the *boy* clouting his brogues; or such as were warbled in the cabin before misery had quenched the light of song around the peasant's hearth.—Turn we to pleasanter topics. In 1789, or exactly fifty years since, Ritson visited Dublin, to "pick up songs, the native production of the country, either single or collected. But I met," he adds, "with little or nothing save disappoinment. And yet I have good reason to think that some such compositions must either exist or have existed." There cannot be a doubt of this. But the schoolmaster had not been abroad in Ireland; and the humble minstrel, having no secretary or amanuensis, died unrecorded. Mr. C. Croker gives his readers reason to believe that he has been more successful than Ritson, though this volume bears but slender evidence of the results of either antiquarian or popular research. The collection is, indeed, chiefly of modern date. Among the best songs, are the admirable and unique "Groves of Blarney," the parent, we may add, of a vile spurious brood; and two by Dr. Maginn—spirited and truly Irish lyrics. The lays of older date which are given, are not novelties, though unexceptionable of their kind; such as the "Kilruddery Hunt," which Ritson published, together with a few more omitted here, as "Lillebullero," and "Bumper Squire Jones."

Mr. Crofton Croker finally explains the whole affair. He had made a very large collection, and was prepared to submit a series of historical songs to the English reader, from the Battle of the Boyne downwards, (probably to the slaughter of Rathcormac?) but his publisher demurred; and, we apprehend, wisely. The collection might have assumed a complexion too decidedly Orange for the taste of either the Irish or British public.

The songs adopted in the limited selection are classified. First, we have those in honour of the patron saint of the kingdom, which, as is well known, are more remarkable for humour than reverence. The national emblem, "the green immortal Shamrock," is next celebrated. POTATOES, the Irishman's food, then shines in the light of song; and his beloved liquor, WHISKY, is the subject of no fewer than fourteen most laudatory songs. Nor is his favourite toy, "The Sprig of Shillelah," forgotten. Besides these, we have local songs, in honour of the "Beautiful City of Cork," of Limerick, and a number of other places. Among the flowers of the collection, are the serious-burlesque, Anglo-Irish songs, if we may use the term serious, to distinguish them from the purely idiotic burlesque.

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* The Popular Songs of Ireland, collected and edited, with introductions and notes, by T. Crofton Croker, Esq. Pp. 340. Colburn.

At the very head of these, is the classic "Groves of Blarney," of whose author, "honest Dick Millikin," we have this very interesting notice:—

> Richard Alfred Millikin was born, in 1767, at Castle Martyr, a small town in the county of Cork, and was placed in the office of a country attorney, where he had the reputation of devoting more attention to painting, poetry, and music, than to the niceties of law. Having completed his apprenticeship, when he claimed to be admitted as a member of the legal profession, the gentleman by whom he was to be examined "thought proper to declare his having received information by letter that Mr. Millikin, then present in Court, and claiming a right to be sworn a member of it, so far from being regularly initiated in the profession of an attorney, was bred a painter, and consequently was wholly unqualified for admission. This statement, so grossly false," says Millikin's biographer, "was promptly corroborated by a Cork attorney, who asserted that he could himself point out a person in Cork, for whom the young man in question had actually painted a sign. Such an attack, in such a place, was in itself sufficient to abash an inexperienced young man; but, when a recollection flashed on his mind of having really painted a board, at the request of a poor widow, (she was that attorney's nurse,) to place over the window of her son's shop, his embarrassment became so great that he was unable to utter a word; and, had not his limbs refused their office, he would have quitted the Court never to return. But, just at that distressing moment, an acquaintance of happier times, the good-natured, kind-hearted Counsellor Fitzgerald (as remarkable for his urbanity of disposition as corpulence of person) happening to be present, and taking fire at the malicious falsehood, rose, and, in a very eloquent address to the Court, fully disproved the illiberal and unmanly charge; asserting, in his turn, that Mr. Millikin—his school-fellow and early friend, who was designed for a higher walk in life than that he was now about to enter on—had not only received the education of a gentleman, but was possessed of those accomplishments generally attached to the character, one of which was drawing, in which he excelled, and which, till now, he had never heard attributed to any man as a fault, or considered as a barrier to professional pursuits.
>
> "The consequence of this kind and seasonable explanation was his being admitted and sworn an attorney, and a member of the King's Inns; after which he returned to Cork to commence business. Young and unpatronised, however, he had little employment."
>
> As professional employment, for which there are many candidates, must be courted rather than shunned as irksome, Mr. Millikin was left with ample leisure to indulge his taste for literature and the fine arts; and, in 1795, several poetical contributions from his pen were printed in *The Monthly Miscellany*, a Cork magazine. In April 1797, he published, jointly with his sister—a lady who had distinguished herself by some historical novels—*The Casket, or Hesperian Magazine*, which appeared monthly until February 1798, when the political circumstances of Ireland terminated its existence.
>
> On the breaking out of the rebellion, Mr. Millikin zealously joined the Royal Cork Volunteers, and soon became a conspicuous member of that corps. He was subsequently, by the exertions of his pen and pencil, an active promoter of various benevolent objects in Cork. . . . . . . Mr. Millikin's death was caused by water on the chest, and occurred, after a short illness, on the 16th December 1815. He was buried with a public funeral at Douglas, near Cork, and his loss deplored as a general calamity.

Millikin's papers are now in the hands of Mr. Crofton Croker. The origin of "The Groves of Blarney" is thus traced in the Memoir of Millikin, published, with his poems, after his decease:—

> An itinerant poet, with the view of being paid for his trouble, composed a song in praise (as he doubtless intended it) of Castle Hyde, the beautiful seat of the Hyde family, on the river Blackwater; but, instead of the expected remuneration, the poor poet was driven from the gate by the order of the then proprietor, who, from the absurdity of the thing, conceived that it could only be meant as mockery; and, in fact, a more nonsensical composition could scarcely escape the pen of a maniac. The author, however, well satisfied of its merits, and stung with indignation and disappointment, vented his rage in an additional verse against the owner, and sung it wherever he had an opportunity of raising his angry voice. As satire, however gross, is but too generally well received, the song first became a favourite with the lower orders, then found its way into ballads, and at length into the convivial meetings of gentlemen. It was in one of those that Mr. Millikin undertook, in the gaiety of the moment, to produce a song that, if not superior, should be at least equal in absurdity to 'Castle Hyde;' and accordingly, adopting the tune, and taking Blarney for his subject, he soon made good his promise.
>
> "'The Groves of Blarney,' which was received by the company with a burst of applause, soon rivalled its predecessor 'Castle Hyde,' and continued long the favourite of every laughter-loving party."
>
> Millikin's intention was to ridicule the songs which ignorant Irish village bards—with a vast fondness for rhyme, an imperfect knowledge of the English language, and a pedantic ambition to display the full extent of their classical knowledge—were, and still are, in the habit of composing; and in Ireland, rhyme, or even the approach to it, is often far more effective than reason.

We shall henceforth adopt Mr. Crofton Croker's reading of this National Song as the true one. It is from the author's manuscript. The fifth stanza is not Millikin's. It was an *impromptu* added at an electioneering dinner, and meant as a hit at the then Lord Donoughmore, who was present. This was the son of the Peer, we believe, of whom George III. is reported to have said, that, "If he gave him Great Britain and Ireland in a present, he would next ask the Isle of Man for a little cabbage garden." The wit is less characteristic of the King than of the rapacity of an ever-craving, needy Irish Peer. The Peer next in succession must have been as ready and adroit as this one was encroaching. When the new verse of "Groves of Blarney" was sung, he applauded the loudest.

In a very humorous speech, he acknowledged the relationship, thanked the author for his mention of it, and requested leave to toast the Murphys, Clearys, and Healys, with all others who, in the recent political contest, had ventured life and limb in support of the

Hutchinson cause, and had thus made their blood relationship with him unquestionable.

MILLIKIN'S ORIGINAL GROVES OF BLARNEY.

"The groves of Blarney they are so charming,
All by the purling of sweet silent streams;
Being banked with posies that spontaneous grow there,
Planted in order by the sweet rock close.
'Tis there's the daisy, and the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink, and the rose so fair;
The daffodowndilly, besides the lily—
Flowers that scent the sweet fragrant air.
Oh, ullagoane, &c.

"'Tis Lady Jeffreys that owns this station,
Like Alexander, or Queen Helen fair;
There's no commander throughout the nation
For emulation can with her compare.
She has castles round her, that no nine-pounder
Could dare to plunder her place of strength;
But Oliver Cromwell he did her pummel,
And made a breach in her battlement.
Oh, ullagoane, &c.

"There's gravel walks there for speculation,
And conversation in sweet solitude;
'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
The gentle plover, in the afternoon.
And if a young lady should be so engaging
As to walk alone in those shady bowers,
'Tis there her courtier he may transport her
In some dark fort, or under ground.
Oh, ullagoane, &c.

"For 'tis there's the cave where no daylight enters,
But bats and badgers are for ever bred;
Being moss'd by natur', that makes it sweeter
Than a coach or six, or a feather-bed.
'Tis there's the lake that is stored with perches,
And comely eels in the verdant mud;
Besides the leeches, and the groves of beeches,
All standing in order for to guard the flood.
Oh, ullagoane, &c.

"'Tis there's the kitchen hangs many a flitch in,
With the maids a stitching upon the stair;
The bread and biskie', the beer and whisky,
Would make you frisky if you were there.
'Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter
A washing *praties* forenent the door,
With Roger Cleary and Father Healy,
All blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore,
Oh, ullagoane, &c.

"There's statues gracing this noble place in,
All heathen goddesses so fair—
Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
All standing naked in the open air.
So now to finish this brave narration,
Which my poor geni' could not entwine;
But were I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar,
'Tis in every feature I would make it shine.
Oh, ullagoane, &c."

It is remarkable that among so loving and marrying a race as the Irish, there should be so few popular songs of love and courtship; and that, among so witty a people, we should find no strains of sly and good-humoured sarcasm, and unbiting satire—such, for example, as the Scotch "My Jo, Janet," or "Tak yer Auld Cloak about ye." Their popular songs of pathos and tenderness were, as we learn from poor Goldsmith, the Scottish "Johnny Armstrong's Last Goodnight," and "The Cruelty of Barbara Allen." In the "As down by Banna's Banks," we have one Irish love song not of the boudoir class—one song which the criticism of Burns has stamped with fame. We are disappointed to learn that the sickening "Banks of Banna," of which, with Mr. Hay, we heartily agree "*that we have heard enough*," was a vernal composition of the author of the finer song. He was Mr. Ogle of Bellevue in the county of Wexford, and a member of parliament for Dublin, before the Union, against which he voted. His namby-pamby "Banks of Banna" was universally sung, and much admired in its day; its celebrity, probably, arising from the music. It was the subject of a ludicrous parody, with one verse of which we shall present Mr. Crofton Croker, in requital for his overstrained admiration:—

"Shepherds, I have lost my wig—
Have you seen my jeezy?
Pride of every barber's shop,
It was so sleek and greasy!"

But Mr. Ogle's more mature lyric, the favourite of Burns, is truly an exquisite song. Burns points out the touching line—

"How can she break the honest heart that wears her in its core?
Ah, gra-ma-chree, ma colleen oge, ma Molly Asthore!"

Mr. Ogle had the felicity of afterwards marrying this wayward, "darling Molly," who was a Miss Moore. "The Hermit of Killarney," another song in this collection, is attributed to Mr. Ogle. It is the supposed effusion of a contemplative sage who has not outlived the sensibilities of youth, and who is melancholy without being misanthropic. The burden of each stanza is very fine—

"Adieu, adieu, thou faithless world!
Thou wast not made for me."

Mr. Crofton Croker attributes the authorship of the famous "Boys of Kilkenny" to Moore; and, though the presumed author will not confess this pleasant sin of his youth, the circumstantial evidence adduced bears strongly against him.

1. Moore was a prominent member of the Kilkenny private theatricals, about the years 1802, 3, and 4.
2. The melody called "the old head of Dennis," was an especial favourite with Moore; to it he wrote his well-known song in the first Number of the "Irish Melodies," on the Meeting of the Waters in the county of Wicklow, commencing, "There is not in *this* wide world."
3. The internal evidence of the song itself. The luscious picture conveyed to the fancy in the concluding lines of the second, and the beautiful local imagery of the third verses, as well as the humour which pervades the entire song, partake more of the tone of Moore's mind than of the national character.

It was no doubt originally written for, and sung on the Kilkenny stage, and the last verse was probably an adjunct by the author when he sung "the Boys of Kilkenny" in England, where he became a permanent resident about 1807.

The Kilkenny theatre has been already noticed as a speculation of Owenson's. Mr. Banim, in some gossiping letters on Ireland, published in a London periodical, says, "Until within the last few years, a private theatre was annually opened in Kilkenny under the management of Mr. Richard Power, an accomplished and amiable gentleman, at which, with other characters of consideration, Mr. Corry (Secretary to the Linen Hall) exhibited his very rare talents. . . . . .
It was at these Kilkenny theatricals that Miss O'Neil lost her heart to Mr. Becher; while the world consequently lost its first-rate actress. Mr. B. was the *Coriolanus* of the amateur company, and became captivated with his present celebrated lady during the very last Kilkenny season, while Miss O'Neil was gratuitously lending her mighty talents in behalf of the widow and the orphan. It is said, too, that here, at a very early period of her life, and when retained as an accessory, Miss O'Neil met with a cordial and decisive encouragement, which materially influenced her after success in the metropolis. I have more to say to you about Kilkenny pic-nics. Tom Moore was for some years the *Spado*, *Mungo*, and *Peeping Tom* of the boards; and, by all accounts, a glorious little actor he made. I am informed that his *Spado* was a treat. Indeed, the character seems made for him. How I should like to have seen the Irish ladies eyeing him as he sung—

" 'Oh, lasses, of love can you fail,
With such a compact little lovey?
Though no one can taste the big whale,
Sure all love the little anchovy!'

And again—

" 'Though wanting two feet in my body,
In soul I am thirty feet high.'

Here he recited his own melalogue; and, as the final bit of tattle, be it added, here Tommy also met, wooed, and won his present good lady."

AIR—"*The old head of Dennis.*"

Oh, the boys of Kilkenny are stout roving blades,
And if ever they meet with the nice little maids,
They kiss them and coax them, they spend their money free.
Oh! of all towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.
Oh! of all towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me!

Through the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream,
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame,
Her cheeks are like roses, her lips much the same,
Like a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream.
Like a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's famed coal,
And 'tis they through my bosom that have burned a big hole;
Her mind, like its waters, is as deep, clear, and pure,
But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.
But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.

"Oh! Kilkenny's a famous town, that shines where it stands,
And the more I think on it, the more my heart warms;
For if I was in Kilkenny, I'd think myself at home,
For it's there I'd get sweathearts, but here I get none.
For it's there I'd get sweathearts, but here I get none."

The two first lines of the last stanza of this song are taken literally from a sweet old Scoto-Irish song which we have never met with in print, and which goes thus—

"Oh bonny Portmore! thou shines where thou stands,
And the more I look to thee the more my heart warms;
But when I look from thee my heart is aye sore,
To think on the lassie I left at Portmore."

A hunter after the finer order of the popular songs of Ireland should "Try Glasgow," and Ayrshire, and Renfrewshire. Motherwell's Collection, we believe, includes some good specimens of the Scoto-Irish style. The song "One night when I got frisky," with the burden, "Oh, I'll never get drunk any more," is palpably formed upon the Scottish ditty—

"I'll never get drunk any more,
I'll never get drunk any more;
But aye when I smell good liquor,
I'll just look in at the door."

The very popular song, "St. Patrick was a gentleman," so often shockingly mangled and vulgarized in the singing of the English and Scotch, is, it seems, the joint production, or rather, we suspect, was only jointly sung at a masquerade in Cork in 1814, by Mr. Bennett and Mr. Toleken, in the character of ballad-singers. The third, fourth, and sixth stanzas of the common edition have since been added, the last by Mr. Toleken. Though first in point of time, it does not, in wit, and brilliancy, and droll Irish humour, approach Maginn's "St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear!" The Doctor calls this last a "theological song, containing the principal acts of the national Saint—his coming to Ireland on a stone; his blessed, never-emptying can, commonly called St. Patrick's pot; his changing a leg of mutton into a salmon during Lent;" and other genial miracles. We should not imagine that even the most bigoted Catholic could carp at this inimitable lyric, the Irish "St. George he was for England!"

AIR—*The Night before Lary was stretched.*

"A fig for St. Denis of France—
He's a trumpery fellow to brag on;
A fig for St. George and his lance,
Which spitted a heathenish dragon;
And the Saints of the Welshman or Scot
Are a couple of pitiful pipers;
Both of whom may just travel to pot
Compared with that patron of swipers,
St. Patrick of Ireland, my dear!

"He came to the Emerald Isle
On the lump of a paving-stone mounted;
The steam-boat he beat by a mile,
Which mighty good sailing was counted.
Says he, 'The salt water, I think,
Has made me most bloodily thirsty;
So bring me a flagon of drink—
To keep down the mulligrubs, burst ye—
Of drink that is fit for a saint!'

"He preached, then, with wonderful force,
The ignorant natives a-teaching;
With a pint he washed down his discourse,
'For,' says he, 'I detest your dry preaching.'

The people, with wonderment struck,
At a pastor so pious and civil,
Exclaimed—'We're for you, my old buck!
And we pitch our blind gods to the devil,
Who dwells in hot water below!'

"This ended, our worshipful spoon
Went to visit an elegant fellow,
Whose practice, each cool afternoon,
Was to get most delightfully mellow.
That day, with a black-jack of beer
It chanced he was treating a party;
Says the Saint—'This good day, do you hear,
I drank nothing to speak of, my hearty!
So give me a pull at the pot!'

"The pewter he lifted in sport,
(Believe me, I tell you no fable,)
A gallon he drank from the quart,
And then placed it full on the table.
'A miracle!' every one said,
And they all took a haul at the stingo;
They were capital hands at the trade,
And drank till they fell; yet, by jingo,
The pot still frothed over the brim!

"Next day, quoth his host, ''Tis a fast,
And I've naught in my larder but mutton;
And, on Fridays, who'd make such repast,
Except an unchristian-like glutton?'
Says Pat, 'Cease your nonsense, I beg,
What you tell me is nothing but gammon;
Take my compliments down to the leg,
And bid it come hither a salmon!'
And the leg most politely complied!

* * * * * *

"Oh! he was an elegant blade
As you'd meet from Fairhead to Kilcrumper;*
And though under the sod he is laid,
Yet here goes his health in a bumper!
I wish he was here, that my glass
He might by art magic replenish;
But since he is not—why, alas!
My ditty must come to a finish,
Because all the liquor is out!"

Mr. Crofton Croker enters into the learned controversy concerning the genuine Shamrock, but throws no new light upon the question. On the whole he inclines to the authenticity of the common white trefoil clover, of which many inhabitants of Edinburgh may still remember pet-patches being carefully cultivated, that the Irish students, then thronging to our university, might have shamrocks wherewith to garnish their beavers on St. Patrick's Day, or the 17th of March. An anonymous Dublin writer attacks Mr. Bicheno's theory, which assumes the wood-sorrel to be the true shamrock. The Dublin writer evidently does not know what that beautiful plant is, and confounds it with common sorrel or *sourocks*. The wood-sorrel is of the most brilliant and delicate green colour, but of a warmer and lighter hue than the trefoil, which its exquisitely pencilled leaf considerably resembles. The trefoil is, however, the shamrock by proscription, and, like the Whigs, it would be a pity to disturb it in possession. The search for a four-leaved plant of trefoil is common to Scotland with Ireland, and probably to many other countries, and is held as the harbinger of good luck to the finder.

Of the songs in praise of the *Potato*, that addressed to Cobbet is the best. Colman's broad parody on Scott's "Boat Song" in "The Lady of the Lake," does no more deserve to be classed among the popular songs of Ireland, than a thousand other slang songs about Irish bulls and blunders. "The Land of Potatoes," is ascribed to Mr. Owenson, the father of Lady Morgan. This gentleman was a comic actor of some merit; and in his own country and day was particularly admired in the personation of off-hand, half-gentlemanly Irish characters. Of Owenson, now best known through the literary reputation of his daughter, Sir Jonah Barrington says:—

He was highly celebrated in the line of Irish characters; and never did an actor exist so perfectly calculated, in my opinion, to personify that singular class of people. Considerably above six feet in height, remarkably handsome and brave-looking, vigorous, and well-shaped, he was not vulgar enough to disgust, nor was he genteel enough to be out of character. Never did I see an actor so entirely identify himself with the peculiarities of those parts he assumed. In the higher class of Irish characters (old officers, &c.) he looked well, but did not exhibit sufficient dignity; and, in the lowest, his humour was scarcely quaint and original enough; but in what might be termed the middle class of Paddies, no man ever combined the look and the manner with such felicity as Owenson. Scientific singing is not an Irish quality; and he sang well enough. I have heard Jack Johnstone warble so very skilfully, and act some parts so very like a man of first-rate education, that I almost forgot the nation he was mimicking. That was not the case with Owenson; he acted as if he had not received too much schooling, and sang like a man whom nobody instructed. He was, like most of his profession, careless of his concerns, and grew old without growing rich. His last friend was old Fontaine, a very celebrated Irish dancing-master, many years domiciliated and highly esteemed in Dublin. He aided Owenson and his family whilst he had the means to do so; and they both died nearly at the same time, instances of talent and improvidence.

Mr. Owenson's song displays no distinguishing humour or elegance. The burden is the best of it.

"Hospitality,
No formality,
All reality, there you ever see;
The free and the easy
Would so amaze ye,
You'd think us all crazy,
For dull we never be!
In the land of potatoes, O!"

To the imperial praises of Whisky made by Peter the Great, who, of all wine, said Irish wine was the best, and who drank accordingly, Mr. Crofton Croker adds those of George IV., who, on his visit to Dublin in 1821, while he maddened all Irish brains with the intoxicating fumes of loyalty, had his own excited by the genuine poteen. Our author should have told that his Majesty had the good taste to forbid the appearance of excised or "Parliament whisky," at the royal table. His punch was made only of that

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* Fairhead is the north-east cape of Ireland; Kilcrumper is a ruined church, and ancient burial-ground, between Fermoy and Kilworth, in the county of Cork, the southern county of Ireland.

"Which came from a still,
Snug under a hill,
Where eye of gauger saw it not."

With the full fourteen Whisky Songs here put on record, Ireland must, we fear, yield the palm to Scotland in praising usquebae, whatever be their respective merits in the immense consumption of the beverage sacred to both nations.* The most remarkable new fact relating to this potent inspirer of the Irish muse is, that Big Jack Joyce of Connemara, has joined the Tee-Total Society! Were this portentous joining anything more than an equivalent to the three months' vow to a priest, we should fancy the end of the Irish world at hand.

"On the poteen," says Barrow, "being produced, I hoped he (the aforesaid 'Big Jack Joyce'), would not oblige me to drink alone; but it was not without much entreaty I could prevail upon him to take a single glass, which he did only, he said, to welcome my arrival. '*Tempora mutantur*,' thought I, and some of us are changed with them; for it was scarcely a twelvemonth since Inglis visited him, when 'room was found on the table for a double-sized flagon of whisky, and water appeared to be a beverage not much in repute.' The mystery was soon unriddled by his telling me that he—Joyce, of all men in the world—had become a member of a Temperance Society! and had taken a vow (on three months' trial) not to drink spirits, save and except on such an occasion as the present, and when necessary to do so *medicinally*. He, however, gave me to understand that he had taken his fair share of poteen in his day, and was nothing the worse of it.

"It is to be hoped," adds Barrow, "that this honest fellow will not endeavour to prevail on his poor neighbours to forego entirely this necessary beverage; absolutely necessary, as I am assured by a medical gentleman of great eminence, to prevent scorbutic habits in those whose chief or sole food is the potato, which Cobbett not improperly calls 'the root of poverty.' Rice has not much more nutrition in it than potatoes, and yet the millions of India and China feed upon little else; but they never eat it *alone;* it is either dressed in the shape of curries, or highly seasoned with pepper and other hot spices, which answers the purpose of whisky."

. . . . . Before the progress of whisky, leper-houses, which, as Dr. Ledwich observes, "were every where to be found" in Ireland, rapidly disappeared; and hence this healing spirit was termed the water of life, or aqua vitæ, which words, rendered into Irish, are usquebagh, emphatically called *uisge;* or, to use the expression of Sir Walter Scott, "by way of eminence termed *the water*," and from uisge is our common word whisky derived.

By the old physicians this charming cordial was recommended as a means of prolonging life; and it was, consequently, eagerly and universally sought after. Fennel-seeds, saffron, and other pungent matters were mingled with it; but these were soon found to be only whimsical adulterations of the sublime purity of an inestimable extract. Fynes Moryson, although little inclined to admit the excellence of anything Irish, says, "The Irish aqua vitæ, vulgarly called usquebagh, is held the best in the world of that kind; which is also made in England, *but nothing so good as that which is brought out of Ireland.*"

Among the Local Songs, the best is the following by Dr. Brennan of Dublin, the editor of the defunct *Milesian* MONTHLY *Magazine*, whose characteristic Monthly period was sometimes three months, and sometimes three years, as best suited the convenience of its eccentric editor.

"A Connaught man
Gets all that he can,
His impudence never has mist-all;
He'll seldom flatter,
But bully and batter;
And his talk's of his kin and his pistol.

"A Munster man
Is civil by plan;
Again and again he'll entreat you;
Though you ten times refuse,
He his object pursues,
Which is, nine out of ten times, to cheat you.

"An Ulster man
Ever means to trepan
He watches your eye and opinion;
He'll ne'er disagree
Till his interest it be,
And insolence marks his dominion.

"A Leinster man
Is with all cup and can;
He calls t'other provinces knaves;
Yet each of them see,
When he starts with the three,
That his distance he frequently saves."

The Irish Muses have many unfortunate or outcast step-sons, much like those of other lands. One or two smooth, sweet effusions, by a person of this description named Callanan, find a place here. In a young man they are promising and nothing more. The author was intended for a priest, and studied for some time at Maynooth. He left that seminary, offended his relations, and became a schoolmaster. At one period, in a fit of despair, he enlisted as a private soldier. Subsequently, he was patronized by Dr. Maginn, and became an assistant in the Doctor's school. Callanan was also a private tutor. He was a thorough-paced victim to the Muses, or rather to his own indiscretion; and his little story repeats a warning often given, and too often in vain. He was indolent and procrastinating, and yet bit with that mania for *instant* publication, which is one of the worst symptoms of a poor poet. He fell into a decline, and died in Portugal at the age of thirty-four. Thither his generous friends—for he never wanted friends—had sent him, to be tutor in a family, and for the recovery of his health. His lyric "Sweet Avondu," is smooth and flowing, with a smack of the melody of Smollet's "Leven's Banks," but destitute of the vigour and concentration of that beautiful poem. In the high department of genuine lyrical poetry, the Popular Songs of Ireland seem sadly deficient. Moore, where he has succeeded, is but one happy accident, and there is no other remarkable Irish song-writer. The flow of song, in the nobler sense, would indeed seem to have ceased of late over both the Islands.

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* Can any of our readers furnish us, for our collection, with a copy of a droll effusion, composed in the character of a Highlander, in praise of usquebae, which contains this stanza:—

"When Shanet pe sick, and pe makin te pairn,
Te wee drappie trink it pecherrish her prain,
It make her to sing, and ta howdie to pray—
Och! long life to Donald and his Usquebae."

Of *slang* songs, or what he designates as such, though many more of the songs are *slangish* enough, Mr. Crofton Croker gives but one example, 'De Groves of de Pool," written by honest Dick Millikin upon "the gallant Cork City Militia" returning after the glorious wars of the '98; or rather of "their advance back again," as he terms it Hibernically. One stanza is as good for our purpose as the whole—

"Now de war, dearest Nancy, is ended,
And de peace is come over from France;
So our gallant Cork city militia
  Back again to head-quarters advance.
No longer a beating dose rebels,
  We'll now be beating de bull,
And taste dose genteel recreation
  Dat are found in de groves of de Pool.
    Ri fol didder rol bidder rol, &c."

Among the political and slang songs of that memorable period we can remember one which, from its sprightliness, deserves that Mr. Crofton Croker, or some one else, should rescue it from oblivion. It appeared on a broadside, of which the figure-head was a French republican soldier mounted upon an ass, with the motto—a parody of the inspiring rallying word of that mad epoch—of

ERIN GO BRAY!

"From Rochforte, in de Bay of Biscay,
Me come for de very fine visky
To make de Jacobin frisky,
    And Erin may go bray!

"Me get de meally potato
From de Irish democrato
To make de Jacobin fat, O!
    And Erin may go bray!

"Me put into requisition
De girl of every condition,
. . . . .
    And Erin may go bray!

"Erin may bray and kick, O!
But de Jacobin will stick, O!
As long as there's any thing to pick, O!
    And Erin may go bray!"

Among the local songs, "The County of Limerick Buck-Hunt," written to celebrate a famous hunt which took place in the year 1735, is more classic in tone than most of those temporary local effusions. Among the ladies, toasted in bumpers at the dinner after the hunt, was the veritable Miss Alicia, or "Alley Croker," the true-love, as we are led to suppose, of the man "Who lived in Ballinacrazy." She was afterwards married to Charles Langley, Esq., of Lisnarnock, county of Kilkenny. A sampler, worked by the fair Alley, is preserved as a relic by a family named Baker, in Tipperary county. The author of "Alley Croker"—and why is it not included among "The Popular Songs of Ireland?"—was Larry Grogan, a celebrated amateur piper of the family of Grogan of Johnstown, County of Wexford.

One good song, "Dear Mallow, adieu," was written by Samuel White, the Master of the English Grammar School, Dublin, and the teacher of Moore (who has addressed a sonnet to his memory) and also of other distinguished men. He was a spouter, a rhymester, and fond of theatricals. He taught his pupils to declaim in the style of Mossop, Barry, and the elder Sheridan, who had been the associates of his youth; and Mr. Moore believes that his taste has had a powerful influence upon the tone of Irish rhetoric, as most of the prominent members of the bar, and the pulpit orators, had passed under his tuition. This gay, happy, and unworldly old schoolmaster died at the age of fourscore.

"The Rakes of Mallow"—the bloods and bucks of that once fashionable water-drinking town, before steam whisked the fashionables of the south of Ireland over to Bristol, Bath, and Cheltenham—are celebrated in a song more truly descriptive than recommendatory of the morals and manners of those gay youths. A few lines may suffice to depicture the daily life of an Irish buck not very long since.

"When at home with dadda dying,
Still for Mallow water crying;
But where there's good claret plying
    Live the rakes of Mallow.

"Living short but merry lives;
Going where the devil drives;
Having sweethearts, but no wives,
    Live the rakes of Mallow.

"Racking tenants, stewards teasing,
Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
Wishing to spend all their days in
    Raking as at Mallow.

"Then, to end this raking life,
They get sober, take a wife;
Ever after live in strife,
    And wish again for Mallow."

One old historical ballad has now a double interest belonging to it. "The Entrenchment of New Ross" is supposed to have been composed in 1265, when the walls were in progress of being raised. It was written in Norman French by a friar named Michael Kildare, and was translated from the Harleian

MSS., in the British Museum, by the lamented L. E. L. It is printed here for the first time. It is, however, rather to be regarded as a curiosity than as appropriate to a collection of Irish popular songs; yet it gives a singular glimpse of ancient manners. All the inhabitants of the menaced town took their turn of labour at erecting the defensive walls, towers, and bridges; every trade or guild working by itself under its separate banners and leaders. Even the women and ladies laboured in carrying stones; and, in honour of them, one tower was named "The Maiden's Tower."

And thus we close Mr. Crofton Croker's contribution to the Minstrelsy of his native country, commending what he has done, and hoping that, with the materials whiich he has collected, he may yet rear a broader-based, nobler, and more lasting monument to the honour of Ireland.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

ASSASSINS AND BULL FIGHTS.

The following narrative is by the Baron von Auffenberg, one of the most spirited and glowing of the German dramatic poets. It is extracted from his account of a Pilgrimage to Granada and Cordova, and gives perhaps a better view of the state of Spanish misrule than a more laboured disquisition could furnish. His pilgrimage was performed in company with a Swiss gentleman, whom he introduces only as "Carlos," and who plays a prominent, though not a very heroic part in the following adventure. He calls it "A Night of Terror in Valencia," and it certainly seems to have been deserving of the name; though we cannot help thinking that if Carlos had been William Tell, or the Baron Guy of Warwick, the issue might have been different. There might have been worse odds than three to two—but to the tale.

A dismal day of clouds succeeded the bright sunshine of the Easter festival. I visited several more of the innumerable convents and churches of this city, which give a convincing proof of the inexhaustible wealth of the Spanish priesthood. The weather grew worse and worse;—dull and depressed, as if I had encountered the simoom, I betook myself to the table d'hôte of the Funda, where the first object that presented itself was a French merchant, who had just arrived from Barcelona. He was a tall haggard-looking man, dressed in dark-coloured clothes, with a vast profusion of beard, and a most melancholy expression on his pallid face. Such an object was by no means qualified to raise my spirits; he reminded me of Peter Schlemihl of shadowless memory, and his conversation was in admirable keeping with his outward man. He spoke of nothing but wars, earthquakes, cholera, and suicide. He smelt strong of camphor; and, as no one seemed inclined to listen to the lamentations of this second Jeremiah, he addressed his conversation to me. When he had asked me what lions I had seen—"What!" he cried, "have you not been to the Hospital yet?—my dear sir, 'tis the prettiest sight in Valencia." This was in character; and when I had put down his recommendation in my note-book, and determined on visiting the hospital next morning, he seemed encouraged to pour forth his grumblings more freely than before. He growled about the weather, the dinner—the meats were bad, the dishes ill dressed—and at last it was quite a relief to me when he falsified his own judgments on the cookery, by eating so copiously of every dish that came in his way, that he found it impossible to talk any more. During dessert, he rose and walked to the window. After he had looked for some time at the sky, he came back, and muttered (almost as if he were pleased at the prospect) "Any one that wishes to see a good stiff storm may go down this afternoon to the seaside. A bad look-out for the shipping—lives lost—bankruptcies—bodies washed ashore," et cetera, et cetera, and da capo. When at last this bird of bad omen left the room, many a hearty "Valgate Satanas" hurled after him, showed that the Spanish part of his auditory were by no means prepossessed in his favour. Carlos and I, however, were glad to avail ourselves of his information, as neither of us had yet seen a sea-storm; and we accordingly walked along a beautiful road, ornamented with splendid trees, to the Villa Nueva de Santa Maria, as the little seaport, about a mile and a half from the city, is called. It is also sometimes called El Grao. It was about six o'clock in the evening when we reached it. The bay of Valencia is always rough, being exposed to almost every wind; and on the present occasion a regular *borrasca* was raging. The sea was earth-coloured; from time to time the waves, white-crested, and higher than the house-tops, came rolling in, while the east wind howled every moment more fiercely, as if it enjoyed the hideous sound itself had made. All the thunder-voices of the mighty deep seemed let loose. A frigate in the distance struggled like some ocean-spirit with the increasing tempest. No wonder that this magnificent scene made us forgetful of every thing else. I declaimed and spouted all the poetry I could remember suitable for the occasion, and was not very unlike Demosthenes, with the exception of having no pebbles in my mouth; and Carlos, I have no doubt, would have also sung hymns to Neptune, if he had not been busy collecting mussels and other shells that were cast on shore by the violence of the storm—for Carlos is a conchologist, and thought of his cockles and periwinkles almost as much as of his Homer and Byron.

The rage of the elements grew with the darkness; the foam of the waves gleamed as if with lightning. The hollow sounds of the abyss seemed to sound upwards from the depths of the lower world, and it was only when night had fairly set in that we could tear ourselves away from the grand and exciting spectacle. El Grao was already quite deserted; scattered lights along the coast glimmered dimly through the darkness, and along the roads belated travellers were hurrying towards the city, some on horseback, and some in their light tartanas. It was about nine o'clock when we came to the sea gate, and we found it closed. When we begged permission to enter, a low voice advised us "to pass on to the left (a la ïz guierda) where we might perhaps still get in, for here it was impossible: the strongest orders had been given to admit no one after the doors were shut; no, not if it were St. Vincente himself." This took us a little aback; but we obeyed the recommendation, and walked towards the Puerta Real.

"After all, Carlos," said I, "'tis no great matter; we only lose the fandango for to-night, and sleep in the open air." Scarcely had I said this, when I heard something creeping softly; and in a moment, as if fallen down from heaven, or sprung up from the other place, a broad-shouldered, thick-set man stood before us, dressed in the wild, romantic costume of the labradors, or labourers of that district. With a very submissive voice, and many bows and cringes, "The caballeros," he said, "are belated. O, Madre de Dios, so am I—so am I! But, chi! chi! I know the guard at the door; I will speak to them; they are sure to let us in. Chi! chi! vamos juntos."

Carlos muttered curses on the sea, on the mussels and periwinkles, and the long face of the melancholy Frenchman.

As yet I had no suspicion, and I knew it was not usual in Spain for *one* man to attack *two*. We reached the Puerta Real. In the middle of it is a long slit, about two inches wide, perhaps an inlet for smuggled cigars. Through this opening, our companion, the labrador, carried on a conversation with the sentinel. "Two caballeros are out here—great gentlemen—Chi! chi, centinela!—open the gate—the caballeros are strangers—they will be grateful, you may be sure."

"I will give you two duros if you get us in," whispered Carlos to our advocate; and I immediately perceived an involuntary movement of surprise in that gentleman, and an alteration in his voice; after this he pleaded our cause as if he were not in earnest. He now advised me to give myself out as harbour-captain, and then they would be sure to open. But I perceived the trick and its object, namely—to seize me as an impostor, and squeeze as much money out of me as he could.

Before I had time to answer, I heard Carlos cursing our evil stars more than ever; and with some cause, for immediately a voice said, quite close to us, "Buenos tardes, caballeros," and two other fellows in the same dress approached us—one of them very tall, and the other a short stout man, who carried a full bottle of wine.

"We are lost men," whispered Carlos—"Oh! that infernal sea!"

My suspicions now rose at once to the highest pitch. "We must leave this at all hazards," I said, "or this night will probably be our last." Of this I was well convinced; for the three men began a low muttered conversation among themselves, but always, when they thought we were observing them, mixed with bursts of laughter, as if they were talking of some merry adventures. "They are laying their plans at this moment against our lives," said Carlos; "there is no hope for us—alas! alas!"

Just as he said this, the short man let fall his wine bottle on a stone slab near the door, and as he stooped down, cursing his ill luck, I saw him gather up a good many stones, and wrap them up in his red-coloured mantle. The tall fellow, in the mean time, posted himself on the other side of us, as if they suspected we might try to make our escape. Our first acquaintance spoke again to the sentinel, whose only answer was, "Noda! noda!" It was now half-past nine—we heard it sounding from the church towers. The man seemed to breathe more freely, and stretching himself joyfully up, he said, in a tone that evidently showed his happiness, "'Tis of no use, caballeros; at this hour the keys are always given up into the commandant's hands; but at four o'clock the relief-guard comes, and the gates are opened. You had better come, and spend the time with us till then."

"Tengo una buena casa" (I have a good house), said the little man, in an ominous whisper; and I now felt persuaded they would try to get us into the suburb, to be able to attack us the more securely.

Our situation was deplorable enough, and particularly mine. We were quite defenceless—even my leaden-headed stick I had left behind, and I had nothing but a small pocket-knife, with a blade of about two inches long. I had with me eighty Napoleons in gold, and in a bag the money for our journey to Madrid, amounting to two hundred guldens, also in gold; for, in the funda, there was no place I could safely stow it away, not even a cupboard that would lock. I had also a gold watch with me, the chain of which had attracted the marked attention of the party. The sentinel now hallooed to us—"Off with you, in the devil's name—back from the gate!"

"Vamos juntos," said the three men, and stuck to us closer than ever.

I cannot comprehend what indescribable fatality it was, that led us to go with them, and not rather to remain near the gate, in spite of the notice of the sentinel. We were partly ashamed to show such an appearance of alarm, and partly we laid our plans as we went along, to save ourselves, if possible, by the window of whatever house they took us into. I determined to try our fortune at the first gate again; and as the sentinel warned us off with more anger than ever, we retired. I cannot describe the presentiment of some overhanging evil that now took possession of me. The sky above looked black and lowering, and over all sounded the dull hollow roll of the tempestuous sea. I felt more depressed and agitated at that moment than during all that followed. I was walking in front with the man who had spoken to us first; the tall man followed in the middle; while the little one had joined himself to Carlos, repeating his exclamation of "Vamos! vamos!" I soon became aware that the fellows had led us away from the gate, and towards the great bridge. Peacefully shone the lights of a cloister of the Trinitarians on the other side, which I had observed during the day; and a new hope of deliverance gave me fresh strength. I resolved to rush to the door of the cloister, and shout for assistance—"Ayuda al Rey!"—the usual cry in distress. But at this moment Carlos positively refused to go further over the bridge. The first man altered his tone, and spoke bullyingly,—"Whom do you take us for, señors? We are good men and true (hombres de bien); to h—ll with any one that doubts us!" I made signs to Carlos, pointing to the cloister, and pretended to be in high spirits, to deceive the trio.

"Let us go with these good fellows; they are honest Valencians, we will have a jolly night in their houses. They are brave Spaniards; and to-morrow they can come with us to the funda, and we will pay them the double of the reckoning, for we have no money with us now. Vamos! We will have dancing and singing, and all sorts of merry-making, in the house of a gallant Spaniard. We are no Frenchmen; a German and a Swiss will get on right well with the noble caballeros. Vamos! vamos!"

With consternation I observed that the first man only answered me in monosyllables—a cold short "si, si"—and increased his pace. Under us rolled the waters of the Guadalavier, and we rapidly reached the other side.

I now drew my knife in preparation for my desperate venture, and sidled constantly towards the cloister. I sang with all my might—"Amis, la matinèe est belle." Immediately I heard three separate clicks! and I knew that the springs of their navajas were touched; the first man at the same time saying to me, sternly—"Aura pezetas paur la pobreza" (now money for the poor). The long knife glittered in his hand—the cloister lay scarcely fifty yards from us, and, maddened by rage and despair, I made the attempt. I sprang like a baited tiger on the labrador, in hopes of reaching his eyes with my short knife; but I sank, as if thunderstruck, to the ground, from a crashing blow on the head with a stone, thrown by the man who followed in the middle. I was half senseless, but soon recovered; for already I felt the cold knife as again and again it dug into my flesh. Stab followed stab. This deliberate murder made me mad with indignation and despair. I howled and bit all round like a wild beast—all three had attacked me; and Carlos had saved himself, as he was a little way behind. He could not have helped me, even if he had staid, as he had not even a knife with him. While I live I shall never forget those dreadful figures, as they stood above me, darkly relieved upon the cloudy sky. The courteousness of the little man was the most revolting thing of all. In a quiet mild voice he kept saying to me, "Callese ud," (be silent). "Mire ud la santa pobreza" (behold the holy poverty). "Be silent, my dear sir—the money, dear sir—I beg you will be silent;" and at every word followed a stab.

Instinctively I had thrown myself on my left side to guard, as long as possible, the region of the heart. With my right arm and foot I managed to parry a good many thrusts, which were principally aimed at the breast and body. It was evident they wished to finish me as quick as possible, as they were afraid my friend, who had escaped, would make an alarm at the gate. The first villain stood before me with his drawn dagger, and called hurriedly, "Las unzas, demonio! Las unzas, ladron! El dinero paur la pobreza." The tall one, in the mean time, tore away my watch. A thought at that moment struck me, which proved my salvation. I threw the rascals my purse, and exclaimed, "Aqui, aqui,—mi todo!—(there, there—my all!) O Santa Virgen!" Whether it was the sight of the gold, or my exclamation to the Virgin, they left off for a moment, and looked greedily into the purse. The little one then observed a ring upon the little finger of my right hand, and as it did not come off quite easily, he drew a large gardener's knife from his pocket, and tried to cut off the finger. I guarded myself as well as I was able, but at last he got off the ring, and a piece of flesh at the same time.

The last rage of a dying man now got hold of me. "Maldito seas," I exclaimed, "con padre, madre, y hyos—punnatero!" (Curses on you, your father, mother, and children!) *Punnatero* is a national term of reproach, impossible to be translated; but this is the greatest imprecation that can be uttered in Spain, as it is believed some diabolical influence resides in it. A deeper stab, however, was the only answer, and it entirely took away my senses. I felt my muscles straining in agony; and, with "maldito!" on my lips, I sank backward, resigning myself to death, and fainted. I must have lain there full ten minutes ere my senses returned. For the first moment I was unconscious of what had befallen me. There was a rushing in my head, as if the Turia had been flowing through my brain. I could not move a limb; and, if I may speak poetically, my soul stood on tiptoe on my body, and prepared for her last flight. I can by no means account for what befell me then; for, at the moment when I scarcely knew my own name, when Death's scythe, as it were, had almost cut off the *ego* from my existence, I, as clearly as I ever saw any thing in my life, saw the room where I was born, and where I had passed my childhood. It seemed as if I were in it, and some little time elapsed before my consciousness was completely restored. Gradually, all the circumstances of my unhappy position recurred to me. The cloister that was so near me showed its lights—so peaceable, so clear—but its gates were closed! There I lay beneath cypresses, roses, and plane-trees—a paradise—where fiends had sacrificed me; and the deaf insensate church stood near, listening to my groans! and my murderers, I thought, might enter it to-morrow to hear mass, and confess that they had stumbled on a dead body, and so escape suspicion, and be innocent men as ever. But I cannot venture to describe the thousand thoughts that passed through me at that moment—thoughts so rapid and various that they were above all ordinary exertions of the mind—but the thoughts *were* there.

> "For we're o'ermastered by the hours of might"—

and by the great and true God! *that* was an hour of might!

I committed my soul to heaven, and praying that hell might be the portion of my murderers, stretched myself painfully out on the cold ground, and calmly expected death.

In a short time I heard a rustling noise, about thirty or forty yards off, and, with renewed consternation, perceived that those Christian Catholic savages were coming back again. Perhaps they had hidden themselves to observe that all was quiet, and were now returning to bury the corpse. It was fortunate for me that Espina had been my Catalonian teacher, for I heard the little hyena muttering, "L'echarmos nel aïgue—(we'll cast it in the water).

With supernatural strength, from the instinct of self-preservation, I recalled all my forces. To walk was impossible, but I thought I could manage to creep, and I accordingly crept slowly and painfully towards the bridge. The murderers looked all round for me, and I heard them as they followed in search. The horrible thought now seized me that they would overtake me, and, after completely plundering, throw me from that vast height into the deep Guadalavier, in which I should have been engulfed, without leaving any trace of my destruction. The villains were not more than twenty paces behind me. I could move no further forward, and leant myself, groaning in agony, against the high parapet of the bridge. I do not wish to make myself out *wiser* than I am;—where the learning of the professor, the policy of the statesman, the faith, ay, even of the Christian, is of no avail—there *self-preservation* sometimes saves us—a flash of instinct illumines the darkness of the soul; and it was this, and nothing more, that inspired me, in the risk I was in of so horrible a death, to cry out, "Here!—sentinel!—here they are!—come on, my friends—quick, Carlos, quick; there are the murderers!—Ayuda al Rey! Ayuda!"

In spite of all my pain, a grim sort of scorn took possession of me, when the assassins, like cowardly hounds as they were, ran off, fancying that justice was at last awake. But that, unfortunately, was not the case; she slept as sound as ever; and I was delivered from death only by the same mysterious instinct that teaches the hunted deer to double on the dogs—the fox to bite off the leg that the trap has caught—that says to the wounded whale, dive down—to the threatened eagle, soar aloft!

I now crept over the bridge, supporting myself on the breastwork, and stumbling onward from statue to statue of the numerous stone saints which adorned the niches. On the other side, two immense dogs, attracted by my noise, came up to me; but they were a great deal more compassionate than my fellow-men, and contented themselves with licking the blood from off my boots. At this moment, Carlos came towards me with many grievous exclamations, pale as death, and disordered. Even now I think I hear his "Oh, povero Giuseppe!" He had knocked in vain at both gates; and now, with the utmost difficulty, I managed, with his assistance, to crawl once more to the Puerta Real. He besought them, by the pitifulness of God, to open to a dying man. He placed me on a stone at the gate. I felt no pain from my wounds, only an increasing weakness, and nearly intolerable thirst. He passed my letter-case, with the certificate of my residence (which itself is an extract from my passport) through the slit—it was returned—but the door remained fast. Within we heard a serenade, which was given in front of a palace. He cried out for them to send to the commandant. "He is asleep," was the comforting answer. "Then I will shame you, by dying at your door," I groaned out. Carlos now hurried me away; for, at the other side of the bridge, he had seen lights in one of the houses. Towards it he helped me, and craved admittance for a person in a dying condition. At the word "moribundo," the light was instantly extinguished, and not a sound was to be heard! Again, he took me near the gate, and called for them to admit us—in vain! in vain! I should certainly have died upon the gate-stone, had it not been that Carlos saw two men coming over the bridge. "Stay here," he cried; "they are coming again!" He went up to them, and found they were two armed watchmen (hombres de armos) who enquired into the cause of the disturbance. They came to me with Carlos, and helped to convey me into the suburb Ruzzaffoh, where we found admission in a mill. The woman of the house, when she saw my blood-stained visage, nearly fainted. A council was now held as to what should be done with me; and it was resolved to carry me to the house of the surgeon of the suburb. Meanwhile, I had remarked in a corner a flask full of wine. Impelled by my horrible thirst, I slipt towards it unperceived, and drank greedily. The mixture of delight and agony that I experienced from the draught, it is impossible to describe. When the watchmen perceived it, they blamed me severely; but I doggedly answered, "Quiero morir!"—(I wish to die). In spite of my weakness, a fiery glow ran through me; they gave me up for lost, and carried me softly and gently further on to the surgeon's house, and laid me in a great wooden arm-chair. The surgeon came. It did me good to be once more in friendly hands. I was undressed and examined; they counted the wounds, and the surgeon numbered them with a sigh—*veintitres*—twenty-three; such had been the number of stabs; and even now I retain the scars of twenty. Three were slight *picadures*, as they are called in Spain. The strength of the wine excited me to a sort of half-insane irony, and I exclaimed, "Here sits the murdered Cæsar!" and fell into hysterical fits of laughter, which renewed the intolerable pains I had experienced at first. I threw over my letter-case and money-girdle to Carlos. Whilst the surgeon wrapped some temporary bandages round me, several people of the suburbs came in. The eighty Napoleons I had preserved, were counted in their presence; and the people cast many looks of suspicion upon Carlos. He was now, therefore, in as bad a condition as I was. A speedy death might deliver *me;* but if I died, he would be held for my murderer, and would have great difficulty, though he sacrificed half his fortune, in seeing his fatherland or his bride again. He has often told me since, that at that moment he envied me, suffering as I was. The cannibals had apparently struck the girdle, which in so far saved me, by not being easily penetrable. I had a deep breast-wound near the heart, two stabs close together in the lower part of the body, thirteen in the right arm, two in the foot, two behind the right ear, and three lighter wounds or picadures in the neck and the right side—*facit*, twenty-three.

Towards midnight, my agonies began. When they tried to lay me on a mattrass, I screamed so as to waken the whole suburb. It was the utmost extent of torture; and it was only on the chair, and bent nearly double, that it was endurable at all. The wine had naturally inflamed the wounds; my breath grew shorter, and at every inhalation I felt the pain. I could have taken poison with pleasure. Carlos prayed the whole night through; and I exerted the last remains of my strength to establish his innocence. The surgeon, resolving to let me die as easily as possible, gave me strong cordials, mixed with opium; the alleviation was only momentary; and in this way, in the expectation of death every instant, I spent a miserable night in the arm-chair. In the morning, at four o'clock, Carlos hastened into the city, accompanied by four men. A splendid spring morning succeeded the storm. The sun shone clearly on my blood-stained countenance; and for the first time a settled melancholy possessed me. But the horror of despair soon vanished before the clear light of heaven; and, as it was now all that my bodily sufferings allowed me, I thought, with many a pang, on my distant fatherland, and the friends who made it dear to me.

At six o'clock, the Alcaide Mayor made his appearance, with four clerks and two surgeons. They all despaired of me. One of them, who thought I did not understand him, allowed me to drink the cordial; and as it immediately awoke my sufferings, and I screamed with the anguish, he said, "Es un sennol de la muerta" ('tis a sign of death.) The magistrates had already taken Carlos's deposition, and they now took down my declaration, as it is called, and I gave it, interrupted by many pauses.

My countryman, Heinrich Elch, with several more Germans and Frenchmen, now arrived. My good compatriot, who had indeed only once met me before, had taken means to secure my admission to the great hospital; but I was no longer in a state to be removed. I would sooner have died than have placed myself in a tartana with all those wounds. They covered me up in my sleeping cloak, which Carlos had brought with him, bound my head round with yellow hospital cloths, and six labradores carried me in the arm-chair, accompanied by half the population of the suburb, into Valencia. The magistrate and my new friends followed in tartanas. I thought now it was for the last time I saw the glorious blue sky, or inhaled the balmy breezes of spring; and full of sadness, I saw the red crucifix at the high-walled Puerta del Cid, close to the gate through which I was carried. The multitude that crowded after us were sent back; and I was carried by side-ways to the hospital, which is also called Casa de la Misericordia, and was deposited in the great Sala de los heridos (hall of the wounded).

A cloister of nuns is attached to this magnificent establishment, in whose praise I can never say enough; and their duty is to attend upon the sick. The nuns are called Hyas de la Caridad (Daughters of Charity), and do honour to this noble appellation. Amidst excruciating pains, and in the presence of four physicians and all the surgeons of the hospital, my wounds were carefully sounded, and bound up with the utmost attention. "We have never had so bad a case," said one of the elder surgeons. One of the younger ones, to whom I took a great fancy, Don Bernardo by name, exclaimed, on every new wound he discovered, "Ah, los picaros!" (ah, the villains). The binding up lasted more than an hour, and at the end of that time the physicians retired, giving further directions as to what was to be done; but I read in the expression of their faces, that my case was desperate.

Two Jesuits now visited me, and enquired if I wished to confess and communicate. I answered in the affirmative. Henry and my other friends were then asked to retire. The Lady Superior of the convent now came to me—an honourable dame, called Sor Paula Figuero, of an Andalusian family—attended by two nuns. They comforted me, recommending me to the favour of God, and with their own hands hanging round me, with many prayers, the "Virgen del carmen,"—whose image is called the last comfort of the dying, ("el oltimo consuelo de los agonizantes.") This made an indescribable impression on me. Soon after this a confessor appeared, who, far from terrifying me on the brink of the grave with the thunders of God's wrath, spoke mildly and impressively a few words of consolation, gave me absolution, and prepared me for the extreme unction.

Now came the sad procession with the host, preceded by sacristans bearing lighted torches. I received the sacrament and extreme unction, and solemnly the choir of priests uttered over me the *Requiescat in pace*. Nothing ever affected me so much as this. My pain diminished by degrees; and, motionless, I gazed on a splendid crucifix that hung at the end of the hall, where formerly a chapel had been. I longed to have my bed removed to where it was, and my wish was gratified, evidently much to the satisfaction of the nuns. Many wounded people were lying in the hall; I attended not to their groanings, but gazed ever—ever—on the sun-illumined image of the Redeemer.

The reader need not be under any apprehension that I am going to disgust him with the repulsive experiences of an hospital. I will pass over, as quickly as possible, the seven weeks I spent in the Casa de la Misericordia; yet I cannot altogether omit some account of them, for that noble and benevolent establishment still lives in my grateful remembrance; and, besides, it is not the fate of every traveller to see Spain in this point of view, and to get an insight into her hospitalar and conventual institutions.

The arrangements in this beautiful hospital—which consists of a number of spacious halls, many laboratories, an enormous and truly royal kitchen, a contiguous cloister with its church, besides a mad-house and a receptacle for foundlings—are truly exemplary. At five every morning, I saw the first cura arrive; this is the name of the rounds which the physicians and surgeons make three times a-day. First came two surgeons to my bed, with two assistants and an hospital attendant. The elder of them, whose name was Don José (Joseph), examined the wounds very carefully, and spoke in a low tone of voice to the others, because he observed that I exerted myself to understand him. It was then their duty to arrange the bandages, and do whatever else was necessary. The younger one, whom I have already mentioned, Don Bernardo, was the only one who did not give me up. After the chirurganos came the medico, accompanied by six assistants, of whom two took down the particulars of my case in writing. The exhibition of the medicines prescribed, and of the cooling draughts (refrescos), was a part of the duty of the nuns, who kept constantly coming and going. The lady superior visited the sick wards sometimes ten times a day, and several times also during the night. As the nuns, besides all this, had their religious duties to go through, it may be easily imagined what efforts and self-sacrifices these labours of charity must give rise to.

On the second day, the wounds on the lower part of my body showed symptoms of inflammation, and it was thought impossible that I could live more than twelve hours. Notwithstanding the immense quantity of blood I had lost, the physician ordered me to be copiously blooded; and I heard him say, as he went out of the hall, "elso es el oltimo remedio!" On the first insertion, no blood made its appearance; and the hospital attendants shook their heads, and said they thought it was of no use giving any more trouble to a man already half dead. After much preparation, and many endeavours, Don Bernardo succeeded at last in obtaining a flow, and said, in a tone of deep feeling, in answer to their opinion, "Don't despair of him till I give up all hope." This uncertainty between death and the hope of life, is almost more painful than the certainty of the worst.

Every evening, a nun prayed beside the sick; and the doors of the adjoining wards were thrown open, so that from all sides the solemn *Ora pro nobis*, sounded like a chorus of spirits. A Jesuit chaplain with four brethren had the night watch; there are always eight present in the daytime. From time to time, I heard the tinkle of the little bell that is borne before the sacrament, and the deep-voiced chaunt of the officiating priests. When they sang the *Miserere* on their homeward way, the sick person was in extremities. Those who died were always laid out with their faces uncovered at the mass for souls.

On the third day, as my wound fever had somewhat abated, the Alcaide, with a great number of officials, visited me. He was a quiet, contemplative looking man, and was accompanied on this occasion by Carlos, Heinrich, eight or nine Germans, principally artizans, several Frenchmen, and among them the noble and humane French Consul, Gauthier D'Arc—an honourable man, and worthy to bear his heroic designation. I was asked if I felt myself strong enough to see some people who had been arrested on suspicion. Notwithstanding my miserable state of debility, the excitement of having a chance of vengeance took possession of me. This, however, was observed by my friends, who cautioned me privately not to point out the murderer, if I wished to save my life. If a single Valencian were on my account sent to the galleys or condemned to the garrotte (a punishment they have introduced instead of hanging), I might count with perfect certainty, in case I recovered from my wounds, on having the whole tribe of the labradors, with their drawn knives ready, and bound by an oath to revenge their companion. But as revenge was equally dear to *me*, I beckoned to Don Bernardo, and implored him by the head of the Saviour, pointing to the crucifix, to inform me if there was indeed any hope of my recovery, and I would die contentedly if he would tell me the truth. "Hay todavia esperanza" (there is still hope), he whispered in reply, with a solemn asseveration; and I expressed my readiness to see the prisoners. They were brought into the hall—about six and thirty labradors, and gardeners from the Alameda, all dressed alike. The crooked cut in my finger had made the police officers suppose it not unlikely that some of the labourers who were employed in pruning trees in the Alameda had a hand in the business. Hideous, double-distilled gallows faces appeared at my bedside—rascals whose only days unstained by crimes had been spent in the galleys. The police had raked together the off-scourings of Valencia, on the supposition that at all events one out of the three assassins would be among them. The innocent I had no difficulty in discovering at a glance; for they looked me boldly in the face, grinning with rage and hatred, looking daggers at me, stroking their long beards, and stamping with their half-naked feet. It was certainly by no means complimentary for them to be arrested on such a suspicion, and brought before the bed of a person about to die. The sun illumined those brown Salvator Rosa countenances, while perfect silence was preserved throughout the hall. All eyes were fixed on me, and the clerks stood by with pen in hand, like spirits of wrath, ready to insert three names in the book of condemnation. Burning with hatred and revenge, I gazed fixedly first on one, then on another, till at last I discovered a little man, of four or five-and-twenty, who snorted like a boar, while his face was covered with perspiration. He kept constantly changing his position, and could not look at me with composure.

That is the man!

The thought rushed through my brain like fire. My friends motioned to me to be quiet. The Alcaide and the attendants gazed at the man with their dark, searching Valencian eyes, and turned again, full of expectation, towards me. I begged they would ask *that* señor to *speak*. The magistrate addressed him, and I heard in reply a sweet, courteous voice, that trembled out from a breast in agony; and I recognised in a moment the "callese ud," "caro señor," &c. &c. For a moment I determined to risk all, and accuse him on the spot. The other two were certainly not there. Twice the whole party exchanged their hats and mantas, and presented themselves before me—and every time I discovered the little man, who could not bear to look at me. God only knows whether he was really one of the robbers; if he was *not*, the extraordinary resemblance I have spoken of among the countenances of the Valencians, might have been the cause of great injustice. I also called to mind, that my fixing my eyes on him in such a way might destroy his self-possession; and, besides all this, Carlos could not recall any particulars of his appearance. I considered all these things carefully, as well as the advice of my friends. I had a great struggle with myself, and kept the suspected people in their disagreeable situation full five minutes. At last I said, "No, sir, I can recognise no one." The little man breathed more freely, and looked round him evidently relieved. They were told they were at liberty; and, exhausted with my efforts, and the agitation of my expected revenge, I sank back upon the bed, and was left alone with the physicians.

The Baron Von Auffenberg, whose desire of vengeance does not seem to have affected his father confessor or the nuns with any scruple as to his Christian frame of mind, recovers his strength and, it is to be hoped, his philanthropy at the same time. He resolves to make up for the dulness of his hospital residence, and enters into all the gaieties of the city of Valencia. The reader may have remarked, in the previous narrative, a certain painful fishing for sympathy, and a laborious dwelling on his mere physical sufferings, at all times the most unheroic of subjects, and may have felt no great respect for the courage or fortitude of the noble author; but plain description is not his forte. He flags sadly in unadorned narrative; and is only really good and entertaining when he gives way to his dramatic *furor*, and presents us with dialogue and stage effects. We have, all of us, read accounts of bull fights till we have been sick of the very names of *matadors*, *picadors*, and all other sorts of *doors* connected with the amphitheatre; yet we think there is so much life and novelty in the following scenes, that they will be pleasant reading this fine weather, even after the graphic accounts of Southey and Blanco White. The conversation and sentiments of a Spanish mob we have no where seen so well represented; and, in fact, the whole appearance of the arena, the audience, and every thing belonging to the sport, are brought more vividly before us than it would be possible for any other style of description to do. We begin our second extract without more preface, and call it—

THE BULL FIGHT OF VALENCIA.

These strictly national and highly popular shows are here undertaken by the Hospital. It buys the bulls, collects the fighters (quadrillas), and, generally, combines the exhibition with the other festivities of the feast of Corpus Christi. Six weeks beforehand, nothing else is spoken of; and the night when the bulls are driven into the city from Rincon de Los Marlises, a district on the Turia, is an occasion of unlimited rejoicing. Each bull has a name given him, and careful enquiries are made as to what breeding-ground they come from. Little cards are prepared for the benefit of the *afficimados*, as those are called who are enthusiasts in the amusement, on which they mark with a pen the wounds a bull receives, the number of picadures and banderillos, and if he stands the first or second stab of the matador. My readers have read, of course, many accounts of those spectacles; but I wish to invite them to be present themselves at the scene, and, therefore, I choose the dramatic form—Vamos!

THE CURTAIN RISES.

The bright sun of the twentieth July illumines a large and tastefully built wooden amphitheatre. On benches, chairs, and in boxes (tertullias) sit ten thousand people. Time—a quarter to two o'clock. Exposed to the heat of the sun are the work-people, fishermen, sailors, and perhaps two thousand labradores, for every village of the Huerto has poured out its population, and many have come even from Marviedro and S.

Felipe. The more respectable spectators sit under shelter. The female rank and beauty of Valencia, richly dressed in their national costume, fill the boxes. Cortejos move about in all directions with refreshments. The heat intolerable, the amphitheatre full as it can hold, for a detachment of hulans have just cleared the circus. An old woman makes a rush to the door. Universal uproar, hissing, and whistling.

"Ah la viejah! (out! out!)—Chi! chi! vaga! vaga!"

"Silencio! silencio! chi!"

(Hideous noises and stamping with the feet.)

"Silencio! chi!"

Great barrels are brought in on cars, and, by means of long leather tubes, the circus is well watered. The corregidor appears in his box.

Many Voices. "Viva! viva! viva!"

Others. "Chi! chi!—he's always too late."

"Viva! chi! chi!"

"Es un afrancesado! silencio! carai!"

"Chi! chi! silencio!"

The sellers of refreshments clamber every where; one stands on my shoulder.

Voices. "Orgiata quien? Quiere orgiata? (Who'll buy?)—Agua! agua! fria la agua!—Quien quiere aqua?"

Many voices. "No hay plaza!" (no room here.)

"Agua fria! Fria la agua!—a—gu—a!"

A sudden uproar, mingled with whistling and hissing. One of the directors of the fight, dressed in flaming red, enters, followed by eight servitors in uniform, with daggers and bonnets. He proceeds to the box of the corregidor, and is about to read the laws of the fight.

All the labradors. "Fuera! (out!)—Fuera con el cangrejo!" (Out with the lobster! out! out!)

The nobility in the tertullias. "Silencio, caballeros!"

Great rattles are sounded from all quarters.

"Fuera! fuera! vaga! vaga! chi! chi! ya empezon! (they're beginning!) Agua fria! orgi—a—a—ta! fuera! silencio! chi! chi!"

Several thousand magnificent fans are constantly in motion.

Chorus of ladies. "O! que calor!" (how hot it is!)

"Orgia—ta! fuera!—chi! chi!"—(Three thousand whistles—fifteen hundred rattles.)—"Off! off!"

The unhappy official against whom all these noises are directed walks quietly off with his attendants.

All the snobs. "Bien! bien! vagan ustedes! bien!"

One with stentorian voice. "Ah los cuervos!" (the crows.)

Chorus of snobs. "Los cuervos! malditos sean los cuervos!"

The nobles. "Silencio, caballeros!"

The ladies. "Oh Dios! que gente!" (what people!)

The cathedral clock strikes two.

"Silencio—o—o—o!"

Immediate stillness—expectation.

The corregidor throws a key to another of the directors, who lets it fall.

Snobs. "Chi! chi!—hiss—s—s—s—mal hecho!" (ill-done.)

Many voices. "He can't get the key!"

Thousands. "Reventete, grulla!" (burst, crane!)

The nobles. "Silencio, señors! silencio!"

The ladies. "O que gente! que gente!—que calor!—O Dios!"

The director stands at the door that leads to the place where the bulls are kept.

A voice. "Stand up, grulla! Silencio!"

A trumpet sounds. Deep silence.

The opposite door is thrown open, and, amid innumerable vivas, enter the quadrilla de toreros (quadrille of the bull-fighters.)

All. "Chi! viva! viva! Viva Montes el divino" (the godlike Montes.)

The nobles. "Viva la estrella de Sevilla!" (the star of Seville.)

All. "Viva! viva! viva!"

The matadors, otherwise called espadas, or swordsmen, pass in front of the quadrilla. The four banderilleros follow; then six capistos and chulos, with cloths and red flags; then the picadors, on horses covered with yellow leather and iron, with long thick lances, ending in a sharp iron point about three inches long, and clothed in blue jackets, bedizened with gold, and hats ornamented with dark brown ribands and flowers. The whole quadrilla, in the national Andalusian costume, glittering with gold and silver, presenting a chivalrous appearance.

(Innumerable vivas.)

The reserve picador rides off. The two others start forward in full career to the wooden fence at the left hand, near the bull entrance door. The banderilleros stand behind them; then the capistos; and, still further back, the matadors. The assistants all retire into the space between the circus and the spectators.

Deep silence. The hearts of those who are unused to such scenes beating audibly.

In the box belonging to the Hospital enter a priest with the sacrament, to be administered to any of the wounded; beside him several surgeons, bearers, and servants.

The notes of a trumpet. The bull door thrown open.

The bull Tormento, black as night, and bearing prodigious horns, rushes madly in, and dashes at the picador Sevilla. He wheels his horse to one side, saves it from the horn, and pierces the bull's neck, without moving in his saddle. The bull stands for a moment on his hind legs, beat back by the force of Sevilla's thrust, and hurries forward to the middle of the ring where it looks round, bleeding and amazed.

(Prodigious thunders of applause.)

All. "Bien! bien!—bravo Sevilla! Bien! viva!"

The picadors change places. The capistos irritate the bull with their flags, which he attacks, foaming with rage. He rushes on the men. They leap over the fence.

(Great laughter.)

A voice. "Bien, golondrinos!" (good, swallows!)

All the ladies scream.

Tormento has upset Rodriguez and his horse. The horse dies. Rodriguez lies as pale as death, half supported against the paling. The bull rushes towards him. A capisto succeeds in attracting its attack to himself.

(Hooting and hisses.)

"Mal hecho, Rodriguez!—(ill-done)—chi! chi!"

Other voices. "Silencio, es muerto!" (He is dead.)

Snobs. "Dead!"

Ladies. "Ai! ai! señor!"

(Screams again.)

Tormento has caught a capisto on his horn, and tosses him high in air.

All. "Mire! mire! mire!" (see! see! see!)

The ladies. "Ai! señor! Ai! Dios!"

Labradors. "Muerto, carajo!—bueno el toro!—(well done, bull)—Bien! bien!"

Rodriguez and the capisto are carried out. The bull rushes at Sevilla, who pierces him again, and parries him beautifully.

(Tremendous applause.)

All. "Bravo, picador! Bien, Sevilla!"

The labradors (stamping and growling.) "El picador de la reserva!—(the picador in reserve.) "El picador de la reserva!"

Rodriguez, who had been thought killed, rides into the ring on another horse. He is still pale.

All. "Bravo, Rodriguez! Bien!

Others. "Where is the capisto?"

An attendant. "Muerto."

The ladies and strangers scream again.

Tormento has the horse of Rodriguez on his horns. Rodriguez keeps the saddle. The horse falls over—he saves himself. The bull runs at him fiercely—the capistos get in its way—Rodriguez pulls the horse up again, its entrails hanging out nearly a yard—he spurs it as it limps on, the blood falling in streams.

The labradors (with diabolical uproar.) "Ahai! Heaqui! los tripos!" (the entrails.)

(Universal exclamations.) "Los tripos! los tripos!"

The ladies hold their fans before them.

Some voices. "Dismount, Rodriguez!

Others. "Stay on! Stay on!"

The horse sinks down and dies.

(Great uproar and delight.)

The bull attacks the horse he had first killed, and tosses it on his horns. Rodriguez staggers off.

Voices. "Bien toro! es bueno el torito! Bien, toro, bien!"

A trumpet sounds.

The banderilleros spring forward against the bull, crying "Hup! hup!" When he runs at them they jump aside, letting him pass under their arms, and planting their gaudily ornamented banderillos in his neck.

The bull is maddened. He springs all fours from the ground. Clouds of dust mingled with the smoke of blood.

(Great triumph.)

"Bien hecho! Hup! hup!—bravo! viva! viva!—hup! hup!"

The bull has now eight darts sticking in his neck. He is furious, rushes after a capisto, and leaps over the six-foot-high paling in pursuit.

Voices. "Save yourself."

Other voices. "Stay where you are."

The ladies. "Ai! Dios! ai!"

All the assistants jump into the ring. The bull rushes forward through one of the numerous doors. The assistants fly in all directions.

(Great laughter.)

They escape to their seats.

(Sudden excitement. Tremendous shouting.)

"Viva Montes! eh, viva!"

Montes has performed a masterpiece. Armed with a long pole, he has attacked the bull and sprung clean over him when he made his rush.

(Tempestuous acclamations.)

A trumpet sounds.

The bull is busy with the dead horse. Montes appears again as a matador, and approaches the corregidor's box.

Voices. "Silencio! silencio!"

(Stillness.)

Montes. "Now will I, with God's help, and the protection of Our Lady, put this bull to death. God save the King and the Royal Family."

He throws his montera (or cap) into the air.

All. "Viva el Rey! Miestro Señor Fernando Setteno.

(Perfect stillness.)

Montes, followed by the foot-quadrilla, stands in front of the bull, which stares at him, roaring. Tormento attacks the red cloth of the matador. Montes slips nimbly aside—this is repeated amidst cries of hup! hup! six times.

(A sudden earthquake of approbation.)

At one blow, without blood, Montes kills the bull, and sticks the espada up to the hilt in his neck. Tormento falls on his knees struggling to the last, a dying hero.

(Acclamations.) "Muerto! Muerto!"

Garlands, flowers, and copies of verses, shower down on the illustrious matador, whilst the dead bull is dragged at full gallop from the ring by four mules hung round with bells. The quadrilla resumes its former position. The dead horses are dragged out by the empleados. Trumpets are sounded. The door flies open, and the second bull appears. With some few differences, six bulls are thus introduced, one after the other. No other accident occurs, and few horses are wounded. The first and last bull are generally the best; and I now lift the curtain once more at the closing scene.

EVENING.

The seventh bull is dragged out, and the quadrilla is stationed ready for action.

Voices. "Who comes now?"

Others. "El Sarco," (the name of the eighth bull.)

Several voices. "Is he a good one?"

Some sailors. "We saw him driven in. He'll do wonders."

Voices. "Orgeata!—agua!"

A voice. "Tormento was their best."

Another. "Es buona el Sarco. You shall see; but 'twill soon be dark.

Many citizens and women. "Mala hora" (too late).

Trumpet sounds three times.

El Sarco, a splendid black and white Andalusian, rushes in, looks round, and walks solemnly into the middle.

(Howlings.) "O, O, Vaga la cabra!—(Off! she-goat!)—O, Vaga! chi! chi! si!"

(Whistling and hissing.)

(Uproarious cries.) "O, O, la cabra! O, la vaca!—la vaca de la boda!—(Wedding cow!)—Silencio!"

The picadors change places. The bull trots towards them; and turns tail.

(Hootings.) "Maldita sea la vaca! O, O, la cabra!"

El Sarco remains in the middle. Sevilla rides at him.

Many voices. "Bravo, Sevilla!"

Others. "Mos adelante!—(more forward!)—mos adelante, carajo."

Voices. "What sort of Sevilla is this?"

Others. "Not the old one—mos adelante!"—(N. B. The further a picador follows a bull into the ring, the more dangerous.)

"Mos adelante, Sevilla!"

Sevilla thinks he has done all required of him by the laws of the amphitheatre, and rides back, retiring his lance. The former favourite is now in great disgrace.

Hissing, rattling, whistling, and all manner of insulting noises.

(Huge disturbance.)

Voices. "Que es esto Sevilla? Vaga! Vaga, fantastico! O el embustero!—(the deceiver!)—O el maulon! —(the false rascal!)—Adelante, punnatero—O! O!" (Rattles, catcalls, stamping, whistling.) "Adelante, demonio! Asi no se gano el dinero! (deserves no money.) O el pejepolo—(the stockfish!)—Vaga, vaga! Punnatero de Sevilla!" This lasts some time. Sevilla's Andalusian pride is roused fearfully. He shakes his head, and swings the lance in a rage; and casts scornful glances even up to the ladies, who pity him. He rides again against El Sarco, who is still quiet.

Many voices. Bien, Sevilla—mos adelante! Hombre! bien, hombre!"

He rides further forward. The bull retreats, shakes itself, and stamps. Sevilla drives him from the middle of the place, and holds the lance-point under his nose —(the most daring thing that can be done.)

(Immense applause.)

"Bien, Sevilla! viva! viva! Bien! hombre! viva!"

(The ladies scream.)

The labradors. "Look! look! carajo!"

El Sarco gets under the horse in a moment, and tosses it and its rider in the air, dashing them down, so that the horse falls dead upon Sevilla. The capistos try to attract the bull, but it remains quietly walking beside the fence, and looking at the spectators.

(Confused exclamations.)

Some cry, "Viva Sevilla!" others blame the phlegmatic El Sarco.

Labradors. "Fuego! fuego! fire! fire!"—(to rouse El Sarco.)

(Confusion for some time.)

A man is passed from bench to bench, and kicked down stairs. Uproar. The bull stands unmoved. The banderilleros set crackers and squibs round his neck. Amidst the explosion he stands enveloped in smoke and dust—from being calm and phlegmatic, he becomes wild, and dashes at Rodriguez, springing so high, that the horn wounds the horseman's side. The picador falls.

(Shouts.)

Voices. "Ah, ah, mire! Heaqui!"

The loose horse gallops round. El Sarco tosses him, ripping open his bowels, so that they trail on the ground.

Snobs. "Ah! ah! Buena el toro! Ah! ah!"

It gets rapidly dark. The danger of the quadrilla increases. Smoke and dust envelope the ring.

Labradors. "El picador de la reserva! Ah, ah!"

Rodriguez is carried off with great difficulty. Sevilla lies under his horse, protected with all their powers by the capistos. The picador de la reserva, Jose Fabré, rides in.

Voices. Buenos tardes, señor"—(good evening, sir).

The bull rushes at him, and overthrows man and horse.

(Immeasurable acclamations).

"Bien! bien!—bravo Sarco—bien! bien!"

Three horses are now lying dead. Fabré is stunned, and is led off. Sevilla is there alone; and the bull has not yet received a scratch. It rushes madly at the dead horses. An amateur from among the labradors volunteers to attack the bull, amidst universal applause—a strong coarse fellow, that has been for some time with difficulty kept back. Sevilla plants a stab at enormous risk.

(Vivas.)

The amateur appears on horseback, dressed in Fabre's jacket and cap. El Sarco runs at him, and tosses man and horse.

(Vivas and laughter.)

With his pride very much lowered, the champion sneaks off. Sevilla's horse falls, after another rush.

(Unbounded applause.)

It is now nearly dark. The matador Montes attacks the indomitable Sarco, who has now slaughtered five horses, and disabled two picadores. After five minutes admirable play, he succeeds in planting the death-stroke, and, amidst tumultuous applauses, *exeunt omnes.*

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE FATHER.

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

By the Author of "Real Mountain Decameron."

The interest of the following narrative (if interest it possess) is founded on the parental affection. To many the degrees of it therein portrayed may appear morbid; but to those I would submit a few remarks on children considered as a great class of society, not as embryo elements of it—mere things of promise and present pastime. In pleasantry we may designate them as a happy little people, who have no need of laws, pains, and punishments, among them: but when we seriously reflect on the corrupting and hardening effect on our hearts of worldly pursuits and collision with our fellow-men, and then turn to these innocent beings, happy by unerring instinct only, not through false views, or vicious aims, or the sufferings of others—when we grasp the little hand put artlessly into ours, when we look into the fair countenance, and say, "Here is the hand that never did offence, the eye that never looked it, the mind that never thought less innocently than the spirits of heaven!"—I say, when wearied with our worldly conflict, we turn into our domestic circle, and thus muse over these, its purest ornaments, are we not justified in regarding children as a most important body? as a sort of link between our polluted degenerate selves, and that primeval innocence, of which we have on earth no representative or image left, but "little children?" Surely it is something to enjoy daily so beautiful, so pure a spectacle, as a multitude of creatures of our own nature, without a speck of that defilement incident to all adult nature; creatures which realize all the ideas we can form of life in heaven,—of the society of angels.

I cannot but think that this constant presence of human nature, pure and happy, of simple and innocent enjoyment, exerts a great, though little noticed influence on this whole great fighting family of man; and that each member of it forgoes somewhat of his selfishness, abates something of his fury, after every such contemplation of something happier than himself, which never yet regarded *self*, never was infuriated by passions. No wonder that the greatest of men have mostly evinced a passionate fondness for children; neither is it surprising that in some persons, not otherwise of weak character, such fondness should even rise to excess. In our mourning over a lost child the very sources of our comfort bear in them an embittering venom for our grief. The same purity of soul which assures us of its acceptance into the bosom of God, also renders the memory of its vanished prettiness and graces more intolerable by the exemption of every, even the least drawback on our love, from failings or offence. To the busy world what, indeed, is the death of a child? It forwarded—it retarded no human aim; it stood an insignificant little alien by the side of the mighty and dusty arena of life. Not so to the parent:—to him its smile and play were the invigorating spirit that nerved him in the conflict; and the very apathy of the whole world beside, its utter want of sympathy with him in his (to *their* feeling) trifling loss, becomes itself an added source of poignant, lonely, heart-consuming misery.

I was requested by a middle-aged farmer to visit his only son, and set out with him on a ride of nine miles to his mountain home. As a specimen of a numerous class of the *aborigines* of Wales, and the most estimable class—the secluded breeders of sheep and cattle—I must briefly sketch my fellow-traveller. His manner was so reserved as to border on sullenness, until intercourse had dispelled its coldness. He wore a grey coat (of home-dressed wool) of a coarse texture, and a shapeless straw hat; there was an air of negligence about his personal appearance, which betokend habits of solitary life; the moss from the bark of trees had greened his dress in many places; but, being a man of tall and fine person, and his behaviour indicating education above that of a labouring rustic, his whole appearance was not without a homely dignity, primitive, though rather grotesque. There is a pensiveness of look and tone in the more secluded Welsh farmers, almost touching, produced, no doubt, by the solitude in which much of their lives is spent, as well as by the character of their native land. Many of the sequestered Welsh homes have something of the solemnity of a church in their grey antiquity, bowered by huge trees, in the depths of dingles, shut up by mountains so nearly meeting as to almost bulge over the roof of deep thatch. Owls hooting by night from one wild barrier ridge to the other, across these ravines roaring with waterfalls at a little distance, among huge misshapen rocks; and the plover (the bird of ill omen to the Welsh) shrieking from the fern in the still noon, and the kite from the hills' stony tops; the mournful morass, with its black bogs and ever-whistling wind, which beyond those tops cuts off communication with the world to all but resolute hill climbers;—all these cannot fail, while thus surrounding the native almost from birth to burial, to exert a plastic influence on the mind and character of man.

It was to such a home that my master-shepherd, as I shall call him, at last introduced me, after a long descent down a watercourse, called by courtesy a *road*. The short dialogue which passed between us prior to our arrival, may serve to bring the reader acquainted with David Beynon, the hereditary owner of Llandefelach.

"You are a widower, I believe, David?" I remarked. (In rural Wales we exclude the "sir," and the surname, and the "mister," so frequent in Saxon usage.)

"Why, no; but much the same thing. My wife is alive; but her brother and I were on bad terms before our marriage, and worse after; this led to quarrels, which always made things worse, so we parted. Then we had a great dispute about which should have my little Peter. We could not both have him, and I could not part with him, and would not. I have no relations left, she has many; so I thought she could better spare him than I could. So I have been both father and mother to him; always in my lap, in my arms, and in my bed; abroad with me up the hill with the sheep, and in the snow he would toddle after me."

"Is your wife still desirous to have him with her?" I inquired.

"Furious about him still, I hear. I should be sorry for her, but I do hear that she finds a comforter in a fellow who courted her before we were married. I've had thoughts of our coming together again, for little Peter's sake, in case I should die, that he might not have in a mother a stranger to go to; but, since I heard *that*, I've done with her."

On reaching the antique home I found a very sweet little boy, sensible, pale, patient, stretched on what appeared—from the dangerous state of typhus-fever under which he was suffering—too likely to prove his death-bed.

Of terrible and overwhelming evils the mind does not readily admit the probability; but, when this happy incredulity is once overcome by evidence, the transition to absolute despair is rapid, and equally unreasonable with the previous obstinacy of hope. Hence it was that, no sooner had I signified to David that his child was in great danger, than his eyes rolled and dilated as if under some astonishing news, and a wild dismay marked his whole countenance. He stood a minute statue-like; asked again if I meant that his child was actually likely to die, and, without waiting reply, burst forth, "O my God! my God! what shall I do?"—then ran to his child as if he had but a minute more to see him alive, hung over him in dumb agony, and at last vented his agony in a womanlike flood of tears.

Afraid to flatter him with hope, I said something commonplace of his having surely known that his child was mortal.

"*Mortal!*" he exclaimed; "why, ay; and so am I too, thanks to God! for how could I bear to live without him now? A patient sensible boy! a good boy and a fond! So fond of me, a rough man,—just as if I had been his own soft mother! Oh! sir, what avails it now? Now I wish to God he had been less good, less fond.—I wish I could remember one fault he had; for now every pretty look of his up into my face, and all his pretty ways, do every one come back like a knife at my heart, now that I think I shall never see 'em more. Oh! doctor, bear with me; I am a lone man, and there's no one in my house that is a father but I! No one to feel with me, or for me!"

On my second visit, delirium had supervened in my little patient. The first indication of wandering intellect in a beloved object is, to even the best-regulated mind, dreadful; but to our extravagant recluse it was a gorgon that almost produced a kindred reeling of the mind to that visible in the object he so doated on.

The boy fancied himself on the hill side with the sheep, and the affrighted father tried almost angrily to convince him of the delusion, as if he would steady and hold back by force that reason which he saw departing —that mind of precocious power of which he had been so proud, now wandering and groping in the shadows of a night too likely to prove eternal. A pretty, but vacant smile only answered to the agonised and eager words of the parent thus striving against nature: but once his hollow horror of voice and accent seemed to rouse the sufferer; for he feebly tried to raise his arm as if to wipe away the tears he saw streaming from his father's eyes, and by that pathetic and pretty action brought many more.

Day after day did this impassioned parent sit sleepless, wan, and without food, holding that small hand, and counting the beats of that frightful pulse, watching every turn of those half-extinguished eyes, whose light had been the very light of life to him.

Had David been less beloved by his farm-servants every duty would have been neglected by them, as was every avocation by himself, but that of a nurse; for, taking no longer interest in anything beyond that little bed, he was grown impatient of their attention to even the most needful calls of daily duty. He seemed to fancy that the aid of every hand and every mind was demanded, in that fearful crisis, on which depended his own future doom of deadly sorrow or restoration to happiness; he was enraged by the presence of mind in others which could any longer recollect milking-time and folding-time, could still hear the cows lowing *to* be milked at the door, the sheep needing penning down in the valley of the brook; it almost seemed a slight and a cruelty *to* his darling, to attend to these things, to regard the future or the present, or anything but the moaning and the tossing of that dear sufferer—for any eye, or heart, or hand, to watch, and tend, and tremble, and ache, with a less fearful anxiety than his own.

After all this storm of distress in the house of Llandefelach, and the quiet *cwm* of the Glasnaut, I had the great pleasure of seeing the restored child and father lying down on the sunny sod slanting down to the foamy little brook, fringed with cowslips and harebells; the former nearly well and quite happy, surrounded with almost a toyshop: the various toys procured from a distant town, the promised rewards of good conduct in taking the requisite remedies.

Again I visited that valley and spot. I saw the father with folded arms walking thoughtfully, rather sullenly on by himself, and little Peter calling after him to stop for him, he being still too feeble to hasten much. The father stopped at last; but rather, I thought, as if ashamed that I should see his inattention to the boy, than moved by his eager and half-reproachful call. Never shall I forget the *then* inexplicable fall and change of that man's countenance as it met mine, as he paused, perplexed between reluctance to indulge his child with the usual "jump" as he begged to be "carried," and his shame under my observation of his altered manner toward him—how altered!—and the child more beautiful than ever! for the paleness left by illness harmonised with a certain amiability and gentleness, the fruits, perhaps, of a half-developed superior mind, which my small patient exhibited.

"What has my little friend here done, David?" I enquired. "Nothing very bad, I am sure,"—and the blue and speaking eyes of Peter, suffused each with a tear, seconded my question, earnestly gazing up at the rather stern and deeply sorrowful face of the father.

"*Done?* God bless thee, boy, nothing—nothing! He has done nothing, sir,—as good a child as ever ——" The child, delighted, mounted a little bank of wild thyme, ready for a spring into his arms, of which the unaccountable man, after half-extending his arms to his pretty supplicant, disappointed him, letting them slowly fall to his sides, and muttering, "Poor little fellow!—poor little—*wretch!*" Then he seated himself on the ground in strange absence of mind, as if forgetting me, his child, everything.

"I should have thought, David, *your* heart would have bled to draw tears from those beautiful eyes," and I tried to console him by my kiss and a present, for the want of his father's.

Suddenly the latter sprang up out of his disconsolate rêverie, and he broke forth in a hollow voice of frightful energy.

"*Does* not my heart bleed then? Have *I* shed no tears? Sir, for every tear that my cruelty draws from his, mine shed hundreds—in the night, sir,—in the dead of night,—*lonely*—long and lonely nights! He is no longer my little bedfellow now; oh! no more now—never more! If ever agony did force blood from a wretch's eyes, *I* have wept blood!"

While he raved thus, his large melancholy eyes were fixed on the brook: he seemed to be rather in a passionate soliloquy than addressing me, although answering me; and, after a pause, he wept and trembled like an infant, adding in a quieter tone:—"Would to God we had again one bed, even this earth! one grave, one death-hour, to lie shroud by shroud, as hand in hand we used to sleep sweetly! O my boy!—my boy! I had been happy to see you die a few short weeks ago, to suck in death from thy poor black lips, and lay me down for ever by thy side—oh! yes, *then*, while I could have said, 'Farewell *my* boy!' But now—oh! now ——" He broke off there, and fixed a stern, yet, I thought, a sort of shamefaced look on me, and recalled by my presence, as it seemed, to more self-recollection, he started and exclaimed—"How I have been talking to you, a stranger!"

But, lest this change in our master-shepherd should be as bewildering to the reader as it then was to me, let me briefly supply the explanation.

During the boy's convalescence, David, in his fulness of joy, had invited the mother to visit their child. After a sort of reconciliation, the old source of contention (the question with which parent he should live) produced a fresh quarrel. It had happened that Peter was a seven months' child, without very manifest signs of such prematurity. The malignity of Mrs. Beynon's brother, a brutal sort of grazier and drover, had led him to goad his enemy, David, by taunts, at the expense of his sister's character; in short, he had insinuated that the real father of the child was the man who (as David Beynon told me) had wooed her prior to marriage. At this fatal interview, that unhappy mother, either wishing to estrange her husband from Peter, and so effect her object, or urged by mere fury of revenge, forgot decency and herself, and her son's welfare, so far as to avow the truth of this scandal raised by her brother. To prove to the selfish father, who had engrossed to himself their common object of love, that it was in fact hers, and hers only, so that he had been hugging to his heart his bane and his dishonour in what he deemed his pride and blessing. This was a tempting species of revenge, too sweet and keen in point for her mood of the moment to resist. David, breaking up the interview with terrible curses on her head, from that moment never looked into those sweet and innocent eyes, without seeing there the image of that man's countenance, who he believed had wronged him. Those pretty orbs, into which he had rarely looked without an impulse to implant kisses on both, were now become inhabited by a smiling devil—a face that seemed to leer upon him, as the fool and dotard who had fostered another's offspring for his own. That man's eyes, too, were blue; Peter's were of a lovely blue. The mother's eyes were, indeed, of that colour; but David could and would no longer see that mother's eyes in those; for, "Trifles light as air," &c.

The dreadful condition of feelings here depicted has never, that I am aware, filled a page in the biography of human hearts, prolific as is our age of all sorts of histories, real and fanciful, and far-fetched as are the sources of excitement in many of them. To those, then, who may regard in the light of incidents any new and strange harrowing terms of passion in the mind and heart, it may not be uninteresting to hear a few of the sentiments expressed by our humble hero in a cooler moment, when he had reposed his sad secret with me while we wandered together near the house.

"To find out that we have been cherishing a foul fallen thing, instead of the white blessing we fancied ours in a faithful wife, must be a great trial, but more bearable than mine. A *childless* man, who makes such a discovery, suffers a great shock, but not like mine! He, at least, knows the worst, and he sees the whole of his misery. It is no longer *she*, the pure and beautiful thing he loved, and he begins to loathe, to hate her, and that's his cure. But as for me, what cure is for me? How can I hate *him*, innocent soul! How look on his fair forehead, see his sweet smile, and hate? Sweet child! what has he done that I should hate *him?* And yet—yet," he added, in a hollow whisper, that had in it I know not what of piteous horror, "I feel I *can*—I feel—I—*hate!*"

The terrible conflict within of opposing feelings, here disfigured his face as with an ugly mask. I started at the transfiguration, and for the moment fancied I saw before me the loving murderer of a loving child; that child so recently the object of a love amounting almost to a frenzied passion!

"I feel I hate," he murmured on. "But is it a cure to *me?* No, no; but a very hell of pain! Even the man who *has* children does not suffer like me. He may be made a lone man of a sudden by a wife's crime, but his children—his undoubted own—are left him still. The children of his happy early days, when she was good and faithful, *they* are not altered by her fault. They are round his hearth still to soothe him for his loss; he sees nothing in their eyes but their mother as she looked before she sinned, such as she was when he led her home over his threshold, to live and die with him, as he hoped. But, what is left to me? What do I see when I look into that boy's eyes, where I turned for all my comfort, and all my joy? Oh, sir, what see *I* there?" And the father's features assumed an aspect of the intensest loathing and hate.

Argument, with so fatal an impression, was vain.

"Now, tell me, doctor, if you can," he resumed vehemently, "how is this to be borne, or what am I to do? You cured him once, can you cure me? All your art is for bodies; yet there are plagues, fevers, cancers of a man's mind more unbearable far than any the body suffers. To shun what I cannot live without; to drive him from me that I couldn't bear an hour from my sight; I say, who can bear this? Is it a state to be borne by a creature that the Almighty has gifted with the power to live or die—to die—or kill? No—no, you cannot tell me what to do,—how to bear it; not you, nor all mankind will ever find a cure for such a state of living damnation as this!"

From that day the wretched father, wandering and muttering to himself, absented himself almost wholly from home and Peter, hiding his misery in the deeper chasms of fractured rocks, by the high sources of the waterfalls, in solitudes and shadows, savage and solitary, and gloomy as his view of life or death to come. Whether it arose from some neglect to which the tenderly-reared but now deserted boy became exposed by this desertion, or that his sensitive nature, pining under the change in his father's feelings, and not yet wholly recovered from the effects of his illness, the fact was, from one of these two causes, a relapse took place, and my poor little patient was once more a prisoner of the sick chamber.

Meanwhile the wife, who had inflicted all this agony on the father, was suffering scarcely less. Even the fulness of revenge, indulged against those for whom love still lingers in the heart (and such was the case with Margaret Beynon) is like the recoil of a gun in an unskilful hand, which, bursting with its overcharge, proves more fatal to the party aiming to wound, than to the object aimed at. A terrible sort of compunction preyed on her mind from the moment of her fatal, self-criminating folly. As soon as news reached her (at the distance of some miles) of the new illness of the child (she being at the time herself dangerously ill), she despatched a most earnest request for an interview with her husband. He at last reluctantly assented, and they met.

Their meeting was solemn and affecting. She extended a thin and pallid hand toward her husband, while she sat propped in the bed for shortness of breath. He stopped, reluctant even to be near her. He was come a long way from his boy—*his* boy, as, melted by pity, he now, under his illness, could not bear but to call him. His heart was full of him, his thoughts were all on him,—the more so, that, being now out of sight, that fatal conceit of a likeness no longer could have the effect of chilling or enraging his heart. At home he had been agonized between his longing to act to him the part of a nurse, as before, and his half maniacal impression that every one knew the secret of the child's paternity, which forbade his manly and proud mind to become the apparent dupe of another, by thus cherishing another's offspring with a father's fondness. Thus tortured at home and abroad, David altered, haggard, unshorn, and stern, recoiled from that fatal woman. He stood aloof, and saw, unmoved, (if he saw at all,) the spectacle of a fearful hæmorrhage in her who had been the wife of his choice; and neither extended his hand in return, nor could bear to speak to, or even look at her.

"Pray, come nearer," she said faintly; "I cannot lift up my voice, and I have much to say, and little time to——"

He advanced one step, no more.

Panting for breath, she needed a helping arm to upraise her in the bed, and looked imploringly toward his (that which for a brief space had enfolded, had upheld her, and tenderly too, and might still have embraced her, but for a vindictive brother); but he still withholding his help, she desperately, in a sort of angry despair, erected herself by one effort, and brushed away one tear from her eye, that he might not see it stand there. The exertion caused a fresh and more frightful effusion of the vital fluid. The husband, somewhat touched, perhaps, by her reproachful look and wild action, stooped to hand her the cup, already nearly filled with the crimson horror. Even this tardy and cold courtesy affected the unhappy wife; she wept bitterly.

"Once more, David, but once, support me upright. A little touch of your arm will lift me higher, or I cannot say what I would not die without saying for all the world."

David felt once more the touch of that hand (in its unnatural bloodless white), which he had received before God at the altar, and all the past came over him like a dream just remembered. The wedded happiness of a year, the after solitude of years; the strange transfer of his whole soul's affection to an infantile object; his pensive sort of *bliss* in the few years passed with *him*; the recent shocking wrench from his heart of that last consolation. Her frailty and its consequence, more fatal than itself, was now forgotten in this retrospect of a moment, and he even returned that hand's pressure while awaiting the disclosure she had to make.

"Oh! husband, hear me with patience, while I confess——"

It was a luckless beginning.

"Heaven's curse on your confessings!" he broke forth. "I'll hear no more of them! Would to God I had never heard them! Such confessions as yours, after such treachery, are fitter for hell than heaven. Your confessions have made me childless, and your child fatherless; made me *unnatural to him*,—his beauty hateful to me! Having fooled me so long, you should have held your peace for ever, and died in the sin and secrecy of incontinence, as you lived in the shame of it! Truth from your lips is a crime *now;* it has wrought a more devilish mischief than the foulest lie ever did! Lie on, *now*, you wretched woman, and die in your perjury,—you'll be sooner pardoned by a pitying God than for these accursed confessions."

Faint, and wringing her hands, she had not breath to interrupt him, except with a word or two.

"Oh, hear me! oh, I was false!"

"False to me! Don't I know it? Why again? Have you not said it already to kill all the father in my heart? Wretch! I tell you once again, you ought *now* to persuade me, were it possible, that you never *had* been false! Restore me my blessed ignorance, if you can; fool me again into the belief that he is my own; cheat me to take him back to my bosom and bed! Would you make your peace with God before you die?—die with that merciful lie upon your lips, crying 'He is your own,—he is your own!' but, no; it is too late."

With brilliant, yet ghastly smile, and her hectic blush now heightened to a burning crimson, Margaret sprang up of her own sudden strength, supplied by the violence of her emotion, and threw her arms round her husband's neck ere he was aware, and cried,

"And so he is! on the word and oath of a dying woman he is your own! I meant, that I confess a wicked lie told to you lately; I meant, that I was false when I joined my cruel brother in his wicked lie; but you stopped me short. And I *was* false when I accused myself,—on my life, and my soul's life, I was!" He shook his head as if incredulous. "You don't believe me, then?" said she, still wringing her hands. "Then it is indeed too late. My poor wronged little boy!"

"Foolish, miserable woman," he said mournfully, "did you think me earnest when I said you ought to deceive me? Are you obeying that foolish, wild injunction of mine? 'Twas but my passion."

"Alas! what can I say?—how undo what I have done?—and my breath is spent. Oh, God of truth, speak for me! Some pitying mother, now a saint in heaven, witness for me; whisper to his heart, convince my husband, do my dear child right before I die!"

A dawn of comfort grew visible in the gloomy eyes of the father.

"Wife!" he said solemnly, "remember—this is perhaps your death-bed."

"I do—I do! I hope it is, for I have nothing to live for; and, revenging God so deal with me as I speak true or false when I say—He *is* your own! he is your own! And *I* too, I am—*was*—your own, ever yours; but that you regard not. I was true to you, David,—loved you,—loved you, David *back!* I came to your bosom even as I left my mother's at weaning time, pure as a child; and I go to my bed in the cold ground just as I left yours! Believe no other, David,—do me justice when I am there laid, husband dear! I feel we shall have no more dispute about the keeping of poor Peter. Death will soon settle that now—for ever."

David pored on her face as she spoke, as if to read her inmost soul. He was a suspicious man, and deep melancholy now made him slow to hope, and, therefore, to believe.

"Margaret!" he said tremulously, and held her hand, "I implore you not to deceive me in kindness! Truth—truth is what I pant for. Can you—dare you take an oath that that sweet and precious child is mine?"

"For God's sake bring me a Bible! There lies one—hand it me, quick!" she exclaimed, smiling brightly, though her agitation increased the frightful expectoration every moment. "Invent any form of oath the most dreadful," she continued. "On the soul's peril of a dying woman, one who knows herself dying, I kiss this word of God, and swear he is your child. Look! I have sealed it with my blood; the impression of a bloody lip is on the leaf! Yours, David, your own dear boy! Now shall I be believed? Now do you—can you forgive my foul—my unnatural lie? If you can indeed, kiss me once—once more in token of it, and that we part in—peace, in love——"

"A hundred, my own dear Margaret," he cried rapturously; "from my heart I forgive you—from my soul I believe you," and kissed her as rapturously, while the happiness of being at last believed lit up the careworn features of the wife with such a beauty from within, that every vestige of sickness and impending death flew before it.

"You have heaved a mountain from off my breast, my dear—dear Peggy. 'Twas I who wronged *you*, by separating you from our darling. But we shall have no more dispute; we shall all three be happy yet."

She shook her head, and wept, for her extreme exhaustion now admonished her against indulging that hope of life which this new incident prompted so powerfully.

"Now, hear me swear, Margaret, solemnly swear, and believe me, you never had rival in my heart or bed, but that dear child—never! You shall come to Llandefelach,—we will nurse him together,—we will——"

As he spoke, the chamber-door was thrown open in haste, and one of his shepherds entered, who had ridden after him in haste, to say that the "womankind" thought there was a "change" in little Peter, by which expression David too well knew that the Welsh attendants mean some indication of approaching death, although their observation is sometimes fallacious. To David the words struck dismay through his very soul, and a ghastliness like death's own overspread his face, while all the husband forsook his heart, and he once more saw only before him the woman who had estranged him from his child, who had caused him to be at this moment at a distance from him.

"And *I* must be here,—at this horrid distance! I must leave him among strangers in perhaps his last——," and he scowled a dumb curse of infuriated misery at his ill-fated wife, who once more seemed to him the murderess of his life's companion,—his life's darling.

Abruptly he broke from her. Not a kiss, or embrace, or word more did he vouchsafe, but almost while her face yet remained turned after him, he vanished through the door. She was shocked by the sound of his horse's hoof rattling with reckless and dangerous speed along the naked and rugged rock of the mountain track which gave access to the wild residence of a mountain farm which she had chosen. Her heart seemed to die within her, as the sound died away in the high distance of the declivity he was ascending.

Little did the impatient father see or heed of his road, except its dreadful length. An obstructed journey of many mountain miles was before him. He pictured to himself his darling turning his poor wan face incessantly to the door for him each time it opened; he heard him faintly asking for him; he imagined his life ebbing fast away, and only strangers round; and every craggy water-course, every broken gully, where the dingy peat-water formed a rivulet; every round of pale green verdure indicating the dangerous quagmire which he must avoid; the clogging soil of the mountain's base, spongy with springs: all these seemed to his sad eye and soul as so many inhuman foes deaf and blind to his agony, and groan, and sweat, rising up between him and that house, (that deathbed to his fancy,) wherein and by which he had already arrived in mind, and stood —a childless man. His soul, indeed, was there, but round him, eternally recalling it, was the same dismal far-stretching distance, the fading horizon of mountain rock (for it grew dark), while the only life near was that of creatures alien to the nature of man, and his strong sympathies—the kite, the fern-owl, and the dismal bittern of the dark-brown marsh. No severer trial of mortal patience can perhaps exist than that he was doomed to suffer; that constant conflict between the fond spirit stretching forward, and throwing behind all obstacles, and the hindering body, in its gradual tardy, laborious progress, impeded by every one, even the least.

This trial, however, like all human trials, had its end. He approached his house. And now every unkind look and tone of the few last dismal weeks, which he had been betrayed into toward his uncomplaining, unoffending boy, were to be atoned for in one delightful embrace. For David had made a helpmate—a companion of him, young as he was; and therefore felt no compunction and real remorse toward him, although a child, than toward an adult. With beating heart he pulled the string of the door-latch, paused to listen, and had the joy to find all noiseless within, proving that at least the worst had not yet occurred,—that death was not in the house. It seemed that such an event must have caused something at least of confusion, akin to that tremendous commotion in his own nature which its mere conceit had been producing during the whole of his journey. He was already at his child's bedside ere any knew of his return. All was dim, by the light of the small rush taper. What was his sudden ease of heart to see one woman, only a nurse, tying on his darling's cap, in all tranquillity! The very suddenness of that ease, that stop of his heart's long palpitation was of itself a shock.

"Going to sleep, my precious? One kiss first, mine own darling,—*mine own* sweet boy! Forgive foolish father,—forgive him all his cruel——"

Bending over him in the dusk, he saw a pretty quiet smile on the wan little face, but it was not at him. The lips had a dreadful formality in their closure; it was the *chin-band* applied to the falling jaw which the woman was tying, and which he mistook for the cap. The truth flashed upon him just as he uttered the word father, and he knew that he was *now*, indeed, no father. The frightful appearance of two eye*holes* instead of eyes (those beautiful eyes!) produced by two small coins, which the women had placed there, (according to idle custom,) confirmed the sad impression. He jerked back his head, in horror, for his own lips and those of clay, his eyes and those eye-sockets, had nearly met. He uttered one deep groan, expressive of combined agony and horror, and fell at full length on the floor. It was but a minute's respite. Again he was on his feet, standing at the bedfoot, like some effigy, with its stony eyes fixed on vacancy, gazing stupified on the sad object which the officious nurse had now covered with a sheet, so that he looked only on the ghastly outline of the small corpse, with projecting face and feet.

Up to the day of his child's burial David hardly left the fatal chamber, and moved about, looking a thousand dreadful emotions, but venting none, in almost total dumbness. He would not look on that last frightful duty imposed by a foul and dire necessity for the sake of survivors, but mounting horse, rode off in the direction of Cwm Carneddan, his wife's residence. Whether revenge for the fatal lie which had desolated it was up and raging in his breaking heart, and hurried him toward that miserable mother, or that a reeling mind led to rush abroad without object, while a depth of earth was being interposed between that fair object, now becoming a horror and an offence, and the living, whom its beauty had so lately gratified—from one of these causes, David was absent till the middle of the second night. But of his return I shall speak in the conclusion.

I was summoned in haste soon after to Llandefelach. I was led up stairs, where I found the haggard form of the master, apparently searching everywhere for something lost, and followed mournfully by two of his shepherds. He turned his hollow eyes on me with a look of confused recollection, then giving up his search, said disconsolately. "He is not here: can you tell me where is Peter—*my* Peter? I look across the world, and he is not there. I look up to Heaven, and ask him of God, and God will not hear me—not answer me. I listen for his little voice all night, and cannot hear it; yet I hear it calling in my heart for ever. I shall never see him more,—never hear it more!"

The unhappy man had, I learned, reached Carneddan, and found his wife in her coffin. The shock of his furious and abrupt parting had quickly overpowered her remains of life. Whether or no his intellects were at that time already gone, must for ever remain unknown, and unknown, therefore, what was the aim of his visit. On his return he was wild in his deportment and looks; he had lost his hat; he appeared to have been immersed in a bog; his horse was discovered loose on the hill, among the pits of black peat (or *mawn*), where, doubtless, his frenzied rider had passed one dismal night.

Some years after the death of the child I was entering a town at a little distance from Llandefelach, one fine summer's night, by a cloudless moon. A peal of bells (a rather rare accompaniment of our Welsh churches,) reached my ears, from the church seen dim on an eminence above the humble town, shrouded by venerable trees, from amidst which the mossy thatches of the houses, in their grey antiquity, peeped through thick foliage. Cows wandered about the rude streets of half green rock, steeply sloping down to a little river tumbling in a craggy channel, and keeping a perpetual gentle roar, which, deadened by the banks, produced an effect as lulling, if not as melancholy, as those distant bells. The voices of a few children, tempted out to play round a huge oak-tree, on a greensward in the middle of this lonely village town, alone broke the monotony of those mingled sounds, except when an owl was heard from a small ruin of a castle on a mound beyond that mountain brook.

Knowing this to be the native place of David Beynon, where his aged mother still resided, I thought of that unfortunate man, whom the last report I heard stated to be in the condition of raving insanity, in a receptacle for the mad. I thought of the time when he played like one of those little ones, round that tree, and obeyed the pretty summons, which I now heard from them, in English,

"Boys and girls come out to play,
Now the moon shines bright as day," &c.

On their chanting their song, I was startled by the sudden appearance of a tall old man, in tattered clothes, with long hair and beard quite white, who had been sitting at the foot of the tree, and who, on the children pulling him by the withered hands, laughed shrilly, and awkwardly joined in their wild dance, to their seeming great amusement. Nothing but his stature, and something mournful and infantile in his half hysterical laugh, distinguished his manners from those of the real children, whose companion rather than sport, he seemed to be.

It was not till I had inquired about this poor harmless being at the rustic inn, that I knew that this was David Beynon come home to his decrepit mother, to finish his mindless existence under the roof where it began.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

BY LOUIS LE CHEMINANT.

SIR, *Dover.*

Ten years have passed since I last wrote and complained to you about all the boxes that annoyed me so much when I had first commenced to learn your language. Since that time I have studied it grammatically, and read a very great number of your best authors at my house near Tours, where I also made some acquaintance with your countryfolks, who did not do me much good in improving my conversation, as they are all so fond of pretension to speak French, which is ridiculous. Also experience taught me not to be too careless to form intimacy, for too many of your compatriots that come to stop long in one place, are not of your best sort, but have got a something generally wrong about their conduct or affairs. So I have not practised so much conversation as I desired, which I confess to you, in case there may be some little error of prosody in the lines I send to say "Farewell!" now I am leaving your country, after an agreeable tour of a few months. You are so generous, and so much *au fait* in poetry, that if I have made a mistake or two in quantity, you will, I am sure, correct them. Yours is an agreeable tongue to write poetry in, as you have such an abundance of similar terminations to your different words, and you will perceive that I have been very careful to use none but legitimate rhymes.

I could have said something about the coronation, and your mobs huzzaing old Soult, but others have talked enough about that, and I don't like what you call "humbug;" and as for a mob, I respect it not a bit, for reasons enough in our revolutions; and so I conceive yours would have been as much pleased if it had been a green bear or a scarlet pig, or any other *rara avis*, as an old moustache. What is it to them? Bah! Something to roar at, to make themselves thirsty for more beer and gin. Don't think me too condemning of yours, as I have seen and heard our mobs applaud and huzza Napoleon, Louis *Dixhuit*, Napoleon again, Charles *Dix*, and Louis Philippe, and also howl and groan and hiss at all in their turn, and many others I could name. But this is near political, so I shall not proceed, and only say so much as I do not consider the mob to be the people to whom of your country I mean no disrespect, as I saw them industrious and proper. I pray you to pardon this long introduction to my bagatelle, and accept my thanks for your attention to my neophytic complaint in "auld lang syne;" and believe me,

Sir,
Your very obedient servant,
LOUIS LE CHEMINANT.

Christopher North, Esq., Edinburgh.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND.

Dover.

Farewell! I go across the main,
And leave thy shores, oh, Great Britain!
And bid my friends good by.
I've found thy land all very nice,
And conquer'd many a prejudice
Bred in my own country.

'Tis true we once were enemies,
And both believed the monstrous lies
That we did daily read,
Made up for party purposes,
And always under our noses—
We now know truth instead.

No more in future by the hour
We'll listen to the false rumour
That would our friendship mar.
I really think I never shall
Forgive the papers that did call
Hard names during the war.

Henceforth I never more can bear
Such scandal-mongers' stuff to hear,
Because I know my erring;
It now will only do for some
Poor ignorants who stop at home,
And ne'er crossed pond of herring.*

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* I was informed that you colloquially call the sea "the herring pond." If it is wrong, it is not my fault, as I am misled by your compatriots.

I've travelled now, and the result
Was, that though first I difficult
Found it to catch each word,
Yet gradually my ear improved,
Till, listening to your tongue, I loved,
Were speaker clown or lord.

Then through your land I took a trip,
And agreeably made friendship
With manufacturers,
Who showed me all their great machines.
I saw your churches with divines;
And then saw fish-curers.

I saw great rollers roll upon
Great masses of red-hot iron,
And squeeze them all abroad,
Till they became quite thin and flat,
To cut into I don't know what,
To go by the rail-road.

Then curiosity did lead
Me on, to see them making thread,
Pins, needles, knives, and forks,
Lace, muslin, calico, and cloth,
In England and in Scotland both,
And other wond'rous works.

Indeed, 'tis strange your small island
Should such variety command
Of fabrics, and of fish;
And also such superb coal mines,
All worked by mighty steam-engines,
In almost each parish.

And then, to make myself quite sure
About your mode of land culture,
I spent a week rural;
And saw the farmers round the bowl,
Talking of cattle, sheep, and fowl,
All agricultural.

I also liked to see the cows,
Promenade about your green meadows,
Almost as fine as ours;
Particularly near Richmond,
And other prairies beyond,
Where "Thames his tribute pours."

'Tis true you want our charming vines,
But then your country's intestines
Yield much precious metal;
Which makes it not such great disgrace
Not to be rich on the surface,
When work'd with capital.

Your commerce, too, is very great:
To see your ships is quite a treat,
Voyaging in the Thames;
Each having a full cargo got,
Making London an *entrepôt*
Of goods of all the names.

And I must say that, next to France,
You have the greatest abundance
Of beautiful women;
For though they're not so nicely drest,
They have a manner quite modest,
Though polite and open.

To send them from the dinner-table
Appears to me most lamentable;
That custom should be changed.
A charming dame agreed thereto,
As we to dinner down did go,
And on my arm she hang'd.

You're right, in this more polish'd age,
To make them learn the French language,
Which must be spoke by all
The nations that compose Europe;
Which you yourselves can never hope
The English language shall.

Of politics I will not speak,
But hope our friendship will not break—
Of strive we've had enough;
'Tis better far than making wars,
To keep your soldiers and your tars
Minding the loom and plough.

And now I've seen your country through,
Although the sea is very rough
I do not mind a groat,
But quick, as by magician's hand,
Shall be borne off from your island,
Upon a fine steam-boat.

And, when I at home arrive,
I will, as surely as I live,
A bumper fill with wine;
And, for his literary worth,
Drink "Success to Christopher North
And *Blackwood's Magazine.*"

LOUIS LE CHEMINANT.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE ORIGINAL JIM CROW.

En Amérique j'ai fait des sauts,
En Angleterre aussi;
En France j'irai, s'il le faut,
Pour sauter quand je cris,—
Je tourne, re-tourne, je caracole,
Je fais des sauts;
Chaque fois je fais le tour,
Je saute "Jim Crow."

Depuis mon émigration
J'ai vu des choses si drôles,
J'en ferai la relation
En faisant mes caracoles;
Je tourne, re-tourne, je caracole, &c.

En Angleterre on aime la bière,
En France on aime la danse,
En Irelande les pommes-de-terre
Et "*visky*" à l'outrance.
Je tourne, re-tourne, je caracole, &c.

Dans ce pays d'agitation
O'Connell fait les lois,
Il aime l'émancipation
Et se moque du Vice-roi.
Je tourne, re-tourne, je caracole, &c.

Il va son train—de mal en pis—
Cet "Agitateur," "Dan;"
Mais avant peu, c'est mon avis,
Il se mettra *dedans.*
Je tour, re-tourne, je caracole, &c.

Parmi toutes les nations
Si j'ai une préférence?
(On a fait l'interrogation,)
Voici la différence;
Je tourne, re-tourne, je caracole, &c.

Je dis sans hésitation,
(Je sens la vérite,)
J'adorerai la nation
Qui me donne la liberté.
Je tourne, re-tourne, je caracole, &c.

J'ai bien des vers à chanter,
C'est pour demain au soir,
Des contes que j'ai inventé;
Adieu! donc—au revoir!
Je tourne, re-tourne, je caracole,
Je fais des sauts;
Chaque fois je fais le tour,
Je saute "Jim Crow."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE FOREST TREE.

Hail to the lone old forest tree,
Though past his leafy prime!
A type of England's past is he,—
A tale of her olden time.
He has seen her sons, for a thousand years,
Around him rise and fall;
But well his green old age he wears,
And still survives them all.
Then long may his safeguard the pride and care
Of our children's children be;
And long may the axe and tempest spare
The lone old forest tree!

The Norman baron his steed has rein'd,
And the pilgrim his journey stay'd,
And the toil-worn serf brief respite gain'd
In his broad and pleasant shade:
The friar and forester loved it well;
And hither the jocund horn,
And the solemn tone of the vesper bell,
On the evening breeze were borne.

Friar and forester, lord and slave,
Lie mouldering, side by side,
In the dreamless sleep of a nameless grave,
Where revelling earthworms hide:
And Echo no longer wakes at the sound
Of bugle or vesper chime;
For castle and convent are ivy-bound
By the ruthless hand of Time.

But gentle and few, with the stout old tree,
Have the spoiler's dealings been;
And the brook, as of old, is clear and free,
And the turf beneath as green.
Thus Nature has scatter'd on every hand
Her lessons, since earth began,
And long may her sylvan teacher stand,
A check to the pride of man.
And long may his safeguard the pride and care
Of our children's children be;
Long, long may the axe and tempest spare
The lone old forest tree!

London.—JUNE 1838. J. B. T.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

"IT'S ONLY A DROP!"

It was a cold winter's night, and though the cottage where Ellen and Michael, the two surviving children of old Ben Murphy, lived, was always neat and comfortable, still there was a cloud over the brow of both brother and sister, as they sat before the cheerful fire; it had obviously been spread not by anger, but by sorrow. The silence had continued long, though it was not bitter. At last Michael drew away from his sister's eyes the checked apron she had applied to them, and taking her hand affectionately within his own, said. "It isn't for my own sake, Ellen, though the Lord knows I shall be lonesome enough the long winter nights and the long summer days without your wise saying, and your sweet song, and your merry laugh, that I can so well remember—ay, since the time when our poor mother used to seat us on the new rick, and then, in the innocent pride of her heart, call our father to look at us, and preach to us against being conceited, at the very time she was making us proud as peacocks by calling us her blossoms of beauty, and her heart's blood, and her king and queen."

"God and the blessed virgin make her bed in heaven now and for evermore, amen," said Ellen, at the same time drawing out her beads, and repeating an ave with inconceivable rapidity. "Ah, Mike," she added, "that *was* the mother, and the father too, full of grace and godliness."

"True for ye, Ellen; but *that's* not what I'm afther now, as you well know, you blushing little rogue of the world; and sorra a word I'll say against it in the end, though it's lonesome I'll be on my own hearth-stone, with no one to keep me company but the ould black cat, that can't see, let alone hear, the craythur!"

"Now," said Ellen, wiping her eyes, and smiling her own bright smile, "lave off; ye're just like all the men, purtending to one thing, whin they mane another; there's a dale of desate about them—all—every one of them—and so my mother often said. Now, you'd better have done, or maybe I'll say something that will bring, if not the colour to your brown cheek, a dale more warmth to yer warm heart, than would be convanient, just by the mention of one Mary—Mary! what a purty name Mary it is, isn't it?—it's a common name too, and yet you like it none the worse for that. Do you mind the ould rhyme?—

'Mary, Mary, quite contrary.'

Well, I'm not going to say she is contrary—I'm sure she's any thing but *that* to you, any way, brother Mike. Can't you sit still, and don't be pulling the hairs out of Pusheen cat's tail, it isn't many there's in it; and I'd thank you not to unravel the beautiful English cotton stocking I'm knitting; lave off your tricks, or I'll make common talk of it, I will, and be more than even with you, my fine fellow! Indeed, poor ould Pusheen," she continued, addressing the cat with great gravity, "never heed what he says to you; he has no notion to make *you* either head or tail to the house, not he; he wont let you be without a misthress to give you yer sup of milk, or yer bit of sop; he wont let you be lonesome, my poor puss; he's glad enough to swop an Ellen for a Mary, so he is; but that's a sacret, avourneen; don't tell it to any one."

"Any thing for your happiness," replied the brother, somewhat sulkily; "but your bachelor has a worse fault than ever I had, notwithstanding all the lecturing you kept on to me; he has a turn for the drop, Ellen, you know he has."

"How spitefully you said that!" replied Ellen; "and it isn't generous to spake of it when he's not here to defend himself."

"You'll not let a word go against him," said Michael.

"No," she said, "I will never let ill be spoken of an absent friend. I know he has a turn for the drop, but I'll cure him."

"After he's married," observed Michael, not very good-naturedly.

"No," she answered, "*before*. I think a girl's chance of happiness is not worth much who trusts to *after*-marriage reformation. *I wont.* Didn't I reform you, Mike, of the shockin' habit you had of putting every thing off to the last! and after reforming a brother, who knows what I may do with a lover! Do you think that Larry's heart is harder than *yours*, Mike? Look what fine vegetables we have in our garden now, all planted by your own hands when you come home from work—planted during the very time which you used to spend in leaning against the door cheek, or smoking your pipe, or sleeping over the fire; look at the money you got from the Agricultural Society."

"That's yours, Ellen," said the generous-hearted Mike; "I'll never touch a penny of it; but for you I never should have had it; I'll never touch it."

"You never shall," she answered; "I've laid it every penny out, so that when the young bride comes home, she'll have such a house of comforts as are not to be found in the parish—white table-cloths for Sunday, a little store of tay and sugar, soap, candles, starch, every thing good, and plenty of it."

"My own dear generous sister," exclaimed the young man.

"I shall ever be your sister," she replied, "and hers too. She's a good *colleen*, and worthy my own Mike, and that's more than I would say to 'ere another in the parish. I wasn't in earnest when I said you'd be glad to get rid of me; so put the pouch, every bit of it, off yer handsome face. And hush!—whisht! will ye! there's the sound of Larry's footstep in the bawn—hand me the needles, Mike." She braided back her hair with both hands, arranged the red ribbon, that confined its luxuriance, in the little glass that hung upon a nail on the dresser, and, after composing her arch laughing features into an expression of great gravity, sat down, and applied herself with singular industry to take up the stitches her brother had dropped, and put on a look of right maidenly astonishment when the door opened, and Larry's good-humoured face entered with the salutation of "God save all here!" He popped his head in first, and, after gazing round, presented his goodly person to their view; and a pleasant view it was, for he was of genuine Irish bearing and beauty—frank, and manly, and fearless-looking. Ellen, the wicked one, looked up with well-feigned astonishment, and exclaimed, "Oh, Larry, is it you, and who would have thought of seeing you this blessed night?—ye're lucky—just in time for a bit of supper afther your walk across the moor. I cannot think what in the world makes you walk over that moor so often; you'll get wet feet, and yer mother 'ill be forced to nurse you. Of all the walks in the county, the walk across that moor's the dreariest, and yet ye're always going it! I wonder you havn't better sense; ye're not such a chicken now."

"Well," interrupted Mike, "it's the women that bates the world for desaving. Sure she heard yer step when nobody else could; its echo struck on her heart, Larry—let her deny it; she'll make a shove off if she can; she'll twist you, and twirl you, and turn you about, so that you wont know whether it's on your head or your heels ye're standing. She'll tossicate yer brains in no time, and be as composed herself as a dove on her nest in a storm. But ask her, Larry, the straightforward question, whether she heard you or not. She'll tell no lie—she never does."

Ellen shook her head at her brother, and laughed. And immediately after, the happy trio sat down to a cheerful supper.

Larry was a good tradesman, blythe, and "well to do" in the world; and had it not been for the one great fault—an inclination to take the "least taste in life more" when he had already taken quite enough—there could not have been found a better match for good, excellent Ellen Murphy, in the whole kingdom of Ireland. When supper was finished, the everlasting whisky bottle was produced, and Ellen resumed her knitting. After a time, Larry pressed his suit to Michael for the industrious hand of his sister, thinking, doubtless, with the natural self-conceit of all *man*kind, that he was perfectly secure with Ellen; but though Ellen loved, like all my fair countrywomen, *well*, she loved, I am sorry to say, *un*like the generality of my fair countrywomen, *wisely*, and reminded her lover that she had seen him intoxicated at the last fair of Rathcoolin.

"Dear Ellen!" he exclaimed, "it was 'only a drop,' the least taste in life that overcame me. It overtook me unknowst, quite against my will."

"Who poured it down yer throat, Larry?"

"Who poured it down my throat is it? why, myself, to be sure; but are you going to put me to a three months' penance for that?"

"Larry, will you listen to me, and remember that the man I marry must be converted before we stand before the priest. I have no faith whatever in conversions after."——

"Oh, Ellen!" interrupted her lover.

"It's no use oh Ellening me," she answered quickly; "I have made my resolution, and I'll stick to it."

"She's as obstinate as ten women!" said her brother. "There's no use in attempting to contradict her; she always has had her own way."

"It's very cruel of you, Ellen, not to listen to reason. I tell you a tablespoonful will often upset me."

"If you know that, Larry, why do you take the tablespoonful?"

"Larry could not reply to this question. He could only plead that the drop got the better of him, and the *temptation*, and the *overcomingness* of the thing, and it was very hard to be at him so about a trifle.

"I can never think a thing a trifle," she observed, "that makes you so unlike yourself; I should wish to respect you always, Larry, and in my heart I believe no woman ever could respect a drunkard. I don't want to make you angry; God forbid you should ever be one, and I *know* you are not one yet; but sin grows mighty strong upon us without our knowledge. And no matter what indulgence leads to bad; we've a right to think any thing that *does* lead to it sinful in the prospect, if not at the present."

"You'd have made a fine priest, Ellen," said the young man, determined, if he could not reason, to laugh her out of her resolve.

"I don't think," she replied, archly, "if I was a priest, that either of you would have liked to come to me to confession."

"But Ellen, dear Ellen, sure it's not in positive downright *earnest* you are; you can't think of putting me off on account of that unlucky drop, *the least taste in life* I took at the fair. You could not find it in your heart. Speak for me, Michael, speak for me. But I see it's joking you are. Why, Lent 'ill be on us in no time, and then we must wait till Easter—it's easy talking."

"Larry," interrupted Ellen, "do not you talk yourself into a passion; it will do no good; none in the world. I am sure you love me, and I confess before my brother it will be the delight of my heart to return that love, and make myself worthy of you, if you will only break yourself of that one habit, which you qualify to your own undoing, by fancying, because the *least taste in life* makes you what you ought not to be, that you may still take it."

"I'll take an oath against the whisky, if that will plase ye, till Christmas."

"And when Christmas comes, get twice as tipsy as ever, with joy to think yer oath is out—no?"

"I'll sware any thing you plase."

"I don't want you to sware at all; there is no use in a man's taking an oath he is anxious to have a chance of breaking. I want your reason to be convinced."

"My darling Ellen, all the reason I ever had in my life is convinced."

"Prove it by abstaining from taking even a drop, even *the least drop* in life, if that drop can make you ashamed to look your poor Ellen in the face."

"I'll give it up altogether."

"I hope you will one of these days, from a conviction that it is really bad in every way; but not from cowardice, not because you darn't trust yerself."

"Ellen, I'm sure ye've some English blood in yer veins, ye're such a reasoner. Irish women don't often throw a boy off because of a drop; if they did, it's not many marriage dues his Reverence would have, winter or summer."

"Listen to me, Larry, and believe, that, though I spake this way, I regard you truly; and if I did not, I'd not take the throuble to tell you my mind.'

"Like Mick Brady's wife, who, whenever she thrashed him, cried over the blows, and said they were all for his good," observed her brother slyly.

"Nonsense!"—listen to me, I say, and I'd tell you why I am so resolute. It's many a long day since, going to school, I used to meet—Michael minds her, too, I'm sure—an old bent woman; they used to call her the Witch of Ballaghton. Stacy was, as I have said, very old entirely, withered and white headed, bent nearly double with age, and she used to be ever and always muddling about the streams and ditches, gathering herbs and plants, the girls said to work charms with; and at first they used to watch, rather far off, and if they thought they had a good chance of escaping her tongue and the stones she flung at them, they'd call her an ill name or two, and sometimes, old as she was, she'd make a spring at them sideways like a crab, and howl, and hoot, and scream, and then they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go on disturbing the green-coated waters with her crooked stick, and muttering words which none, if they heard, could understand. Stacy had been a well-rared woman, and knew a dale more than any of us; when not tormented by the children, she was mighty well spoken, and the gentry thought a dale about her more than she did about them; for she'd say there wasn't one in the country fit to tie her shoe, and tell them so, too, if they'd call her any thing but Lady Stacy, which the *rale* gentry of the place all humoured her in; but the upstarts, who think every civil word to an inferior is a pulling down of their own dignity, would turn up their noses as they passed her, and maybe she didn't bless them for it.

One day Mike had gone home before me, and, coming down the back bohreen, who should I see moving along it but Lady Stacy; and on she came muttering and mumbling to herself till she got near me, and as she did, I heard Master Nixon (the dog man[*])'s hound in full cry, and seen him at her heels, and he over the hedge encouraging the baste to tear her in pieces. The dog soon was up with her, and then she kept him off as well as she could with her crutch, cursing the entire time, and I was very frightened, but I darted to her side, and, with a wattle I pulled out of the hedge, did my best to keep him off her.

Master Nixon cursed at me with all his heart, but I wasn't to be turned off that way. Stacy, herself, laid about with her staff, but the ugly brute would have finished her, only for me. I don't suppose Nixon meant that, but the dog was savage, and some men like him, delight in cruelty. Well, I beat the dog off; and then I had to help the poor fainting woman, for she was both faint and hurt. I didn't much like bringing her here, for the people said she wasn't lucky; however, she wanted help, and I gave it. When I got her on the floor,[†] I thought a drop of whisky would revive her, and, accordingly, I offered her a glass. I shall never forget the venom with which she dashed it on the ground.

'Do you want to poison me,' she shouted, 'afther saving my life?' When she came to herself a little, she made me sit down by her side, and fixing her large grey eyes upon my face, she kept rocking her body backwards and forwards, while she spoke, as well as I can remember—what I'll try to tell you—but I can't tell it as she did—that wouldn't be in nature. 'Ellen,' she said, and her eyes fixed in my face, 'I wasn't always a poor lone creature, that every ruffian who walks the country dare set his cur at. There was full and plenty in my father's house when I was young, but before I grew to womanly estate, its walls were bare and roofless. What made them so?—drink!—whisky! My father was in debt; to kill thought, he tried to keep himself so that he could not think: he wanted the courage of a man to look his danger and difficulty in the face, and overcome it; for, Ellen, mind my words, the man that will look debt and danger steadily in the face, and resolve to overcome them, *can do so.* He had not means, he said, to educate his children as became them: he grew not to have means to find them or their poor patient mother the proper necessaries of life, yet he found the means to keep the whisky cask flowing, and to answer the bailiffs' knocks for admission by the loud roar of drunkenness, mad, as it was wicked. They got in at last, in spite of the care taken to keep them out, and there was much fighting, ay, and blood spilt, but not to death; and while the riot was a-foot, and we were crying round the death-bed of a dying mother, where was he?—they had raised a ten-gallon cask of whisky on the table in the parlour, and astride on it sat my father, flourishing the huge pewter funnel in one hand, and the black jack streaming with whisky in the other, and amid the fumes of hot punch that flowed over the room, and the cries and oaths of the fighting drunken company, his voice was heard swearing "he had lived like a king, and WOULD die like a king!"'

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[*] Tax-gatherers were so called some time ago in Ireland, because they collected the duty on dogs.

[†] In the house.

'And your poor mother?' I asked.

'Thank God! she died that night—she died before worse came; she died on the bed that, before her corpse was cold, was dragged from under her—through the strong drink—through the badness of him who ought to have saved her; not that he was a bad man either, when the whisky had no power over him, but he could not bear his own reflections. And his end soon came. He didn't die like a king; he died smothered in a ditch, where he fell; he died, and was in the presence of God—how? Oh, there are things that have had whisky as their beginning and their end, that make me as mad as ever it made him! The man takes a drop, and forgets his starving family; the woman takes it, and forgets she is a mother and a wife. It's the curse of Ireland—a bitterer, blacker, deeper curse than ever was put on it by foreign power or hard-made laws!'"

"God bless us!" was Larry's half-breathed ejaculation.

"I only repeat ould Stacy's words," said Ellen; "you see I never forgot them. 'You might think,' she continued, 'that I had had warning enough to keep me from having any thing to say to those who war too fond of drink, and I thought I had; but, somehow, Edward Lambert got round me with his sweet words, and I was lone and unprotected. I knew he had a little fondness for the drop; but in him, young, handsome, and gay-hearted, with bright eyes and sunny hair, it did not seem like the horrid thing which *had made me shed no tear over my father's grave.* Think of that, young girl: the drink dos'nt make a man a beast *at first*, but it will do so before it's done with him—it will do so before it's done with him. I had enough power over Edward, and enough memory of the past, to make him swear against it, except so much at such and such a time, and for a while he was very particular; but one used to entice him, and another used to entice him, and I am not going to say but I might have managed him differently: I might have got him off it—gently, may be; but the pride got the better of me, and I thought of the line I came of, and how I had married him who wasn't my equal, and such nonsense, which always breeds disturbance betwixt married people; and I used to rave, when, may be, it would have been wiser if I had reasoned. Any way, things did'nt go smooth—not that he neglected his employment: he was industrious, and sorry enough when the fault was done; still he would come home often the worse for drink—and now that he's dead and gone, and no finger is stretched to me but in scorn or hatred, I think may be I might have done better; but, God defend me, the *last* was hard to bear.' Oh, boys!" said Ellen, "if you had only heard her voice when she said *that*, and seen her face—poor ould Lady Stacy, no wonder she hated the drop, no wonder she dashed down the whisky."

"You kept this mighty close, Ellen," said Mike; "I never heard it before."

"I did not like coming over it," she replied; "the last is hard to tell." The girl turned pale while she spoke, and Lawrence gave her a cup of water. "It must be told," she said; "the death of her father, proved the effects of deliberate drunkenness. What I have to say, shows what may happen from being even once unable to think or act.

'I had one child,' said Stacy, 'one, a darlint, blue-eyed, laughing child. I never saw any so handsome, never knew any so good. She was almost three years ould, and he was fond of her—he said he was, but it's a quare fondness that destroys what it ought to save. It was the Pattern of Lady-day, and well I knew that Edward would not return as he went; he said he would, he *almost* swore he would; but the promise of a man given to drink has no more strength in it than a rope of sand. I took sulky, and wouldn't go; if I had, may be it would not have ended so. The evening came on, and I thought my baby breathed hard in her cradle; I took the candle and went over to look at her; her little face was red; and when I laid my cheek close to her lips so as not to touch them, but to feel her breath, it was hot—very hot; she tossed her arms, and they were dry and burning. The measles were about the country, and I was frightened for my child. It was only half a mile to the doctor's; I knew every foot of the road; and so leaving the door on the latch, I resolved to tell him how my darlint was, and thought I should be back before my husband's return. Grass, you may be sure, didn't grow under my feet. I ran with all speed, and wasn't kept long, the Doctor said—though it seemed long to me. The moon was down when I came home, though the night was fine. The cabin we lived in was in a hollow; but when I was on the hill, and looked down where I knew it stood a dark mass, I thought I saw a white light fog coming out of it; I rubbed my eyes, and darted forward as a wild bird flies to its nest when it hears the scream of the hawk in the heavens. When I reached the door, I saw it was open; the fume cloud came out of it, sure enough, white and thick; blind with that and terror together, I rushed to my child's cradle. I found my way to *that*, in spite of the burning and the smothering. But Ellen—Ellen Murphy, my child, the rosy child whose breath had been hot on my cheek only a little while before, she was nothing but a cinder. Mad as I felt, I saw how it was in a minute. The father had come home, as I expected; he had gone to the cradle to look at his child, had dropt the candle into the straw, and, unable to speak or stand, had fallen down and asleep on the floor not two yards from my child. Oh, how I flew to the doctor's with *what* had been my baby; I tore across the country like a banshee; I laid it in his arms; I told him if he didn't put life in it, I'd destroy him and his house. He thought me mad; for there was no breath, either cold or hot, coming from its lips *then*. I couldn't kiss it in death; *there was nothing left of my child to kiss*—think of that! I snatched it from where the doctor had laid it; I cursed him, for he looked with disgust at my purty child. The whole night long I wandered in the woods of Newtownbarry with that burden at my heart.'"

"But her husband, her husband!" inquired Larry in accents of horror; "what became of him?—did she leave him in the burning without calling him to himself?"

"No," answered Ellen; "I asked her, and she told me that her shrieks she supposed roused him from the suffocation in which he must but for them have perished. He staggered out of the place, and was found soon after by the neighbours, and lived long after, but only to be a poor heart-broken man, for she was mad for years through the country; and many a day after she told me that story, my heart trembled like a willow leaf. 'And now, Ellen Murphy,' she added, when the end was come, 'do ye wonder I threw from yer hand as poison the glass you offered me? And do you know why I have tould you what tares my heart to come over?—because I wish to save you, who showed me kindness, from what I have gone through. It's the only good I can do ye, and, indeed, it's long since I cared to do good. Never trust a drinking man; he has no guard on his words, and will say that of his nearest friend, that would destroy him soul and body. His breath is hot as the breath of the plague; his tongue is a foolish, as well as a fiery serpent. Ellen, let no drunkard become your lover, and don't trust to promises; try them, prove them all, before you marry.'"

"Ellen, that's enough," interrupted Larry. "I have heard enough—the two proofs are enough without words. Now, hear me. What length of punishment am I to have? I won't say that, for, Nell, there's a tear in your eye that says more than words. Look—I'll make no promises—but you shall see; I'll wait yer time; name it; I'll stand the trial."

And I am happy to say, for the honour and credit of the country, that Larry did stand the trial—his resolve was fixed; he never so much as tasted whisky from that time, and Ellen had the proud satisfaction of knowing she had saved him from destruction. They were not, however, married till *after* Easter. I wish all Irish maidens would follow Ellen's example. Woman could do a great deal to prove that "*the least taste in life*" is a great taste too much!—that "ONLY A DROP" is a temptation fatal if unresisted.

From the same.

JOHN FITCH.

The following account of a new candidate for the honour of discovering steam navigation, is given in Hall's Notes on the Western States of America, lately published:—

"In 1785, John Fitch, a watchmaker in Philadelphia, conceived the design of propelling a boat by steam. He was both poor and illiterate; and many difficulties occurred to frustrate every attempt which he made to try the practicability of his invention. He applied to Congress for assistance, but was refused; and then offered his invention to the Spanish government, to be used in the navigation of the Mississippi, but without any better success. At length a company was formed, and funds subscribed, for the building of a steam-boat, and in the year 1788 his vessel was launched on the Delaware. Many crowded to see and ridicule the novel, and, as they supposed, the chimerical experiment. It seemed that the idea of wheels had not occurred to Mr. Fitch; but instead of them, oars were used, which worked in frames. He was confident of success; and when the boat was ready for the trial, she started off in good style for Burlington. Those who had sneered began to stare, and they who had smiled in derision, looked grave. Away went the boat, and the happy inventor triumphed over the scepticism of an unbelieving public. The boat performed her trip to Burlington, a distance of twenty miles: but, unfortunately, burst her boiler in rounding to the wharf at that place, and the next tide floated her back to the city. Fitch persevered, and with great difficulty procured another boiler. After some time, the boat performed another trip to Burlington and Trenton, and returned in the same day. She is said to have moved at the rate of eight miles an hour; but something was continually breaking, and the unhappy projector only conquered one difficulty to encounter another. Perhaps this was not owing to any defect in his plans, but to the low state of the arts at that time, and the difficulty of getting such complex machinery made with proper exactness. Fitch became embarrassed with debt, and was obliged to abandon the invention, after having satisfied himself of its practicability. This ingenious man, who was probably the first inventor of the steam-boat, wrote three volumes, which he deposited in manuscript, sealed up, in the Philadelphia Library, to be opened thirty years after his death. When, or why, he came to the west, we have not learned; but it is recorded of him that he died and was buried near the Ohio. His three volumes were opened about five years ago, and were found to contain his speculations on mechanics. He details his embarrassments and disappointments, with a feeling which shows how ardently he desired success, and which wins for him the sympathy of those who have heart enough to mourn over the blighted prospects of genius. He confidently predicts the future success of the plan, which, in his hands, failed only for the want of pecuniary means. He prophesies that in less than a century we shall see our western rivers swarming with steam-boats; and expresses a wish to be buried on the shores of the Ohio, where the song of the boatmen may enliven the stillness of his resting-place, and the music of the steam-engine soothe his spirit. What an idea! Yet how natural to the mind of an ardent projector, whose whole life had been devoted to one darling object, which it was not his destiny to accomplish! And how touching is the sentiment found in one of his journals: 'the day will come when some more powerful man will get fame and riches from my invention; but nobody will believe that *poor John Fitch* can do any thing worthy of attention.'"

From the United Service Journal.

A LETTER FROM UPPER CANADA.

Drummondville, *Dec. 20th*, 1838.

MR. EDITOR,—When I last had the honour of addressing you, my date was from the canvass quarters of the regiment on the brink of the great cataract; my theme was of summer and genial sunshine, of Nature flaunting in her holiday attire, of meek-eyed Peace, of merry pastimes—our only enemy Old Time, who, it is needless to say, was butchered with a nonchalance truly professional. We were peacefully, though somewhat suspiciously, looking across the watery bourn which separates us from our friends and half-brethren on the opposite bank of the Niagara, or occasionally lionizing ourselves in a field-day for the edification of those who crossed the border to see the Britishers and their camp. During this halcyon period of enjoyment, Summer and Peace smiled on these colonies. Winter and war "grim-visaged" both have now stalked together on the scene; and the ancient Shaksperian stage directions of "Alarums," "Excursions," and "Retreats," (I will not add "Flourishes," lest it might be supposed that I aimed at the Despatches) are applicable enough to the serio-comic drama now under performance in these unhappy provinces. The winter is a good honest Canadian winter, and tweaks one by the nose, and runs one through the ribs with his usual straightforward rigour; but such a pitiful, sneaking, shamefaced, mongrel war British soldiers, until last year, never got engaged in. We have an enemy whose last object is fighting—burning and pillage being the extent of his enterprise—and whose most efficient arm is a host of lying rumours, exaggerated reports, and needless alarms, which strike at our tranquillity and security, and have neither glory, prize-money, nor excitement, to gild their deformity.

The newspapers will surely have forestalled me in giving you the details of this fresh revolt of the malcontents. I will, therefore, not be tempted to do more than briefly advert to the leading events of the last month.

In the lower province we have the minority of a minority of the Franco-Canadians attempting a second edition of last winter's outbreaks—an attempt, which, had not blood been spilt in their fruitless gambades, would have been utterly ludicrous. May their earthly career be *one eternal cahôt*—I cannot wish them worse!

In this province we have an affair of a windmill perfectly Quixotic in its utter hopelessness; and which ends in the death or capture of all the performers. Our government has undoubted proof of the embodying of men, subscription of money, and formation of magazines, not only on the American border, but deep in the central states, for the notorious purpose of a descent upon our shores whenever and wherever an occasion of much plunder and little risk may occur. In actual and legitimate warfare many a brilliant combat ashore has been decided, and many a three-decker added to the British navy, with less expense of English blood than was shed at the piratical affair of Prescott.

In both provinces a few of the more rash riff-raff have got within John Bull's gripe; but the crafty and cowardly agents who moved the unfortunate puppets very prudently remained out of harm's way. Nor is it indeed a matter of miracle that the leaders of a conspiracy should fail in the hour of trial. The assurance that he will be hanged, if caught, can scarcely be said to be encouraging to the gallantry or genius of a general. The art of sinking cannot be more forcibly displayed than in the contrast of the frothy and pompous "Declaration of Independence of Lower Canada, signed R. Nelson, President, by order of the Provisional Government," with the dastardly conduct of this paltry hero in the action of Odell town, where his thousands were driven to the winds by a handfull of brave militia, and their Bobadil chief took to his heels, and "kept both pumps going" until he found himself safe across the frontier.

Since the notification first reached us that "an invasion on an extensive scale might be hourly expected," the regiment has continued in a state of light-marching order—in which scale of comfort, by the way, we passed the whole of last winter. Our mess-plate and portions of the soldier's equipments—especially the chacos, that wretched invention, fit for neither a hot or cold climate—have been sent into store in a place of greater security than this village offers, nor can we deem these precautionary measures superfluous,

> "Nam tua res agitur paries quum proximus ardet,"

And ourselves, perchance, may be the next object of *sympathizing* firebrands. The officers' heavy baggage lies packed and corded in their half-furnished chamber. In short, the regiment is ready to move at a moment's notice—or, as I might describe our state, were I not afraid of being quizzed by "my uncle, the Admiral,"—we are "at single anchor and hove short!" It is all very pretty practice, no doubt; and last winter this anomalous and hybrid predicament of half peace half war had at least the merit of novelty: but this rechauffée of the old dish is stale; it requires a vigorous and not over-discerning martial appetite to render it palatable.

We are daily entertained by accounts of the passage westward of considerable bodies of armed Americans, and we have been long expecting to hear of a descent in that direction. It is probable, however, that they found the defences of Amherstburg—thanks to the indefatigable labours of the troops there stationed—more formidable than they had hoped. The affair of Prescott has, moreover, thrown cold water upon their spirit of enterprise.

It is now said that these western bands are gradually dispersing, and that many of the adventurers are returning to our front. We read of American government magazines yielding up their arms for the use of freebooters: of societies, with American government officers at their head, meeting openly in the chief towns in furtherance of Canadian revolt; of Masonic brotherhoods with their oaths, signs, and laws, sworn to *regenerate* Canada: the ostracized heroes of Bermuda, loosened upon us again by the Home government, are at their old trade of agitation: one half of the press of the United States is strenuous in its endeavours to incite its fellow-citizens to "sympathize," rifle and Bowie knife in hand, with their "oppressed neighbours and brethren"—to put themselves "*en rapport*" with their *patients*, as the magnetic sympathizers of France would probably style this kind of connection.* A hundred such specimens of firebrand declamation as the following may be found in the American journals. The "Buffalo Daily Mercury" thus concludes a fierce tirade in favour of Yankee interference: "Too much blood has now been shed to sink into the earth without revenge. It reddens the sky! it will have vengeance! Remember the Caroline—Remember St. Dennis—Remember Prescott!" The ruffianly Buccaneers who landed at the latter town are dignified by this paper as a "Spartan band"—"itti" they should have added, and I will grant them the title; for every schoolboy knows that the Spartan ethics—especially on the article of theft—were not over straight-laced.

Close on the heels of the Prescott invasion an American commandant has the modest assurance to forward a petition from certain respectable inhabitants of the border in behalf of the "infatuated youths," who are still reeking from the slaughter of our soldiers and yeomen; and he selects, as the channel of his petition, the officer commanding the regiment, one of whose officers, being mortally wounded, was dragged into the pirates' den, and horribly mutilated. In this instance it is well if mercy, like charity, may "begin at home," and the outraged colony be summarily and permanently delivered from the future enterprise of "these great villains," as the United States colonel very justly styles his compatriots.

Such a sentence as will probably be the award of a court-martial composed of militia officers of this harassed province will doubtless throw a chill over the ardour of those who, at this moment, are only biding their time to follow up the piracies of their companions. The colony is sullenly, though scarcely silently (for the journals and their correspondents speak out pretty plainly), awaiting the sentence of the tribunal; and murmurs of discontent at the "law's delay," which clogs even the simple machinery of a court-martial, are beginning to be heard.

The patriots appear to be lying on their arms at present; but such liberal contributions of money, weapons, stores, &c., have been levied from the different states in prosecution of this veritable crusade against legitimate government, that it is hardly to be believed that aggression has entirely ceased. It is probable that one final and furious descent will be made upon our coasts. In another month Jack Frost will act as their pioneer; and we can only promise them as warm a reception as the chilliest among them could wish. We have a first-rate little army of six or seven regiments, with others coming up; and though the militia of this Peninsula have not responded with any extraordinary alacrity to the "gathering" of the government, I have no doubt that in event of invasion, like the men of Roderick Dhu, they will start from their hearths as the former from the heather, and fight, as most men do, for their altars and homes. Some of these gallant irregulars will, in their first onslaught, be saved the trouble of "throwing away the scabbard"—for they have none served out to them; their bayonets are as fixed as fate, and, when in the hands of a stout negro, have a truculent look about them.

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* The Yankees seem to have so large a stock of sympathy on hand, that it is a pity they cannot spare a little of that commodity for their fellow countrymen, the Mormons, whom they are now industriously exterminating.

How long will England forbear? Is a "neighbouring friendly state," so styled, to be permitted, with each yearly appearance of winter, to pour its plundering and murderous hordes upon our peaceful shores? Will trade and commerce flourish where fire and sword are ever imminent? Will immigration, that grand desideratum in a half-populated colony, prosper, where security of person and property is unknown? Will a powerful people long retain fealty to a government so backward to raise the strong arm in their defence against foreign aggression? Such are the questions daily and angrily propounded by the colonial press. They are not mine, Mr. Editor;—

> "For to say the truth, I never wish to meddle
> With politics, Sir!"

The querists may receive a practical answer sooner than they expect. The nations of the earth are not at this moment living on the most neighbourly terms with each other. A universal plethora seems to prevail, calling loudly for the lancet! Should the affairs of the civilized and uncivilized world continue much longer in such "tarnation snarl"—(as Crockett calls it)—I think, Mr. Editor, we shall soon be able to quote our profession as "looking up;" and perhaps a few legislators may at length be found to admit the utility of a standing army.

You will have seen that the Grenadier Guards have once more taken the field against *the French!* I am not sure that "Napierville" will look well emblazoned beneath Waterloo on their colours. Their brethren in arms, doomed to winter duties in London, will envy them their little campaign—whatever they may do their quarters on the Yamaska, the most barbarous and rebellious district in Lower Canada. I can well imagine the wretched mob of panic-struck Napiervil-lains melting into thin air before the stern front of their comparatively giant antagonists. My late excellent pay-serjeant, who was captured in the steamer off Beauharnois, gives a most contemptuous description of that portion of the grand army that came under his observation, and affirms, with highly laudable *esprit de corps*, that one company of the old regiment would have swept the whole country.

But the public prints will have given you and your readers enough of this farcical attempt to throw off the yoke of Britain; and as the principal actors in this drama will, in all probability, be, speedily raised to that *high elevation* which is so justly their due, I willingly "drop the subject," and turn to a more peaceful theme.

Whilst yet ruddy Autumn ruled the season and scenery, I made a tour of forty-eight hours to the American town of Buffalo, situate on the eastern extremity of Lake Erie. In order to vary my little trip I crossed the ferry just below the Falls to the United States village of Manchester, took the railroad to Buffalo, and remaining there one night only, returned thence by steamer down the Niagara river to the City of the Falls.

The passage of the ferry is most interesting, presenting an ever-varying and most glorious view of the great cataracts. It is an affair of a few minutes only —indeed it has been swam in eleven minutes in spite of the turmoil of the waters. He must be a bold swimmer, indeed, who would trust himself to that whirling and foaming gulf, where the flood, stunned and bewildered by its fall, appears to struggle blindly and furiously for its escape. Winding down a tortuous road on the face of the Canadian cliff, the passenger (having been cautiously eyed by the serjeant of the guard, who satisfies himself that neither Mackenzie, Bill Johnson, nor a British deserter are before him) steps into a small but staunch-looking boat, and is at first surprised to find that a single Charon, with a pair of skulls, is to convey him across this turbulent stream, scarce a quarter of a mile below those stupendous falls which shake air, earth, and water around him. At first the ferryman hugs the Canadian shore, taking advantage of a strong backwater, then, suddenly turning the head of his cockle-shell, he abandons her to the current, and dancing merrily over the eddying billows, buoyant from their depth of 300 feet, she is quickly stranded within a few yards of the American cascade, and in the midst of a cloud of spray, which affords a summer-clad traveller no trifling wetting.

After shaking his ears, and feasting his eyes with the most extraordinary prospect in the world, the English traveller, recollecting that he may be too late for the steam-carriage, looks round, and, alas! looks in vain, for the expected "cad" to carry his baggage. With a sigh as heavy as his portmanteau, and a face as long as the stair he is about to ascend, he shoulders the former, and proceeds to climb several score of steep, spray-sprinkled, and therefore very slippery, steps; and after sundry halts, as much to ease his lungs as to indulge in his love of the picturesque, he reaches (at least I did) the summit. I am not sure that the profile view of the two falls—the projection of the American cascade excluding Goat Island from the eye of the spectator standing half-way up the stair—does not give the most enlarged idea of the volume of descending water.

If you are not too late for the railroad you are probably an hour too soon—an interval that may be profitably spent in visiting Goat Island, which however well deserves a greater sacrifice of time. It resembles a scrap of an English park, tall-boled and silver-barked beeches, with their accustomed want of underwood, covering the greater part of the islet. I must here record my mite of praise to the proprietor who has had the good taste to leave this valuable patch of rich land so nearly in a state of nature. I am not sure that it would have escaped so well in England.*

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* Need I remind my readers of the late beautiful forest

But the steam-engine is puffing and blowing as, though it had, like myself, just ascended the ferry-stairs; and as the village of Manchester is not worth a word, I will only stop to tell you that, in this step from one nation to another, the traveller is not struck by any broad difference of manners in the natives. The nasal twang of the Yankee lingo, and his uncouth and unconciliating mien and address, are to be found in nearly equal proportion on this side the lines; of course I allude to the inferior classes, though I believe this latter term would not be admissible in the States.

Being duly ensconced in the cars, we were on the point of starting, when a gouty and thirsty-looking old gentleman, who, I suppose, had been "looking on" at the falls, begged to be allowed to get a glass of mint-julap or gin-sling at a neighbouring tap; but the inexorable dragsman, taking in at a glimpse the senior's power of speed, shoved him into the carriage, with a promise that he should be permitted to dramatise somewhere *en route*, and we were quickly under weigh. The railway was ill laid and rough, nor would the journey of twenty miles have been particularly interesting, had not a most splendid and perfectly annular eclipse of the sun thrown over it a very novel and foreign fascination. Our position was singular enough; within sound of Niagara's thunder, we were gliding with almost breathless speed through forests of primeval oak. Suddenly, and at midday, a dense and lurid darkness fell upon the earth, and tinged the coppery sky; and through the tops of the over-arching trees, the sun, shorn of its centre, seemed to whirl like a fiery quoit athwart the zenith. Ever and anon the wild unearthly whistle, or rather whoop of the engine, formed to scare living obstacles from our path, startled the echoes of the wilderness, and the terrified cattle were seen rushing into the thickets in dismay. A flying accompaniment of "devil's music" from the Freichutz or Fra Diavolo would have perfected the strange attributes of the scene. To borrow an expressive Kentucky phrase, "it made me crawl all over!"

Our vapour-coach dashed right into the town of Buffalo. Neither Americans nor American horses are afraid of a little steam; indeed, this people handle that terrific agent with a recklessness peculiarly their own; and the almost monthly occurrence of high-pressure accidents appears to be regarded by them as one of those minor and unavoidable evils to which flesh is heir. Things "go ahead" at Buffalo with much greater energy than in any Canadian town. There is an earnestness of labour that reminded me of one of our own busy marts.

The engine had scarcely breathed its last, when our vehicle was beset with boys, "busses," and baggage carts, belonging to different hotels. We were plucked out of the cars, plunged into an omnibus, and quickly set down at the American hotel—a splendid establishment, where comfortable apartments, good cheer, moderate charges, and civility (the latter, however, tempered by American independence) awaited us. In all these requisites, besides the prime desideratum of attendance, the American hotel—to the shame of Montreal and Quebec be it spoken—is vastly superior to any similar establishment in British America. In neither country are the servants paid by the traveller. He is not compelled to remember the japanned face and services of "boots," nor to listen to the curtsying and remonstrative "forget me not" of the chamber-maid. His parting moments are not embittered by the odious consideration of "how much" or "how little;" he does not tremble for the good opinion, whilst he rewards the labours, of these domestic harpies. In this point England is far behind.

At breakfast about 100 persons sat down to table, amongst whom I noted many exceedingly pretty and well-dressed women (ladies, I should say, for the former word is not *de bon ton* in the States!) whose fine dark eyes, and small neat heads, were set off to advantage by the plain braided hair and Grecian knot. I remarked no monstrosities of manner, such as former pens have scored down against our neighbours. I saw no rosy lips divorced by the rude knife, nor other prominent solecism against received proprieties. On the contrary, I conscientiously believe that no equal number of chance guests at the table of a British hotel would have been so perfectly respectable in behaviour, so demure, so silent, so dull. I did not detect a smile on any countenance during the repast; there was no distraction from the business of the moment. An Englishman usually strives to extract amusement from whatever position he happens to fall into; though a "nation of shopkeepers," our great delight, in our hours of ease, is to "sink the shop." Dollars are the *primum mobile* of the American—trade the staple of his conversation—electioneering his small talk!

Several young military officers messed at the table d'hôte. Their dress is not becoming—a frightful leathern forage cap, a blue surtout, with a kind of "weekly account" on the shoulders; and the upper portion of their persons being thus attired, chance and the tailor rigs out their nether limbs in pantaloons of any imaginable cut or colour. Some of my brother officers became acquainted with the American officers of Buffalo, as also with General Macombe, commanding the district; from whom they met with the greatest civilities.

Among the crowd of waiters ministering to the wants of the guests at breakfast, I was prepared to recognise deserters from our army; and suspicion once roused, I had no difficulty in pointing it. One fellow, with a sturdy figure and upright carriage, I felt sure I could have converted into a living statue by the sudden word "attention!" Another, with a formal whisker, stepped off with the left foot when I called for the mustard, and shut the lid of the teapot with an energy which convinced me that "shutting pans" had been the business of his life! But, gravely speaking, a private of our own regiment loitering in full uniform in the streets of Buffalo was no pleasing spectacle for an officer of his corps; yet such a contingency occurred in more than one instance.

Apropos to this subject, which, it must be confessed, is a very unpleasant one, either as regards ourselves or the Americans, I take occasion to remark, that the worst of which we suspected our enterprising and crafty neighbours, on our arrival in our Niagara cantonments, was a few attempts, in which they more than once happily succeeded, to rid our muster-roll of some of its most notorious scamps; and to seduce, by high bribes and lying promises, some broad-shouldered and obtuse bumpkin, who is now perhaps repenting his simplicity, whilst working half-starved in the frozen bed of an American canal—a species of labour too severe for the "free and enlightened" themselves to engage in. I need

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of Needwood, the pride and joy of Staffordshire—her picturesque oaks and hollies levelled to the ground; a lovely victim sacrificed at the shrine of filthy lucre.

hardly say that the best customers of the Yankee crimps were found among the volunteers from other corps, many of whom, lightening of a load of crime the defaulter-books of their former regiments, came out to us, with all their imperfections on their heads,—not from a laudable desire of more active service, but partly for the sake of the bounty given, and chiefly for the express purpose of deserting so soon as a tolerable debt had been accumulated with their Captain for the supply of equipments. The greater proportion of these choice recruits were, however, apprehended before their military apostacy was wholly accomplished; and those "indifferent" characters already bearing the distinguishing brand, D, are by this time on their voyage, doubly D-d —I use the term professionally, not irreverently—to some penal settlement. I wish the United States joy of those who succeeded in escaping; they will make excellent "sympathizers."

Whilst on the subject of desertion, I must protest against the injustice of certain public prints, which, confining their notice of our movements to this point alone, have saddled the regiment* with infinitely more than its share of this blackest of military crimes. A military newspaper, in its summary of regimental intelligence, is pleased to append the following anecdote to our history:—"A private of this corps deserted last month from Amherstburg; he swam three miles to Grosse-Isle, followed in boats by an officer and detachment, from whom the deserter was rescued by an overwhelming mob of Americans." Both the journalist and the deserter have wandered considerably out of their way in this business: the latter must have been an able-bodied and resolute rascal to prefer a tramp of 300 miles (the distance between Niagara and Amherstburg), with a swim of three miles at the end of it, to the more simple process of crossing the quarter of a mile of water that here divides us from the United States territory.

I trust, Sir, you will pardon this little bit of *shopism*, but misstatements, or misprints, like the above (I have only given one of many), whether arising from the fault of editor, compositor, or devil, are, though apparently trifling, vicious in effect; they redound to the credit of neither the annalist, his subject, nor the service at large.

Buffalo, with its showy churches, splendid hotels, well-stocked stores, its wharfs and canals thronged with steamers and schooners, and its population of perhaps 15,000 souls, presents a practical proof of how much may be done in a short time by a working people. Twenty-four years ago the town was so effectually burnt by the British, that only one house, as I am informed, was left standing. The main street counts perhaps 300 houses, equals our Oxford-street in width, and abounds in excellent shops. The geographical position of Buffalo is most favourable; and its yearly increasing resources, together with the lawless character of a great portion of its inhabitants, make it a most dangerous neighbour for the thinly-peopled, and therefore comparatively defenceless position of Canada.

My business in Buffalo being to make certain purchases, I had little leisure to do anything else. Those who run may read the contents of each store, placarded from chimney to cellar of the front wall,—a great assistance to a hurrying stranger. Several startling *affiches* flitted across my sight in my rapid tour of the streets; among which I remember the announcement of "wild cat notes taken here" brought me up all standing. The barter of peltry naturally occurred to my mind as the solution of the problem. I was informed, however, that it merely signified "Michigan bank-notes," "wild cat" being the affectionate little pet name by which that province is distinguished among its sister states. In my first attempt in the shopping line a hardware man over-reached me in the purchase of a stove. All American traders expect a customer to chaffer, failing which, the article was "put aside" for me at the highest price. Finding, however, that I might go further and fare better and cheaper, I dropped in next morning, and, thanks to a little national flattery and the man's own civility, got out of my hard bargain. Feeling, however, unwilling to leave the shop without making some small purchase, I asked for a stick-knife—a term which, in my innocence, I had been accustomed to apply to knives for gardening purposes. My friend, however, probably mistaking his customer for what in Kentucky is styled a "screamer," in the far West a "ring-tailed roarer," and concluding that I was bent on some "lynching" expedition, gravely handed me down a most blood-thirsty-looking blade, commonly called a bowie-knife, well known in this country as the invention of a certain Colonel of that name for homicidal purposes. Being really incapable of many of the intermediate enormities between "pitch farthing and manslaughter," and cordially agreeing with Fielding, that "cold iron should be used in digging no bowels except those of the earth," I quickly undeceived the worthy citizen, in whose good opinion I doubtless fell several degrees, and paying half a dollar for the little Sheffield garden-knife that I wanted, proceeded to "cut my stick" without further parley.

In the Buffalo theatre I found two bad imitators of Macready and Keely playing to a beggarly account of empty boxes, in a remarkably pretty house, with excellent scenery. A few white-hatted, or forage-capped men lounged at full length in the dress-circle, which was unadorned by the presence of a single lady. The theatre frequenters of Buffalo were in the slips, where I was strongly reminded of Portsmouth.

Having announced to the porter of the hotel my intention of returning by water to the Falls, I found, soon after breakfast, my portmanteau, with the baggage of others about to start in different directions, arranged in the hall and duly docketed by the above-named functionary. Under my name appeared, in chalk letters, the word "Redjacket,"—no allusion to my profession, as was my first very natural conclusion, but simply the title of the steam-boat which plies between Buffalo and Chippewa, the British village above the Falls. In the omnibus wherein we were trundled gratis to the wharf, I quickly discovered an English party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Ellice and her sister, who very shortly afterwards were unfortunately captured by the dastardly rebels of Beauharnois.

The voyage down Niagara river presents nothing remarkably interesting. The banks above the Falls are low and tame; and the gentle stream glides noiselessly downward without a ripple to warn one of the terrible object he is so fast approaching. What must have been the feelings of the first aboriginal Indian, who paddling carelessly in his birch-bark canoe, found himself suddenly, and perhaps irrevocably, within the grasp of this awful cataract!

The Redjacket touched first at a timber depôt on the beautifully-wooded Grand Island, whence the invaders of Navy Island embarked their forces last winter; and then at Fort Schlosser, whence the Caroline steamer was cut out and dispatched over the Falls by Captain Drew. Landing a few passengers at this place, the head of the boat was turned up-stream for a short distance; and then, dashing boldly across the swift current of the Niagara, just below Navy Island, passed within half a mile of those fearful rapids, to get within whose vortex would be certain destruction. In this exciting trajet, should any serious accident befall the machinery, nothing short of a miracle could save the little vessel from the fate of the Caroline.

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* 43rd Light Infantry.

Running up the Chippewa river, a stream about the width of the Trent at Burton, the Redjacket discharged its passengers at the village of that name, which has become classical, or at any rate historical, as the scene of a hard-fought action between the British and Americans in the last war. It is less than two miles from the "City of the Falls." The village and bridge are at present defended by a company of negro militia—a force that may be depended upon *à l'outrance* against citizens of that nation, in the northern portion of which the black is regarded with abhorrence, and hampered with disabilities, and in the southern meets with slavery and tyranny. These sable soldiers (I will not call them black Guards) appear good-tempered, light-hearted, and easily satisfied. They have monopolized every atom of that commodity in other countries called civility, but which is almost a dead letter among the inhabitants of Upper Canada.

On that portion of the frontier immediately under our protection, no armed inroad of sympathizers has yet taken place; but some weeks since the neighbourhood was thrown into consternation by the cold-blooded murder of Captain Ussher of the Militia, by two ruffians from the opposite coast of Niagara. His loyalty and activity as an officer, and the share he took in the destruction of the Caroline, were sufficient to make him a marked man; and the isolated position of his dwelling, far from all assistance, presented a fitting scene for a deed of cowardly bloodshed.

For several days following the murder, the assassins were reported to be lurking in the vicinity, watching for another victim, Captain Drew; and that gallant officer was put on his guard by the authorities. About the same time a proclamation from the Government announced that the arch-rebel Mackenzie was supposed to be prowling about the province, and offered a large reward for his apprehension. The rumour of three such firebrands being amongst us, and the amount of the reward, set every one on the *qui vive*. Our soldiers became perfect lynxes in vigilance; and suspicion was the order of the day.

Several very proper pedlers were stopped and overhauled; more than one well-muffled and disposed old dame (some wag asserts that an old woman will generally be found to be the *nucleus* of a *row!*) was rumpled on the bare chance of finding a rebel or assassin under her homespun; and sundry strangers "who could not account for themselves," were lodged for the night in the black-hole. If an unknown passed quickly by, he was "after no good;" if slowly, and hands in pocket, it was assumed indifference; if he avoided your eye, he was a hang-dog looking fellow; and a bold front marked him for a hardened ruffian! One ill-favoured and black-visaged dog was, however, actually captured in the rash act of trying to wrest a firelock from a sentry. Meanwhile Mackenzie, instead of bearding the Canadian government with his "black moustachios," was preaching sympathy, well shaved, at Washington.

It is time to conclude—but I am unwilling, Mr. Editor, to resign my pen without giving you a *bulletin* of the state of the Falls at this season. A summer portrait indeed would but ill describe the appearance now assumed by the Great Cataracts. Although a large share of the beauty of the scene has disappeared, a plentiful increase of the sublime and terrible has been gained. A rich mantle of verdure no longer clothes the precipitous and craggy banks from their crest to the water's edge. Grey, hoar, and chill Niagara, pouring his discoloured flood between rocks and black pines studded with icicles, looks a thousand years older than when flaunting in the bright but transient costume of summer. Nothing can be more singularly beautiful than the filagree incrustations of the spray on the leafless trees; and the icicles depending from the edge of the cliff are of such gigantic dimensions as to extend in some places entirely from summit to base, huge stalagmites of ice of every diversity of form rising to meet them from below. The cloud of mist hanging suspended over the Rapids and Great Caldron, is thickly peopled with gulls, which have replaced the summer-loving swallow; and far aloft, in perfect keeping with the scene, the king of birds may be seen soaring with outspread and steady wing through the cold grey sky. Countless *fields* of floating ice cover the surface of the great basin above the Falls; slowly entering the Rapids they are soon mangled by the boisterous waters, and are flung over the cataracts in myriads of shining atoms. It is all most singular, but there is something dismal and melancholy in the scene. The contrast between summer and winter is more strongly and painfully marked in this beautiful spot than is usual in the Canadas, the surrounding forests having fewer evergreens than are seen elsewhere. All is now stark and drear. Our Valombrosa, struck by the wand of an enchanter, has been transformed to a Nova Zembla!

At this season visitors, naturally enough, have ceased to enliven the place. No longer are the verandas of the two great hotels graced by the floating draperies of the softer sex; nor the porticos crowded, as those of the St. James's-street clubs, with rambling guardsmen. In our regiment are found the only strangers to the soil. Amusements are not numerous: shooting, so rife in England at this period, has entirely ceased here. The last species of *game* that lingered beyond September was the black squirrel, which makes a favourite dish of the natives. Dressed "à la Desdemone," *i. e.*, smothered *in onions*, it might be mistaken, both in figure and flavour, for a rabit.

Skaiting is at times excellent here, snow being less frequent than in the other provinces. By seizing a favourable opportunity one might travel on skaits, by the Chippewa river and Welland Canal, to Lake Erie. Should a snow-storm place the skaits on the shelf for a time, the sleigh has its day; and, for myself, I have no more potent exorcism of the "blue-devils" than the rapid action of this delightful equipage. Wrapped in warm furs, and cheered by the joyous jingle of the bells, you glide swiftly and smoothly through the brisk air, leaving dull Care sprawling in the snow behind your *runners!** The sleigh with its graceful and musical lapse is the true poetry of motion—although I must admit that a Strauss waltz with a fairy-footed partner is not positive *prose!* I wish I had old Johnson (not Bill, the Pirate) alongside of me in my tandem; I would make him forswear his chaise and pair. The bear-skin coat (*costume de rigueur* among sleighing exquisites) would not be unbecoming to the grim old lexicographer!

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* Sleigh skaits.

In Lower Canada, that diabolical invention of the French, the carriole, with its offspring, the cahôt, form the vehicular curse of the colony. They positvely amount to a national evil; retarding commerce and correspondence, clogging military movements, rendering one's daily drive a bore, and a long journey a cruel penance. Had our late Governor-General submitted his lordly spine to one hour's operation of the cahôt, an enactment abolishing the carriole and its consequences would have surely followed the event. I am not sure that Jean Baptiste would not have yielded up, with a better grace, his language and religion than his cherished but abominable "voiture."

Since writing the above a descent has been made by pirates upon the western coast of the Province, which was as promptly repelled. The Polish general of the Prescott brigands has received the *collar* of the order of Merit for his share in the enterprise; and the courts martial will, I suppose, shortly supply other similar decorations. Deem us not bloody-minded, O ye good people at home! who sit and calmly ruminate upon these things by your comfortable fire-sides. Think what our feelings must be, witnessing, as it were, on the spot these repeated atrocities

> "Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta."

And we, who are still obnoxious to the attacks of the inhuman miscreants, may surely be excused expressing our hopes that the strong arm of the law will inflict upon them its *highest* penalties.

Farewell, for the present, Mr. Editor, and accept the compliments of the season from your obedient servant and well-wisher, BUGLE.

[*** We trust our gallant and intelligent Correspondent will omit no opportunity of favouring us with a continuation of his spirited Sketches, which, we can assure him, find due favour at home.—EDITOR.]

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

RICHARD PARKER, THE MUTINEER.

In the year 1797, when the threatening aspect of affairs abroad made the condition of her naval force a matter of vital consequence to Britain, several most alarming mutinies broke out among the various fleets stationed around the shores of the country. In April of the year mentioned, the seamen of the grand fleet lying at Portsmouth disowned the authority of their officers, seized upon the ships, and declared their determination not to lift an anchor, or obey any orders whatsoever, until certain grievances of which they complained were redressed. After some delay, satisfactory concessions were made to them by the government, and the men returned to their duty. But the spirit of insubordination had spread among other squadrons in the service, and about the middle of May, immediately after the Portsmouth fleet had sailed peacefully for the Bay of Biscay, the seamen of the large fleet lying at the Nore broke also out into open mutiny. The most prominent personage in this insurrection was an individual named Richard Parker, whose history it is our special object in this paper to lay before the reader.

Richard Parker was a native of Exeter, where he was born about the year 1765 or 1766. His father was a reputable tradesman, and kept a baker's shop at St. Sidwell's, in the bounds of the city mentioned. Young Parker received an excellent education, and in the course of time went to sea, which he had chosen as the scene of his future career. He served for a considerable period in the royal navy as midshipman and master's mate, and at one period also, it is said, held the post of lieutenant. He appears to have given up the naval profession on his marriage with Miss Ann Machardy, a young lady resident in Exeter, but of Scottish origin, being a member of a respectable family in the county of Aberdeen. This connection led Parker to remove to Scotland, where he embarked in some mercantile speculations that proved unsuccessful. The issue was, that he ere long found himself involved in difficulties, and without the means to maintain his wife and two children. In Edinburgh, where these embarrassments fell upon him, he had no friends to apply to, and, in a moment of desperation, he took the king's bounty, and became a common sailor on board a tender at Leith. When he communicated to his wife the step he had taken, she was in the greatest distress, and resolved to set off instantly for Aberdeen, in order to procure from her brother there the means of hiring two seamen as substitutes for her husband. Though successful in raising the necessary funds, no time was allowed her to complete her project. On her return from Aberdeen, she was only in time to see the tender sail for the Nore, with her husband on board. Her grief on this occasion was bitterly aggravated by the death of one of her children. Parker's sufferings were shown to be equally acute by his conduct when the vessel sailed. Exclaiming that he saw the body of his child floating on the waves, he leapt overboard, and was with difficulty rescued and restored to life.

It was in the beginning of May 1797 that Parker reached the Nore, or point of land dividing the mouths of the Thames and the Medway. Probably on account of his former experience and station as a seaman, he was drafted on board the Sandwich, which was the guard-ship, and bore the flag of Admiral Buckner, the port-admiral. The mutinous spirit which afterwards broke out, certainly existed on board of the Nore squadron before Parker's arrival. Communications were kept up in secret between the various crews, and the mischief was gradually drawing to a head. But though he did not originate the feeling of insubordination, the ardent temper, boldness, and superior intelligence of Parker, soon became known to his comrades, and he became a prominent man among them. Their plans being at length matured, the seamen rose simultaneously against their officers, and deprived them of their arms, as well as of all command in the ships, though behaving respectfully to them in all other respects. Each vessel was put under the government of a committee of twelve men, and, to represent the whole body of seamen, every man-of-war appointed two delegates, and each gun-boat one, to act for the common good. Of these delegates Richard Parker was chosen president, and, in an unhappy hour for himself, he accepted of the office. This representative body drew up a list of grievances, of which they demanded the removal, offering to return immediately afterwards to their duty. It is unnecessary to specify these demands further, than that they related to increase of pay and provisions, a more equal division of prize-money, liberty to go on shore, proper payment of arrears, and other points of naval discipline. A committee of naval inquiry subsequently *granted* almost all that was demanded, thereby acknowledging the general justice of the complaints made. Parker signed these documents, and they were published over the whole kingdom with his name, as well as presented to Port-admiral Buckner, through whom they were sent to government.

When these proceedings commenced, the mutineers were suffered to go on shore, and they paraded about Sheerness, where a part of the fleet lay, with music, flags (*red* in colour—the customary hue of insubordination), and other appendages of a triumphal procession. But, on the 22d of May, troops were sent to Sheerness to put a stop to this indulgence. Being thus confined to their ships, the mutineers, having come to no agreement with Admiral Buckner, began to take more decisive measures for extorting compliance with their demands, as well as for insuring their own safety. The vessels at Sheerness moved down to the Nore, and the combined force of the insurgents, which at its greatest height consisted of twenty-four sail, proceeded to block up the Thames, by refusing a free passage, up or down, to the London trade. Foreign vessels, and a few small craft, were suffered to go by, first receiving a passport, signed by Richard Parker as president of the delegates. In a day or two the mutineers had an immense number of vessels under detention. The mode in which they kept these was as follows. The ships of war were ranged in a line, at considerable distances from each other, and in the interspaces were placed the merchant-vessels, having the broadsides of the men-of-war pointed to them. The appearance of the whole assemblage is described as having been at once grand and appalling. The red flag floated from the mast-head of every one of the mutineer ships. It may be well imagined that the alarm of the citizens of London was extreme. The government, however, though unable at the period to quell the insurgents by force, remained firm in their demand of "unconditional submission as a necessary preliminary to any intercourse." This, perhaps, was the very best line of conduct that could have been adopted. The seamen, to their great honour, never seemed to think of assuming an offensive attitude, and were thereby left in quiet to meditate on the dangerous position in which they stood in hostility to a whole country. They grew timorous, the more so, as the government had caused all the buoys to be removed from the mouth of the Thames and the adjacent coasts, so that no vessel durst attempt to move away for fear of running aground. The mutineering vessels held together, nevertheless, till the 30th of May, when the Clyde frigate was carried off through a combination of its officers with some of the seamen, and was followed by the St. Fiorenzo. These vessels were fired upon, but escaped up the river.

On the 4th of June, the king's birth-day, the Nore fleet showed that their loyalty to their sovereign was undiminished, by firing a general salute. On the 5th, another frigate left the fleet, but its place was supplied by a sloop and four men-of-war, which had left Admiral Duncan's fleet at the Texel to join the mutiny. On the 6th, Lord Northesk met the delegates by desire on board the Sandwich, and received from them proposals for an accommodation, to which the unfortunate Parker still put his name as president. The answer was a direct refusal, and this firmness seems to have fairly humbled the remaining spirit of the mutineers. From that time one vessel after another deserted the band, and put themselves under the protection of the fort at Sheerness. On the 10th, the merchantmen were allowed by common consent to pass up the river, and such a multitude of ships certainly never entered a port by one tide. By the 12th, only seven ships had the red flag flying, and on the 16th the mutiny had terminated, every ship having been restored to the command of its officers. A party of soldiers went on board the Sandwich, and to them the officers surrendered the delegates of the ship, namely, a man named Davies, and Richard Parker.

Richard Parker, to whom the title of Admiral Parker had been given by the fleet and by the public during the whole of this affair, was the individual on whom all eyes were turned as the ringleader of the mutineers. He was brought singly to trial on the 22d of June, after being confined during the interval in the black-hole of Sheerness garrison. Ten officers, under the presidency of Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Paisley, composed the court-martial, which sat on board the Neptune, off Greenhithe. The prisoner conducted his own defence, exhibiting great presence of mind, and preserving a respectful and manly deference throughout for his judges. The prosecution on the part of the crown lasted two days, and on the 26th, Parker called witnesses in his favour, and read a long and able defence which he had previously prepared. The line of argument adopted by him was—that the situation he had held had been in a measure forced upon him; that he had consented to assume it chiefly from the hope of restraining the men from excesses; that he had restrained them in various instances; that he might have taken all the ships to sea, or to an enemy's port, had his motives been disloyal, &c. &c. Parker unquestionably spoke the truth on many of these points. Throughout the whole affair, the injury done to property was trifling, the taking of some flour from a vessel being the chief act of the kind. This was mainly owing to him. But he had indubitably been the head of the mutineers. He was proved to have gone from ship to ship giving orders, and haranguing the men—to have been cheered as he passed along, and treated with the honours of a chief. Nothing could save him. He was sentenced to death. When his doom was pronounced, he stood up, and uttered these words in a firm voice: "I shall submit to your sentence with all due respect, being confident of the innocence of my intentions, and that God will receive me into favour; and, I sincerely hope that my death will be the means of restoring tranquillity to the navy, and that those men who have been implicated in the business may be reinstated in their former situations, and again be serviceable to their country."

On the morning of the 30th of June, the yellow flag, the signal of death, was hoisted on board of the Sandwich, where Richard Parker lay, and where he was to meet his fate. The whole fleet was ranged a little below Sheerness, in sight of the Sandwich, and the crew of every ship was piped to the forecastle. Parker was awaked from a sound sleep on that morning, and after being shaved, he dressed himself in a suit of deep mourning. He mentioned to his attendants that he had made a will, leaving his wife heir to some property belonging to him. On coming to the deck, he was pale, but perfectly composed, and drank a glass of wine "to the salvation of his soul, and forgiveness of all his enemies!" He said nothing to his mates on the forecastle but "Good by to you," and expressed a hope that "his death would be deemed a sufficient atonement, and save the lives of others!" He was strung up to the yard-arm at half-past nine o'clock. A dead silence reigned among the crews around during the ceremony. In closing their account of this affair, the journals of the day state that the body of Parker was put into a shell, and interred, within an hour or two after the execution, in the New Naval Burying Ground at Sheerness. A curious sequel to this account, however, it is now in our power to present to the reader.

Richard Parker's unfortunate wife had not left Scotland, when the rumour came to her ears that the Nore fleet had mutinied, and that the ringleader was one Richard Parker. She could not doubt that this was her husband, and immediately took a place in the mail for London, to save him if possible. On her arrival, she heard that Parker had been tried, but the result was unknown. Being able to think of no way but petitioning the king, she gave a person a guinea to draw up a paper, praying that her husband's life might be spared. She attempted to make her way with this to his majesty's presence, but was obliged finally to hand it to a lord-in-waiting, who gave her the cruel intelligence that all applications for mercy would be attended to, except for Parker. The distracted woman then took coach for Rochester, where she got on board a king's ship, and learnt that Parker was to be executed next day: she sat up, in a state of unspeakable wretchedness, the whole of that night, and at four o'clock in the morning went to the river-side, to hire a boat to take her to the Sandwich, that she might at least bid her poor husband farewell. Her feelings had been deeply agonised by hearing every person she met talking on the subject of her distress, and now, the first waterman to whom she spoke exclaimed, "No! I cannot take one passenger. The brave Admiral Parker is to die to-day, and I will get any sum I choose to ask for a party." Finally, the wretched wife was glad to go on board a Sheerness market-boat, but no boat was allowed to come along-side the Sandwich. In her desperation she called on Parker by name, and prevailed on the boat-people, by the mere spectacle of her suffering, to attempt to go nearer, when they were stopped by a sentinel threatening to fire at them. As the hour drew nigh, she saw her husband appear on deck between two clergymen. She called on him, and he heard her voice, for he exclaimed, "There is my dear wife from Scotland." Immediately afterwards, she fell back in a state of insensibility, and did not recover till some time after she was taken ashore. By this time all was over, but the poor woman could not believe it so. She hired another boat, and again reached the Sandwich. Her exclamation from the boat must have startled all who heard it. "Pass the word," she cried, in her delusion, "for Richard Parker!" The truth was now told to her, and she was further informed that his body had just been taken ashore for burial. She immediately caused herself to be rowed ashore again, and proceeded to the churchyard, but found the ceremony over, and the gate locked. She then went to the admiral and sought the key, which was refused her. Excited almost to madness by the information that the surgeon would probably disinter the body that night, she waited around the churchyard till dusk, and then, clambering over the wall, readily found her husband's grave. The shell was not buried deep, and she was not long in scraping away the loose earth that intervened between her and the object of her search. She got the lid removed, and then she clasped the cold hand of her husband in her own!

Her determination to possess the body aroused the widow from the enjoyment of this melancholy pleasure. She left the churchyard, and communicated her situation to two women, who, in their turn, got several men to undertake the task of lifting the body. This was accomplished successfully, and at three o'clock in the morning the shell containing the corpse was placed in a van, and conveyed to Rochester, where, for the sum of six guineas, Mrs. Parker procured another wagon to convey it to London. On the road they met hundreds of persons, all inquiring about, and talking of the fate of "Admiral Parker." At eleven P. M. the van reached London; but here the poor widow had no private house or friends to go to, and was obliged to stop at the Hoop and Horse-shoe on Tower-Hill, which was full of people. Mrs. Parker got the body into her room, and sat down beside it; but the secret could not be long kept in such a place, more particularly as the news of the exhumation had been brought by express that day to London. A great crowd, by and bye, assembled about the house, anxious to see the body of Parker, which, however, the widow would not permit. The Lord Mayor heard of the affair, and came to ask the widow what she intended to do with her husband's remains. She replied, "To inter them decently at Exeter or in Scotland." The Lord Mayor said that the body would not be taken from her, but prevailed on her to have it decently buried in London. Arrangements were made with this view, and finally the corpse of the unfortunate Parker was inhumed in Whitechapel Churchyard; although not until it had to be removed to Aldgate Workhouse, on account of the crowds attracted by it, and which caused some fears lest "Admiral Parker's remains should create a civil war." After the closing ceremony was over, Mrs. Parker, who had in person seen her husband consigned to the grave, gave a certificate that all had been done to her satisfaction. But, though strictly questioned as to the parties who had aided her in the disinterment, she firmly refused to disclose their names.

Parker, as has been said, made a will, leaving to his wife a small property on which he had claims near Exeter. This she enjoyed for a number of years, but ultimately her rights, whether erroneously or not, were decided to be invalid, and she was deprived of the pittance which had formed her maintenance. She was thrown into great distress, and was compelled to solicit assistance from the charitable, having become nearly if not entirely blind. The late King William gave her at one time L.10, and at another L.20. In 1836, the forlorn and miserable condition of poor Parker's widow was made known to the London magistrates, and a temporary refuge was provided for her. But temporary assistance was of little avail to one whose physical infirmities rendered her incapable any longer of helping herself, and again her miserable condition came under the cognisance of the public authorities. An appeal to the charitable has recently been made, by a portion of the daily press, in her favour, but with what success we are unable to say. She is now sixty-nine years of age, blind, and friendless. Time and misfortune have not quenched her affection for the partner of her early days. Of him she yet speaks with all the enthusiasm of youthful affection, and still mourns his fate.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

THE FROZEN PROPHET OF SEVILLAN.

Mr. Morier, in his volume of travels entitled "A Second Journey through Persia," &c. mentions, although somewhat sceptically, a circumstance which has since been authenticated as a fact by a British officer. The distinguished plenipotentiary says: "The mountain of Sevillan is held in high veneration by the Persians, who relate that in one of the snowy chasms at its summit is to be seen the dead body of a man always frozen, but in the highest state of preservation (with the exception of one tooth and a part of the beard), and which they believe to have belonged to a *peyghember*, or prophet, whose name the mountain retains to this day. Although this story is in every one's mouth, and confirmed with assurances that many have seen the body, yet we never met with any one person who had himself seen it. We rather lowered what in their estimation is a miracle, by informing them that bodies of any description will preserve entire as long as they remain frozen, and that they had only to seek the frozen market at Petersburgh to convince themselves of the fact." The statement of animal bodies being preserved from decay if enshrined in ice, is a well-ascertained truth. The body of a mammoth or fossil elephant was found entire in an iceberg in Siberia about the beginning of this century. As the animal belongs to a race now long extinct, it had certainly remained there many thousand years, how many it would be vain to conjecture. No better proof, therefore, can be afforded of the antiseptic properties of ice; and so far we were prepared to credit the truth of what the Persians asserted regarding their deceased prophet. But all doubt upon the subject has been removed by Captain Shee of the Madras infantry, who, in a letter to Colonel Monteith, thus describes his visit to the tomb:—

"After a ride of eighteen miles, we reached a camp of Illiauts, and had not been long seated before we perceived a party descending, which proved to be the Mulla Bashi of Tehran and Ali Khan, who had been sent by order of the king. They told us it was not worth our while to ascend, as there was nothing to see, and the difficulties were very great. From their fresh appearance we much doubted their having reached the summit, and determined on the following day at least to endeavour to accomplish our object. Two hours before daylight we mounted our horses, with two guides, and rode for six miles, when we were obliged to leave them, and proceed on foot. The mountain did not appear very difficult, but we soon found our mistake. After surmounting four distinct ranges, every one of which led us on, in hopes of being the last, we reached the summit by the east-south-east side at eleven A. M., having been walking five hours; our guide, an old man of seventy years of age, being the first. On the top of the mountain we found a tomb, consisting of stones, neatly put together, and covered, except at one end, where a few stones had been removed to look at the body. In it we found the skeleton of a man lying with his head and body inclining to the right side (turning towards Mecca): the front half of the skull, the left collar-bone, the left arm, from the shoulder to the elbow, with four ribs on the left side, were alone visible: some dried flesh and pieces of the winding-sheet were still adhering to the skeleton. The remainder of the body was buried in ice and earth. The skull was perfect, except some of the front teeth, which were lying about the tomb; twenty teeth are still in their places, perfectly even, and beautifully white. There appears no doubt that before the stones were removed, the body was perfect, and that the remainder, which is buried in the ice, is still so. Having satisfied our curiosity, we proceeded to see an extraordinary stone, out of which (the Persians say) oil is distilled, and at a hole in the top a diamond is seen. After crossing about a mile of snow and ice on the summit of the mountain, we came to an amphitheatre of about 600 yards in circumference, containing a pond of the purest water; the sides were covered with snow, and long pendant icicles gave the whole a beautiful appearance. To the right of the pool, a little higher up, was a cleared spot with a wall about three feet high, enclosing a stone of three feet in height by four in length, over which a quantity of oil appeared to have been poured; in its centre was a hole, which had the appearance of being used as a lamp, and in it a piece of lead to hold a wick, which the Persians had called a diamond. Numbers of offerings were placed round it. Near it was another stone, with some rude letters cut on it. From the appearance of the place, I concluded that at some periods of the year the Illiauts frequent this spot, and perform some religious ceremonies, making the stone the lamp. It took us three hours and a half to reach the place where we left our horses. We returned to the camp we had before left, perfectly persuaded that the Mulla Bashi had never ascended the mountain. Water boiled at 188 degrees of Fahrenheit; the temperature in the tomb was exactly the freezing point."

We have quoted the passage entire, both because it is interesting in itself, and because it proves that the mountain of Sevillan is, or has been, a scene consecrated to religious rites. The temperature at which water boils indicates an altitude of nearly 13,000 feet above the level of the ocean. It is situated in about latitude 38 degrees 12 minutes, rather more than a degree east from the shores of the Caspian Sea, in the province of Azerdbijan. It is much higher than any other elevation in this territory, with the exception of the celebrated Mount Ararat. Sevillan appears to have been a volcano, there being many indications of the fact, although the remains of any crater are no longer visible. There are four distinct peaks or pinnacles which closely resemble each other, and may, at a distance, be mistaken one for another. All around its base are warm springs, but none of them with a heat above 104 degrees, which is far below the temperature of many other thermal fountains. With regard to the individual whose remains have been deposited in this singular cemetery, our travellers are silent. He was, no doubt, one of those impostors, so numerous in countries where the Mahommedan religion prevails, who lay claim to the divine afflatus, and who seldom fail in securing a creditable body of supporters. Whether it was a desire of his own to be so interred, or whether it was an afterthought of his followers, we are not informed. The Illiauts here mentioned are wandering races of Persia, constituting, it is supposed, about one-fourth of the whole population of the country. They form almost a distinct class by the nature of their habits, which are migratory, and by their modes of gaining their livelihood. They are distributed into a number of distinct tribes, who keep entirely separate from one another, like the Highland clans of old.

From the Same.

THE SCOTTISH WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Afore the Lammas tide
Had dun'd the birken tree,
In a' our water side
Nae wife was blest like me;
A kind gudeman, and twa
Sweet bairns were 'round me here;
But they're a' ta'en awa
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Sair trouble cam' our gate,
And made me, when it cam,
A bird without a mate,
A ewe without a lamb.
Our hay was yet to maw,
And our corn was to shear,
When they a' dwined awa
In the fa' o' the year.

I downa look a-field,
For aye I trow I see
The form that was a bield
To my wee bairns and me;
But wind, and weet, and snaw,
They never mair can fear,
Sin' they a' got the ca'
In the fa' o' the year.

Aft on the hill at e'ens
I see him 'mang the ferns,
The lover o' my teens,
The faither o' my bairns:
For there his plaid I saw
As gloamin' aye drew near—
But my a's now awa
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Our bonnie rigs theirsel'
Reca' my waes to mind,
Our puir dumb beasties tell
O' a' that I hae tyned;
For whae our wheat will saw,
And whae our sheep will shear,
Sin' my a' gaed awa
In the fa' o' the year?

My hearth is growing cauld,
And will be caulder still
And sair, sair in the fauld
Will be the winter's chill;
For peats were yet to ca',
Our sheep they were to smear,
When my a' dwined awa
In the fa' o' the year.

I ettle whiles to spin,
But wee, wee patterin' feet
Come rinnin' out and in,
And then I just maun greet:
I ken it's fancy a',
And faster rows the tear,
That my a' dwined awa
In the fa' o' the year.

Be kind, O heav'n abune!
To ane sae wae and lane,
And tak' her hamewards sune,
In pity o' her mane;
Lang ere the March winds blaw,
May she, far far frae here,
Meet them a' that's awa
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

—*Scotsman newspaper.*

From the Sunbeam.

EXTRACTS FROM DR. ANSTER'S POEMS.

THE POET'S HAUNT.

'Tis beautiful indeed—through parted boughs
To see the moving clouds darken the sky,
To mark their many-shifting forms and tints,
As slow they pass; then see the lively blue,
Pure, spotless, like the soul that hath not known
Unworthy passions, or, if dimmed awhile,
Soon shines reclaimed; 'tis sweet to view that rill
Stealing through moss-grown stones, so playfully,
As if feared to soil one starry flower:—

How many a primrose-wreath along its bank
Might I now gather, but methinks the Fay,
Whose little urn supplies this sparkling stream,
Who flings the morning dew-drop on this rose,
Might shun the violated haunt, nor bid
The water as it drips from stone to stone,
Then flows continuous, 'till some gadding briar
Or wild-flower's tuft impede its onward course,
Speak to the ear with soft and pleasant voice,
Like broken music of some oft-heard song,
That in the lonely hour we fain would catch,
That blesses now, and now eludes the ear.—

How do I love to lie beneath the shade
Of this broad sycamore! the spirit here,
That loves the song, oft lingers, when the soul
Lies in that doubtful mood, when thoughts, that pass
Across its moveless surface, leave no trace,
When Memory sleeps, and Feeling only wakes,
And we but learn from interrupted thought
That we had thought at all—then, not in vain,
Doth Nature breathe, and Nature's breath is song!
Thou dost not rightly worship POETRY,
To whom there is no music in the leaves
Rustling with ceaseless murmur, as the winds
Play through their boughs—if, when the thunders roar,
And the red lightnings roll in orbs of fire,
Or glance in arrowy flight, thou canst but feel
The throb of selfish fear—then seek some fane
More suited to such feelings, nor presume
To bow before the shrine of POETRY!
Does thy soul slumber, when the rising Lark
Pours all his spirit in the full-voiced song,
A hymn of worship at the eastern shrine
Of Day's ascending God? And in thy heart
Wakes there no answering music of sweet thoughts
Of such strong power to steal thee from thyself,
That even the song of lark, the hum of bee,
All nature's harmonies of morning joy,
Seem, when thou wakest from thy holy spell,
But fragments of thy broken meditations,
Or echoes to the minstrelsy within?
If, in the silence of the noon-day hour,
Thou dost not own serenity of soul,
A spirit, that can love the quietude,
And brood in joy upon the thousand forms
That float unceasingly before its ken;
If, when the robin warbles from her bough
The latest accents of adoring love
To yon fair star, that gilds the twilight trees,
Thou canst not give a moral to her song;
If, when the moon sheds her still sober light
Upon this water, and deludes the eye
With shew of motion, there is in thy heart
No pulse of pleasure;—hence, for ever hence,
Oh, shun this bank! it is the POET'S HAUNT!

The feeling with which we look back on our earliest days, has scarcely ever been painted with more sweet-

ness than by Dr. Anster. We cannot quote the whole —a few lines will please:—

"Oft have I thought some bond of mighty strength
Had linked me in a strange identity
With outward accidents of Nature—oft,
Methought, some spell of more than human force
Had lulled to rest my individual self,
And that one soul inspired the scenes around,
The spacious sky—the universal air—
And him, who gazed in raptures on the sight!
And now in crowded city, oh, how strange,
How impious does this separation seem
From all I wish and love—even from myself!
—Yet have I oft-times held communion high
And holy with the absent scenery
That pleased me: oft, with spirit most intense,
I brooded, till within the silent soul
Was heard the flow of waters, and the stir
Of summer leaves—till every form I loved
Was with me—till I ceased to be alone.
Dear are such visions to the thinking soul,
And like in love, as in their nature like
To those fair forms, that having past from earth,
Return at twilight, and the musing man
Before whose eye they move, conceives their looks
Chastened, refined, and purified by Death!"

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

EARLY AMERICAN HEROISM.

During one of the former wars between France and England, in which the then colonies bore an active part, a respectable individual, a member of the Society of Friends, of the name of ——, commanded a fine ship which sailed from an eastern port, to a port in England. This vessel had a strong and effective crew, but was totally unarmed. When near her destined port, she was chased, and ultimately overhauled, by a French vessel of war. Her commander used every endeavour to escape, but seeing from the superior sailing of the Frenchman that his capture was inevitable, he quietly retired below: he was followed into the cabin by his *cabin-boy*, a youth of activity and enterprise, named Charles Wager: he asked his commander if nothing more could be done to save the ship. His commander replied that it was impossible; that every thing had been done that was practicable; there was no escape for them, and they must submit to be captured. Charles then returned upon deck, and summoned the crew around him. He stated in a few words what was their captain's conclusion—then, with an elevation of mind, dictated by a soul formed for enterprise and noble daring, he observed, "If you will place yourselves under my command, and stand by me, I have conceived a plan by which the ship may be rescued, and we in turn become the conquerors." The sailors, no doubt, feeling the ardour, and inspired by the courage, of their youthful and gallant leader, agreed to place themselves under his command. His plan was communicated to them, and they awaited with firmness the moment to carry their enterprise into effect. The suspense was of short duration, for the Frenchman was quickly alongside, and as the weather was fine, immediately grappled fast to the unoffending merchant-ship. As Charles had anticipated, the exhilarated conquerors, elated beyond measure with the acquisition of so fine a prize, poured into his vessel in crowds, cheering and huzzaing; and not foreseeing any danger, they left but few men on board their ship. Now was the moment for Charles, who, giving his men the signal, sprang at their head on board the opposing vessel, while some seized the arms which had been left in profusion on her deck, and with which they soon overpowered the few men left on board; the others, by a simultaneous movement, relieved her from the grapplings which united the two vessels. Our hero now having the command of the French vessel, seized the helm, and placing her out of boarding distance, hailed, with the voice of a conqueror, the discomfited crowd of Frenchmen who were left on board of the peaceful bark he had just quitted, and summoned them to follow close in his wake, or he would blow them out of the water, a threat they well knew he was very capable of executing, as their guns were loaded during the chase. They sorrowfully acquiesced with his commands, while gallant Charles steered into port, followed by his prize. The exploit excited universal applause. The former master of the merchant-vessel was examined by the Admiralty, when he stated the whole of the enterprise as it occurred, and declared that Charles Wager had planned and effected the gallant exploit, and that to him alone belonged the honour and credit of the achievement. Charles was immediately transferred to the British navy, appointed a midshipman, and his education carefully superintended. He soon after distinguished himself in action, and underwent a rapid promotion, until at length he was created an admiral, and known as Sir Charles Wager. It is said that he always held in veneration and esteem that respectable and conscientious Friend, whose cabin-boy he had been, and transmitted yearly to his OLD MASTER, as he termed him, a handsome present of Madeira, to cheer his declining days.—*Mariner's Library.*

From the Same.

THE WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

[The following admirable lines, by an American lady, a member of the Society of Friends, lately appeared in the *Sunday Times*. We are told that the poem was found in the cottage of a tippling gardener in the United States, and that it had not only "won him from the noisy tap-room to his own domestic hearth," but that "the judicious distribution of this poem in the proper *locales* did real good, for the argument was understood, and went home to the hearts of every tippling and tripping American who either heard or read it." They are worthy of the most serious consideration of all classes, but especially of those persons in the humbler ranks of life, who are most exposed to the temptations here noticed.]

"You took me, William, when a girl, unto your home and heart,
To bear in all your after-fate a fond and faithful part;
And tell me have I ever tried that duty to forego,
Or pined there was not joy for me when you were sunk in woe?
No; I would rather share *your* tear than any other's glee,
For though you're nothing to the world, you're ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

You make a palace of my shed, this rough-hewn bench a throne,
There's sunlight for me in your smiles, and music in your tone.
I look upon you when you sleep—my eyes with tears grow dim,
I cry, 'Oh Parent of the poor, look down from heaven on him;
Behold him toil from day to day, exhausting strength and soul;
Oh look with mercy on him, Lord, for thou canst make him whole!'
And when at last relieving sleep has on my eyelids smil'd,
How oft are they forbade to close in slumber by our child?
I take the little murmurer that spoils my span of rest,
And feel it is a part of thee I lull upon my breast.
There's only one return I crave, I may not need it long,
And it may soothe thee when I'm where the wretched feel no wrong:
I ask not for a kinder tone, for thou wert ever kind:
I ask not for less frugal fare, my fare I do not mind;
I ask not for attire more gay—if such as I have got
Suffice to make me fair to thee, for more I murmur not.
But I would ask some share of hours that you on clubs bestow,
Of knowledge which you prize so much, might I not something know?
Subtract from meetings amongst men each eve an hour for me,
Make me companion of your soul, as I may safely be.
If you will read, I'll sit and work; then think when you're away,
Less tedious I shall find the time, dear William, of your stay.
A meet companion soon I'll be for e'en your studious hours,
And teacher of those little ones you call your cottage flowers;
And if we be not rich and great, we may be wise and kind,
And as my heart can warm your heart, so may my mind your mind."

From the Sunbeam.

"THE PRISON DOOR."

Vide No. 197, *British Institution*, 1839.

Eve has closed in, and the last gorgeous beams
Of the day's lord are sinking in the west;
And dewy twilight, in her nun-like garb
Of sober grey, glides through the silent street,
Where nor a step nor sound wakes sleeping echo.
All are gone home. The labourer to rest
His o'er-task'd limbs, and nerve them for the toil
That dawn must bring; the lover to his couch,
To think on words, and looks, and smiles as sweet
As summer's rose—perchance, as fleeting too;
The rich to revel in the banquet hall;
The poor to starve; the lonely one to weep;
The broken heart to lay him down and die!
All are gone home—not all; for yonder see
That pale, beseeching form, that meekly sits
With her two little ones, on the grey stone
Beside "the Prison Door." Look on that face—
'Tis even such as he, the great one,
He who has earn'd the surname of divine,
Would have giv'n to the sad Virgin Mother;
How sad, yet how resign'd! Her children, too,
Worn, weary with their grief, cannot support
Their tender limbs—one at full length reclines
On the cold stone—and clinging to the arm
Of that pale mother, kneels the younger one,
A picture drear, of sad and joyless infancy!
Why sits she there? Why does *she* not go home?
Home? home? Alas, what home awaits her coming?
A lonely cot—a desolated hearth—
A widow'd couch—a solitary roof,
Where to her plaints no answer would she hear
But her own voice, repeated as in scorn,
By echo's mocking tongue. Home, sayest thou?
Here is her only home; here, at the door
Of that drear prison-house, within whose walls,
Rough casket! is contain'd her whole heart's joy.
What is't to *her* that the bright sun is set?
He ne'er for *her* has risen, since the day
That closed these portals on her soul's dear light.
What is't to *her* that the night wind's cold breath
Chills her poor form? the chill is at her heart!
She cannot feel the elements' keen strife;
All outward pain's unheeded by the breast
That bears within a woe as great as hers!
Oh! man, relentless man! these are thy works.
For the sake of a few sordid pieces
Of base gold, or for the fiend-like pleasure
Of revenge, thou will'st often tear heart from heart;
Sever the dearest bonds of nature; blast
A whole life's joy, and trample under foot,
Bright, fragrant flowers of humble happiness,
Worth more to those who once have known their smile,
And far more precious in the sight of heaven,
Than all the dross in thy o'erloaded bags.
Day after day, alas! and still she sits
Beside the living tomb of all her hopes!
Lone one, I'll write thy name on the same page
With mine—among the hist'ries of those
Whose lives may all be writ with those two bitter words.
In vain!

M. S. R.

From the Same.

SILENCE AND SECRESY.

Silence and secresy! Altars might be raised to them (were this an altar-building time) for universal worship. Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together; that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the day-light of life, which they are thenceforth to rule. Not William the Silent only, but all the considerable men I have known, and the most undiplomatic and unstategic of these, forebore to babble of what they were creating and projecting. Nay, in thy own mean perplexities, do thou thyself but *hold thy tongue for one day;* on the morrow, how much clearer are thy purposes and duties; what wreck and rubbish have those mute workmen within thee swept away, when intrusive noises were shut out! Speech is too often not, as the Frenchman defined it, the art of concealing thought: but of quite stifling and suspending thought, so that there is none to conceal. Speech, too, is great, but not the greatest. As the Swiss inscription says—"*Sprechen ist silbern, Schweigen ist golden,*" (Speech is silvern, Silence is golden;) or, as I might rather express it, Speech is of time, Silence is of Eternity.

Bees will not work except in darkness; thought will not work except in silence; neither will virtue work except in secresy. Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth! Neither shalt thou prate; even to thy own heart, of "those secrets known to all." Is not shame the soil of all virtue, of all good manners, and good morals? Like other plants, virtue will not grow unless its root be hidden, buried from the eye of the sun. Let the sun shine on it, nay, do but look at it privily thyself, the root withers, and no flower will glad thee.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

JACK SHEPPARD.

EPOCH THE SECOND.—1715.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Magdalene.

The household of the worthy carpenter, it may be conceived, was thrown into the utmost confusion and distress by the unaccountable disappearance of the two boys. As time wore on, and they did not return, Mr. Wood's anxiety grew so insupportable, that he seized his hat with the intention of sallying forth in search of them, though he did not know whither to bend his steps, when his departure was arrested by a gentle knock at the door.

"There he is!" cried Winifred, starting up, joyfully, and proving by the exclamation that her thoughts were dwelling upon one object only. "There he is!"

"I fear not," said her father, with a doubtful shake of the head. "Thames would let himself in; and Jack generally finds an entrance through the backdoor or the shop-window, when he has been out at untimely hours. But, go and see who it is, love. Stay! I'll go, myself."

His daughter, however, anticipated him. She flew to the door, but returned the next minute, looking deeply disappointed, and bringing the intelligence that it was "only Mrs. Sheppard."

"Who?" almost screamed Mrs. Wood.

"Jack Sheppard's mother," answered the little girl, dejectedly; "she has brought a basket of eggs from Willesden, and some flowers for you."

"For me!" vociferated Mrs. Wood, in indignant surprise. "Eggs for *me!* You mistake, child. They must be for your father."

"No; I'm quite sure she said they're for you," replied Winifred; "but she *does* want to see father."

"I thought as much," sneered Mrs. Wood.

"I'll go to her directly," said Wood, bustling towards the door. "I dare say she has called to inquire about Jack."

"I dare say no such thing," interposed his better half, authoritatively; "remain where you are, sir."

"At all events, let me send her away, my dear," supplicated the carpenter, anxious to avert the impending storm.

"Do you hear me?" cried the lady, with increasing vehemence. "Stir a foot, at your peril."

"But, my love," still remonstrated Wood, "you know I'm going to look after the boys——"

"After Mrs. Sheppard, you mean, sir," interrupted his wife, ironically. "Don't think to deceive me by your false pretences. Marry, come up! I'm not so easily deluded. Sit down, I command you. Winny, show the person into this room. I'll see her myself; and that's more than she bargained for, I'll be sworn."

Finding it useless to struggle further, Mr. Wood sank, submissively, into a chair, while his daughter hastened to execute her arbitrary parent's commission.

"At length, I have my wish," continued Mrs. Wood, regarding her husband with a glance of vindictive triumph. "I shall behold the shameless hussy, face to face; and, if I find her as good looking as she's represented, I don't know what I'll do in the end; but I'll begin by scratching her eyes out."

In this temper, it will naturally be imagined, that Mrs. Wood's reception of the widow, who, at that moment, was ushered into the room by Winifred, was not particularly kind and encouraging. As she approached, the carpenter's wife eyed her from head to foot, in the hope of finding something in her person or apparel to quarrel with. But she was disappointed. Mrs. Sheppard's dress—extremely neat and clean, but simply fashioned, and of the plainest and most unpretending material,—offered nothing assailable; and her demeanour was so humble, and her looks so modest, that—if she had been ill-looking—she might, possibly, have escaped the shafts of malice preparing to be levelled against her. But, alas! she was beautiful—and beauty is a crime not to be forgiven by a jealous woman.

As the lapse of time and change of circumstances have wrought a remarkable alteration in the appearance of the poor widow, it may not be improper to notice it here. When first brought under consideration, she was a miserable and forlorn object; squalid in attire, haggard in looks, and emaciated in frame. Now, she was the very reverse of all this. Her dress, it has just been said, was neatness and simplicity itself. Her figure, though slight, had all the fulness of health; and her complexion—still pale, but without its former sickly cast,—contrasted agreeably, by its extreme fairness, with the dark brows and darker lashes that shaded eyes which, if they had lost some of their original brilliancy, had gained infinitely more in the soft and chastened lustre that replaced it. One marked difference between the poor outcast, who, oppressed by poverty, and stung by shame, had sought temporary relief in the stupifying draught,—that worst "medicine of a mind diseased," and those of the same being, freed from her vices, and restored to comfort and contentment, if not to happiness, by a more prosperous course of events, was exhibited in the mouth. For the fresh and feverish hue of lip which years ago characterised this feature, was now substituted a pure and wholesome bloom, evincing a total change of habits; and, though the coarse character of the mouth remained, in some degree, unaltered, it was so modified in expression, that it could no longer be accounted a blemish. In fact, the whole face had undergone a transformation. All its better points were improved, while the less attractive ones (and they were few in comparison) were subdued, or removed. What was yet more worthy of note was, that the widow's countenance had an air of refinement about it, of which it was utterly destitute before, and which seemed to intimate that her true position in society was far above that wherein accident had placed her.

"Well, Mrs. Sheppard," said the carpenter, advancing to meet her, and trying to look as cheerful and composed as he could; "what brings you to town, eh?—Nothing amiss, I trust?"

"Nothing whatever, sir," answered the widow. "A neighbour offered me a drive to Paddington; and, as I haven't heard of my son for some time, I couldn't resist the temptation of stepping on to inquire after him, and to thank you for your great goodness to us both. I've brought a little garden stuff and a few new-laid eggs for you, ma'am," she added, turning to Mrs. Wood, who appeared to be collecting her energies for a terrible explosion, "in the hope that they may prove acceptable. Here's a nosegay for you, my love," she continued, opening her basket, and presenting a fragrant bunch of flowers to Winifred, "if your mother will allow me to give it you."

"Don't touch it, Winny!" screamed Mrs. Wood, "it may be poisoned."

"I'm not afraid, mother," said the little girl, smelling at the boquet. "How sweet these roses are! Shall I put them into water?"

"Put them where they came from," replied Mrs. Wood, severely, "and go to bed."

"But, mother, mayn't I sit up to see whether Thames returns?" implored Winifred.

"What can it matter to you whether he returns or not, child," rejoined Mrs. Wood, sharply. "I've spoken. And my word's law—with *you*, at least," she added, bestowing a cutting glance upon her husband.

The little girl uttered no remonstrance; but, replacing the flowers in the basket, burst into tears, and withdrew.

Mrs. Sheppard, who witnessed this occurrence with dismay, looked timorously at Wood, in expectation of some hint being given as to the course she had better pursue; but, receiving none, for the carpenter was too much agitated to attend to her, she ventured to express a fear that she was intruding.

"Intruding!" echoed Mrs. Wood; "to be sure you are! I wonder how you dare show your face in this house, hussy!"

"I thought you sent for me, ma'am," replied the widow, humbly.

"So I did," retorted Mrs. Wood; "and I did so to see how far your effrontery would carry you."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry. I hope I haven't given any unintentional offence?" said the widow, again meekly appealing to Wood.

"Don't exchange glances with him under my very nose, woman!" shrieked Mrs. Wood; "I'll not bear it. Look at me, and answer me one question. And, mind! no prevaricating—nothing but the truth will satisfy me."

Mrs. Sheppard raised her eyes, and fixed them upon her interrogator.

"Are you not that man's mistress?" demanded Mrs. Wood, with a look meant to reduce her supposed rival to the dust.

"I am no man's mistress," answered the widow, crimsoning to her temples, but preserving her meek deportment, and humble tone.

"That's false!" cried Mrs. Wood. "I'm too well acquainted with your proceedings, madam, to believe that. Profligate women are never reclaimed. *He* has told me sufficient of you——"

"My dear," interposed Wood, "for goodness' sake——"

"I *will* speak," screamed his wife, totally disregarding the interruption; "I *will* tell this worthless creature what I know about her,—and what I think of her."

"Not now, my love—not now," entreated Wood.

"Yes, *now*," rejoined the infuriated dame; "perhaps, I may never have another opportunity. She has contrived to keep out of my sight up to this time, and I've no doubt she'll keep out of it altogether for the future."

"That was my doing, dearest," urged the carpenter; "I was afraid if you saw her that some such scene as this might occur."

"Hear me, madam, I beseech you," interposed Mrs. Sheppard, "and, if it please you to visit your indignation on any one, let it be upon me, and not on your excellent husband, whose only fault is in having bestowed his charity upon so unworthy an object as myself."

"Unworthy, indeed!" sneered Mrs. Wood.

"To him I owe everything," continued the widow, "life itself—nay, more than life,—for, without his assistance I should have perished, body and soul. He has been a father to me and my child."

"I never doubted the latter point, I assure you, madam," observed Mrs. Wood.

"You have said," pursued the widow, "that she, who has once erred, is irreclaimable. Do not believe it, madam. It is not so. The poor wretch, driven by desperation to the commission of a crime which her soul abhors, is no more beyond the hope of reformation than she is without the pale of mercy. I have suffered—I have sinned—I have repented. And, though neither peace nor innocence can be restored to my bosom; though tears cannot blot out my offences, nor sorrow drown my shame; yet, knowing that my penitence is sincere, I do not despair that my transgressions may be forgiven."

"Mighty fine!" ejaculated Mrs. Wood contemptuously.

"You cannot understand me, madam; and its well you cannot. Blest with a fond husband, surrounded by every comfort, *you* have never been assailed by the horrible temptations to which misery has exposed *me*. You have never known what it is to want food, raiment, shelter. You have never seen the child within your arms perishing from hunger, and no relief to be obtained. You have never felt the hearts of all hardened against you; have never heard the jeer or curse from every lip; nor endured the insult and the blow from every hand. I *have* suffered all this. I could resist the tempter *now*. I am strong in health,—in mind. But *then*—— Oh! madam, there are moments—moments of darkness, which overshadow a whole existence—in the lives of the poor houseless wretches who traverse the streets, when reason is well-night benighted; when the horrible promptings of despair can, alone, be listened to; and when vice itself assumes the aspect of virtue. Pardon what I have said, madam. I do not desire to extenuate my gilt—far less to defend it; but I would show you, and such as you—who, happily, are exempted from trials like mine—how much misery has to do with crime. And I affirm to you, on my own conviction, that she who falls because she has not strength granted her to struggle with affliction, *may* be reclaimed,—may repent, and be forgiven,—even as she, whose sins, 'though many, were forgiven her.'"

"It gladdens me to hear you talk thus, Joan," said Wood, in a voice of much emotion, while his eyes filled with tears, "and more than repays me for all I have done for you."

"If professions of repentance constitute a Magdalene, Mrs. Sheppard is one, no doubt," observed Mrs. Wood, ironically: "but I used to think it required something more than *mere words* to prove that a person's character was abused."

"Very right, my love," said Wood, "very sensibly remarked. So it does. But I can speak to that point. Mrs. Sheppard's conduct, from my own personal knowledge, has been unexceptionable for the last twelve years. During that period she has been a model of propriety."

"Oh! of course," rejoined Mrs. Wood; "I can't for an instant question such disinterested testimony. Mrs.

Sheppard, I'm sure, will say as much for you. He's a model of conjugal attachment and fidelity, a pattern to his family, and an example to his neighbours. Ain't he, madam?"

"He is, indeed," replied the widow, fervently; "more —much more than that."

"He's no such thing!" cried Mrs. Wood, furiously. "He's a base, deceitful, tyrannical, hoary-headed libertine—that's what he is. But I'll expose him. I'll proclaim his misdoings to the world; and, then, we shall see where he'll stand. Marry, come up! I'll show him what an injured wife can do. If all wives were of my mind and my spirit, husbands would soon be taught their own insignificance. But a time *will* come (and that before long,) when our sex will assert its superiority; and, when we have got the upper hand, let 'em try to subdue us if they can. But don't suppose, madam, that anything I say has reference to you. I'm speaking of virtuous women—of WIVES, madam. Mistresses neither deserve consideration nor commiseration."

"I expect no commiseration," returned Mrs. Sheppard, gently, "nor do I need any. But, rather than be the cause of any further misunderstanding between you and my benefactor, I will leave London and its neighbourhood for ever."

"Pray do so, madam," retorted Mrs. Wood, "and take your son with you."

"My son!" echoed the widow, trembling.

"Yes, your son, madam. If you can do any good with him, it's more than we can. The house will be well rid of him, for a more idle, good-for-nothing reprobate never crossed its threshhold."

"Is this true, sir?" cried Mrs. Sheppard, with an agonised look at Wood. "I know you will not deceive me. Is Jack what Mrs. Wood represents him."

"He's not exactly what I could desire him to be, Joan," replied the carpenter reluctantly. "But a ragged colt sometimes makes the best horse. He'll mend, I hope."

"Never," said Mrs. Wood,—he'll never mend. He has taken more than one step towards the gallows already. Thieves and pickpockets are his constant companions."

"Thieves!" exclaimed Mrs. Sheppard, horror-stricken.

"Jonathan Wild and Blueskin have got him into their hands," continued Mrs. Wood.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the widow, wildly.

"If you doubt my word, woman," replied the carpenter's wife, coldly, "ask Mr. Wood."

"I know you'll contradict it, sir," said the widow, looking at Wood as if she dreaded to have hear fears confirmed,—"I know you will."

"I wish I could, Joan," returned the carpenter, sadly. Mrs. Sheppard let fall her basket.

"My son," she murmured, wringing her hands piteously,—"my son the companion of thieves! My son in Jonathan Wild's power! It cannot be."

"Why not?" rejoined Mrs. Wood, in a taunting tone. "Your son's father was a thief; and Jonathan Wild (unless I'm misinformed,) was his friend—so it's not unnatural he should show some partiality towards Jack."

"Jonathan Wild was my husband's bitterest enemy," said Mrs. Sheppard. He first seduced him from the paths of honesty, and then betrayed him to a shameful death, and he has sworn to do the same thing by my son. Oh, heavens, that I should have ever indulged a hope of happiness while that terrible man lives!"

"Compose yourself, Joan," said Wood, "all will yet be well."

"Oh, no,—no," replied Mrs. Sheppard distractedly. "All cannot be well, if this is true. Tell me, sir," she added, with forced calmness, and grasping Wood's arm; "what has Jack done? Tell me in a word, that I may know the worst. I can bear anything but suspense."

"You're agitating yourself unnecessarily, Joan," returned Wood, in a soothing voice. "Jack has been keeping bad company. That's the only fault I know of."

"Thank God for that!" ejaculated Mrs. Sheppard, fervently. "Then it is not too late to save him. Where is he, sir? Can I see him?"

"No, that you can't," answered Mrs. Wood; "he has gone out without leave, and has taken Thames Darrell with him. If I were Mr. Wood, when he *does* return, I'd send him about his business. *I* wouldn't keep an apprentice to set my authority at defiance."

Mr. Wood's reply, if he intended any, was cut short by a loud knocking at the door.

"'Odds-my-life!—what's that?" he cried, greatly alarmed.

"It's Jonathan Wild come back with a troop of constables at his heels to search the house," rejoined Mrs. Wood, in equal trepidation. "We shall all be murdered. Oh! that Mr. Kneebone were here to protect me."

"If it *is* Jonathan," rejoined Wood; "it's very well for Mr. Kneebone he's not here. He'd have enough to do to protect himself, without attending to you. I declare I'm almost afraid to go to the door. Something, I'm convinced, has happened to the boys."

"Has Jonathan Wild been here to-day?" asked Mrs. Sheppard, anxiously.

"To be sure he has!" returned Mrs. Wood; "and Blueskin, too. They're only just gone. Mercy on us! what a clatter," she added, as the knocking was repeated more violently than before.

While the carpenter irresolutely quitted the room, with a strong presentiment of ill upon his mind, a light, quick step was heard descending the stairs, and, before he could call out to prevent it, a man was admitted into the passage.

"Is this Misther Wudd's, my pretty miss?" demanded the rough voice of the Irish watchman.

"It is," replied Winifred; "have you brought any tidings of Thames Darrell?"

"Troth have I!" replied Terence; "but, bless your angilic face, how did you contrive to guess that?"

"Is he well?—is he safe?—is he coming back?" cried the little girl, disregarding the question.

"He's in St. Giles's roundhouse," answered Terence; "but tell Misther Wudd I'm here, and have brought him a message from his unlawful son, and don't be detainin' me, my darlin', for there's not a minute to loose if the poor lad's to be rescued from that thief and thief-taker o' the wurld, Jonathan Wild."

The carpenter, upon whom no part of this hurried dialogue had been lost, now made his appearance, and having obtained from Terence all the information which that personage could impart respecting the perilous situation of Thames, he declared himself ready to start to Saint Giles's at once, and ran back to the room for his hat and stick; expressing his firm determination, as he pocketed his constable's staff with which he thought it expedient to arm himself, of being direfully revenged upon the thief-taker: a determination in which he was strongly encouraged by his wife. Terence, meanwhile, who had followed him, did not remain silent, but recapitulated his story for the benefit of Mrs. Sheppard. The poor widow was thrown into an agony of distress on learning that a robbery had been committed, in which her son (for she could not doubt that Jack was one of the boys,) was implicated; nor was her anxiety alleviated by Mrs. Wood, who maintained stoutly, that if Thames had been led to do wrong, it must be through the instrumentality of his worthless companion.

"And there you're right, you may dipind, marm," observed Terence. "Masther Thames Ditt—what's his blessed name?—has honesty written in his handsome phiz; but, as to his companion, Jack Sheppard, I think you call him, he's a born and bred thief. Lord bless you, marm! we sees plenty on 'm in our purfession. Them young prigs is all alike. I seed he was one,—and a sharp 'un, too;—at a glance."

"Oh!" exclaimed the widow, covering her face with her hands.

"Take a drop of brandy before we start, watchman," said Wood, pouring out a glass of spirits, and presenting it to Terence, who smacked his lips as he disposed of it. "Won't you be persuaded, Joan?" he added, making a similar offer to Mrs. Sheppard, which she gratefully declined. "If you mean to accompany us you may need it."

"You are very kind, sir," returned the widow, "but I require no support. Nothing stronger than water has passed my lips for years."

"We may believe as much of that as we please, I suppose," observed the carpenter's wife, with a sneer. "Mr. Wood," she continued, in an authoritative tone, seeing her husband ready to depart, "one word before you set out. If Jack Sheppard or his mother ever enter this house again, I leave it—that's all. Now, do what you please. You know *my* fixed determination."

Mr. Wood made no reply, but hastily kissing his weeping daughter, and bidding her be of good cheer, hurried off. He was followed with equal celerity by Terence and the widow. Traversing what remained of Wych Street at a rapid pace, and speeding along Drury Lane, the trio soon found themselves in Kendrick Yard. When they came to the roundhouse, Terry's courage failed him. Such was the terror inspired by Wild's vindictive character that few durst face him who had given him cause for displeasure. Aware that he should incur the thief-taker's bitterest animosity by what he had done, the watchman, whose wrath against Quilt Arnold had evaporated during the walk, thought it more prudent not to hazard a meeting with his master till the storm had, in some measure, blown over. Accordingly, having given Wood such directions as he thought necessary for his guidance, and received a handsome gratuity in return for his services, he departed.

It was not without considerable demur and delay on the part of Sharples that the carpenter and his companion could gain admittance to the roundhouse. Reconnoitring them through a small grated loophole, he refused to open the door till they had explained their business. This Wood, acting upon Terry's caution, was most unwilling to do; but, finding he had no alternative, he reluctantly made known his errand, and the bolts were undrawn. Once in, the constable's manner appeared totally changed. He was now as civil as he had just been insolent. Apologizing for their detention, he answered the questions put to him respecting the boys, by positively denying that any such prisoners had been intrusted to his charge, but offered to conduct him to every cell in the building to prove the truth of his assertion. He then barred and double-locked the door, took out the key, (a precautionary measure, which, with a grim smile, he said he never omitted,) thrust it into his vest, and motioning the couple to follow him, led the way to the inner room. As Wood obeyed, his foot slipped; and casting his eyes upon the floor, he perceived it splashed in several places with blood. From the freshness of the stains, which grew more frequent as they approached the adjoining chamber, it was evident some violence had been recently perpetrated, and the carpenter's own blood froze within his veins as he thought, with a thrill of horror, that perhaps on this very spot, not many minutes before his arrival, his adopted son might have been inhumanly butchered. Nor was this impression removed as he stole a glance at Mrs. Sheppard, and saw from her terrified look that she had made the same alarming discovery as himself. But it was now too late to turn back, and, nerving himself for the shock he expected to encounter, he ventured after his conductor. No sooner had they entered the room, than Sharples, who waited to usher them in, hastily retreated, closed the door, and turning the key, laughed loudly at the success of his stratagem. Vexation at his folly in suffering himself to be thus entrapped kept Wood for a short time silent. When he could find words, he tried by the most urgent solicitations to prevail upon the constable to let him out. But threats and entreaties—even promises were ineffectual; and the unlucky captive, after exhausting his powers of persuasion, was compelled to give up the point.

The room in which he was detained—that lately occupied by the Mohocks, who, it appeared, had been allowed to depart,—was calculated to inspire additional apprehension and disgust. Strongly impregnated with the mingled odours of tobacco, ale, brandy, and other liquors, the atmosphere was almost stifling. The benches running round the room, though fastened to the walls by iron clamps, had been forcibly wrenched off; while the table, which was similarly secured to the boards, was upset, and its contents—bottles, jugs, glasses, and bowls, were broken and scattered about in all directions. Every thing proclaimed the mischievous propensities of the recent occupants of the chamber. Here lay a heap of knockers of all sizes, from the huge lion's head to the small brass rapper; there, a collection of sign-boards, with the names and calling of the owners utterly obliterated. On this side stood the instruments with which the latter piece of pleasantry had been effected,—namely, a bucket filled with paint and a brush: on that was erected a trophy, consisting of a watchman's rattle, a laced hat, with the crown knocked out, and its place supplied by a lantern, a campaign wig saturated with punch, a torn steenkirk and ruffles, some half-dozen staves, and a broken sword.

As the carpenter's gaze wandered over this scene of devastation, his attention was drawn by Mrs. Sheppard towards an appalling object in one corner.

This was the body of a man, apparently lifeless, and stretched upon a mattress, with his head bound up in a linen cloth, through which the blood had oozed. Near the body, which, it will be surmised, was that of Abraham Mendez, two ruffianly personages were seated, quietly smoking, and bestowing no sort of attention upon the new-comers. Their conversation was conducted in the flash language, and, though unintelligible to Wood, was easily comprehended by his companion, who learnt, to her dismay, that the wounded man had received his hurt from her son, whose courage and dexterity formed the present subject of their discourse. From other obscure hints dropped by the speakers, Mrs. Sheppard ascertained that Thames Darrell had been carried off—where she could not make out—by Jonathan Wild and Quilt Arnold; and that Jack had been induced to accompany Blueskin to the Mint. This intelligence, which she instantly communicated to the carpenter, drove him almost frantic. He renewed his supplications to Sharples, but with no better success than heretofore; and the greater part of the night was passed by him and the poor widow, whose anxiety, if possible, exceeded his own, in the most miserable state imaginable.

At length, about three o'clock, as the first glimmer of dawn became visible through the barred casements of the roundhouse, the rattling of bolts and chains at the outer door told that some one was admitted.—Whoever this might be, the visit seemed to have some reference to the carpenter, for, shortly afterwards, Sharples made his appearance, and informed the captives they were free. Without waiting to have the information repeated, Wood rushed forth, determined as soon as he could procure assistance, to proceed to Jonathan Wild's house in the Old Bailey; while Mrs. Sheppard, whose maternal fears drew her in another direction, hurried off to the Mint.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Flash Ken.

In an incredibly short space of time,—for her anxiety lent wings to her feet,—Mrs. Sheppard reached the debtors' garrison. From a scout stationed at the northern entrance, whom she addressed in the jargon of the place, with which long usage had formerly rendered her familiar, she ascertained that Blueskin, accompanied by a youth, whom she knew by the description must be her son, had arrived there about three hours before, and had proceeded to the Cross Shovels. This was enough for the poor widow. She felt she was now near her boy, and, nothing doubting her ability to rescue him from his perilous situation, she breathed a fervent prayer for his deliverance; and bending her steps towards the tavern in question, revolved within her mind as she walked along the best means of accomplishing her purpose. Aware of the cunning and desperate characters of the persons with whom she would have to deal, aware also, that she was in a quarter where no laws could be appealed to, nor assistance obtained, she felt the absolute necessity of caution. Accordingly, when she arrived at the Shovels, with which, as an old haunt in her by-gone days of wretchedness she was well acquainted, instead of entering the principal apartment, which she saw at a glance was crowded with company of both sexes, she turned into a small room on the left of the bar, and, as an excuse for so doing, called for something to drink.—The drawers at the moment were too busy to attend to her, and she would have seized the opportunity of examining, unperceived, the assemblage within, through a little curtained window that overlooked the adjoining chamber, if an impediment had not existed in the shape of Baptist Kettleby, whose portly person entirely obscured the view. The Master of the Mint, in the exercise of its two-fold office of governor and publican, was mounted upon a chair, and holding forth to his guests in a speech, to which Mrs. Sheppard was unwillingly compelled to listen.

"Gentlemen of the Mint," said the orator, "when I was first called, some fifty years ago, to the important office I hold, there existed across the water three places of refuge for the oppressed and persecuted debtor."

"We know it," cried several voices.

"It happened, gentleman," pursued the Master, "on a particular occasion, about the time I've mentioned, that the Archduke of Alsatia, the Sovereign of the Savoy, and the Satrap of Salisbury Court, met by accident at the Cross Shovels. A jolly night we made of it, as you may suppose, for four such monarch's don't often come together. Well, while we were smoking our pipes, and quaffing our punch, Alsatia turns to me and says, 'Mint,' says he, 'you're well off here.'—'Pretty well,' says I; 'you're not badly off at the Friars, for that matter.'—'Oh! yes we are,' says he.—'How so?' says I.—'It's all up with us,' says he.—'they've taken away our charter.'—'They can't,' says I.—'They have,' says he.—'They can't I tell you,' says I, in a bit of passion; 'it's unconstitutional.'—'Unconstitutional or not,' says Salisbury Court and Savoy, speaking together 'it's true. We shall become a prey to the Philistines, and must turn honest in self-defence.'—'No fear o' that,' thought I.—'I see how it'll be,' observed Alsatia, 'everybody'll pay his debts, and only think of such a state of things as that.'—'It's *not* to be thought of,' says I, thumping the table till every glass on it jingled: 'and I know a way as'll prevent it.'—'What is it, Mint?' asked all three.—'Why hang every bailiff that sets a foot in your territories, and you're safe,' says I—'We'll do it,' said they, filling their glasses, and looking as fierce as King George's grenadier guards; 'here's your health, Mint.' But gentlemen, though they talked so largely, and looked so fiercely, they did *not* do it; they did *not* hang the bailiffs; and where are they?"

"Ay, where are they?" echoed the company, with indignant derision.

"Gentlemen," returned the Master, solemnly, "it is a question easily answered—they are NOWHERE! Had they hanged the bailiffs, the bailiffs would not have hanged them. We ourselves have been similarly circumstanced. Attacked by an infamous and unconstitutional statute, passed in the reign of the late usurper, William of Orange, (for I may remark that, if the right king had been upon the throne, that illegal enactment would never have received the royal assent—the Stuarts—Heaven preserve 'em!—always siding with the debtors;) attacked in this outrageous manner, I repeat it has been all but '*up*' with us! But the vigorous resistance offered on that memorable occasion by the patriotic inhabitants of Bermuda to the aggressions of arbitrary power, secured and established their privileges on a firmer basis than heretofore; and while their pusillanimous allies were crushed and annihilated they became more prosperous than ever. Gentlemen, I am proud to say that *I* originated—that *I* directed those measures. I hope to see the day, when not Southwark alone, but London itself shall become one Mint,—when all men shall be debtors, and none creditors,—when imprisonment for debt shall be utterly abolished,—when highway-robbery shall be accounted a pleasant pastime, and forgery an accomplishment,—when Tyburn and its gibbets shall be overthrown,—capital punishments discontinued,—Newgate, Ludgate, the Gatehouse, and the Compters razed to the ground,—Bridewell and Clerkenwell destroyed,—the Fleet, the King's Bench, and the Marshalsea remembered only by name! But, in the mean time, as that day may be possibly be farther off than I anticipate, we are bound to make the most of the present. Take care of yourselves, gentlemen, and your governor will take care of you. Before I sit down, I have a toast to propose, which I am sure will be received, as it deserves to be, with enthusiasm. It is the health of a stranger,—of Mr. John Sheppard. His father was one of my old customers, and I am happy to find his son treading in his steps. He couldn't be in better hands than those in which he has placed himself.—Gentlemen,—Mr. Sheppard's good health, and success to him!"

Baptist's toast was received with loud applause; and, as he sat down amid the cheers of the company, and a universal clatter of mugs and glasses, the widow's view was no longer obstructed. Her eye wandered quickly over that riotous and disorderly assemblage, until it settled upon one group more riotous and disorderly than the rest, of which her son formed the principal figure. The agonized mother could scarcely repress a scream at the spectacle that met her gaze. There sat Jack, evidently in the last stage of intoxication, with his collar opened, his dress disarranged, a pipe in his mouth, a bowl of punch and a half-emptied rummer before him,—there he sat, receiving and returning, or rather attempting to return,—for he was almost past consciousness,—the blandishments of a couple of females, one of whom had passed her arm round his neck, while the other leaned over the back of his chair, and appeared from her gestures to be whispering soft nonsense into his ear.

Both these ladies possessed considerable personal attractions. The younger of the two, who was seated next to Jack, and seemed to monopolize his attention, could not be more than seventeen, though her person had all the maturity of twenty. She had delicate oval features, light, laughing blue eyes, a pretty *nez retrousse*, (why have we not the term, since we have the best specimens of the feature?) teeth of pearly whiteness, and a brilliant complexion, set off by rich auburn hair, a very white neck and shoulders,—the latter, perhaps, a trifle too much exposed. The name of this damsel was Edgeworth Bess; and, as her fascinations will not, perhaps, be found to be without some influence upon the future fortunes of her boyish admirer, we have thought it worth while to be thus particular in describing them. The other *bona roba*, known amongst her companions as Mistress Poll Maggot, was a beauty on a much larger scale,—in fact, she was a perfect Amazon. Nevertheless, though nearly six feet high, and correspondingly proportioned, she was a model of symmetry, and boasted, with the frame of a Thalestris or a Trulla, the regular lineaments of the Medicean Venus. A man's laced hat,—whether adopted from the caprice of the moment, or habitually worn, we are unable to state,—cocked knowingly on her head, harmonized with her masculine appearance. Mrs. Maggot, as well as her companion Edgeworth Bess, was showily dressed; nor did either of them disdain the aid supposed to be lent to a fair skin by the contents of the patchbox. On an empty cask, which served him for a chair, and opposite to Jack Sheppard, whose rapid progress in depravity afforded him the highest satisfaction, sat Blueskin, encouraging the two women in their odious task, and plying his victim with the glass as often as he deemed it expedient to do so. By this time, he had apparently accomplished all he desired; for moving the bottle out of Jack's reach, he appropriated it entirely to his own use, leaving the devoted lad to the care of the females. Some few of the individuals seated at the other tables seemed to take an interest in the proceedings of Blueskin and his party, just as a by-stander watches any other game; but, generally speaking, the company were too much occupied with their own concerns to pay attention to anything else. The assemblage was for the most part, if not altogether, composed of persons to whom vice in all its aspects was too familiar to present much of novelty, in whatever form it was exhibited. Nor was Jack by any means the only stripling in the room. Not far from him was a knot of lads drinking, swearing, and playing at dice as eagerly and as skilfully as any of the older hands. Near to these hopeful youths sat a fence, or receiver, bargaining with a clouter, or pickpocket, for a *suit*,—or, to speak in more intelligible language, a watch and seals, two *cloaks*, commonly called watch-cases, and a *wedge-lobb*, otherwise known as a silver snuff-box. Next to the receiver was a gang of housebreakers, laughing over their exploits, and planning fresh depredations; and next to the housebreakers came too gallant-looking gentlemen in long periwigs and riding-dresses, and equipped in all other respects for the road, with a roast fowl and a bottle of wine before them. Amid this varied throng,—varied in appearance, but alike in character,—one object alone, we have said, riveted Mrs. Sheppard's attention; and no sooner did she in some degree recover from the shock occasioned by the sight of her son's debased condition, than, regardless of any other consideration except his instant removal from the contaminating society by which he was surrounded, and utterly forgetting the more cautious plan she meant to have adopted, she rushed into the room, and summoned him to follow her.

"Halloo!" cried Jack, looking round, and trying to fix his inebriate gaze upon the speaker,—"who's that?"

"Your mother," replied Mrs. Sheppard. "Come home directly, sir."

"Mother be——!" returned Jack. "Who is it, Bess?"

"How should I know?" replied Edgeworth Bess.

"But if it *is* your mother, send her about her business."

"That I will," replied Jack, "in the twinkling of a bed-post."

"Glad to see you once more in the Mint, Mrs. Sheppard," roared Blueskin, who anticipated some fun. "Come and sit down by me."

"Take a glass of gin, ma'am," cried Poll Maggot, holding up a bottle of spirit; "it used to be your favourite liquor, I've heard."

"Jack, my love," cried Mrs. Sheppard, disregarding the taunt, "come away."

"Not I," replied Jack; "I'm too comfortable where I am. Be off!"

"Jack!" exclaimed his unhappy parent.

"Mr. Sheppard, if you please, ma'am," interrupted the lad; "I allow nobody to call me Jack—do I, Bess, eh?"

"Nobody whatever, love," replied Edgeworth Bess; "nobody except me, dear."

"And me," insinuated Mrs. Maggot. "My little fancy man's quite as fond of me as of you, Bess—ain't you, Jacky darling?"

"Not quite, Poll," returned Mr. Sheppard; "but I love you next to her, and both of you better than *her*," pointing with the pipe to his mother.

"Oh, heavens!" cried Mrs. Sheppard.

"Bravo!" shouted Blueskin. "Tom Sheppard never said a better thing than that—ho! ho!"

"Jack," cried his mother, wringing her hands in distraction, "you'll break my heart!"

"Poh! poh!" returned her son; "women don't so easily break their hearts,—do they Bess?"

"Certainly not," replied the young lady appealed to, "especially about their sons."

"Wretch!" cried Mrs. Sheppard, bitterly.

"I say," retorted Edgeworth Bess, with a very unfeminine imprecation, "I shan't stand any more of that nonsense. What do you mean by calling me wretch, madam?" she added, marching up to Mrs. Sheppard, and regarding her with an insolent and threatening glance.

"Yes—what do you mean, ma'm?" added Jack, staggering after her.

"Come with me, my love, come—come," cried his mother, seizing his hand, and endeavoring to force him away.

"He shan't go," cried Edgeworth Bess, holding him by the other hand. "Here, Poll, help me!"

Thus exhorted, Mrs. Maggot lent her powerful aid, and, between the two, Jack was speedily relieved from all fears of being carried off against his will. Not content with this exhibition of her prowess, the amazon lifted him up as easily as if he had been an infant, and placed him upon her shoulders, to the infinite delight of the company, and the increased distress of his mother.

"Now, let's see who'll dare to take him down," cried Mrs. Maggot.

"Nobody shall," cried Mr. Sheppard from his elevated position. "I'm my own master now, and I'll do as I please. I'll turn cracksman, like my father—rob old Wood—he has chests full of money, and I know where they're kept—I'll rob him, and give the swag to you, Poll—I'll—"

Jack would have said more; but, losing his balance, he fell to the ground, and, when taken up, he was perfectly insensible. In this state he was laid upon a bench to sleep off his drunken fit, while his wretched mother, in spite of her passionate supplications, and resistance, was, by Blueskin's command, forcibly ejected from the house, and driven out of the Mint.

CHAPTER XV.

The Robbery in Willesden Chuach.

During the whole of the next day and night, the poor widow hovered like a ghost about the precincts of the debtor's garrison,—for admission (by the Master's express orders,) was denied her. She could learn nothing of her son, and only obtained one solitary piece of information, which added to, rather than alleviated her misery,—namely, that Jonathan Wild had paid a secret visit to the Cross Shovels. At one time, she determined to go to Wych Street, and ask Mr. Wood's advice and assistance, but the thought of the reception she was likely to meet with from his wife deterred her from executing this resolution. Many other expedients occurred to her; but after making several ineffectual attempts to get into the Mint unobserved, they were all abandoned.

At length, about an hour before dawn, on the second day—Sunday—having spent the early part of the night in watching at the gates of the robber's sanctuary, and being almost exhausted from want of rest, she set out homewards. It was a long walk that she had to undertake, even if she had endured no previous fatigue, but feeble as she was, it was almost more than she could accomplish. Daybreak found her wending her painful way along the Harrow Road; and, in order to shorten the distance as much as possible, she took the nearest cut, and struck into the meadows on the right. Crossing several fields, newly mown, or filled with lines of tedded hay, she arrived, not without great exertion, at the summit of a hill. Here her strength completely failed her, and she was compelled to seek some repose. Making her couch upon a heap of hay, she sank at once into a deep and refreshing slumber.

When she awoke, the sun was high in heaven. It was a bright and beautiful day: *so* bright, *so* beautiful, that even her sad heart was cheered by it. The air, perfumed with the delicious fragrance of the new-mown grass, was vocal with the melodies of the birds; the thick foliage of the trees was glistening in the sunshine; all nature seemed happy and rejoicing; but, above all, the serene Sabbath stillness reigning around, communicated a calm to her wounded spirit.

What a contrast did the lovely scene she now gazed upon present to the squalid neighbourhood she had recently quitted! On all sides, expanded prospects of country the most exquisite and most varied. Immediately beneath her lay Willesden,—the most charming and secluded village in the neighborhood of the metropolis,—with its scattered farm-houses, its noble granges, and its old grey church tower just peeping above a grove of rook-haunted trees.

Towards this spot Mrs. Sheppard now directed her steps. She speedily reached her own abode,—a little cottage, standing in the outskirts of the village. The first circumstance that struck her on her arrival seemed ominous. Her clock had stopped—stopped at the very hour on which she had quitted the Mint! She had not the heart to wind it up again.

After partaking of some little refreshment, and changing her attire, Mrs. Sheppard prepared for church. By this time, she had so far succeeded in calming herself that she answered the greetings of the neighbours whom she encountered on her way to the sacred edifice—if sorrowfully, still composedly.

Every old country church is beautiful, but Willesden is the most beautiful old country church we know; and in Mrs. Sheppard's time it was even more beautiful than at present, when the hand of improvement has proceeded a little too rashly with alterations and repairs. With one or two exceptions there were no pews; and, as the intercourse with London was then but slight, the seats were occupied almost exclusively by the villagers. In one of these seats, at the end of the aisle farthest removed from the chancel, the widow took her place, and addressed herself fervently to her devotions.

The service had not proceeded far, when she was greatly disturbed by the entrance of a person, who placed himself opposite her, and sought to attract her attention by a number of little arts, surveying her, as he did so, with a very impudent and offensive stare. With this person—who was no other than Mr. Kneebone,—she was too well acquainted; having, more than once, been obliged to repel his advances; and, though his impertinence would have given her little concern at another season, it now added considerably to her distraction. But a far greater affliction was in store for her.

Just as the clergyman approached the altar, she perceived a boy steal quickly into the church, and ensconce himself behind the woollen-draper, who, in order to carry out his amatory pursuits with greater convenience, and at the same time display his figure (of which he was not a little vain) to the utmost advantage, preferred a standing to a sitting posture. Of this boy she had only caught a glimpse; but that glimpse was sufficient to satisfy her it was her son,—and, if she could have questioned her own instinctive love, she could not question her antipathy, when she beheld, partly concealed by a pillar immediately in the rear of the woollen-draper, the dark figure and truculent features of Jonathan Wild. As she looked in this direction, the thief-taker raised his eyes—those grey, blood-thirsty eyes!—their glare froze the life-blood in her veins.

As she averted her gaze, a terrible idea crossed her. Why was he there? why did the tempter dare to invade that sacred spot? She could not answer her own questions, but vague fearful suspicions passed through her mind. Meanwhile, the service proceeded; and the awful command, "*Thou shalt not steal!*" was solemnly uttered by the preacher, when Mrs. Sheppard, who had again looked round towards her son, beheld a hand glance along the side of the woollen-draper. She could not see what occurred, though she guessed it; but she saw Jonathan's devilish, triumphing glance, and read in it,—"Your son has committed a robbery—here—in these holy walls—he is mine—mine—for ever!"

She uttered a loud scream, and fainted.

From the Nickleby Papers.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

CHAPTER XIII.

OFFICIATES AS A KIND OF GENTLEMAN USHER, IN BRINGING VARIOUS PEOPLE TOGETHER.

THE storm had long given place to a calm the most profound, and the evening was pretty far advanced—indeed supper was over, and the process of digestion proceeding as favourably as, under the influence of complete tranquillity, cheerful conversation, and a moderate allowance of brandy and water, most wise men conversant with the anatomy and functions of the human frame will consider that it ought to have proceeded, when the three friends, or as one might say, both in a civil and religious sense, and with proper deference and regard to the holy state of matrimony, the two friends, (Mr. and Mrs. Browdie counting as no more than one,) were startled by the noise of loud and angry threatenings below-stairs, which presently attained so high a pitch, and were conveyed besides in language so towering sanguinary and ferocious, that it could hardly have been surpassed, if there had actually been a Saracen's head then present in the establishment, supported on the shoulders and surmounting the trunk of a real, live, furious, and most unappeasable Saracen.

This turmoil, instead of quickly subsiding after the first outburst, (as turmoils not unfrequently do, whether in taverns, legislative assemblies, or elsewhere,) into a mere grumbling and growling squabble, increased every moment; and although the whole din appeared to be raised by but one pair of lungs, yet that one pair was of so powerful a quality, and repeated such words as "scoundrel," "rascal," "insolent puppy," and a variety of expletives no less flattering to the party addressed, with such great relish and strength of tone, that a dozen voices raised in concert under any ordinary circumstances would have made far less uproar and created much smaller consternation.

"Why, what's the matter?" said Nicholas, moving hastily towards the door.

John Browdie was striding in the same direction when Mrs. Browdie turned pale, and, leaning back in her chair, requested him with a faint voice to take notice, that if he ran into any danger it was her intention to fall into hysterics immediately, and that the consequences might be more serious than he thought for. John looked rather disconcerted by this intelligence, though there was a lurking grin on his face at the same time; but, being quite unable to keep out of the fray, he compromised the matter by tucking his wife's arm under his own, and, thus accompanied, following Nicholas down stairs with all speed.

The passage outside the coffee-room door was the scene of disturbance, and here were congregated the coffee-room customers and waiters, together with two or three coachmen and helpers from the yard. These had hastily assembled round a young man who from his appearance might have been a year or two older than Nicholas, and who, besides having given utterance to the defiances just now described, seemed to have proceeded to even greater lengths in his indignation, inasmuch as his feet had no other covering than a pair of stockings, while a couple of slippers lay at no great distance from the head of a prostrate figure in an opposite corner, who bore the appearance of having been shot into his present retreat by means of a kick, and complimented by having the slippers flung about his ears afterwards.

The coffee-room customers, and the waiters, and the coachmen, and the helpers—not to mention a barmaid who was looking on from behind an open sash window—seemed at that moment, if a spectator might judge from their winks, nods, and muttered exclamations, strongly disposed to take part against the young gentleman in the stockings. Observing this, and that the young gentleman was nearly of his own age and had in nothing the appearance of an habitual brawler, Nicholas, impelled by such feelings as will influence young men sometimes, felt a very strong disposition to side with the weaker party, and so thrust himself at once into the centre of the group, and in a more emphatic tone perhaps than circumstances might seem to warrant, demanded what all that noise was about.

"Hollo!" said one of the men from the yard, "this is somebody in disguise, this is."

"Room for the eldest son of the Emperor of Roosher, gen'lmen!" cried another fellow.

Disregarding these sallies, which were uncommonmonly well received, as sallies at the expense of the best-dressed persons in a crowd usually are, Nicholas glanced carelessly round, and addressing the young gentleman, who had by this time picked up his slippers and thrust his feet into them, repeated his inquiries with a courteous air.

"A mere nothing!" he replied.

At this a murmur was raised by the lookers-on, and some of the boldest cried, "Oh, indeed!—Wasn't it though?—Nothing, eh?—He called that nothing, did he? Lucky for him if he found it nothing." These and many other expressions of ironical disapprobation having been exhausted, two or three of the out-of-door fellows began to hustle Nicholas and the young gentleman who had made the noise: stumbling against them by accident, and treading on their toes, and so forth. But this being a round game, and one not necessarily limited to three or four players, was open to John Browdie too, who, bursting into the little crowd—to the great terror of his wife—and falling about in all directions, now to the right, now to the left, now forwards, now backwards, and accidentally driving his elbow through the hat of the tallest helper, who had been particularly active, speedily caused the odds to wear a very different appearance; while more than one stout fellow limped away to a respectful distance, anathematizing with tears in his eyes the heavy tread and ponderous feet of the burly Yorkshireman.

"Let me see him do it again," said he who had been kicked into the corner, rising as he spoke, apparently more from the fear of John Browdie's inadvertently treading upon him, than from any desire to place himself on equal terms with his late adversary. "Let me see him do it again. That's all."

"Let me hear you make those remarks again," said the young man, "and I'll knock that head of yours in among the wine-glasses behind you there."

Here a waiter who had been rubbing his hands in excessive enjoyment of the scene, so long as only the breaking of heads was in question, adjured the spectators with great earnestness to fetch the police, declaring that otherwise murder would be surely done, and that he was responsible for all the glass and china on the premises.

"No one need trouble himself to stir," said the young gentleman, "I am going to remain in the house all night, and shall be found here in the morning if there is any assault to answer for."

"What did you strike him for?" asked one of the bystanders.

"Ah! what did you strike him for?" demanded the others.

The unpopular gentleman looked coolly round, and addressing himself to Nicholas, said:—

"You inquired just now what was the matter here. The matter is simply this. Yonder person, who was drinking with a friend in the coffee-room when I took my seat there for half an hour before going to bed, (for I have just come off a journey, and preferred stopping here to-night, to going home at this hour, where I was not expected until to-morrow,) chose to express himself in very disrespectful, and insolently familiar terms, of a young lady, whom I recognised from his description and other circumstances, and whom I have the honour to know. As he spoke loud enough to be overheard by the other guests who were present, I informed him most civilly that he was mistaken in his conjectures, which were of an offensive nature, and requested him to forbear. He did so for a little time, but as he chose to renew his conversation when leaving the room, in a more offensive strain than before, I could not refrain from making after him, and facilitating his departure by a kick, which reduced him to the posture in which you saw him just now. I am the best judge of my own affairs, I take it," said the young man, who had certainly not quite recovered from his recent heat, "if any-body here thinks proper to make this quarrel his own, I have not the smallest earthly objection, I do assure him."

Of all possible courses of proceeding under the circumstances detailed, there was certainly not one which, in his then state of mind, could have appeared more laudable to Nicholas than this. There were not many subjects of dispute which at that moment could have come home to his own breast more powerfully, for having the unknown uppermost in his thoughts, it naturally occurred to him that he would have done just the same if any audacious gossiper durst have presumed in his hearing to speak lightly of her. Influenced by these considerations, he espoused the young gentleman's quarrel with great warmth, protesting that he had done quite right, and that he respected him for it; which John Browdie (albeit not quite clear as to the merits) immediately protested too, with not inferior vehemence.

"Let him take care, that's all," said the defeated party, who was being rubbed down by a waiter, after his recent fall on the dusty boards. "He don't knock me about for nothing, I can tell him that. A pretty state of things, if a man isn't to admire a handsome girl without being beat to pieces for it!"

This reflection appeared to have great weight with the young lady in the bar, who (adjusting her cap as she spoke, and glancing at a mirror) declared that it would be a very pretty state of things indeed; and that if people were to be punished for actions so innocent and natural as that, there would be more people to be knocked down than there would be people to knock them down, and that she wondered what the gentleman meant by it, that she did.

"My dear girl," said the young gentleman in a low voice, advancing towards the sash window.

"Nonsense, sir!" replied the young lady sharply, smiling though as she turned aside, and biting her lip, (whereat Mrs. Browdie, who was still standing on the stairs, glanced at her with disdain, and called to her husband to come away.)

"No, but listen to me," said the young man. "If admiration of a pretty face were criminal, I should be the most hopeless person alive, for I cannot resist one. It has the most extraordinary effect upon me, checks and controls me in the most furious and obstinate mood. You see what an effect yours has had upon me already."

"Oh, that's very pretty," replied the young lady, tossing her head, "but—"

"Yes, I know it's very pretty," said the young man, looking with an air of admiration in the barmaid's face, "I said so, you know, just this moment. But beauty should be spoken of respectfully—respectfully, and in proper terms, and with a becoming sense of its worth and excellence, whereas this fellow has no more notion——"

The young lady interrupted the conversation at this point, by thrusting her head out of the bar-window, and inquiring of the waiter in a shrill voice whether that young man who had been knocked down was going to stand in the passage all night, or whether the entrance was to be left clear for other people. The waiters taking the hint, and communicating it to the hostlers, were not slow to change their tone too, and the result was, that the unfortunate victim was bundled out in a twinkling.

"I am sure I have seen that fellow before," said Nicholas.

"Indeed!" replied his new acquaintance.

"I am certain of it," said Nicholas, pausing to reflect. "Where can I have—stop!—yes, to be sure—he belongs to a register-office up at the west end of the town. I knew I recollected the face."

It was, indeed, Tom—the ugly clerk.

"That's odd enough!" said Nicholas, ruminating upon the strange manner in which that register-office seemed to start up and stare him in the face every now and then, and when he least expected it.

"I am much obliged to you for your kind advocacy of my cause when it most needed an advocate," said the young man, laughing, and drawing a card from his pocket. "Perhaps you'll do me the favour to let me know where I can thank you."

Nicholas took the card, and glancing at it involuntarily as he returned the compliment, evinced very great surprise.

"'Mr. Frank Cheeryble!'" said Nicholas. "Surely not the nephew of Cheeryble Brothers, who is expected to-morrow?"

"I don't usually call myself the nephew of the firm," returned Mr. Frank, good-humouredly, "but of the two excellent individuals who compose it, I am proud to say I *am* the nephew. And you, I see, are Mr. Nickleby, of whom I have heard so much! This is a most unexpected meeting, but not the less welcome I assure you."

Nicholas responded to these compliments with others of the same kind, and they shook hands warmly. Then he introduced John Browdie, who had remained in a state of great admiration ever since the young lady in the bar had been so skilfully won over to the right side. Then Mrs. John Browdie was introduced, and finally they all went up-stairs together and spent the next half hour with great satisfaction and mutual entertainment; Mrs. John Browdie beginning the conversation by declaring that of all the made-up things she ever saw, that young woman below stairs was the vainest and the plainest.

This Mr. Frank Cheeryble, although, to judge from what had recently taken place, a hot-headed young man, (which is not an absolute miracle and phenomenon in nature) was a sprightly, good-humoured, pleasant fellow, with much both in his countenance and disposition that reminded Nicholas very strongly of the kind-hearted brothers. His manner was as unaffected as theirs, and his demeanour full of that heartiness which, to most people who have anything generous in their composition, is peculiarly prepossessing. Add to this, that he was good-looking and intelligent, had a plentiful share of vivacity, was extremely cheerful, and accommodated himself in five minutes' time to all John Browdie's oddities with as much ease as if he had known him from a boy; and it will be a source of no great wonder that, when they parted for the night, he had produced a most favourable impression, not only upon the worthy Yorkshireman and his wife, but upon Nicholas also, who, revolving all these things in his mind as he made the best of his way home, arrived at the conclusion that he had laid the foundation of a most agreeable and desirable acquaintance.

"But it's a most extraordinary thing about that register-office fellow!" thought Nicholas. "Is it likely that this nephew can know anything about that beautiful girl? When Tim Linkinwater gave me to understand the other day that he was coming to take a share in the business here, he said he had been superintending it in Germany for four years, and that during the last six months he had been engaged in establishing an agency in the north of England. That's four years and a half! four years and a half. She can't be more than seventeen—say eighteen at the outside. She was quite a child when he went away, then. I should say he knew nothing about her and had never seen her, so *he* can give me no information. At all events," thought Nicholas, coming to the real point in his mind, "there can be no danger of any prior occupation of her affections in that quarter; that's quite clear."

Is selfishness a necessary ingredient in the composition of that passion called love, or does it deserve all the fine things which poets, in the exercise of their undoubted vocation, have said of it? There are, no doubt, authenticated instances of gentlemen having given up ladies and ladies having given up gentlemen to meritorious rivals, under circumstances of great high-mindedness; but is it quite established that the majority of such ladies and gentlemen have not made a virtue of necessity, and nobly resigned what was beyond their reach; as a private soldier might register a vow never to accept the order of the Garter, or a poor curate of great piety and learning, but of no family—save a very large family of children—might renounce a bishopric?

Here was Nicholas Nickleby, who would have scorned the thought of counting how the chances stood of his rising in favour or fortune with the Brothers Cheeryble, now that their nephew had returned, already deep in calculations whether that same nephew was likely to rival him in the affections of the fair unknown—discussing the matter with himself too, as gravely as if, with that one exception, it were all settled; and recurring to the subject again and again, and feeling quite indignant and ill-used at the notion of anybody else making love to one with whom he had never exchanged a word in all his life. To be sure, he exaggerated rather than depreciated the merits of his new acquaintance; but still he took it as a kind of personal offence that he should have any merits at all—in the eyes of this particular young lady, that is; for elsewhere he was quite welcome to have as many as he pleased. There was undoubted selfishness in all this, and yet Nicholas was of a most free and generous nature, with as few mean or sordid thoughts, perhaps, as ever fell to the lot of any man; and there is no reason to suppose that, being in love, he felt and thought differently from other people in the like sublime condition.

He did not stop to set on foot an inquiry into his train of thought or state of feeling, however, but went thinking on all the way home, and continued to dream on in the same strain all night. For, having satisfied himself that Frank Cheeryble could have no knowledge of, or acquaintance with the mysterious young lady, it began to occur to him that even he himself might never see her again; upon which hypothesis he built up a very ingenious succession of tormenting ideas which answered his purpose even better than the vision of Mr. Frank Cheeryble, and tantalized and worried him, waking and sleeping.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and sung to the contrary, there is no well-established case of morning having either deferred or hastened its approach by the term of an hour or so for the mere gratification of a splenetic feeling against some unoffending lover: the sun having, in the discharge of his public duty, as the books of precedent report, invariably risen according to the almanacks, and without suffering himself to be swayed by any private considerations. So, morning came as usual and with it business-hours, and with them Mr. Frank Cheeryble, and with him a long train of smiles and welcomes from the worthy brothers, and a more grave and clerk-like, but scarcely less hearty reception, from Mr. Timothy Linkinwater.

"That Mr. Frank and Mr. Nickleby should have met last night," said Tim Linkinwater, getting slowly off his stool, and looking round the counting-house with his back planted against the desk, as was his custom when he had anything very particular to say —"that those two young men should have met last night in that manner is, I say, a coincidence—a remarkable coincidence. Why, I don't believe now," added Tim, taking off his spectacles, and smiling, as if with gentle pride, "that there's such a place in all the world for coincidences as London is!"

"I don't know about that," said Mr. Frank; "but——"

"Don't know about it, Mr. Francis!" interrupted Tim, with an obstinate air. "Well, but let us know. If there is any better place for such things where is it? Is it in Europe? No, that it isn't. Is it in Asia? Why, of course it's not. Is it in Africa? Not a bit of it. Is it in America? *You* know better than that, at all events. Well, then," said Tim, folding his arms resolutely, "where is it?"

"I was not about to dispute the point, Tim," said young Cheeryble, laughing. "I am not such a heretic as that. All I was going to say was, that I hold myself under an obligation to the coincidence, that's all."

"Oh! if you don't dispute it," said Tim, quite satisfied, "that's another thing. I'll tell you what though—I wish you had. I wish you or anybody would. I would so put that man down, said Tim, tapping the forefinger of his left hand emphatically with his spectacles, "so put that man down by argument———"

It was quite impossible to find language to express the degree of mental prostration to which such an adventurous wight would be reduced in the keen encounter with Tim Linkinwater, so Tim gave up the rest of his declaration in pure lack of words, and mounted his stool again.

"We may consider ourselves, brother Ned," said Charles, after he had patted Tim Linkinwater approvingly on the back, "very fortunate in having two such young men about us as our nephew Frank and Mr. Nickleby. It should be a source of great satisfaction and pleasure to us."

"Certainly, Charles, certainly," returned the other.

"Of Tim," added brother Ned, "I say nothing whatever, because Tim is a mere child—an infant—a nobody—that we never think of or take into account at all. Tim, you villain, what do you say to that, sir?"

"I am jealous of both 'em," said Tim, "and mean to look out for another situation; so provide yourselves, gentlemen, if you please."

Tim thought this such an exquisite, unparalleled, and most extraordinary joke, that he laid his pen upon the inkstand, rather tumbling off his stool than getting down with his usual deliberation, laughed till he was quite faint, shaking his head all the time so that little particles of powder flew palpably about the office. Nor were the brothers at all behind-hand, for they laughed almost as heartily at the ludicrous idea of any voluntary separation between themselves and old Tim. Nicholas and Mr. Frank laughed quite boisterously, perhaps to conceal some other emotion awakened by this little incident, (and, so, indeed, did the three old fellows after the first burst,) so perhaps there was as much keen enjoyment and relish in that laugh altogether, as the politest assembly ever derived from the most poignant witticism uttered at any one person's expense.

"Mr. Nickleby," said brother Charles, calling him aside, and taking him kindly by the hand, "I—I—am anxious, my dear sir, to see that you are properly and comfortably settled in the cottage. We cannot allow those who serve us well to labour under any privation or discomfort that it is in our power to remove. I wish, too, to see your mother and sister—to know them, Mr. Nickleby, and have an opportunity of relieving their minds by assuring them that any trifling service we have been able to do them is a great deal more than repaid by the zeal and ardour you display. Not a word, my dear sir, I beg. To-morrow is Sunday. I shall make bold to come out at tea-time, and take the chance of finding you at home; if you are not, you know, or the ladies should feel a delicacy in being intruded on, and would rather not be known to me just now, why I can come again another time, any other time would do for me. Let it remain upon that understanding. Brother Ned, my dear fellow, let me have a word with you this way."

The twins went out of the office arm in arm, and Nicholas, who saw in this act of kindness, and many others of which he had been the subject that morning, only so many delicate renewals on the arrival of their nephew of the kind assurances which the brothers had given him in his absence, could scarcely feel sufficient admiration and gratitude for such extraordinary consideration.

The intelligence that they were to have a visitor—and such a visitor—next day, awakened in the breast of Mrs. Nickleby mingled feelings of exultation and regret; for whereas on the one hand she hailed it as an omen of her speedy restoration to good society and the almost-forgotten pleasure of morning calls and evening tea-drinkings, she could not, on the other, but reflect with bitterness of spirit on the absence of a silver tea-pot with an ivory knob on the lid, and a milk-jug to match, which had been the pride of her heart in days of yore, and had been kept from year's end to year's end wrapped up in wash-leather on a certain top shelf, which now presented itself in lively colours to her sorrowing imagination.

"I wonder who's got that spice-box," said Mrs. Nickleby, shaking her head. "It used to stand in the left-hand corner, next but two to the pickled onions. You remember that spice-box, Kate?"

"Perfectly well, mama."

"I should'nt think you did, Kate," returned Mrs. Nickleby, in a severe manner, "talking about it in that cold and unfeeling way! If there is any one thing that vexes me in these losses more than the losses themselves, I do protest and declare," said Mrs. Nickleby, rubbing her nose with an impassioned air, "that it is to have people about me who take things with such provoking calmness."

"My dear mama," said Kate, stealing her arm round her mother's neck, "why do you say what I know you cannot seriously mean or think, or why be angry with me for being happy and content? You and Nicholas are left to me, we are together once again, and what regard can I have for a few trifling things of which we never feel the want? When I have seen all the misery and desolation that death can bring, and known the lonesome feeling of being solitary and alone in crowds, and all the agony of separation in grief and poverty when we most needed comfort and support from each other, can you wonder that I look upon this as a place of such delicious quiet and rest, that with you beside me I have nothing to wish for or regret? There was a time, and not long since, when all the comforts of our old home did come back upon me, I own, very often—oftener than you would think perhaps—but I affected to care nothing for them, in the hope that you would so be brought to regret them less. I was not insensible, indeed. I might have felt happier if I had been. Dear mama," said Kate, in great agitation, "I know no difference between this home and that in which we were all so happy for so many years, except that the kindest and gentlest heart that ever ached on earth has passed in peace to heaven."

"Kate my dear, Kate," cried Mrs. Nickleby, folding her in her arms.

"I have so often thought," sobbed Kate, "of all his kind words—of the last time he looked into my little room, as he passed up-stairs to bed, and said, 'God bless you, darling.' There was a paleness in his face, mama—the broken heart—I know it was—I little thought so—then—"

A gush of tears came to her relief, and Kate laid her head upon her mother's breast, and wept like a little child.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered, and so soon forgotten!

Poor Mrs. Nickleby, accustomed to give ready utterance to whatever came uppermost in her mind, had never conceived the possibility of her daughter's dwelling upon these thoughts in secret, the more especially as no hard trial or querulous reproach had ever drawn them from her. But now, when the happiness of all that Nicholas had just told them, and of their new and peaceful life, brought these recollections so strongly upon Kate that she could not suppress them, Mrs. Nickleby began to have a glimmering that she had been rather thoughtless now and then, and was conscious of something like self-reproach as she embraced her daughter, and yielded to the emotions which such a conversation naturally awakened.

There was a mighty bustle that night, and a vast quantity of preparation for the expected visitor, and a very large nosegay was brought from a gardener's hard by and cut up into a number of very small ones with which Mrs. Nickleby would have garnished the little sitting-room, in a style that certainly could not have failed to attract anybody's attention, if Kate had not offered to spare her the trouble, and arranged them in the prettiest and neatest manner possible. If the cottage ever looked pretty, it must have been on such a bright and sunshiny day as the next day was. But Smike's pride in the garden, or Mrs. Nickleby's in the condition of the furniture, or Kate's in everything, was nothing to the pride with which Nicholas looked at Kate herself; and surely the costliest mansion in all England might have found in her beautiful face and graceful form its most exquisite and peerless ornament.

About six o'clock in the afternoon Mrs. Nickleby was thrown into a great flutter of spirits by the long-expected knock at the door, nor was this flutter at all composed by the audible tread of two pair of boots in the passage, which Mrs. Nickleby augured, in a breathless state, must be "the two Mr. Cheerybles;" as it certainly was, though not the two Mrs. Nickleby expected, because it was Mr. Charles Cheeryble, and his nephew, Mr. Frank, who made a thousand apologies for his intrusion, which Mrs. Nickleby (having tea-spoons enough and to spare for all) most graciously received. Nor did the appearance of this unexpected visitor occasion the least embarrassment, (save in Kate, and that only to the extent of a blush or two at first,) for the old gentleman was so kind and cordial, and the young gentleman imitated him in this respect so well, that the usual stiffness and formality of a first meeting showed no signs of appearing, and Kate really more than once detected herself in the very act of wondering when it was going to begin.

At the tea-table there was plenty of conversation on a great variety of subjects, nor were there wanting jocose matters of discussion, such as they were: for young Mr. Cheeryble's recent stay in Germany happening to be alluded to, old Mr. Cheeryble informed the company that the aforesaid young Mr. Cheeryble was suspected to have fallen deeply in love with the daughter of a certain German burgomaster. This accusation young Mr. Cheeryble most indignantly repelled, upon which Mrs. Nickleby slily remarked, that she suspected, from the very warmth of the denial, there must be something in it. Young Mr. Cheeryble then earnestly entreated old Mr. Cheeryble to confess that it was all a jest, which old Mr. Cheeryble at last did, young Mr. Cheeryble being so much in earnest about it, that—as Mrs. Nickleby said many thousand times afterwards in recalling the scene—he "quite coloured," which she rightly considered a memorable circumstance, and one worthy of remark, young men not being as a class remarkable for modesty or self-denial, especially when there is a lady in the case, when, if they colour at all, it is rather their practice to colour the story, and not themselves.

After tea there was a walk in the garden, and the evening being very fine they strolled out at the garden gate into some lanes and bye-roads, and sauntered up and down until it grew quite dark. The time seemed to pass very quickly with all the party. Kate went first, leaning upon her brother's arm, and talking with him and Mr. Frank Cheeryble; and Mrs. Nickleby and the elder gentleman followed at a short distance, the kindness of the good merchant, his interest in the welfare of Nicholas, and his admiration of Kate, so operating upon the good lady's feelings, that the usual current of her speech was confined within very narrow and circumscribed limits. Smike (who, if he had ever been an object of interest in his life, had been one that day) accompanied them, joining sometimes one group and sometimes the other, as brother Charles, laying his hand upon his shoulder, bade him walk with him, or Nicholas, looking smilingly round, beckoned him to come and talk with the old friend who understood him best, and who could win a smile into his care-worn face when none else could.

Pride is one of the seven deadly sins; but it cannot be the pride of a mother in her children, for that is a compound of two cardinal virtues—faith and hope. This was the pride which swelled Mrs. Nickleby's heart that night, and this it was which left upon her face, glistening in the light when they returned home, traces of the most grateful tears she had ever shed.

There was a quiet mirth about the little supper, which harmonized exactly with this tone of feeling, and at length the two gentlemen took their leave. There was one circumstance in the leave-taking which occasioned a vast deal of smiling and pleasantry, and that was, that Mr. Frank Cheeryble offered his hand to Kate twice over, quite forgetting that he had bade her adieu already. This was held by the elder Mr. Cheeryble to be a convincing proof that he was thinking of his German flame, and the jest occasioned immense laughter. So easy is it to move light hearts.

In short, it was a day of serene and tranquil happiness; and as we all have some bright day—many of us, let us hope, among a crowd of others—to which we revert with particular delight; so this one was often looked back to afterwards, as holding a conspicuous place in the calendar of those who shared it.

Was there one exception, and that one he who needed to have been most happy?

Who was that who, in the silence of his own chamber, sunk upon his knees to pray as his first friend had taught him, and folding his hands and stretching them wildly in the air, fell upon his face in a passion of bitter grief?

CHAPTER XLIV.

Mr. Ralph Nickleby cuts an old acquaintance. It would also appear from the contents hereof, that a joke, even between husband and wife, may be sometimes carried too far.

There are some men, who, living with the one object of enriching themselves, no matter by what means, and being perfectly conscious of the baseness and rascality of the means which they will use every day towards this end, affect nevertheless—even to themselves—a high tone of moral rectitude, and shake their heads and sigh over the depravity of the world. Some of the craftiest scoundrels that ever walked this earth, or rather—for walking implies, at least, an erect position and the bearing of a man—that ever crawled and crept through life by its dirtiest and narrowest ways, will gravely jot down in diaries the events of every day, and keep a regular debtor and creditor account with heaven, which shall always show a floating balance in their own favour. Whether this is a gratuitous (the only gratuitous) part of the falsehood and trickery of such men's lives, or whether they really hope to cheat heaven itself, and lay up treasure in the next world by the same process which has enabled them to lay up treasure in this—not to question how it is, so it is. And, doubtless, such book-keeping (like certain autobiographies which have enlightened the world) cannot fail to prove serviceable, in the one respect of sparing the recording Angel some time and labour,

Ralph Nickleby was not a man of this stamp.—Stern, unyielding, dogged, and impenetrable, Ralph cared for nothing in life, or beyond it, save the gratification of two passions, avarice, the first and predominant appetite of his nature, and hatred, the second. Affecting to consider himself but a type of all humanity, he was at little pains to conceal his true character from the world in general, and in his own heart he exulted over and cherished every bad design as it had birth. The only scriptural admonition that Ralph Nickleby heeded, in the letter, was "know thyself." He knew himself well, and choosing to imagine that all mankind were cast in the same mould, hated them; for, though no man hates himself, the coldest among us having too much self-love for that, yet, most men unconsciously judge the world from themselves, and it will be very generally found that those who sneer habitually at human nature, and affect to despise it, are among its worst and least pleasant samples.

But the present business of these adventures is with Ralph himself, who stood regarding Newman Noggs with a heavy frown, while that worthy took off his fingerless gloves, and spreading them carefully on the palm of his left hand, and flattening them with his right to take the creases out, proceeded to roll them up with an absent air as if he were utterly regardless of all things else, in the deep interest of the ceremonial.

"Gone out of town!" said Ralph slowly. "A mistake of yours. Go back again."

"No mistake," returned Newman. "Not even going;—gone."

"Has he turned girl or baby?" muttered Ralph, with a fretful gesture.

"I don't know," said Newman, "but he's gone."

The repetition of the word, "gone," seemed to afford Newman Noggs inexpressible delight, in proportion as it annoyed Ralph Nickleby. He uttered the word with a full round emphasis, dwelling upon it as long as he decently could, and when he could hold out no longer without attracting observation, stood gasping it to himself, as if even that were a satisfaction.

"And *where* has he gone?" said Ralph.

"France," replied Newman. "Danger of another attack of erysipelas—a worse attack—in the head. So the doctors ordered him off. And he's gone."

"And Lord Frederick——?" began Ralph.

"He's gone too," replied Newman.

"And he carries his drubbing with him, does he?" said Ralph, turning away—"pockets his bruises, and sneaks off without the retaliation of a word, or seeking the smallest reparation!"

"He's too ill," said Newman.

"Too ill!" repeated Ralph. "Why *I* would have it if I were dying; in that case I should only be the more determined to have it, and that without delay—I mean if I were he. But he's too ill! Poor Sir Mulberry! Too ill!"

Uttering these words with supreme contempt and great irritation of manner, Ralph signed hastily to Newman to leave the room; and throwing himself into his chair, beat his foot impatiently upon the ground.

"There is some spell about that boy," said Ralph, grinding his teeth. "Circumstances conspire to help him. Talk of fortune's favours! What is even money to such Devil's luck as this!"

He thrust his hands impatiently into his pockets, but notwithstanding his previous reflection there was some consolation there, for his face relaxed a little; and although there was still a deep frown upon the contracted brow, it was one of calculation, and not of disappointment.

"This Hawk will come back, however," muttered Ralph; "and if I know the man—and I should by this time—his wrath will have lost nothing of its violence in the meanwhile. Obliged to live in retirement—the monotony of a sick room to a man of his habits—no life—no drink—no play—nothing that he likes and lives by. He is not likely to forget his obligations to the cause of all this. Few men would; but he of all others—no, no!"

He smiled and shook his head, and resting his chin upon his hand fell a musing, and smiled again. After a time he rose and rang the bell.

"That Mr. Squeers; has he been here?" said Ralph.

"He was here last night. I left him here when I went home," returned Newman.

"I know that, fool, do I not?" said Ralph, irascibly. "Has he been here since? Was he here this morning?"

"No," bawled Newman, in a very loud key.

"If he comes while I am out—he is pretty sure to be here by nine to-night, let him wait. And if there's another man with him, as there will be—perhaps," said Ralph, checking himself, "let him wait too."

"Let 'em both wait?" said Newman.

"Ay," replied Ralph, turning upon him with an angry look. "Help me on with this spencer, and don't repeat after me, like a croaking parrot."

"I wish I was a parrot," said Newman, sulkily.

"I wish you were," rejoined Ralph, drawing his spencer on; "I'd have wrung your neck long ago."

Newman returned no answer to this compliment, but looked over Ralph's shoulder for an instant, (he was adjusting the collar of the spencer behind, just then,) as if he were strongly disposed to tweak him by the nose. Meeting Ralph's eye, however, he suddenly recalled his wandering fingers, and rubbed his own red nose with a vehemence quite astonishing.

Bestowing no further notice upon his eccentric follower than a threatening look, and an admonition to be careful and make no mistake, Ralph took his hat and gloves, and walked out.

He appeared to have a very extraordinary and miscellaneous connection, and very odd calls he made—some at great rich houses, and some at small poor ones—but all upon one subject: money. His face was a talisman to the porters and servants of his more dashing clients, and procured him ready admission, though he trudged on foot, and others, who were denied, rattled to the door in carriages. Here he was all softness and cringing civility; his step so light, that it scarcely produced a sound upon the thick carpets; his voice so soft, that it was not audible beyond the person to whom it was addressed. But in the poorer habitations Ralph was another man; his boots creaked upon the passage floor as he walked boldly in, his voice was harsh and loud as he demanded the money that was overdue; his threats were coarse and angry. With another class of customers, Ralph was again another man. These were attorneys of more than doubtful reputation, who helped him to new business, or raised fresh profits upon old. With them Ralph was familiar and jocose, humorous upon the topics of the day, and especially pleasant upon bankruptcies and pecuniary difficulties that made good for trade. In short, it would have been difficult to have recognised the same man under these various aspects, but for the bulky leather case full of bills and notes which he drew from his pocket at every house, and the constant repetition of the same complaint, (varied only in tone and style of delivery,) that the world thought him rich, and that perhaps he might be if he had his own; but there was no getting money in when it was once out, either principal or interest, and it was a hard matter to live—even to live from day to day.

It was evening before a long round of such visits (interrupted only by a scanty dinner at an eating house) terminated at Pimlico, and Ralph walked along Saint James's Park, on his way home.

There were some deep schemes in his head, as the puckered brow and firmly-set mouth would have abundantly testified, even if they had been unaccompanied by a complete indifference to, or unconsciousness of, the objects about him. So complete was his abstraction, however, that Ralph, usually as quick-sighted as any man, did not observe that he was followed by a shambling figure, which at one time stole behind him with noseless footsteps, at another crept a few paces before him, and at another glided along by his side; at all times regarding him with an eye so keen, and a look so eager and attentive, that it was more like the expression of an intrusive face in some powerful picture or strongly marked dream, than the scrutiny even of a most interested and anxious observer.

The sky had been lowering and dark for some time, and the commencement of a violent storm of rain drove Ralph for shelter to a tree. He was leaning against it with folded arms, still buried in thought, when, happening to raise his eyes, he suddenly met those of a man who, creeping round the trunk, peered into his face with a searching look. There was something in the usurer's expression at the moment, which the man appeared to remember well, for it decided him; and stepping close up to Ralph, he pronounced his name.

Astonished for the moment, Ralph fell back a couple of paces, and surveyed him from head to foot. A spare, dark, withered man, of about his own age, with a stooping body, and a very sinister face, rendered more ill-favoured by hollow and hungry cheeks, deeply sunburnt, and thick black eye-brows, blacker in contrast with the perfect whiteness of his hair; roughly clothed in shabby garments, of a strange and uncouth make, and having about him an indefinable manner of depression and degradation;—this, for a moment, was all he saw. But he looked again, and the face and person seemed gradually to grow less strange; to change as he looked, to subside and soften into lineaments that were familiar, until at last they resolved themselves, as if by some strange optical illusion, into those of one whom he had known for many years, and forgotten and lost sight of for nearly as many more.

The man saw that the recognition was mutual, and beckoning to Ralph to take his former place under the tree, and not to stand in the falling rain, of which, in his first surprise, he had been quite regardless, addressed him in a hoarse, faint tone.

"You would hardly have known me from my voice, I suppose, Mr. Nickleby?" he said.

"No," returned Ralph, bending a severe look upon him. "Though there is something in that, that I remember now."

"There is little in me that you can call to mind as having been there eight years ago, I dare say?" observed the other.

"Quite enough," said Ralph, carelessly, and averting his face. "More than enough."

"If I had remained in doubt about *you*, Mr. Nickleby," said the other, "this reception, and *your* manner, would have decided me very soon."

"Did you expect any other?" asked Ralph, sharply.

"No!" said the man.

"You were right," retorted Ralph; "and as you feel no surprise, need express none."

"Mr. Nickleby," said the man, bluntly, after a brief pause, during which he had seemed to struggle with an inclination to answer him by some reproach, "will you hear a few words that I have to say?"

"I am obliged to wait here till the rain holds a little," said Ralph, looking abroad. "If you talk, sir, I shall not put my fingers in my ears, though your talking may have as much effect as if I did."

"I was once in your confidence—," thus his companion began. Ralph looked round, and smiled involuntarily.

"Well," said the other, "as much in your confidence as you ever chose to let any body be.

"Ah!" rejoined Ralph, folding his arms; "that's another thing—quite another thing."

"Don't let us play upon words, Mr. Nickleby, in the name of humanity."

"Of what?" said Ralph.

"Of humanity," replied the other, sternly. "I am hungry and in want. If the change that you must see in me after so long an absence—must see, for I, upon whom it has come by slow and hard degrees, see it and know it well—will not move you to pity, let the knowledge that bread; not the daily bread of the Lord's Prayer, which, as it is offered up in cities like this, is understood to include half the luxuries of the world for the rich, and just as much coarse food as will support life for the poor—not that, but bread, a crust of dry hard bread, is beyond my reach to-day—let that have some weight with you, if nothing else has."

"If this is the usual form in which you beg, sir," said Ralph, "you have studied your part well; but if you will take advice from one who knows something of the world and its ways, I should recommend a lower tone—a little lower tone, or you stand a fair chance of being starved in good earnest.

As he said this, Ralph clenched his left wrist tightly with his right hand, and inclining his head a little on one side and dropping his chin upon his breast, looked at him whom he addressed with a frowning, sullen face: the very picture of a man whom nothing could move or soften.

"Yesterday was my first day in London," said the old man, glancing at his travel-stained dress and worn shoes.

"It would have been better for you, I think, if it had been your last also," replied Ralph.

"I have been seeking you these two days, where I thought you were most likely to be found," resumed the other, more humbly, "and I met you here at last, when I had almost given up the hope of encountering you, Mr. Nickleby."

He seemed to wait for some reply, but Ralph giving him none, he continued—

"I am a most miserable and wretched outcast, nearly sixty years old, and as destitute and helpless as a child of six."

"I am sixty years old, too," replied Ralph, "and am neither destitute nor helpless. Work. Don't make fine play-acting speeches about bread, but earn it."

"How?" cried the other. "Where? Show me the means. Will you give them to me—will you?"

"I did once," replid Ralph, composedly, "you scarcely need ask me whether I will again."

"It's twenty years ago, or more," said the man, in a suppressed voice, "since you and I fell out. You remember that? I claimed a share in the profits of some business I brought to you, and, as I persisted, you arrested me for an old advance of ten pounds, odd shillings—including interest at fifty per cent., or so."

"I remember something of it," replied Ralph, carelessly. "What then?"

"That didn't part us," said the man. "I made submission, being on the wrong side of the bolts and bars; and as you were not the made man then that you are now, you were glad enough to take back a clerk who wasn't over nice, and who knew something of the trade you drove."

"You begged and prayed, and I consented," returned Ralph. "That was kind of me. Perhaps I did want you—I forget. I should think I did, or you would have begged in vain. You were useful—not too honest, not too delicate, not too nice of hand or heart—but useful."

"Useful indeed!" said the man. "Come. You had pinched and ground me down for some years before that, but I had served you faithfully up to that time, in spite of all your dog's usage—had I?"

Ralph made no reply.

"Had I?" said the man again.

"You had had your wages," rejoined Ralph, "and had done your work. We stood on equal ground so far, and could both cry quits."

"Then, but not afterwards," said the other.

"Not afterwards, certainly, nor even then, for (as you have just said) you owed me money, and do still," replied Ralph.

"That's not all," said the man, eagerly. "That's not all. Mark that. I didn't forget that old sore, trust me. Partly in remembrance of that, and partly in the hope of making money some day by the scheme, I took advantage of my position about you, and possessed myself of a hold upon you, which you would give half of all you have, to know, and never can know but through me. I left you—long after that time, remember—and, for some poor trickery that came within the law, but was nothing to what you money-makers daily practise just outside its bounds, was sent away a convict for seven years. I have returned what you see me. Now, Mr. Nickleby," said the man, with a strange mixture of humility and sense of power, “what help and assistance will you give me—what bribe to speak out plainly? My expectations are not monstrous, but I must live, and to live I must eat and drink. Money is on your side, and hunger and thirst on mine. You may drive an easy bargain.”

“Is that all?” said Ralph, still eyeing his companion with the same steady look, and moving nothing but his lips.

“It depends on you, Mr. Nickleby, whether that's all or not,” was the rejoinder.

“Why, then, harkye, Mr. ——, I don't know by what name I am to call you,” said Ralph.

“By my old one, if you like.”

“Why, then, harkye, Mr. Brooker, said Ralph, in his harshest accents, “and don't expect to draw another speech from me—harkye, sir. I know you of old for a ready scoundrel, but you never had a stout heart; and hard work, with (maybe) chains upon those legs of yours, and shorter food than when I ‘pinched’ and ‘ground’ you, has blunted your wits, or you would not come with such a tale as this to me. You a hold upon me! Keep it, or publish it to the world, if you like.”

“I can't do that,” interposed Brooker. “That would'nt serve me.”

“Would'nt it?” said Ralph. “It will serve you as much as bringing it to me, I promise you. To be plain with you, I am a careful man, and knows my affairs thoroughly. I know the world, and the world knows me. Whatever you gleaned, or heard, or saw, when you served me, the world knows and magnifies already. You could tell it nothing that would surprise it—unless, indeed, it redounded to my credit or honour, and then it would scout you for a liar. And yet I don't find business slack, or clients scrupulous. Quite the contrary. I am reviled or threatened every day by one man or another,” said Ralph; “but things roll on just the same, and I don't grow poorer either.”

“I neither revile nor threaten,” rejoined the man. “I can tell you of what you have lost by my act, what I only can restore, and what, if I die without restoring, dies with me, and never can be regained.”

“I tell my money pretty accurately, and generally keep it in my own custody,” said Ralph. “I look sharply after most men that I deal with, and most of all I looked sharply after you. You are welcome to all you have kept from me.”

“Are those of your own name dear to you?” said the man emphatically. “If they are——”

“They are not,” returned Ralph, exasperated at this perseverance, and the thought of Nicholas, which the last question awakened. “They are not. If you had come as a common beggar, I might have thrown a sixpence to you in remembrnace of the clever knave you used to be; but since you try to palm these stale tricks upon one you might have known better, I'll not part with a halfpenny—nor would I to save you from rotting. And remember this, 'scape-gallows,” said Ralph, menacing him with his hand, “that if we meet again, and you so much as notice me by one begging gestnre, you shall see the inside of a jail once more, and tighten this hold upon me in intervals of the hard labour that vagabonds are put to. There's my answer to your trash. Take it.”

With a disdianful scowl at the object of his anger, who met his eye but uttered not a word, Ralph walked away at his usual pace, without manifesting the slightest curiosity to see what became of his late companion, or indeed once looking behind him. The man remained on the same spot with his eyes fixed upon his retreating figure until it was lost to view, and then drawing his arms about his chest, as if the damp and lack of food struck coldly to him, lingered with slouching steps by the wayside, and begged of those who passed along.

Ralph, in no-wise moved by what had lately passed, further than as he had already expressed himself, walked deliberately on, and turning out of the Park and leaving Golden Square on his right, took his way through some streets at the west end of the town until he arrived in that particular one in which stood the residence of Madame Mantalini.—The name of that lady no longer appeared on the flaming door plate, that of Miss Knag being substituted in its stead; but the bonnets and dresses were still dimly visible in the first-floor windows by the decaying light of a summer's evening, and, excepting this ostensible alteration in the proprietorship, the establishment wore its old appearance.

“Humph!” muttered Ralph, drawing his hand across his mouth with a connoisseur-like air, and surveying the house from top to bottom; “these people look pretty well. They can't last long; but if I know of their going, in good time, I am safe, and a fair profit too. I must keep them closely in view—that's all.”

So, nodding his head very complacently, Ralph was leaving the spot, when his quick ear caught the sound of a confused noise and hubbub of voices, mingled with a great running up and down stairs, in the very house which had been the subject of his scrutiny; and while he was hesitating whether to knock at the door or listen at the key-hole a little longer, a female servant of Madame Mantalini's (whom he had often seen) opened it abruptly and bounced out, with her blue cap-ribands streaming in the air.

“Hallo here. Stop!” cried Ralph. “What's the matter. Here am I. Didn't you hear me knock?”

“Oh! Mr. Nickleby, sir,” said the girl. “Go up, for the love of Gracious. Master's been and done it again.”

“Done what?” said Ralph, tartly. “What d'ye mean?”

“I knew he would if he was drove to it,” cried the girl. “I said so all along.”

“Come here, you silly wench,” said Ralph, catching her by the wrist; “and don't carry family matters to the neighbours, destroying the credit of the establishment. Come here; do you hear me, girl?”

Without any further expostulation, he led or rather pulled the frightened hand-maid into the house, and shut the door; then bidding her walk up-stairs before him, followed without more ceremony.

Guided by the noise of a great many voices all talking together, and passing the girl in his impatience, before they had ascended many steps, Ralph quickly reached the private sitting-room, when he was rather amazed by the confused and inexplicable scene in which he suddenly found himself.

There were all the young-lady workers, some with bonnets and some without, in various attitudes expressive of alarm and consternation; some gathered round Madame Mantalini, who was in tears upon one chair; and others round Miss Knag, who was in opposition tears upon another; and others round Mr. Mantalini, who was perhaps the most striking figure in the whole group, for Mr. Mantalini's legs were extended at full length upon the floor, and his head and shoulders were supported by a very tall footman, who didn't seem to know what to do with them, and Mr. Mantalini's eyes were closed, and his face was pale, and his hair was comparatively straight, and his whiskers and moustache were limp, and his teeth were clenched, and he had a little bottle in his right hand, and a little tea-spoon in his left; and his hands, arms, legs, and shoulders, were all stiff and powerless. And yet Madame Mantalini was not weeping upon the body, but was scolding violently upon her chair; and all this amidst a clamour of tongues, perfectly deafening, and which really appeared to have driven the unfortunate footman to the uttermost verge of distraction.

"What is the matter here?" said Ralph, pressing forward.

At this inquiry, the clamour was increased twenty-fold, and an astounding string of such shrill contradictions as "He's poisoned himself"—"He hasn't"—"Send for a doctor"—"Don't"—"He's dying"—"He isn't he's only pretending,,—with various other cries, poured forth with bewildering volubility, until Madame Mantalini was seen to address herself to Ralph, when female curiosity to know what she would say, prevailed, and, as if by general consent a dead silence, unbroken by a single whisper, instantaneously succeeded.

"Mr. Nickleby," said Madame Mantalini; "by what chance you came here, I don't know."

Here a gurgling voice was heard to ejaculate—as part of the wanderings of a sick man—the words "Demnition sweetness!" but nobody heeded them except the footman, who, being startled to hear such awful tones proceeding, as it were, from between his very fingers, dropped his master's head upon the floor with a pretty loud crash, and then, without an effort to lift it up, gazed upon the bystanders, as if he had done something rather clever than otherwise.

"I will, however," continued Madame Mantalini, drying her eyes, and speaking with great indignation, say before you, and before everybody here, for the first time, and once for all, that I never will supply that man's extravagances and viciousness again. I have been a dupe and a fool to him long enough. In future, he shall support himself if he can, and then he may spend what money he pleases, upon whom and how he pleases; but it shall not be mine, and therefore you had better pause before you trust him further."

Thereupon Madame Mantalini, quite unmoved by some most pathetic lamentations on the part of her husband, that the apothecary had not mixed the prussic acid strong enough, and that he must take another bottle or two to finish the work he had in hand, entered into a catalogue of that amiable gentleman's gallantries, deceptions, extravagances, and infidelities (especially the last), winding up with a protest against being supposed to entertain the smallest remnant of regard for him; and adducing, in proof of the altered state of her affections, the circumstance of his having poisoned himself in private no less than six times within the last fortnight, and her not having once interfered by word or deed to save his life.

"And I insist on being separated and left to myself," said Madame Mantalini, sobbing. "If he dares to refuse me a separation, I'll have one in law—I can—and I hope this will be a warning to all girls who have seen this disgraceful exhibition."

Miss Knag, who was unquestionably the oldest girl in company, said with great solemnity, that it would be a warning to *her*, and so did the young ladies generally, with the exception of one or two who appeared to entertain some doubts whether such whiskers could do wrong.

"Why do you say all this before so many listeners?" said Ralph, in a low voice. "You know you are not in earnest."

"I *am* in earnest," replied Madame Mantalini, aloud, and retreating towards Miss Knag.

"Well, but consider," reasoned Ralph, who had a great interest in the matter. "It would be well to reflect. A married woman has no property."

"Not a solitary single individual dem, my soul," said Mr. Mantalini, raising himself upon his elbow.

"I am quite aware of that," retorted Madame Mantalini, tossing her head; "and *I* have none. The business, the stock, this house, and everything in it, all belong to Miss Knag."

"That's quite true, Madame Mantalini," said Miss Knag, with whom her late employer had secretly come to an amicable understanding on this point.—"Very true, indeed, Madame Mantalini—hem—very true. And I never was more glad in all my life, that I had strength of mind to resist matrimonial offers, no matter how advantageous, than I am when I think of my present position as compared with your most unfortunate and most undeserved one, Madame Mantalini."

"Demmit?" cried Mr. Mantalini, turning his head towards his wife. "Will it not slap and pinch the envious dowager, that dares to reflect upon its own delicious?"

But the day of Mr. Mantalini's blandishments had departed. "Miss Knag, sir," said his wife, "is my particular friend;" and although Mr. Mantalini leered till his eyes seemed in danger of never coming back to their right places again, Madame Mantalini showed no signs of softening.

To do the excellent Miss Knag justice, she had been mainly instrumental in bringing about this altered state of things, for, finding by daily experience, that there was no chance of the business thriving, or even continuing to exist, while Mr. Mantalini had any hand in the expenditure, and having now a considerable interest in its well-doing, she had sedulously applied herself to the investigation of some little matters connected with that gentleman's private character, which she had so well elucidated, and artfully imparted to Madame Mantalini, as to open her eyes more effectually than the closest and most philosophical reasoning could have done in a series of years. To which end, the accidental discovery by Miss Knag of some tender correspondence, in which Madame Mantalini was described as "old" and "ordinary," had most providentially contributed.

However notwithstanding her firmness, Madame Mantalini wept very piteously; and as she leant upon Miss Knag, and signed towards the door, that young lady and all the other young ladies with sympathising faces, proceeded to bear her out.

"Nickleby," said Mr. Mantalini, in tears, "you have been made a witness to this demnition cruelty, on the part of the demdest enslaver and captivater that never was, oh dem! I forgive that woman."

"Forgive!" repeated Madame Mantalini, angrily.

"I do forgive her, Nickleby," said Mr. Mantalini. "You will blame me, the world will blame me, the women will blame me: everybody will laugh, and scoff, and smile, and grin most demnebly. They will say, 'She had a blessing. She did not know it. He was too weak; he was too good; he was a dem'd fine fellow, but he loved too strong; he could not bear her to be cross, and call him wicked names. It was a dem'd case, there never was a demder!—But I forgive her."

With this affecting speech Mr. Mantalini fell down again very flat, and lay to all appearance without sense or motion, until all the females had left the room, when he came cautiously into a sitting posture, and confronted Ralph with a very blank face, and the little bottle still in one hand and the tea-spoon in the other.

"You may put away those fooleries now, and live by your wits again," said Ralph, coolly putting on his hat.

"Demmit, Nickleby, you're not serious?"

"I seldom joke," said Ralph. "Good night."

"No, but Nickleby—" said Mantalini.

"I am wrong, perhaps," rejoined Ralph. "I hope so. You should know best. Good night.

Affecting not to hear his entreaties that he would stay and advise with him, Ralph left the crest-fallen Mr. Mantalini to his meditations, and left the house quietly.

"Oho!" he said, "sets the wind that way so soon? Half knave and half fool, and detected in both characters—hum—I think your day is over, sir."

As he said this, he made some memorandum in his pocket-book in which Mr. Mantalini's name figured conspicuously, and finding by his watch that it was between nine and ten o'clock, made all speed home.

"Are they here?" was the first question he asked of Newman.

Newman nodded. "Been here half-an-hour."

"Two of them? one a fat sleek man?"

"Ay," said Newman. "In your room now."

"Good," rejoined Ralph. "Get me a coach."

"A coach! What you—going to—Eh?" stammered Newman.

Ralph angrily repeated his orders, and Noggs, who might well have been excused for wondering at such an unusual and extraordinary circumstance—for he had never seen Ralph in a coach in his life—departed on his errand, and presently returned with the conveyance.

Into it went Mr. Squeers, and Ralph, and the third man, whom Newman Noggs had never seen. Newman stood upon the door step to see them off, not troubling himself to wonder where or upon what business they were going, until he chanced by mere accident to hear Ralph name the address whither the coachman was to drive.

Quick as lightning, and in a state of the most extreme wonder, Newman darted into his litttle office for his hat, and limped after the coach as if with the intention of getting up behind; but in this design he was balked, for it had too much the start of him and was soon hopelessly ahead, leaving him gaping in the empty street.

"I don't know though," said Noggs, stopping for breath, "any good that I could have done by going too. He would have seen me if I had, Drive *there*! What can come of this! If I had only known it yesterday I could have told—drive there! There's mischief in it. There must be."

His reflections were interrupted by a gray-haired man of a very remarkable, though far from prepossessing appearance, who coming stealthily towards him, solicited relief.

Newman, still cogitating deeply, turned away; but the man followed him, and pressed him with such a tale of misery that Newman (who might have been considered a hopeless person to beg from, and who had little enough to give) looked into his hat for some halfpence which he usually kept screwed up, when he had any, in a corner of his pocket handkerchief.

While he was busily untwisting the knot with his teeth, the man said something which attracted his attention; whatever that something was, it led to something else, and in the end he and Newman walked away side by side—the strange man talking earnestly, and Newman listening.

CHAPTER XLV.

Containing matter of a surprising kind.

"As we gang awa' fra' Lunnun to-morrow neeght, and as I dinnot know that I was e'er so happy in a' my days, Misther Nickleby, Ding! but I *will* tak' anoother glass to our next merry meeting!"

So said John Browdie, rubbing his hands with great joyousness, and looking round him with a ruddy shining face, quite in keeping with the declaration.

The time at which John found himself in this enviable condition, was the same evening to which the last chapter bore reference; the place was the cottage; and the assembled company were Nicholas, Mrs. Nickleby, Mrs. Browdie, Kate Nickleby, and Smike.

A very merry party, they had been. Mrs. Nickleby, knowing of her son's obligations to the honest Yorkshireman, had, after some demur, yielded her consent to Mr. and Mrs. Browdie being invited out to tea; in the way of which arrangement, there were at first sundry difficulties and obstacles, arising out of her not having had an opportunity of "calling" upon Mrs. Browdie first; for although Mrs. Nickleby very often observed with much complacency (as most punctilious people do), that she had not an atom of pride or formality about her, still she was a great stickler for dignity and ceremonies; and as it was manifest that, until a call had been made, she could not be (politely speaking, and according to the laws of society) even cognizant of the fact of Mrs. Browdie's existence, she felt her situation to be one of peculiar delicacy and difficulty.

"The call *must* originate with me, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby, "that's indispensable. The fact is, my dear, that it's necessary there should be a sort of condescension on my part, and that I should show this young person that I am willing to take notice of her. There's a very respectable-looking young man," added Mrs. Nickleby, after a short consideration, "who is conductor to one of the omnibusses that go by here, and who wears a glazed hat—your sister and I have noticed him very often—he has a wart upon his nose, Kate, you know, exactly like a gentleman's servant."

"Have all gentleman's servants warts upon their noses, mother?" asked Nicholas.

"Nicholas, my dear, how very absurd you are," returned his mother; "of course I mean that his glazed hat looks like a gentleman's servant, and not the wart upon his nose—though even that is not so ridiculous as it may seem to you, for we had a footboy once, who had not only a wart, but a wen also, and a very large wen too, and he demanded to have his wages raised in consequence, because he found it came very expensive. Let me see, what was I—oh yes, I know. The best way that I can think of, would be to send a card, and my compliments, (I've no doubt he'd take 'em for a pot of porter,) by this young man, to the Saracen with Two Necks—if the waiter took him for a gentleman's servant, so much the better. Then all Mrs. Browdie would have to do, would be to send her card back by the carrier (he could easily come with a double knock), and there's an end of it."

"My dear mother," said Nicholas, "I don't suppose such unsophisticated people as these ever had a card of their own, or ever will have."

"O that, indeed, Nicholas, my dear," returned Mrs. Nickleby, "that's another thing. If you put it upon that ground, why, of course, I have no more to say, than that I have no doubt they are very good sort of persons, and that I have no kind of objection to their coming here to tea if they like, and shall make a point of being very civil to them if they do."

The point being thus effectually set at rest, and Mrs. Nickleby duly placed in the patronising and mildly-condescending position which became her rank and matrimonial years, Mr. and Mrs. Browdie were invited and came; and as they were very deferential to Mrs. Nickleby, and seemed to have a becoming appreciation of her greatness, and were very much pleased with everything, the good lady had more than once given Kate to understand, in a whisper, that she thought they were the very best-meaning people she had ever seen, and perfectly well behaved.

And thus it came to pass, that John Browdie declared, in the parlour after supper, to wit, at twenty minutes before eleven o'clock, P. M., that he had never been so happy in all his days.

Nor was Mrs. Browdie much behind her husband in this respect, for that young matron—whose rustic beauty contrasted very prettily with the more delicate loveliness of Kate, and without suffering by the contrast either, for each served as it were to set off and decorate the other—could not sufficiently admire the gentle and winning manners of the young lady, or the engaging affability of the elder one. Then Kate had the art of turning the conversation to subjects upon which the country girl, bashful at first in strange company, could feel herself at home; and if Mrs. Nickleby was not quite so felicitous at times in the selection of topics of discourse, or if she did seem, as Mrs. Browdie expressed it, "rather high in her notions," still nothing could be kinder, and that she took considerable interest in the young couple was manifest from the very long lectures on housewifery with which she was so obliging as to entertain Mrs. Browdie's private ear, which were illustrated by various references to the domestic economy of the cottage, in which (those duties falling exclusively upon Kate) the good lady had about as much share, either in theory or practice, as any one of the statues of the Twelve Apostles which embellish the exterior of Saint Paul's cathedral.

"Mr. Browdie," said Kate, addressing his young wife, "is the best humoured, the kindest and heartiest creature I ever saw. If I were oppressed with I don't know how many cares, it would make me happy only to look at him."

"He does seem indeed, upon my word, a most excellent creature, Kate," said Mrs. Nickleby; "most excellent. And I am sure that at all times it will give me pleasure—really pleasure now—to have you, Mrs. Browdie, to see me in this plain and homely manner. We make no display," said Mrs. Nickleby, with an air which seemed to insinuate that they could make a vast deal if they were so disposed—"no fuss, no preparation; I wouldn't allow it. I said 'Kate, my dear, you will only make Mrs. Browdie feel uncomfortable, and how very foolish and inconsiderate that would be!'"

"I am very much obliged to you, I am sure, ma'am," returned Mrs. Browdie, gratefully. "It's nearly eleven o'clock, John. I am afraid we are keeping you up very late, ma'am."

"Late!" cried Mrs. Nickleby, with a sharp thin laugh, and one little cough at the end, like a note of admiration expressed. "This is quite early for us. We used to keep such hours! Twelve, one, two, three o'clock was nothing to us. Balls, dinners, card-parties—never were such rakes as the people about where we used to live. I often think now, I am sure, that how we ever could go through with it is quite astonishing—and that is just the evil of having a large connexion and being a great deal sought after, which I would recommend all young married people steadily to resist; though of course, and it's perfectly clear, and a very happy thing too, *I* think, that very few young married people can be exposed to such temptations. There was one family in particular, that used to live about a mile from us—not straight down the road, but turning sharp off to the left by the turnpike where the Plymouth mail ran over the donkey—that were quite extraordinary people for giving the most extravagant parties, with artificial flowers and champagne, and variegated lamps, and, in short, every delicacy of eating and drinking that the most singular epicure could possibly require—I don't think there ever were such people as those Peltiroguses. You remember the Peltiroguses, Kate?"

Kate saw that for the ease and comfort of the visitors it was high time to stay this flood of recollection, so answered that she entertained of the Peltiroguses a most vivid and distinct remembrance; and then said that Mr. Browdie had half promised, early in the evening, that he would sing a Yorkshire song, and that she was most impatient that he should redeem his promise, because she was sure it would afford her mamma more amusement and pleasure than it was possible to express.

Mrs. Nickleby confirming her daughter with the best possible grace—for there was patronage in that too, and a kind of implication that she had a discerning taste in such matters, and was something of a critic—John Browdie proceeded to consider the words of some north-country ditty, and to take his wife's recollection respecting the same. This done, he made divers ungainly movements in his chair, and singling out one particular fly on the ceiling from the other flies there asleep, fixed his eyes upon him, and began to roar a meek sentiment (supposed to be uttered by a gentle swain fast pining away with love and despair) in a voice of thunder.

At the end of the first verse, as though some person without had waited until then to make himself audible, was heard a loud and violent knocking at the street-door—so loud and so violent, indeed, that the ladies started as by one accord, and John Browdie stopped.

"It must be some mistake," said Nicholas, carelessly. "We know nobody who would come here at this hour."

Mrs. Nickleby surmised, however, that perhaps the counting-house was burnt down, or perhaps 'the Mr. Cheerybles' had sent to take Nicholas into partnership (which certainly appeared highly probable at that time of night) or perhaps Mr. Linkinwater had run away with the property, or perhaps Miss La Creevy was taken ill, or perhaps—

But a hasty exclamation from Kate stopped her abruptly in her conjectures, and Ralph Nickleby walked into the room.

"Stay," said Ralph, as Nicholas rose, and Kate, making her way towards him, threw herself upon his arm. "Before that boy says a word, hear me."

Nicholas bit his lip and shook his head in a threatening manner, but appeared for the moment unable to articulate a syllable. Kate clung closer to his arm, Smike retreated behind them, and John Browdie, who had heard of Ralph, and appeared to have no great difficulty in recognising him, stepped between the old man and his young friend, as if with the intention of preventing either of them from advancing a step further.

"Hear me, I say," said Ralph, "and not him."

"Say what thou'st gotten to say then, sir," retorted John; "and tak' care thou dinnot put up angry bluid which thou'dst betther try to quiet."

"I should know *you*," said Ralph, "by your tongue; and *him*" (pointing to Smike) "by his looks."

"Don't speak to him," said Nicholas, recovering his voice. "I will not have it. I will not hear him. I do not know that man. I cannot breathe the air that he corrupts. His presence is an insult to my sister. It is shame to see him. I will not bear it, by——"

"Stand!" cried John, laying his heavy hand upon his chest.

"Then let him instantly retire," said Nicholas, struggling. "I am not going to lay hands upon him, but he shall withdraw. I will not have him here. John—John Browdie—is this my house—am I a child? If he stands there," cried Nicholas, burning with fury, "looking so calmly upon those who know his black and dastardly heart, he'll drive me mad."

To all these exclamations John Browdie answered not a word, but he retained his hold upon Nicholas; and when he was silent again, spoke.

"There's more to say and hear than thou think'st for," said John. "I tell'ee I ha' gotten scent o' thot already. Wa'at be that shadow ootside door there? Noo schoolmeasther, show thyself, mun; dinnot be sheame-feaced. Noo, auld gen'lm'n, let's have schoolmeasther coom."

Hearing this adjuration, Mr. Squeers, who had been lingering in the passage until such time as it should be expedient for him to enter and he could appear with effect, was fain to present himself in a somewhat undignified and sneaking way; at which John Browdie laughed with such keen and heartfelt delight, that even Kate, in all the pain anxiety and surprise of the scene, and though the tears were in her eyes, felt a disposition to join him.

"Have you done enjoying yourself, sir?" said Ralph, at length.

"Pratty nigh for the prasant time, sir," replied John.

"I can wait," said Ralph. "Take your own time, pray."

Ralph waited until there was a perfect silence, and then turning to Mrs. Nickleby, but directing an eager glance at Kate, as if more anxious to watch his effect upon her, said:—

"Now, ma'am, listen to me. I don't imagine that you were a party to a very fine tirade of words sent me by that boy of yours, because I don't believe that under his control, you have the slightest will of your own, or that your advice, your opinion, your wants, your wishes—anything which in nature and reason (or of what use is your great experience?) ought to weigh with him—has the slightest influence or weight whatever, or is taken for a moment into account."

Mrs. Nicklebly shook her head and sighed, as if there was a good deal in that, certainly.

"For this reason," resumed Ralph, "I address myself to you, ma'am. For this reason, partly, and partly because I do not wish to be disgraced by the acts of a vicious stripling whom *I* was obliged to disown, and who, afterwards, in his boyish majesty, feigns to—ha! ha!—to disown *me*, I present myself here to-night. I have another motive in coming—a motive of humanity. I come here," said Ralph, looking round with a biting and triumphant smile, and gloating and dwelling upon the words as if he were loath to lose the pleasure of saying them, "to restore a parent his child. Ay, sir," he continued, bending eagerly forward, and addressing Nicholas, as he marked the change of his countenance, "to restore a parent his child—his son, sir—trepanned, waylaid, and guarded at every turn by you, with the base design of robbing him some day of any little wretched pittance of which he might become possessed."

"In that, you know you lie," said Nicholas, proudly.

"In this, I know I speak the truth—I have his father here," retorted Ralph.

"Here!" sneered Squeers, stepping forward. "Do you hear that? Here! Didn't I tell you to be careful that his father didn't turn up, and send him back to me? Why, his father's my friend; he's to come back to me directly, he is. Now, what do you say—eh!—now—come—what do you say to that—an't you sorry you took so much trouble for nothing? an't you? an't you?"

"You bear upon your body certain marks I gave you," said Nicholas, looking quietly away, "and may talk in acknowledgment of them as much as you please. "You'll talk a long time before you rub them out, Mr. Squeers."

The estimable gentleman last-named, cast a hasty look at the table, as if he were prompted by this retort to throw a jug or bottle at the head of Nicholas, but he was interrupted in this design (if such design he had) by Ralph, who touching him on the elbow, bade him tell the father that he might now appear and claim his son.

This being purely a labour of love, Mr. Squeers readily complied, and leaving the room for the purpose, almost immediately returned, supporting a sleek personage with an oily face, who bursting from him, and giving to view the form and face of Mr. Snawley, made straight up to Smike, and tucking that poor fellow's head under his arm in a most uncouth and awkward embrace, elevated his broad-brimmed hat at arm's length in the air as a token of devout thanksgiving, exclaiming, meanwhile, "How little did I think of this here joyful meeting, when I saw him last! Oh, how little did I think it!"

"Be composed, sir," said Ralph, with a gruff expression of sympathy, "you have got him now."

"Got him! Oh, haven't I got him! Have I got him, though?" cried Mr. Snawley, scarcely able to believe it. "Yes, here he is, flesh and blood, flesh and blood."

"Vary little flesh," said John Browdie.

Mr. Snawley was too much occupied by his parental feelings to notice this remark; and, to assure himself more completely of the restoration of his child, tucked his head under his arm again, and kept it there.

"What was it," said Snawley, "that made me take such a strong interest in him, when that worthy instructor of youth brought him to my house? What was it that made me burn all over with a wish to chastise him severely for cutting away from his best friends—his pastors and masters.

"It was parental instinct, sir," observed Squeers.

"That's what it was, sir," rejoined Snawley; "the elevated feeling—the feeling of the ancient Romans and Grecians, and of the beasts of the field and birds of the air, with the exception of rabbits and tomcats, which sometimes devour their offspring. My heart yearned towards him. I could have—I don't know what I couldn't have done to him in the anger of a father."

"It only shows what Natur is, sir," said Mr. Squeers. "She's a rum 'un, is Natur."

"She is a holy thing, sir," remarked Snawley.

"I believe you," added Mr. Squeers, with a moral sigh. "I should like to know how we should ever get on without her. Natur," said Mr. Squeers, solemnly, "is more easier conceived than described. Oh what a blessed thing, sir, to be in a state of natur!"

Pending this philosophical discourse, the bystanders had been quite stupified with amazement, while Nicholas had looked keenly from Snawley to Squeers, and from Squeers to Ralph, divided between his feelings of disgust, doubt, and surprise. At this juncture, Smike escaping from his father fled to Nicholas, and implored him, in most moving terms, never to give him up, but to let him live and die beside him.

"If you are this boy's father," said Nicholas, "look at the wreck he is, and tell me that you purpose to send him back to that loathsome den from which I brought him."

"Scandal again!" cried Squeers. "Recollect, you ain't worth powder and shot, but I'll be even with you one way or another."

"Stop," interposed Ralph, as Snawley was about to speak. "Let us cut this matter short, and not bandy words here with hare-brained profligates. This is your son, as you can prove—and you, Mr. Squeers, you know this boy to be the same that was with you for so many years under the name of Smike—Do you?"

"Do I!" returned Squeers. "Don't I?"

"Good," said Ralph; "a very few words will be sufficient here. You had a son by your first wife, Mr. Snawley?"

"I had," replied that person, "and there he stands."

"We'll show that presently," said Ralph. "You and your wife were separated, and she had the boy to live with her, when he was a year old. You received a communication from her, when you had lived apart a year or two, that the boy was dead; and you believed it?"

"Of course I did!" returned Snawley. "Oh the joy of——"

"Be rational, sir, pray," said Ralph. "This is business, and transports interfere with it. This wife died a year and a half ago, or thereabouts—not more—in some obscure place, where she was housekeeper in a family. Is that the case?"

"That's the case," replied Snawley.

"Having written on her death-bed a letter or confession to you, about this very boy, which, as it was not directed otherwise than in your name, only reached you, and that by a circuitous course, a few days since?"

"Just so," said Snawley. "Correct in every particular, sir."

"And this confession," resumed Ralph, "is to the effect that his death was an invention of hers to wound you—was a part of a system of annoyance, in short, which you seem to have adopted towards each other—that the boy lived, but was of weak and imperfect intellect—that she sent him by a trusty hand to a cheap school in Yorkshire—that she had paid for his education for some years, and then, being poor, and going a long way off, gradually deserted him, for which she prayed forgiveness?"

Snawley nodded his head, and wiped his eyes; the first slightly, the last violently.

"The school was Mr. Squeers's," continued Ralph; "the boy was left there in the name of Smike; every description was fully given, dates tally exactly with Mr. Squeers's books, Mr. Squeers is lodging with you at this time; you have two other boys at his school: you communicated the whole discovery to him, he brought you to me as the person who had recommended to him the kidnapper of his child; and I brought you here. Is that so?"

"You talk like a good book, sir, that's got nothing in its inside but what's the truth," replied Snawley.

"This is your pocket-book," said Ralph, producing one from his coat; "the certificates of your first marriage and of the boy's birth, and your wife's two letters, and every other paper that can support these statements directly or by implication, are here, are they?"

"Every one of 'em, sir."

"And you don't object to their being looked at here, so that these people may be convinced of your power to substantiate your claim at once in law and reason, and you may resume your control over your own son without more delay. Do I understand you?"

"I couldn't have understood myself better, sir."

"There, then," said Ralph, tossing the pocket-book upon the table. "Let them see them if they like; and as those are the original papers, I should recommend you to stand near while they are being examined, or you may chance to lose some."

With these words Ralph sat down unbidden, and compressing his lips, which were for the moment slightly parted by a smile, folded his arms, and looked for the first time at his nephew.

Nicholas, stung by the concluding taunt, darted an indignant glance at him; but commanding himself as well as he could, entered upon a close examination of the documents, at which John Browdie assisted. There was nothing about them which could be called in question. The certificates were regularly signed as extracts from the parish books, the first letter had a genuine appearance of having been written and preserved for some years, the hand-writing of the second tallied with it exactly, (making proper allowance for its having been written by a person in extremity,) and there were several other corroboratory scraps of entries and memoranda which it was equally difficult to question.

"Dear Nicholas," whispered Kate, who had been looking anxiously over his shoulder, "can this be really the case? Is this statement true?"

"I fear it is," answered Nicholas. "What say you, John?"

John scratched his head and shook it, but said nothing at all.

"You will observe, ma'am," said Ralph, addressing himself to Mrs. Nickleby, "that this boy being a minor and not of strong mind, we might have come here to-night, armed with the powers of the law, and backed by a troop of its myrmidons. I should have done so, ma'am, unquestionably, but for my regard for the feelings of yourself—and your daughter."

"You have shown your regard for *her* feelings well," said Nicholas, drawing his sister towards him.

"Thank you," replied Ralph. "Your praise, sir, is commendation, indeed."

"Well," said Squeers, "what's to be done? Them hackney-coach horses will catch cold if we don't think of moving; there's one of 'em a-sneezing now, so that he blows the street door right open. What's the order of the day—eh? Is Master Snawley to come along with us?"

"No, no, no," replied Smike, drawing back, and clinging to Nicholas. "No. Pray, no. I will not go from you with him. No, no."

"This is a cruel thing," said Snawley, looking to his friends for support. "Do parents bring children into the world for this?"

"Do parents bring children into the world for *thot*?" said John Browdie bluntly, pointing, as he spoke, to Squeers.

"Never you mind," retorted that gentleman, tapping his nose, derisively.

"Never I mind!" said John, "no, nor never nobody mind, say'st thou, schoolmeasther. It's nobody's minding that keeps sike men as thou afloat. Noo then, where be'st thou coomin' to? Dang it, dinnot coom treadin' ower me, mun."

Suiting the action to the word, John Browdie just jerked his elbow into the chest of Mr. Squeers who was advancing upon Smike; with so much dexterity that the schoolmaster reeled and staggered back upon Ralph Nickleby, and being unable to recover his balance, knocked that gentleman off his chair, and stumbled heavily upon him.

This accidental circumstance was the signal for some very decisive proceedings. In the midst of a great noise, occasioned by the prayers and entreaties of Smike, the cries and exclamations of the women, and the vehemence of the men, demonstrations were made of carrying off the lost son by violence: and Squeers had actually begun to haul him out, when Nicholas, (who, until then, had been evidently undecided how to act) took him by the collar, and shaking him so that such teeth as he had, chattered in his head, politely escorted him to the room door, and thrusting him into the passage, shut it upon him.

"Now," said Nicholas, to the other two, "have the kindness to follow your friend."

"I want my son," said Snawley.

"Your son," replied Nicholas, "chooses for himself. He chooses to remain here, and he shall."

"You won't give him up?" said Snawley.

"I would not give him up against his will, to be the victim of such brutality as that to which you would consign him," replied Nicholas, "if he were a dog or a rat."

"Knock that Nickleby down with a candlestick," cried Mr. Squeers, through the keyhole, "and bring out my hat, somebody, will you, unless he wants to steal it."

"I am very sorry, indeed," said Mrs. Nickleby, who, with Mrs. Browdie, had stood crying and biting her fingers in a corner, while Kate—very pale, but perfectly quiet—had kept as near her brother as she could. "I am very sorry, indeed, for all this. I really don't know what would be best to do, and that's the truth. Nicholas ought to be the best judge, and I hope he is. Of course, it's a hard thing to have to keep other people's children, though young Mr. Snawley is certainly as useful and willing as it's possible for anybody to be; but, if it could be settled in any friendly manner—if old Mr. Snawley, for instance, would settle to pay something certain for his board and lodging, and some fair arrangement was come to, so that we undertook to have fish twice a-week, and a pudding twice, or a dumpling, or something of that sort, I do think that it might be very satisfactory and pleasant for all parties."

This compromise, which was proposed with abundance of tears and sighs, not exactly meeting the point at issue, nobody took any notice of it; and poor Mrs. Nickleby accordingly proceeded to enlighten Mrs. Browdie upon the advantages of such a scheme, and the unhappy results flowing on all occasions, from her not being attended to when she proffered her advice.

"You, sir," said Snawley, addressing the terrified Smike, "are an unnatural, ungrateful, unloveable boy. You won't let me love you when I want to. Won't you come home—won't you?"

"No, no, no," cried Smike, shrinking back.

"He never loved nobody," bawled Squeers, through the keyhole. "He never loved me; he never loved Wackford, who is next door but one to a cherubim. How can you expect that he'll love his father? He'll never love his father, he won't. He don't know what it is to have a father. He don't understand it. It ain't in him."

Mr. Snawley looked steadfastly at his son for a full minute, and then covering his eyes with his hand, and once more raising his hat in the air, appeared deeply occupied in deploring his black ingratitude. Then drawing his arm across his eyes, he picked up Mr. Squeer's hat, and taking it under one arm, and his own under the other, walked slowly and sadly out.

"Your romance, sir," said Ralph, lingering for a moment, "is destroyed, I take it. No unknown; no persecuted descendant of a man of high degree; but the weak, imbecile son of a poor, petty tradesman. We shall see how your sympathy melts before plain matter of fact."

"You shall," said Nicholas, motioning towards the door.

"And trust me, sir," added Ralph, "that I never supposed you would give him up to-night. Pride, obstinacy, reputation for fine feeling, were all against it. These must be brought down, sir, lowered, crushed, as they shall be soon. The protracted and wearying anxiety and expense of the law in its most oppressive form, its torture from hour to hour, its weary days and sleepless nights—with these I'll prove you, and break your haughty spirit, strong as you deem it now. And when you make this house a hell, and visit these trials upon yonder wretched object (as you will; I know you), and those who think you now a young-fledged hero, we'll go into old accounts between us two, and see who stands the debtor, and comes out best at last—even before the world."

Ralph Nickleby withdrew. But Mr. Squeers, who had heard a portion of this closing address, and was by this time wound up to a pitch of impotent malignity almost unprecedented, could not refrain from returning to the parlour-door, and actually cutting some dozen capers with various wry faces and hideous grimaces, expressive of his triumphant confidence in the downfall and defeat of Nicholas.

Having concluded this war-dance, in which his short trowsers and large boots had borne a very conspicuous figure, Mr. Squeers followed his friends, and the family were left to meditate upon recent occurrences.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

CORNELIA.

INTRODUCTION.

In selecting, from amid the galaxy of gems adorning my friend Sir Edward's library, for the subject of my first researches into the family legends embodied on its walls, the small family picture which led to the story of his "Aunt Emily," I had certainly been unconsciously guided by the same feeling which prompts the florist at times to pass by the parterre's most gorgeous ornaments, in quest of the simple lily of the valley, or yet humbler violet; so unobtrusive were the claims on notice of the little cabinet-piece in question, when compared with those of the full-length female portraits which never failed to command, from the opposite panels where they reigned in rival loveliness, the attention of all who entered the room.

The one by Sir Joshua, the inimitable graces of whose pencil still triumphed over the decay which "Times effacing fingers" had wrought on his, alas! evanescent colouring, I may hereafter be tempted to describe. At present, however, at least since I heard retailed by the lips of my youthful host, from those of an old maiden friend of the family's the graphic version of the fair creature's history, my fancy runs exclusively on the tall glorious subject of the other painting, in which a scarce inferior artist—Romney—has blended the utmost dignity of which feminine nature is susceptible, with a nameless air of ideal and picturesque beauty.

There are few accustomed to view female portraits of the close of the last century, who will not confess that there was something in the style of costume then prevailing, which, when its extremes were tempered by a judicious pencil, threw over its wearer a grace which we look for in vain in the more formal and *recherche* attire of earlier or later days. The vague and indefinite flow of the drapery, imitated—though at times it must be owned "abominably"—from ancient Greece, and the careless manner in which locks, guiltless alike of powder and hair-dressing, flowed in "admired disorder," confined perhaps by a simple fillet of ribbon, over neck and brow, were certainly favourable to the painter's art; and never were such materials more happily turned to account than in the fascinating portrait, in which inspiration had stood in the stead of knowledge, and revealed, to artist and spectator, the character at least if not the destiny of its subject.

In an attitude, the easy grace and *abandon* of which defies description—her lovely head supported on an arm of matchless beauty—there leaned against a garden balustrade a form in stature and features so commanding and dignified, that the impulse of most who beheld it for the first time, was to exclaim—"A portrait surely of Mrs. Siddons." And for such, indeed, in some of her milder and more youthful characters, such as Mrs. Beverly, it might have easily passed; had there not rested on that young and lofty brow the shade of woes deeper than fiction ever personated; mingled with an angelic smile, which told of sorrow surmounted by a higher strength than its own.

It was with the negligence of one prescient of evil, that her white drapery floated carelessly on the evening breeze, and that rich masses of dark chesnut hair escaped unheeded from the broad encircling fillet. Her deep blue eyes—the liquid radiance of which one feeling alone could thus have at once softened and enhanced—seemed to seek repose beneath their long dark fringes, from that straining gaze which they had evidently just ceased to bend on a receding ship, a speck already on the distant waters. The finely chiselled lips were parted, as if there lingered on them still the farewell prayer; but while the attitude of the whole figure was that so generally assigned to Hope, the painter's prophetic instinct had made heroic resignation its predominant expression. It was a picture, in short, which no one could sit opposite to (as I had done for a week or more, on my return, after a short absence, to my friend the baronet's) without connecting it with a romance either of fact or fiction; and as no one would willingly weave Fancy's gossamer fabric when the staple of truth could be commodiously substituted, I asked Sir Edward one afternoon, when wine and walnuts had derived double zest from a morning devoted to bores and business—whether he was lucky enough to possess, in my fair *vis-a-vis*, a second "Aunt Emily;" seeing that from the comparatively modern style of the dress, the portrait could not well claim a remoter place in the line of his ancestry.

"No, no," said he, playfully; "I am not so rich as that comes to, even in aunts *by marriage*, of which, by the way, the other full-length you so much admire affords a lovely specimen. Yon beautiful personation of Melpomene is only a Scottish Cousin, and that by courtesy; but being, as I am sure you will allow, an ornament to any room, as well as to any family, I persuaded the good old lady, (a *real* grand aunt of mine,) from whom I had the 'tale of woman's trials,' relating to her pet heroine—to present me with this picture; which, having been done for an unworthy object, and consequently reviving painful recollections—*she* had begged of its fair subject, without adverting to the fact that her tiny maiden bower afforded no space for so lordly a delineation.

"Neither, you may believe, did my own student's chambers. But no sooner did I get elbow-room here, and leisure to think of my treasure *in petto*, than I reminded Mrs. Amabel of her promise, and dislodged (while you were away those few days soon after our first taking possession) a stiff old Lady Betty, whom you may or may not remember, standing sentry, in high heels and ruffles, just where that lovely creature leans so sentimentally now. I dare say you never found her out, she was so grim and dingy. But sure I am if you looked at her once, you never gazed again, as I have caught you doing dozens of times upon her lovely substitute, as if you hoped to read her history in those soft, soul-subduing eyes."

"I had much rather hear it from you, Sir Edward," said I in reply. "It will save me a world of trouble in working out a theory for myself; and, besides, you are dying to tell it me; do begin."

"There is not much perhaps in it after all," answered the baronet; "and even what there is must lose sadly by being told at second-hand, and at the distance of nearly a dozen years. But I was, when Aunt Mabel told it me, at the age when every thing makes a deep impression; and on a boyish fancy, a heroine tall and stately as the one before us is sure to make an indelible one.

"I was staying one vacation then with the good old lady aforesaid, at the small antique remnant of an old tumble-down manor-house, to which she clung amid its decay with ivy-like tenacity; and the thick walls, deep windows, and closet-like apartments of which, harmonized with her own age, and ideas, and costume so much better than a gay modern cottage *ornee* could ever have done.

"I was always a spoilt child of Aunt Mabel's, and when any *affaire de cœur*—for no lad of eighteen, I believe, was ever oftener or more hopelessly in love—cast its saddening shade over my boyish history; it was to her I flew to be coaxed, scolded, or laughed, as the case might be, out of my *belle passion*.

"I was just in the penitent and penetrable mood which followed the conviction of having lavished a whole treasury of youthful predilection, and a lot of miserably wasted and misspent time in an idle flirtation with a heartless coquette some dozen years wiser in the world's ways than her gullible admirer, when an opportunity was afforded at once to gratify my *penchant* for romances of real life, and enable my Mentor, Mrs. Mabel, to 'point her favorite moral' of the rewards attendant on virtuous self-denial.

"There arrived at Old Court (you have heard me mention the name I am sure often, without perhaps knowing what a haven it proved to my desultory, homeless, young days) a valued relative, still young, though many years older than myself, of Mrs. Mabel's; on his way to a visit in the far north, in which I (of late an acute observer of such symptoms) could perceive his heart to be not a little interested, a feeling in which Mrs. Mabel evidently participated. They had long and frequent *tete-a-tetes* in the little library and under the large tree on the bowling green during his brief stay; at the close of which, fairly avowing my jealousy, I told Aunt Mabel, I could only be reconciled to so mortifying a preference, by hearing from her lips the story—for story I was sure he must have—of her lately departed hero.

"I always meant you to hear it, Ned,' said she, kindly; 'there is now no secret even in the approaching happy consummation of my two children's "tales of trials," while there is much in them to encourage a novice like yourself in the task of moral discipline. You have only as yet,' added she, smiling, 'had to rouse yourself from a state of mighty uncomfortable, and I fear not altogether dreamless, slumber; and to find out what your five senses, ay, and your five wits to boot, were given you for. But there have been in the case of my young friends, "right hands to be cut off, and right eyes to be plucked out," at the call of duty; and happiness, let me add, has been the purchase of the sacrifice.

"Come back with me into the sun, which always gladdens my old bones, and all the more just now methought for shining on Frank Chaloner's newborn, though no longer earth-born hopes, and I'll tell you shortly about him.'

"At your age, Ned, when, like you, he would now and then come and leave all, to spend a day or two with his old coz., or, as from the disparity in our years, he chose rather to call me his good Aunt Mabel; he was the most joyous being the sun ever shone upon; one who ever made sunshine where he went, with his own bright beaming smile. His mother—my more than sister—he had lost too early to feel her loss; and the love of his remaining parent had been doubled by the bereavement, as well as by the sad state of mental aberration in which his only son, by a former union, had been almost from boyhood sunk. The poor youth lived, or rather vegetated, in exile in the foreign land, where bodily disease, quickly followed by imbecility of mind, had surprised him while on his travels; but it was amid kind friends whom Providence had there raised up to soothe and tend—as might best perhaps be done at a distance from home and its perplexing associations—the wayward but still gentle fancies of a wandering intellect.

"Recovery had from the first been supposed out of the question; and the love and hopes of a proud father had centred for years before his death on his bright younger son; and his eyes closed in satisfied acquiescence in the dispensation which must ultimately make all his own. The world caressed in him the future, though distant heir of Lymehurst; and smiled complacently on the happy arrangement which was to endow him with immediate wealth, from the undisguised predilection, of the loveliest girl who ever added the superfluous title of "heiress" to a list of charms sufficient to gild poverty itself. Parents were for once propitious—lawyers for once not dilatory, and all went "merry as a marriage bell." Lady Ellen in all the flutter and excitement of a fancied passion—poor Frank in all the youthful enthusiasm of genuine, though perhaps hastily placed affections.

"Now what think you Ned, did the poor crazy brother abroad take into his foolish head at this most unfortunate juncture? but to give symptoms, forsooth, of returning intellect! and of yearnings, never before either felt or expressed, to see and embrace his younger brother, known to him only in infancy, and still inquired for—by one to whom years had been a blank—in terms of childish endearment. The wedding day was fixed—the settlements drawn, which invested Frank with wealth, rendering his brother's recovery to *him* matter of pecuniary indifference.—But to *others* Frank knew the tidings would prove a knell; and if married at all, (which his boding heart from the first whispered was more than doubtful,) he determined it should not be under false colours, as the heir to possessions, to which this strange caprice of fate might annihilate his claims.

"The estate scarce cost him a pang—the bride many—but he never hesitated—never even *dreamed* of suppressing intelligence which had reached him after all circuitously, ambiguously, and at a moment when one even of the world's honourable men might have found excuses for throwing it conveniently aside. Frank, on the contrary, enclosed the letter to Lord G——, the father of his intended—released him provisionally from his pending engagements—judged from his own warm feelings that Lady Ellen would *perhaps* (for even *then* there were misgivings) under altered circumstances prove true to her's; and leaving wealth, love, joy, nay, at times even hope behind him, took his way resolutely to his brother's far hermitage.

"That he was recognized by him, and hailed with fond thought, after obscured recollection, was for a time to Frank compensation for all his sacrifices.—For a time, too, Lady Ellen wrote with a show of unimpaired attachment, founded however as it grated on his soul to perceive—exclusively on the probabilities of his again declining brother's demise. This event, though ever impending, was long, long protracted—so long that at his post of melancholy duty, beside that gentle dying brother's pillow, (to whom his every moment's absence seemed an age of suffering,) tidings reached Frank that his gay, fickle bride was about to yield to the flattering fascinations of rank and wealth, though centered in an unworthy object.

"The impulse was strong which would have bade him loose his grasp of poor Edwin's hand, already well nigh cold in the grave, to rescue from pollution that of his still loved, though faithless Ellen. But could pride have been hushed in a breast forgiving though forsaken—the voice of fraternal affection and duty to a common parent, now no more, would have prevailed over personal considerations. Frank stayed to close, with heroic self-devotion, the eyes that sought him even in death; and received the reward of having done so in the knowledge that a more selfish line of conduct would have profitted him nothing. The transfer of Lady Ellen's hand to another was consummated ere he could have interposed; and by a strange, and to the fickle bride, ill-omened coincidence—that nuptial pageant in which she played, as she soon found, a wretched cypher's part, crossed in its path the long funeral train, at the head of which her now emancipated betrothed bore to their resting place, amid his paternal halls, the relics of one who had so long stood between him and their possession.

"Some lovers of poetical justice may think, perhaps, that in escaping a heartless, mercenary alliance, and in inheriting at length, the wealth he had so nobly earned, Frank's merits might be sufficiently rewarded. But I am not of that opinion; nor was fortune satisfied until she had sent him compensation in the shape of a bride, "oh how unlike" the painted butterfly which hovered round his early path, and caught his boyish fancy! Years elapsed, indeed, for it was long ere the buoyant spirit rose from the shock of undeserved desertion; and it was longer, far longer still, ere the blighted heart of woman could gather from the shivered wreck of youthful happiness, materials for the bark which bore her at length in quest of holier and maturer bliss.

"It will be soothing to you, Ned, I'm sure,' added Mrs. Mabel more gaily, 'especially in your present mood, to learn that the coquette who trifled so recklessly with Frank Chaloner's happiness, in so doing sacrificed her own; and having bartered faith and true love for rank and riches, died a victim to neglect and remorse.'

"A just retribution, Aunt Mabel!' cried I, *con amore*—'and a happy escape for your hero from such heartless toils! But they must be broken, and for ever; else he could not wear the smile he does—subdued, indeed, but so serene and satisfied!

"Satisfied! my dear Ned, the man's enchanted! But then it is with that 'sober certainty of waking bliss,' which will last all the longer for not overflowing its frail human reservoir. He is going to be married, and to such a woman. I have seen one, and one only, who if she lives as long, and profits as nobly by those "sweet uses of adversity," which visit more or less all hearts worth the mending—may come to reflect a softened image of my tall, dignified, heroine-like Cornelia.'

"What a heroic name, Aunt Mabel!' I could not help exclaiming. "Is it really her's or have you christened her thus?"

"Not I, truly,—'tis no uncommon name in Scotland, from whence she comes; but methinks her godfathers must have been gifted with second sight, so well does it fit her fine Roman contour of countenance, and Roman—no, no!—Christian magnanimity of character. But I really can't sit here all day, like a "spinner i' the sun," (or an idle spinster, which is quite another thing,) weaving romances *ad libitum* for your edification,—so I must tell you in short-hand, what makes me conclude Cornelia Ross's marriage with Frank Chaloner, one of those "written in heaven;" videlicit, because they have both been tried on earth, and not found wanting.

"I was sitting, some seven years ago, (at that vanity fair called Cheltenham, where I had gone with a sick friend,) under the elms of the fine old Cathedral looking Well-walk, which, they tell me, like many other good things, is now no longer in fashion; but which then, alas! was so much so, that to get it to myself now and then for half an hour, and enjoy the sighing of the tall trees, without a moving mass of giggling and tittering idlers, was no easy matter.

"On this humantide, when at high flood one morning, I was listlessly gazing, speculating on the disenchantment which the prettiest faces undergo by being seen by an ungrateful public a dozen times a day, when above the row of giddy heads which—feathers being then in fashion—nodded like aspen leaves to and fro, rose one so exalted in character as well as stature beyond the rest, that I could not help asking to whom it belonged.

"That is a countrywoman of yours, (my mother was Scotch, Ned, you know) said my informant—'and a very fine-looking one. I'm surprised you did not know Cornelia Ross.'

"I know who she must be," said I, putting together the heathen name she owes to her sponsors, and the good honest Scottish one she inherits from her father; 'but I wonder I never heard of her beauty. What soul there is in those large, soft, dark blue eyes! and what a splendid profile! and then her figure, and the air which carries off that all but redundant height!'

"Ah! if you had seen her a year ago!' said my neighbour on the bench. 'She's so fallen off since that business of Captain Lennox's. People thought at the time it would break her heart.'

"There is no heart to be broken by man in that stately, swan-like bosom,' said I; 'at least not by man's unworthiness. She has risen superior to that, I am sure!'

"Ah! but he was not exactly unworthy, neither; only unfortunate, and a little thoughtless, no doubt.'

"Thoughtless!' exclaimed I, 'and gazed on a creature whom not to worship seemed difficult, and not to think of impossible; do tell me more.'

"'Tis soon told. The lovely girl you so much admire, was engaged, almost from childhood, to a cousin of her own, a captain of an Indiaman—one of those light-hearted, open-tempered beings, whom to know and not love is so difficult, and who often attach, so much more strongly than they perhaps are capable of returning or appreciating, superior reflecting minds.

"Nor was opposition wanting to deepen, by its hourly martyrdom, the attachment of a heart not formed to love by halves. The friends of such a girl could not but be ambitious for her; and the trite remark often made by strangers that she seemed formed by nature for a duchess, only echoed perhaps, with some exaggeration, the secret aspirings of parental pride. Offers scarcely less dazzling were made and rejected, and rank and wealth sacrificed without a sigh, for the sake of a pennyless youth, whose very orphan condition, and dependence for advancement in life on his own exertions, had perhaps first formed his passport to the generous heart of his noble-minded cousin.

"But in those days the command of an Indiaman was almost a certain fortune; and Charles Lennox, who got his ship a mere lad, had realized in three or four voyages such a competence as would have more than satisfied his moderate cousin.

"The advice of friends, however, and his own ambitious, sanguine turn, united in urging him to at least one venture more; and Cornelia who, deeply attached as she was, and severely tried as she had been, by the anxiety attendant on former absences, was a rational being, and preferred her lover's interest to selfish considerations, let him depart, though with nameless misgivings, which her strong mind and habitual trust in Providence had never before allowed her to indulge.

"Nor ever before had her thoughts by day and dreams by night been so exclusively haunted by images of varying, but chiefly painful character, connected with her absent and hourly dearer lover. There are few who need to be told the effect of separation and suspense in entwining around the heart, one already endeared to it by early companionship, a fine person, gay, bewitching manners, and spirits whose very volatility had in it the charm of contrast with Cornelia's own tranquility and sobriety of character.

"There was little, however, for once, of either, in the tumult of gratified affection with which she hastened, on the first rumour of his arrival, to join her lover in London, where for some time she knew professional duties would detain him a prisoner. His reception of her was, if possible, more rapturously affectionate than on former occasions; nay, she gladly hailed in it a tone of deeper and apparently more heartfelt devotion; and if, at times, a cloud flitted for a moment across his open brow, or a sigh arrested his fluent eloquence, she was half glad to find Charles Lennox could at length think seriously on any thing. She little knew that the depth in this attachment was the fruit of penitence—and the cloud, and the sigh, its bitterly extorted, though passing tribute!

"About a month had elapsed from Captain Lennox's return—devoted by his bride with the undissembled alacrity of one above coquetry, to preparations for their approaching union—when she was asked to accompany some friends to the Haymarket theatre. The idea was a sudden one; and to the mortification of the bridegroom, he had previously engaged himself to dine with and attend to the play a family of country cousins on the same evening. He was with difficulty prevailed on, by Cornelia's threats of staying away altogether, to keep his engagement, and promised to remain quietly with his party till the close of the first piece, on condition of being permitted to devote the rest of the evening to metal more attractive.

"It happened that the parties were in nearly opposite boxes; and Cornelia—who dreaded any thing like a particular recognition in so public a place—kept her eyes during the whole first act steadily on the stage; with a perfect consciousness nevertheless (which all lovers will understand) of the precise position occupied by her exiled intended—nay, of the precise direction, during the same period, of *his* very differently employed fine dark eyes.

"As she rested her head between the acts, to escape the glare, on the pillar of the adjoining box, she could not avoid hearing a conversation, which, though begun in a whisper, was too animated to continue long *sotto voce.*

"Do you see that handsome man with the black eyes and white teeth, and that very insinuating smile, in the box opposite? He's a proof that a man may "smile and smile, and be a villain," said the whisperer—a fine-looking young person—to her friend. 'That's Captain Lennox, of the Walsingham, he is going to be married, they say, to a very lovely young woman, to whom he has been engaged from a boy; and yet (lowering her voice confidentially) he flirted so abominably on the passage home with poor little Jane Daniell—MY William's sister—that, if his marriage is long delayed, he may walk to it over her grave. She's sent down to Clifton, poor child! (she's only seventeen,) in an evident decline—what with love for the fellow, disappointment when she heard of his engagement, and shame at being so cruelly deceived, health and peace, I fear are gone, and *she* fears reputation, for she was too young and artless to conceal her partiality, and knows it was the talk of the ship.'

"And what says that good-looking reprobate opposite, for himself?"

"Oh! the usual thing on such occasions: he *meant nothing! He* knew he was engaged, and felt safe, and cared not how his idle compliments and lavish smiles sunk into the soft heart of a credulous child of sixteen. She had gone out straight from school to her parents, but could not stay an hour in the climate, and was obliged to be sent back by the first ship, under chance protection; and it was no one's business to question the attentions or pull the ears of that gay dashing coxcomb of a captain. So he danced, and rattled, and smiled away the heart of poor little Jane; and then, and not till then, when the mischief was done, showed her, as a friend, the picture of his bride, which he was too sly to hang up at once in his cabin, or wear on his sleeve, that they "who ran might read," as an honest man would have done.'

"Cornelia—whom the pillar alone preserved from falling—regretted, though she could not repent, the delicacy which, on this very point, she had inculcated on her unreserved betrothed. She could have heard no more, even had more been forthcoming; and her ashy paleness, saving her all trouble in feigning indisposition, she was taken out of the box and house before Lennox, who, after trying vainly all night to catch her eye, was piqued into looking another way, was aware of her departure.

"To a person of her upright and conscientious mind there was but one course—to inquire about, and, at the sacrifice, if necessary, of her own long-cherished sentiments, to *save* the victim of her lover's thoughtless gallantry. That her heart, noble as it was, did not break at the discovery, I have always believed, owing to the absence of that deadliest ingredient, *jealousy*, from the bitter cup. The love of Lennox she read on a countenance studied from childhood, and incapable of disguise, was, and had been throughout, wholly hers. But it was sad to have to rejoice in a buoyant levity of character which, while it had enabled the semblance of another attachment to hover around his truant fancy, would, his self-denying bride foresaw, also render possible a transfer of his affections (should it be her stern task to exact it) to a younger and equally attractive object.

"She had an aunt at Clifton, which made her plan comparatively easy, and a feigned illness of that relative—the first and last pious fraud to which she ever had recourse—enabled her to set off, unsuspected even by Lennox, for the hot wells, without a meeting, from which, under existing circumstances, the fortitude of an angel must have shrunk.

"When her usually blooming and Hebe-like niece arrived at Clifton, Mrs. Ross had difficulty in recognizing her. The journey and its agitations had done the work of months, if not years, on the face you so much admire. Unlimited confidence in her aunt gave the first relief to a mind too highly-wrought for even its own sense of rectitude to support unassisted; but Cornelia, I need not add, had aid from above more precious far than human sympathy.

"A pretext was found for the aunt to wait upon her niece's rival; and if she had been shocked to read the traces of disappointment on Cornelia's noble countenance, her heart fairly melted over its ravages on the prettiest fairy form, scarce beyond childhood, that ever was cast in its girlish helplessness, on the tender mercies of that most reckless of *spoilers*—man!

"On hearing the name of Cornelia's aunt, a start and shudder showed Jane Daniell well acquainted with the connexion. But there was in this simple child's suppression of the momentary pang a sweet dignity too much akin to her heroic niece's not to fascinate while it half grieved the negociator.

"I cannot enter into details of the affecting contest between feelings honourable on all sides. From the first proposal that Cornelia should waive in her favour her prior claims, Jane shrank in unaffected reluctance. But her dim eye would so light up, and her pale cheek so brightly glow, when Lennox's name was mentioned, and then fade into such utter ghastliness when she spoke of him as the betrothed of another, that Cornelia, aware that the blast which the oak can weather, the lily would contend with in vain, set herself nobly aside, and prescribed, but with a bleeding heart and burning brain, the task of reparation to her abjured bridegroom.

"She did not pretend, as some might have done, to resent, to reject, nor even to despise him, for the deep error into which the character she had chosen for better and for worse had betrayed him. She simply told him that for that error, palliated and pardoned as it was, they must part!—that to be happy at the expense of another's health and life was, she believed, as impossible for him as for herself—that they had perhaps already exhausted the sweets of their mutual attachment in the years of bright anticipation which no human lot could realise—and that from this dream it was now his to awake to self-imposed, but, he might thank heaven, not unpleasing ties and duties. She congratulated him from the bottom of a heart to which envy was unknown, on the opportunity of rescuing from misery a creature so interesting as Jane Daniell; and assured him with a sincerity which had ever been to him as "proofs of holy writ," that she felt present comfort, and looked forward to future happiness, in the sacrifice." * * *

"Aunt Mabel!" said I, interrupting her rather unceremoniously—'don't tell me any more! The gay deceiver, I hope, was hanged, or hanged himself, which is more poetical. Jane Daniell lived to marry a much better fellow, and your heroine you may well call her—is to be married to your hero, Frank Chaloner.'

"Fair and softly! most discourteous of listeners since the days of the Sultan of the Indies" said Mrs. Mabel. "Next to having my head cut off when my story is done, I resent the cutting off of its tail by your boyish impatience. Things were much more rationally and less bloodily ordered.

"Charles Lennox lived to make his little wife a very fair, average, off-and-on sort of a husband, good enough to please her, though not half good enough for my Corry; and justice (far more poetical than your summary suspension) has reserved *her* to reward, and be appreciated by Frank Chaloner. And now for my moral—Go and do likewise!'"

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE DEPARTED.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

[The subject of these lines was the only daughter of Dr. Shelton Mackenzie—a child distinguished for great personal beauty and rare precocity of intellect, both of which have been exquisitely illustrated in a poem by Miss M. A. Browne, which appeared in the Forget-Me-Not for 1838. Loveliness of character and early endowments of mind, joined with deep affections and an almost intuitive sense of the value of religion, madethis departed child the object of tender love. She died at seven years of age. L. H. S.]

Fair child, whose gem of genius burn'd
In beauty's purest gold enshrined:
On whom the eyes of strangers turn'd
With wonder and delight combined;

Whose tender, tuneful voice doth keep
Fresh echo while long seasons roll—
As music, though the lute-strings sleep,
Still lingereth in the master's soul.

We will not say, how early fled!
Nor darkly murmuring mourn thy date,
Though grief's most bitter tear be shed,
And home's fond temple desolate.

For life is long that fills the round
Which heaven's own finger brightly traced,
And many a form that age hath crown'd
Must leave that circle unembraced.

Yet, thine eternal life how blest!
Oh! let its radiant image be
A watch-light in the parents' breast,
Till, joyful, they ascend to thee.

Hartford, Connecticut, (U. S.)

From the Dublin University Magazine.

THE DREAM.

At midnight's dark and silent hour
There was a cry of woe,
And men, in terror and despair,
Were hurrying to and fro.
Then came a sound of mockery,
As though hell's demons laughed,
And through the dense and troubled air
The horrid echoes waft.

The heavens were colourless and wan,
Yet darkness most profound
Pervaded earth, and air, and sky,
And shed its gloom around:
While distant to the ear was borne
The ocean's sullen roar,
As o'er its breast the trembling waves
Kept rushing evermore.

Then rose another mocking laugh
Another wailing cry,
Till mingled shouts of hellish mirth
With human agony.
When suddenly athwart the gloom
There shot one meteor bright;
Then in a moment through the sky
Streamed a clear flood of light.

And ever from that burning vault
Wild dancing lightnings came,
And, colored every hue and tint,
Burst flashing balls of flame.
Silent each living voice and tongue
In that dread hour of woe—
Deep stillness breathed o'er every thing
Around, above, below.

Then wild confusion seized on all,
And blasting dark despair:
Some cursed, and raved, and gnashed their teeth,
Some murmured forth a prayer.
I asked of one who hurried by,
"What means this dread sublime?"
He, shuddering, answered as he fled,
"It is the end of Time."

Horror and fear were in my heart,
I sought in vain to pray;
But ever rang within mine ear—
It is the Judgment Day.
Then rose unnumbered voices high
In one unearthly scream—
"He comes! He comes! behold the Judge!"
I woke—it was a dream.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

ADVERSITY, AND A GLEAM.

The thought we are not what we might
With other stars have been:
The happiness we sought, a light
Each day more dimly seen;
While hopelessness and utter night
Fill all the space between.

This thought a long time have I nursed—
It worm-like on my peace doth prey,
'Tis like a chain I cannot burst
Or I would flee away.
Where'er I go, the thought accurst
Is with me night and day.

And yet I can't but feel desires,
And feel perchance, a spell
Work in me, that at times inspires
Thoughts, that no care can quell:
Till they burst forth, like smothered fires,
Yet dismal as a knell.

To feel we were by nature made
For better ends than these;
To grovel in the dust—to fade,
And rot by slow degrees;
While on each sense, the wretch's aid,
Dull apathy doth seize.

To mark the spirit droop and pine
Beneath life's weary load:
No star of hope—no ray divine
To guide us on life's road.
Impelled along as by a line,
The sluggish bark is towed.

To mark the wasting of the mind—
A dying glimmering ray;
The rushing of a mighty wind,
Half darkness and half day—
The ruin that it leaves behind,
A heap of mouldering clay.

'Tis sad—but as if thunder's crash
To lightning wings were given—
So, when beneath fate's scorpion lash
The soul's to madness driven,
Wrong strikes from it a glorious flash,
That shoots from earth to heaven.

And thus the few, whose names shall last
Beyond life's little day,
The soonest fell, and from them cast
Mortality away,
Because the chain which bound them fast
Was weak for such as they.

They fell—but still each pang they bore,
Each scar they left behind,
Wrung from the soul's rich treasures, more
Than pleasure there could find—
Gave them on scorched wing to soar,
Or plunge below mankind.

II.

Perhaps I see thee through the light
Reflected from the days gone by,
When fancy lent her colours bright
All things to bless and glorify.
Yet I'd not give for one more true
The image, in my heart, of you.

Ay, I would fain behold thee still,
Sweet maiden, through that tender haze;
Cherish the blessed vision, till
Once more return life's happiest days
When thou upon my path did'st gleam
The spirit of my boyhood's dream.

And what, though care and sorrow cast
Their darkening presence since on me—
Though every year, that onward passed,
Still farther led my path from thee—
Each change of fate, each vanished year,
Thy memory but the more endear.

And now, whate'er may be my doom,
Whatever cloud or shadow lours,
Thy love, a light amid the gloom,
Is with me from departed hours.
Ah! let me question not, if thou
Wert conscious what thou gav'st, or how.

And is this all—must I not seek
For something more in word or look?—
Some sweet consenting sign, to speak
I am not all by these forsook?
Be still, my heart—ah! why repine,
Since so much is already thine?

B. B. F.

Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, and Russia. By G. Stephens, Esq. Curry: Dublin.

These travels are written by a clever, good-humoured, and lively American, who has a marvellous faculty of "getting along," and putting a great deal into little room; and one, moreover, who interests and entertains his reader exceedingly, by telling exactly all the little adventures and gay nothings which a learned or grave traveller would keep to amuse his private circle if he did not entirely suppress them, as below his personal dignity, as well as the dignity of printed travels. Here is an example. The Americans have a Mission school in Athens, and Mr. Stephens being ardently and amiably national, wherever there was an American to be found, there went he. In the boys' school he shook hands with a little Miltiades, and Leonidas, and Aristides, and so forth, looking in features and intelligence worthy of their illustrious names; but there was one boy whose appearance startled him—the son of the Maid of Athens! That aerial and fanciful creature—that "gay creature of the elements"—to be the mother of a sturdy little urchin! But, alas! it was so.—"The Maid of Athens is married. She had a right to marry, no doubt," says Mr. Stephens, "and it is said there is poetry in married life; and doubtless she is a much more interesting person now, at thirty-six, than the *Maid* of Athens could be. But still the Maid of Athens is married! married to a Scotsman. She is now Mrs. Black! wife of George Black! head of the police! and her son is called —— Black—[probably Sandy Black]—and she has other little Blacks! Commentary is unnecessary." We sympathize with Mr. Stephens. He is equally free-and-easy and pleasant wherever he goes; but the Old World has heard so much and so often of late years about Greece and Turkey, that we imagine his Russian adventures will be more acceptable. They are fresh and vivacious, and go over comparatively untrodden ground. He went from Constantinople to Odessa in a steam-vessel; and from this point we think the interest of the travels commences.

He travelled over the wild and nearly desert *Steppes* of Russia on to Moscow, and thence to Petersburg, and, finally, through Poland into Prussia. His companion from Odessa to Moscow was a sulky, capricious Englishman; and their guide, a rascally Frenchman, and old soldier of the Emperor, who spoke continually of "*mon honneur.*" This scene we select for its novelty.

"At daylight we awoke, and found ourselves upon the wild steppes of Russia, forming part of the immense plain which, beginning in northern Germany, extends for hundreds of miles, having its surface occasionally diversified by ancient tumuli, and terminates at the long chain of the Urals, which, rising like a wall, separates them from the equally vast plains of Siberia. The whole of this immense plain is covered with a luxuriant pasture, but bare of trees, like our prairie lands mostly uncultivated, yet every where capable of producing the same wheat which now draws to the Black Sea the vessels of Turkey. Egypt, and Italy, making Russia the granary of the Levant; and which within the last year, we have seen brought six thousand miles to our own doors. Our road over these steppes was in its natural state; that is to say, a mere track worn by caravans of wagons; there were no fences, and sometimes the route was marked at intervals by heaps of stones, intended as guides when the ground should be covered with snow." . . . .

"At about nine o'clock we whirled furiously into a little village, and stopped at the door of the post-house. Our wheels were smoking with the rapidity of their revolutions: Henri dashed a bucket of water over them to keep them from burning, and half a dozen men whipped them off and greased them.—Indeed, greasing the wheels is necessary at every post, as otherwise the hubs become dry, so that there is actual danger of their taking fire; and there is a *traveller's* story told (but I do not vouch for its truth) of a postilion, wagon and passengers, being all burned up on the road to Moscow by the ignition of the wheels.

"The village, like all the others, was built of wood, plastered and whitewashed, with roofs of thatched straw; and the houses were much cleaner than I expected to find them. We got plenty of fresh milk; the bread, which to the traveller in those countries is emphatically the staff of life, we found good everywhere in Russia, and at Moscow the whitest I ever saw." . . . .

"Resuming our journey, we met no travellers. Occasionally we passed large droves of cattle; but all the way from Odessa the principal objects were long trains of wagons, fifty or sixty together, drawn by oxen, and transporting merchandize towards Moscow, or grain to the Black Sea. Their approach was indicated at a great distance by immense clouds of dust, which gave us timely notice to let down our curtains and raise our glasses. The wagoners were short, ugly-looking fellows, with huge sandy mustaches and beards, and black woolly caps, and sheepskin jackets, the wool side next the skin; perhaps, in many cases, transferred warm from the back of one animal to that of the other, where they remained till worn out or eaten up by vermin. They had among them blacksmiths, and wheelwrights, and spare wheels, and hammers, and tools, and every thing necessary for a journey of several hundred miles. Half of them were generally asleep on the top of their loads, and they encamped at night in caravan style, arranging the wagons in a square, building a large fire and sleeping around it. About mid-day we saw clouds gathering afar off in the horizon, and soon after the rain began to fall, and we could see it advancing rapidly over the immense level, till it broke over our heads, and in a few moments passed off, leaving the ground smoking with exhalations.

"Late in the afternoon, we met the travelling equipage of a seigneur returning from Moscow, to his estate in the country. It consisted of four carriages, with six or eight horses each. The first was a large, stately, and cumbrous vehicle, padded and cushioned, in which, as we passed rapidly by, we caught a glimpse of a corpulent Russian on the back seat, with his feet on the front, bolstered all round with pillows and cushions, almost burying every part of him but his face, and looking the very personification of luxurious indulgence; and yet, probably, that man had been a soldier, and slept many a night on the bare ground, with no covering but his military cloak. Next came another carriage fitted out in the same luxurious style, with the seigneur's lady and a little girl; then another with nurses and children; then beds, baggage, cooking utensils, and servants, the latter hanging on every where about the vehicle, much in the same way with the pots and kettles.—Altogether it was an equipment in caravan style, somewhat the same as for a journey in the desert, the traveller carrying with him provision and every thing necessary for his comfort, as not expecting to procure anything on the road, nor to sleep under a roof during the whole journey. He stops when he pleases, and his servants prepare his meals, sometimes in the open air, but generally at the post-house."

We have then a lively description of the old city of Chioff, once the capital of Russia, and now hardly known even by name to the rest of Europe.

"It stands at a great height, on the crest of an amphitheatre of hills, which rise abruptly in the middle of an immense plain, apparently thrown up by some wild freak of nature, at once curious, unique and beautiful. The style of its architecture is admirably calculated to give effect to its peculiar position; and after a dreary journey over the wild plains of the Ukraine, it breaks upon the traveller with all the glittering and gorgeous splendour of an Asiatic city. For many centuries it has been regarded as the Jerusalem of the North, the sacred and holy city of the Russians; and, long before reaching it, its numerous convents and churches, crowning the summit, and hanging on the sides of the hill, with their quadrupled domes, and spires, and chains, and crosses, gilded with ducat gold, and glittering in the sun, gave the whole city, the appearance of golden splendour.

"We passed the morning in riding round to the numerous convents and churches, among which is the church of St. Sophia, the oldest in Russia, and, if not an exact model of the great St. Sophia of Constantinople, at least of Byzantine design, and toward evening went to the emperor's garden. This garden is more than a mile in length, bounded on one side by the high precipitous bank of the hill, undulating in its surface, and laid out like an English park, with lawn, gravel-walks, and trees;

it contains houses of refreshment, arbours or summer-houses, and a summer theatre. At the foot of the hill flows the Dnieper, the ancient Borysthenes, on which, in former days, the descendants of Odin and Ruric descended to plunder Constantinople. Two or three sloops were lying, as it were asleep in the lower town, telling of a still interior country, and beyond was a boundless plain covered with a thick forest of trees. The view from this bank was unique and extraordinary, entirely different from anything I ever saw in natural scenery, and resembling more than anything else a boundless marine prospect.

" At the entrance of the garden is an open square or table of land overlooking the plain, where, every evening at seven o'clock, the military band plays.—The garden is the fashionable promenade, the higher classes resorting to it in carriages and on horseback, and the common people on foot; the display of equipages was not very striking, although there is something stylish in the Russian manner of driving four horses, the leaders with very long traces and a postilion; and soldiers and officers, with their splendid uniforms, caps, and plumes added a brilliant effect.

"Before the music began, all returned from the promenade or drive in the garden, and gathered in the square. It was a beautiful afternoon in June, and the assemblage was unusually large and brilliant; the carriages drew up in a line, the ladies let down the glasses, and the cavaliers dismounted, and talked and flirted with them just as in civilized countries. All Chioff was there, and the peasant in his dirty sheepskin jacket, the shopkeeper with his long surtout and beard, the postilion on his horse, the coachman on his box, the dashing soldier, the haughty noble and supercilious lady, touched by the same chord, forgot their temporal distinctions, and listened to the swelling strains of the music till the last notes died away. The whole mass was then in motion, and in a few moments, except by a few stragglers, of whom I was one, the garden was deserted."

This is all gay and agreeable, though the hotel afforded the travellers no better bed than two settees, stuffed with straw and covered with leather. They proceeded to Moscow.

"At day-light we arrived at a large village, the inhabitants of which were not yet stirring, and the streets were strewed with peasants—grim, yellow-bearded fellows—in sheepskin dresses and caps, lying on their backs asleep, each of them with a log of wood under his head for a pillow. I descended from the diligence, and found that the whole village consisted of a single street, with log-houses on each side, having their gable-ends in front; the doors were all open, and I looked in and saw men and women with all their clothes on—pigs, sheep, and children strewed about the floor.

"In every house was the image of the Panagia, or all holy Virgin, or the picture of some tutelary saint, the face only visible, the rest covered with a tin frame, with a lamp or taper burning before it; and regularly as the serf rose, he prostrated himself, and made his orisons at this domestic shrine.

"About noon we passed the chateau and grounds of a seigneur; belonging to the chateau was a large church, standing in a conspicuous situation, with a green dome, surmounted by the Greek cross; and round it were the miserable and filthy habitations of his slaves. Entering the village, we saw a spectacle of wretchedness and misery seldom surpassed even on the banks of the Nile. The whole population was gathered in the streets, in a state of absolute starvation. The miserable serfs had not raised enough to supply themselves with food, and men of all ages, half-grown boys, and little children, were prowling the streets or setting in the doorways, ravenous with hunger, and waiting for the agent to come down from the chateau and distribute among them bread.

"I had found in Russia many interesting subjects of comparison between that country and my own; but it was with deep humiliation, I felt that the most odious feature in that despotic government found a parallel in ours. At this day, with the exception of Russia, some of the West India Islands, and the Republic of the United States, every country in the civilized world can respond to the proud boast of the English common law, that the moment a slave sets foot on her soil he is free. I respect the feelings of others and their vested rights, and would be the last to suffer those feelings or those rights to be wantonly violated; but I do not hesitate to say, that, abroad, slavery stands as a dark blot upon our national character. There it will not admit of any palliation; it stands in glaring contrast with the spirit of our free institutions; it belies our words and our hearts; and the American who would be most prompt to repel any calumny upon his country withers under this reproach, and writhes with mortification when the taunt is hurled at the otherwise stainless flag of the free Republic. I was forcibly struck with a parallel between the white serfs of the north of Europe and African bondsmen at home. The Russian boor, generally wanting the comforts which are supplied to the negro on our best-ordered plantations, appeared to me to be not less degraded in intellect, character, and personal bearing. Indeed, the marks of physical and personal degradation were so strong, that I was insensibly compelled to abandon certain theories not uncommon among my countrymen at home, in regard to the intrinsic superiority of the white race over all others. Perhaps, too, this impression was aided by my having previously met with Africans of intelligence and capacity, standing upon a footing of perfect equality as soldiers and officers in the Greek army and the Sultan's."

The condition of the Russian serfs is minutely described: but that is already tolerably well understood in Great Britian. It is, or ought to be, a condition superior to that of the negro slave, though such is not always the fact. The Russian serf cannot be sold except with the estate. He is required to labour only three days of the week for his lord, having the other three to cultivate his own portion of land; and Sundays, and the numerous holidays of the Greek Church, are his own. But he is a slave, and so he labours grudgingly for his lord, and slothfully for himself, without an idea above the clod which he turns over. The traveller states—

"A Russian nobleman told me that he believed, if the serfs were all free, he could cultivate his estate to better advantage by hired labour; and I have no doubt a dozen Connecticut men would cultivate more ground than a hundred Russian serfs, allowing their usual non-working days and holydays. They have no interest in the soil, and the desolate and uncultivated wastes of Russia shew the truth of the judicious reflection of Catherine II., " that agriculture can never flourish in that nation where the husbandman possesses no property."

"It is from this great body of peasantry that Russia recruits her immense standing army, or in case of invasion raises in a moment a vast body of soldiers. Every person in Russia, entitled to hold land, is known to the government, as well as the number of peasants on his estate; and upon receiving notice of an imperial order to that effect, the numbers required by the levy are marched forthwith from every part of the empire to the places of rendezvous appointed."

The journey from Chioff to Moscow occupied seven days, though performed in a diligence—the first ever started—and on its first trip. They travelled hundreds of miles without seeing a hill or a rising ground. The traveller resided a considerable time both in Moscow and St. Petersburgh, where his personal adventures were amusing and numerous. He seems to have a knack of bustling himself into the current of life, and is always quite as much an actor as an observer. In Poland his adventures threatened to become serious. Though it was now 1836, the jealousy entertained by the Russian authorities of all foreigners, seemed little abated. Our traveller gives an animated account of the terrible battle of Growkow, and of the last fatal but heroic attempt of the Poles to recover their national Independence. It is impossible to read this simple statement, heightened by many little anecdotes collected on the spot, without—if the heart cherishes one spark of patriotic feeling—being kindled to indignation, and melted to pity. At Cracow the traveller closes his lively and entertaining narrative, which we cordially recommend, both for information and entertainment.

LEGEND OF THE BLACK DOUGLAS. *

The bloody Lord of Galloway
Sits in his castle hall,
In the lonely Threave; and Dee's dark wave
Runs weltering round the wall.

He has called his trusty serving man—
Red Rob is at his hand;
And he bends his head with seemly dread,
And lists his lord's command.

"Go, see how looks the sky to day—
If it be foul or fair;
And haste ye back, or else the rack
Shall teach you to be yare."

Red Rob stands on the battlement—
How beautiful the scene!
The sullen Dee sweeps far below
Its wooded banks between.

The lark is singing in the sky;
The sun shines cheerily
O'er high Bengairn, and craig and cairn,
And distant Solway sea.

Red Rob now stands before his lord,
Who turns, as on his prey;
The grizzly boar in Kenmure wood
Looks not so fierce at bay.

"The sky, my Lord, is fair and clear;
No cloud may there be seen;
But yet, far distant in the west,
Is one dark spot I ween."

"Thou lying slave, thy sleepy eyes
I'll open with my brand."
"Oh, spare, my Lord, thy servant old—
His life is in thy hand.

"Upon thy banner, fifty years,
Through battle's smoke and steam,
Those eyes have looked—Oh, pardon me,
If now they should grow dim."

"Back, back, and see how looks the sky—
See if that spot draw near.
Now out my sword, and 'fend thy lord!
No mortal foe is here."

Why pales the bloody Earl's cheek—
What shakes the castle wall—
What storm is drawing near apace—
What darkens all the hall?

Red Rob, with palsied look, and pale,
Burst's in:—"Near, and more near,
My Lord, it comes!" He lifts his eye—
"Oh, see, my Lord, 'tis here!"

One sullen tongue of blood-red fire
Licked round the castle hall;
One crash of thunder shook the rock,
And reft the castle wall.

The trembling schoolboy still points out,
Upon the blackened wood,
Three dingy spots—and whispers low,
"'Tis the Black Douglas' blood." G.

RHYMES FROM RUCKERT.

I.

Nature and man are constantly at war;
The crooked lines, which, in her sportive glee,
On stone and hedge she traces joyously—
Fond man will never leave them as they are,
But makes them straight: each rude rock he must square,
To yield him planks, forsooth, must train the tree,
Thus rocks and trees curb'd to his ends must be,
And from his home the eagle he must scare.
But, when these arts wild nature would encage,
And her free sports would check with formal chain,
She stirs herself, high swelling in her rage—
Then the plank moulders till it cracks in twain,
Then springs green moss from walls that shake with age;—
Nature stands free, where ends proud art's domain.

II.

Heav'n is a scroll, the hand of God holds fast—
A mighty scroll, with ground of azure-blue,
Which to this hour hath kept its constant hue;
E'en to the vast World's end that hue shall last,
And mystic words, which from God's mouth have pass'd,
Are written on this scroll with cyphers true;
Yet lest it be unrolled to mortal view
As a great seal the Sun is on it plac'd.
When from the scroll night takes the seal away
A thousand signs beam to the wond'ring eye,
Which but one mighty hieroglyph display,
Telling that "God is love—love ne'er can lie."
And this one phrase—no Understanding may
Interpret it—its import is so high!

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* The castle of Threave stands, about a mile's distance from the modern town of Castle Douglas, on a rock surrounded by the river Dee—a mouldering memorial of the powerful family of Douglas. Many are the fearful legends attached to this stern tower of other times, and "this is of them."

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

JULY, 1839.

From Tait's Magazine.

MRS. BROUGHTON'S SIX YEARS RESIDENCE IN ALGIERS.

About the beginning of the present century, Henry Stanyford Blanckley, Esq., held the appointment of his Britannic Majesty's Agent and Consul-General at Algiers, then an important and delicate post. If without definite duties, Mr. Blanckley seems also to have held a general superintendence in the Mediterranean. He was a judicious and highly popular public functionary, acting on all emergencies with remarkable courage and good sense. It is, however, with his lady that we are principally concerned. Mrs. Blanckley and her little daughters accompanied the Consul to Algiers; and, during a six years residence there, she kept a diary, noting, however briefly, every important occurrence, and every striking novelty, in a land where all was new, strange, and wonderful; and where, from the public situation of her husband, and the perpetual succession of visiters, at a period when the Mediterranean was crowded with Algerine rovers, with British ships, and those of every nation, abundant scope was afforded to a fluent and lively pen. Native characters and customs, traced by a lady having such admirable opportunities for close and continued observation, form, however, the charm of Mrs. Blanckley's journal; together with the circumstances of domestic life in a heterogeneous household, composed of natives of half the countries of Southern Europe, besides Turks and Algerines. The extracts from the diary would often be imperfect or unintelligible, save for the commentaries and explanations of the editor of the book, Mrs. Broughton, the daughter of the author, who, though a child in years, when her parents resided at Algiers, by her vivacious reminiscences, has added not a little of beauty and interest to her mother's narrative. Let us give an example.

The Dey received Mr. Blanckley very graciously, although, on his offering him his hand to salute, Mr. B. respectfully, but, in the firmest manner, declined doing so, as being an homage he only felt due to his own Sovereign. The Dey looked earnestly at him, whilst the dragoman interpreted Mr. B.'s answer, then good-humouredly held out his hand, and shook Mr. B.'s very heartily.

Mrs. Broughton adds:—

From that moment was my dear father's popularity established. His gracious and firm deportment, his fine countenance and noble presence, ensured universal respect.

The Dey understood good manners, and also what was due to himself.

Shortly after Mr. B.'s return from the palace, the Dey sent an officer to present his compliments, and a poor female slave, (with a lovely infant in her arms,) to wait upon me. Poor helpless unfortunate, she appears unable to do anything for herself or child. They had just been brought in by an Algerine cruiser, which had captured them when on their passage from Gaeta to Leghorn, whither she was going to rejoin her husband. She is a pretty girl of only seventeen, her poor babe but three months old. Her whole wardrobe was snatched from her as their perquisite, by the crew of the vessel that captured her. Her money and jewels falling to the Dey's share, he has, out of compliment to me, given orders that all the latter shall be restored, that by their sale she may be enabled to purchase clothing. This is the first instance ever known of such an act of mercy, and it is considered a mark of high consideration to the British Consul and nation.

"21*st Nov.* 1806.—We were awakened by hearing a royal salute fired, on the Niger frigate anchoring in the bay. Captain Hillyer has been sent by Lord Collingwood with a watch for the Dey, and he accompanied Mr. Blanckley to the palace to present it. It is much to be lamented that so trumpery a present should have been sent, since it is to be feared, that far from its being a benefit in promoting feelings of good-will towards our nation, it may very probably have a very opposite effect."

On Mr. B.'s presenting it to the Dey, he drew it from the case, and twisting it between his thumb and finger, eyed it with the most contemptuous expression of countenance, and calling to his head cook, (who it appears, is a person of consequence in his household,) gave it to him, saying that he made him a present of it, as it was more fit for *him* than *Himself*. Mr. B. and Capt. Hillyer were much mortified, and join in regretting that these matters were not better understood at home.

The sort of entertainment which the reader may expect from this new Lady Mary Wortley, with much of her sprightliness and with goodness of heart to which she was alien, may be surmised from the following passage:—

I understand our dragoman, Rais Ali, was married last night, although he says that he had no intention of the kind two or three days ago. He is a strange being. He served several years in our navy, where he acquired his present *refined* knowledge of the English language. The name he bore was Tom Lee. He professes himself to be a most devoted admirer of the English, more especially of the ladies of that country.

The three sailors are returned; the prize had disappeared. I have ordered each of the poor fellows a suit of linen, and I have had beds made up for them, which they stand in great need of, as they have been lying on the bare ground ever since they left their ship.

This morning, I remarked that Rais Ali had a large key stuck in his sash, and inquired what it belonged to. He said it was the key of his house. "What! have you locked up your wife?" "Yes." "And who with her?" "Oh! nobody but the cat. I go to-day to buy her a slave." I pitied the poor bride so much, that I offered to pay her a visit, at which the Rais appeared much pleased."

"*15th Nov.* 1806.—I went, according to my promise, to pay my wedding visit to Rais Ali's wife, but found that he had not yet fulfilled his intention of purchasing her an attendant; for he unlocked the door himself, let us in, and ushered us up stairs, where we found the lady in lonely grandeur. She was literally laden with pearls, and appeared very passive and contented, merely staring at us. She had on a high gold fillagree cap, from which were suspended on each side of her face long rows of pearls, with many of which her neck was completely covered.

The dress of the locked-up lady is minutely described; but as we believe it is she that figures in the frontispiece of the book, we shall skip that. When the visiters had satisfied their curiosity, the silent bride was again locked up. Very frequent occurrences of those days were, the Algerine cruisers bringing in captured vessels, with their crews and passengers as slaves,—and romantic stories of this sort abound in Mrs. Blanckley's diary. One strange tale of a beautiful Mrs. Farara, born at Minorca, of English parents, left an orphan at an early age, and married to an Algerine merchant, who treated her ill, completely realizes in its sequel the prophecy in Guy Mannering. A wandering *Gitana*, or female gipsy, looking hard at Mrs. Farara's beautiful infant, said—"It will be well for you if you pass your fourth birth-day." The slaves drove the woman from the door, and, in their anger, told the mother the fatal prediction. From that day she constantly declined accepting the invitations of the Consular families, by whom she was much beloved and respected. One day, the lady of the American Consul, who was the niece of the wife of General Washington, and had been brought up in his family, went to her friend, Mrs. Farara, determined to carry her and the Signior back to dinner. Mrs. Farara was prevailed on by great importunity, her husband joining in the request; and the party mounted their mules, and set off for the country residence of the Consul. The tale is wild and affecting, but it appears perfectly well authenticated.

But ere they had reached it, what were the poor mother's feelings of self-reproach and regret, when she recollected that this was the birth-day of her precious child; that this day completed his fourth year. Oh! why then had she been induced to leave him? The gipsy's prediction was not yet fulfilled, and surely will not be now, added she, as she strove to smile, in answer to some remark of one of her companions. Again, let me repeat, this is not an imaginary story, but one which I have often heard repeated by more than one witness of this sad, but, alas! true event; and need I add, that the sorrowful impression with which I heard the circumstances related, has not ceased to keep alive in my recollection all the affecting details.

So careful was every individual of the family in sympathising with the strict orders of the absent parents, that they each strove who could best watch over the precious child; and the most confidential persons of the household, the two *scrivanos* or clerks, had desired that the *Carissimo Piccolo* might play about the counting-house, that they might be enabled faithfully to fulfil their promise of watching over his safety. The playful boy scrambled up the back of their chairs, pinched their hair, then tried to snatch the paper they were writing upon from beneath their pens; their desks were placed parallel to each other; they ceased from writing and gazed, admiring his playfulness; instinctively they both took up their pen-knives to mend their quills, when, strange, awful fatality! the devoted child, in playful defiance, attacked one of them, who in return pretended to stab him with his penknife; he turned to his other guardian, who as thoughtlessly did the same, and the blooming boy fell upon its blade—it pierced his little heart. The dire forebodings of the *Gitana* were realized, and the disconsolate parents were for ever bereft of their only child.

The marriage of the daughter of the Cadi—a lovely widow of nineteen—at which Mrs. Blanckley attended, gives her an opportunity of describing the wedding customs of the country. She was astonished and dazzled by the profusion of jewels worn by the ladies. They were quite as fair as Europeans, and many of them beautiful. Nothing could exceed their courtesy, and the politeness of the reception they gave the English lady. The bridegroom was a middle-aged, one-eyed Turk. Before the bride was introduced to him, she literally staggered under the weight of the ornaments heaped upon her, and required two attendants to support her head. A visit which Mrs. Blanckley and her little daughters made to the wife of the Dey, is still more oriental, and like an Arabian tale.

She received us very graciously; indeed, most kindly. Her father was also present, and met us at the entrance. He led us up stairs, and introduced us; and, as he speaks lingua Franca perfectly, and I begin to understand it very well, he acted as my interpreter. Her Majesty or Highness is twenty-three years of age, very pleasing in appearance, and unaffected in her manners. She has two fine children, both girls. We dined there; a vast variety of dishes of meat, poultry, pastry and sweetmeats, succeeded each other. Each dish was placed separately upon a small low silver and mother-of-pearl table. I was accommodated with cushions; but the children were quite adepts at sitting in the Moorish fashion, which we all followed, in eating out of the same dish. The Sultana appeared much gratified at the admiration (which I could not restrain) with which I observed the splendidly embroidered napkins which were placed on our laps, as also the curious rosewood spoons, tipped with amber, with which we were served; and she afterwards presented me with three of the former, richly embroidered in gold, silver, and various coloured silks, on a curiously wrought linen ground, and with ten spoons similar to those we had used. I understand that it is contrary to the Alcoran for Mussulmans to eat or drink out of silver, although they have not any scruple to have articles of furniture made of this costly material. I was perfectly astonished at the grandeur of all I beheld. When we entered the room in which the Sultana received us, jewels were strewed all over the carpet, which was of cut velvet, in a pattern of the richest flowers, and most varied colours. Before we left this room, to go to that in which we dined, some beautiful-looking women (who appeared to be her favourite attendants, and who Sidi Cadua told me were Georgian slaves) gathered up these treasures, and placed them on the shelves of two glass cabinets that stood against the wall at our backs. In the centre of this apartment was a shallow recess, and on its walls were hanging several pistols and swords, whose handles and scabbards were entirely covered with diamonds. At the opposite end of the room from where we were seated, was a gilt four-post European-shaped bedstead, on which were placed four mattrasses of gold brocade, and the curtains were made of blue tiffany, embroidered with gold sprigs. My Elizabeth gave the Dey's eldest daughter a toy watch, with which she was delighted.

The lady of the British Consul was among the most loyal and patriotic of the English women of those loyal days, and the most devoted of wives. Her feelings were accordingly often excited and interested by those delicate public affairs in which Mr. Blanckley's devotion to his Sovereign, and zeal for the honour of England, engaged him. But these transactions, how important soever at the time, and though highly honourable to the actor, have sunk into comparative oblivion; while the record of Mrs. Blanckley's domestic and social existence, and the fond reminiscences of her daughter, of bright and happy days, long since elapsed, remain fresh and engaging as ever. The families of the different Consuls of Algiers may be taken as representatives of their different nations in character and manners. Those of the French and American Consuls appear to be fixed with peculiar tenacity, in the affectionate memory of Mrs. Broughton. One day the French Consul invited the other Consuls and their families to a grand entertainment in honour of the emperor, then in the first flush of the imperial dignity. The loyal Englishwoman writes:—"Mr. Blanckley is not a little puzzled, as he says *drinking* the usurper's health is perfectly impossible—for nothing shall prevail upon him to act the hypocrite."—Mr. Blanckley escaped the infliction, by taking the opportunity to visit the Balearic Islands on official business; but his lady and family went to the fête, and she exultingly says—"At eleven o'clock, there was a brilliant display of fireworks, during which a machine, on which the French colours were suspended, caught fire, and we had the pleasing satisfaction of seeing them burnt and fall to the ground. It augurs well." This good lady was at the same time sincerely attached to her Gallic friends, whose history exhibits one more instance of those numerous vicissitudes of fortune, of which so many have been displayed among the satellites of Napoleon. Mrs. Broughton tells the story of the French Consul's family very pleasingly. She does not seem to be aware of the alleged fact that Buonaparte himself first paid his addresses to the future wife of his brother.

In these days *couleur de rose*, dear Madame de Thainville, was in the fullest sense of the word, a charming woman. She was by birth a Mademoiselle Cléry; cousin-german to *deux Majesties;* the one wife of Joseph Buonaparte, or (as *my* dear mother would name him) the mock King of Spain, and the other, her sister, still a *bona fide* queen, viz., the consort of Bernadotte, the present King Charles of Sweden. These ladies were the daughters of a banker of Marseilles, of great wealth and respectability, and their alliance was considered a very desirable one by both the brother and the followers of General Buonaparte as I believe Napoleon then only was.

Madame de Thainville, from her alliance with the Imperial Court, was, when in Paris, *lancée dans le grand monde*, and it may be supposed, that to one so fully suited by taste and inclination to delight in all the gaieties and splendid elegance of that bright period of the Court of the magnificent Napoleon, the comparatively monotonous and quiet style of the European society at Algiers could not have had sufficient charms to win her from Paris.—Paris! who that has lived there long enough to feel the full strength of the regret of all, who by birth or adoption have claimed it as their home, will not understand the magic of that word *Paris! ce cher Paris! il n'y a rien tel que Paris!* and therefore, the greatest part of Madame de Thainville's life was passed in that fascinating region, where also she had a strong additional tie, as her only son and her eldest daughter were both left at schools there. M. de Thainville joined her whenever he was at liberty to do so, and she always returned with him for a few months to Algiers, where her arrival was hailed with great delight by all her more stationary friends; nor could the sincerity of her female ones be doubted, for amiable and *charmante* as she was, she also was their guide and model in *tous les derniers goûts;* and even during her long absences, she failed not to compassionate them in their exile, for most kindly and good naturedly did she execute all their commissions, so that European Algerine belles (unless an English cruiser happened to capture the last *chef d'œuvres* of the Parisian *artistes* on their voyage) were far more fashionably attired, in accordance to the undisputed emporium of fashion, than even the most celebrated London dealers and settlers of it, who in those glorious days were restricted to follow their own tastes, and sighed in vain for a copy of *Le Journal des Modes.* Of Madame de Thainville's youngest daughter, the lovely fascinating Irène, I retain a very affectionate and sisterly recollection. She was my sister's and my most favorite playfellow; but we have never met since, although a few streets or miles have for years only separated us; for both the Dlles de Thainville made a determination, as firm as it was deeply deplored by all, who loved them for their own as well as their parent's sakes, that they never would, in their reduced circumstances, have any intercourse with, nor even be seen by those who had known them in their days of prosperity. Their mother was our constant visiter in Paris, after mine had succeeded in discovering her alas! most humble abode; but never could we prevail on her daughters either to receive our visits or accept our invitations. Nor was such their conduct to us alone; the rule was invariably towards all their former friends, not even excepting their father's vice-consul, who had resided in their family for years, and loved them as his own children. I cannot bear to dwell on the sad reverses of this poor family, or I could relate a tale of wo. Both M. and Mme are no more, and their children are lost to me; but should they yet survive, they have my earnest prayers for their peace and welfare.

We have seen Mrs. Blanckley and her daughter visiting the beautiful wife of the Dey; but the final exit of that Sovereign, and the accession of a new one, was quite as summary, though not so agreeable as a morning visit.

"*7th Nov.* 1808.—Our janizary, Sidi Hassan, returned from town in great consternation, and came into the drawing-room, saying that the Turks had risen, and were going to kill the Dey. Our dragoman, Rais Ali, has taken sanctuary in our house.* Further accounts, about eleven o'clock, were sent to us from town, saying that the Pacha Achmet was shot on the terrace of a house belonging to a Jew, when endeavouring to escape; he had succeeded in running over the terraces of several houses from the palace of his wife, to which he had first escaped; and on being pursued thither, he got upon the terrace, and from thence over several others, until he was shot through the body and leg by a very young Turk. He was then by the soldiers dashed from the terrace into the street; and they cut off his head, and carried it to shew the new Dey, his successor who is called Ali Pacha.

"In the evening we heard that everything was quite quiet, and the usual order restored in town.

"*26th.*—Sidi Cadua, father-in-law to the late Dey, Achmet Pacha, and the proprietor of our garden, has been stripped of all his immense property and possessions, with the single exception of *this* garden, and had been thrown into prison; but on the day of Bairam (the Mahommedan feast answering to our Easter) he was restored to liberty. Our janizary, Sidi Hassan, at my desire, called upon him yesterday, and found the venerable old man seated upon a sheep skin, which alone replaced all the beautiful carpets and splendid cushions with which he had previously been surrounded. He was very grateful for the coffee and other necessaries which I had ventured to send him by Hassan. Such are the vicissitudes of life under this government.

"I have, in secrecy, been informed, that in addition to the many tyrannical measures which have of late caused so much misery, it is suspected that to-morrow there will be more bloodshed; but I hope (however unworthy of governing the expected victim is) that the above plot will be checked. The public news is, that Sidi Omar, the very Turk at whose marriage with the Cadi's daughter we were present, and who had, for a length of time back, been concerned in a conspiracy with the present Dey, Ali Pacha, has been put to death. This Sidi Omar being a man of great influence with the late government, Ali, to ensure his co-operation in placing him (Ali) at the head of the Regency, had promised that he would reward him by bestowing upon him the next post in honour and dignity in the country. After Ali was firmly established on the summit of his desires, Sidi Omar claimed his expected reward, and the Pacha in return presented him with a commission, naming him Caid or governor of some distant town and province.—Sidi Omar was so enraged at the appointment, falling so far short of his expectations, that before the face of the Pacha, he tore the commission in pieces, and, leaving the palace, stirred up several Turks, his adherents, to rebellion. On this plot being discovered by the Dey's spies, the conspirators were seized and bastinadoed, and two of them died in consequence: Sidi Omar alone was strangled, and sad to relate, I hear that he was betrayed to the Dey by his own sister-in-law. She is in great favour with the Dey at present, having become acquainted with all the details, and even knoweth the name of the Turk whom they intended to have placed upon the throne, and who proves to be too influential to suffer with his partisans. This Brutus-like lady is, without exception, the prettiest woman I ever saw; and the reflections of her mild and gentle aspect, with the knowledge of the part she has acted, tends much to excite my wonder.

"30th Nov. 1808.—Sidi Cadua is again in prison, in consequence of the dragoman of the late Achmet Pacha, who made his escape to Gibraltar, writing to the Dey, that seven quintals* and a half of gold, and two sarmas of brilliants, were concealed under ground. A black man, slave to Sidi Cadua, who was brother-in-law to the possessor, and father-in-law to Achmet Pacha, impeached his master, and accused him of knowing where this treasures were buried.—This Sidi Cadua denied; and alas, alas! even the poor widow, (whom I visited and witnessed in the enjoyment of regal splendour,) she too has been (dreadful to think of it!) subjected to the bastinado, to force her to reveal that of which she declares herself ignorant—'where the treasure is.' The late Dey's head piscary has also, from being involved in a similar suspicion, been this morning hanged, after having received in the course of the last two days, a thousand strokes of the bastinado."

Such is a revolution in Algiers, or the main features of one. Truly the European residents need not have lacked sensations. Sometimes, too, an earthquake varied their feelings. In the fifth month of his reign, this Ali Pacha was poisoned, and the European Consuls paid their respects to a new Dey, also named Ali.

"*5th March* 1809.—I understand that a cup of coffee, containing the powder of ground diamonds, a most effectual poison, (?) was offered to the late unfortunate Pacha, out of respect, as they said; but he refused to drink it, saying, that he did not choose to be accessory to his own death. He therefore politely declined the honour which the Turks intended him, preferring rather to be led out by the chaousses, like a culprit, to the usual place of execution, where he was strangled. A distinction was, however, made in his case, as he was strangled at once, instead of undergoing the usual refinement of cruelty, in being twice revived by a glass of water, and only affectually executed the third time that the bowstring is applied."

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* Complete anarchy was consequent upon a revolution taking place, and until a new Dey was elected by the janizaries. All the Moors and Jews were at the *mercy* of the ruthless soldiery, and any one who had reason to fear or suspect that he had an enemy among that lawless body, sought to hide his person and pelf from their researches, until the reign of misrule ceased, by the ascension of the green standard of the Prophet on the terrace of the palace, which announced that a new Dey was seated on the warm seat of his massacred predecessor. Probably our heroic dragoman might have had some reason to induce him, by seeking the protection of the British Consulate, to prove that he agreed in Shakspeare's definition of the better part of valour. The Jews invariably paid a large ransom to avoid a general pillage.

* Weights and measures used in the country.

Mrs. Broughton refers, we presume, to a period previous to this, when she relates the preparatory ceremonies—

One morning, shortly after day-break, when, my dearest father was proceeding to town, preceded as usual, by Sidi Hassan, and unaccompanied by any other attendant, he was much astonished at seeing a great number of janizaries prostrated at their devotions in a field at the back of this old house. Whilst he gazed at them, they simultaneously arose, and drawing their attaghans, swung them round their heads, and then appeared to be uttering some solemn oath or invocation. Before my father had time to inquire from Sidi Hassan the explanation of so strange a circumstance, the latter had fallen back on a line with him, and in an earnest whisper said, "Signore Console, look only before you, and hasten your horse's pace; and, for the love of God! let me entreat that Il Signore Console will allow what he has witnessed to be as if he had not seen it." He then instantly resumed his usual distance in advance of my father.

On their reaching town, Sidi Hassan appeared studiously to avoid being left for an instant alone with my father; but as he was equally desirous to receive some explanation of the mysterious occurrence, he at length sent for him. On entering the apartment, the janizary, with a decision of manner most unlike that in which he had ever before addressed his master, interrupted him by saying, in a deprecating tone, "*Signore, you have seen nothing;*—and as I would sue for my life, so let me, with all respect, urge you not to ask me a single question. When I shall be at liberty to answer, you will have nothing to learn." He then impressively put up five of his fingers, and added, "*cinque lune*"—five moons. After this interview, with the exception of a certain trace of anxiety visible in his countenance, and a seriousness of manner evincing great inquietude, Sidi Hassan, to all appearance, fully acted up to the advice he gave. This occurrence took place very shortly after the accession of the almost imbecile successor of Achmet Pacha; and exactly at the expiration of the five months, Ali Pacha was offered a diamond-powder-seasoned cup of coffee, to which he, however, preferred submitting to the bowstring. Then, for the first time, Hassan broke through his self-imposed silence. How far it had been altogether voluntary is uncertain, and raising up the same number of fingers, said, "Signor Console, was I not right? But even now let me entreat you, sir, to remember, that *you* saw nothing."

"An M. Arago," whose name is now better known both in Europe and Africa, chanced at that period to seek refuge in Algiers, in an attempt to reach his own country, after having been driven from Spain, whither he had gone on some scientific pursuit. He had a British passport; but the new Dey refused to let the Frenchman go, even although he could shew *King George's Seal* on his passport. He said "that no Frenchman should leave his kingdom: and that if he wished to find the longitude, &c., he might take his spy-glass, and go up one of the mountains in the vicinity, which would answer his purpose quite as well as any other part of the world."

However, the enlightened prince at last yielded to importunity, and M. Arago was permitted to leave Algiers.

At this period, there was in Algiers one of those self-devoted and apostolic Roman Catholic priests, whose exalted lives shed lustre upon their faith. Padre Guiseppe was an universal favourite; and Mrs. Blanckley's diary only expresses the general sentiment of affection and regret for him.

5th Jan. 1811.—Poor Padre Guiseppe, I am distressed to hear, has a pleurisy; and the ignorant and obstinate doctors, who bleed on every unnecessary occasion, refuse taking blood from this good man. I am truly distressed and unhappy on his account, and join my prayers to the many which doubtless ascend from the innermost hearts of the poor slaves, to whom he has indeed been pastor, father, and friend, in this moral desert. . . . . . .

"*6th.*— . . . . The extreme unction has been administered to the excellent Padre Guiseppe. Our cook, Salvador, was present, as he had gone to inquire how he was. The good man recognised him, and sent by him his respects and his blessing to us all. The prayers and blessing of the righteous avail much. How much do I feel!

"*7th.*—The humane, the charitable, the man of God, Padre Guiseppe Jesuis, is no more. He, at eight o'clock last night, resigned his soul into the hands of his Redeemer, whom he imitated to the utmost of *mortal* power. May my life be influenced by his holy example, and may my death be like his! My heart is afflicted beyond description at the unspeakable loss the poor slaves have sustained. May the Almighty in his mercy make it up to them!

"My dear husband was so much affected at the loss of so valuable a member of society, that the gout attacked his stomach; but, thanks be to God! some ether I gave him immediately removed it. I find the mortal remains of the venerable man cannot be interred to-day, (as is the custom among the Roman Catholics in warm climates,) on account of the Moorish feast, and the great concourse of people at Bab-el-Ouate—the gate which leads to the Christian cemetery. The Guardian Pacha came to see Mr. B. this evening, and, at my request, he assured me that all the slaves shall attend the *Marabout* Padre Guiseppe to his grave; and he added, that he thanked me for telling him how to testify the respect he felt for this very good man.

"*8th Jan.*—All the Consuls attended the funeral of the worthy Padre—Mr. D. acted as Mr. B.'s representative. There is scarcely a dry Christian eye in Algiers."

Mrs. Broughton fills up her mother's outline, and we are tempted by her saintly picture. Padre Guiseppe arrived at Algiers in the prime of life, and in the habit of a religious order, many years before this time.

From the instant he set his foot upon its shore, his every moment had been devoted to the service of his unfortunate brethren in the bonds of slavery; but he brought not alone himself to their relief, but likewise the produce of the sale of all his great landed estates which he had sold, that he might bestow all that he possessed in the ransoming of as many Christians in Mahomedan bondage as his ample means could effect. After thus expending all that he possessed, he remained amongst those unfortunates, for whom he had only prayers and consolations to offer, instructing them by his exhortations, and encouraging them by his holy example, to look beyond this state of trial towards that "better and enduring" heavenly country. So consistent was his whole life, that the Mahomedans undeviatingly shewed him the greatest respect, and spoke of him with scarcely less admiration than the Christians.

He had three different times had the plague: but as long as his strength was unexhausted, he ceased not to attend to the bodily as well as the spiritual wants of his beloved children—for so he ever called the objects of his affectionate care. The Moors used to think he had a charmed life, and, I believe, many of the poor slaves shared that conviction. All those free Christians, who were disposed to share a portion of this world's goods with their unhappy *correligionnaires*, willingly made Padre Guiseppe their almoner; from the charitable in France he likewise received remittances for the benefit of the slaves; and by these means he was yet enabled to relieve their temporal necessities, and gladly did he so. I remember that a gentleman, having visited him, perceived that he had nothing but a straw *paillasse* to lie on, and on leaving his cell, he went and ordered two good wool mattrasses to be sent to the poor (in this world's sense) old man, and added half a dozen shirts from his own wardrobe. A few days afterwards he repeated his visit, but the mattrasses had disappeared. He could not refrain from expressing his surprise to the Padre. "Oh! my son, that *paillasse* is a very good bed for me, so I was very glad to send those nice mattrasses to two poor suffering old slaves in the Bagnio;" and he instantly turned the conversation. The disappointed donor afterwards, on inquiry, found that the shirts likewise had accompanied the bedding. His ever-benevolent and cheerful countenance never assumed a look of sadness, except when, on one of his children asking for relief, he could but open his *tabatiere*, and say, "Alas my dear son, this is all I have to-day to offer you; but let us hope and pray the Lord to send us assistance." And I have heard the poor creatures say, that his affectionate look and words failed not to inspire them with submission and resignation, as they well knew how constant were his personal privations for their sakes.

His *tabatiere* my dear mama, from the time of her first acquaintance with him, ever took care should not be empty, as she always furnished it in kind; for she knew that money would oftener go to another destination than providing for this his single gratification. His was a tall and most erect figure, although he was, I believe, about eighty years of age, and his countenance was most benign. He always wore his black religious habit. My dearest parents were never happier than when they welcomed him to their house. Indeed, I believe, the whole family felt as if a particular blessing rested upon it whilst he was under its roof; and a certain one was surely derived from the benefit of his pious conversation, divested, in our regard, of all sectarianism: for nothing was more pleasing to him, than to listen to my reading the French Testament, when he never failed to impress upon us the necessity of attending to its divine precepts. When he was expected, an air *de fete* seemed to pervade the whole household; and when he appeared upon the mule which had been sent for him, all our servants pressed around him, each anxious for his paternal recognition and benediction, whilst they actually kissed his garments, until each in their turn could press their lips upon his aged hand: and his departure from our house was attended with like demonstrations of love, which, although they, in our own case, partook of a different character, were not less warmly felt. My mother especially loved him with filial affection. I have often heard her say she had indeed mourned for him as a daughter.

Bastinadoing, decimating, and strangulation, are such common occurrences in Mrs. Blanckley's journal, that they fail at last to affect the reader, unless attended by some picturesque circumstance, or from the victim being a person of rank or note, as, for example, the King of the Jews.

"*5th February.*—Our feelings have been dreadfully shocked by hearing that David Bacri, the King of the Jews, has been cruelly massacred at the palace, whither he had been sent for, and at first received with apparent courtesy; indeed, the Dey was almost unusually gracious during the whole time of the audience, conversing on the most indifferent topics; and it was only on the unfortunate victim's leaving the barbarous presence, that he had even a suspicion of the dreadful fate to which the smiling tyrant had doomed him. As he descended into the skiffa of the palace, two of the chaousses seized him, whilst a third, wielding a sabre, but too evidently informed him of the sentence that had been passed upon him."

This man was assassinated, that the Dey, Ali Pacha, might obtain his vast wealth. His brother, Jacob Bacri, was benevolently concealed in the garden or villa of the British Consul, and many of the Jews at this time, found a sanctuary in his town residence. His home seemed, indeed, ever open to the distressed of all nations. The Dey led a stirring life.

"*12th March.*—The news to-day is, that in consequence of a command from the Dey, the Bey of Constantina, Alifa, and his father-in-law, an Arab Sheik, are both strangled, as it was discovered that large supplies of wheat were constantly sent by them to the Bey of Tunis, with whom this country is at war, and to the injury of the British commerce at Bona. . . . . . .

"18*th.*—The first news this morning was, that our poor landlord, Sidi Cadua, had been sent for by a chaous to the palace, where, without any accusation, his turban and shershea were taken off, he was then dragged to Bab-el-zoon, and hanged like a dog. Thus died the head of the most noble and ancient Moorish family, at seventy years of age, whose only crime, it proves, was marrying yesterday his only daughter to a Turk, who was hogia at the palace in Achmet Pacha's reign. The two elder sisters being now widows, the one of Achmet Pacha, who cannot ever marry again, and the other of the late Aga. The bridegroom has taken sanctuary in the barracks. The body of Sidi Cadua is to remain exposed for three days.

"The Guardian Pacha called in the evening, but was very grave, as are most of the Turks; such arbitrary acts cannot be long successful without some change.

"19*th.*—A relation of Sidi Cadua's, the Caid or Governor of Tesso, was this morning seized and taken to the strangling-house. The plot begins to thicken. I just have heard, that fear or policy has caused the Dey to liberate the Caid this evening. His house is so near ours, that we could hear the sound of the women's rejoicing at his unhoped-for return; he caused a sheep to be killed before his door, and then distributed to the poor. Sidi Cadua's body has likewise been allowed to be buried.

"*6th September.*—We hear that the Dionysius of Algiers yesterday condemned a poor Jew to receive twelve hundred bastinadoes, for having disturbed the tyrant by the noise of his hammer during the night. This poor creature had been ordered to continue working during the night by the Lamine della Ricca, or Master of the Mint, who employed him to coin or make money for the use of Government; for which compliance the poor wretch was to receive the *enormous* sum of three mezunas, 56 of which make a Spanish dollar!

"*9th.*—The poor Jew, who was bastinadoed, is not yet dead, but has been obliged to submit to lose three pounds of flesh from the part where the bastinadoes were inflicted. . . . . . .

"*24th.*—When Mr. B., &c. &c., went to the palace this morning, to present the present from our King, the Dey was in the worst possible humour, on account of not having received an answer to the letter which he wrote to the King; and scarcely would credit Mr. B. when he assured him that he had not received a single line from our Government. When a musical snuff-box, which cost £500, was presented, he asked if the King took him for a child, to be pleased with *ting, ting, ting*. He ridiculed a beautiful cestus, or clasp of brilliants and emeralds; he also seemed to think very little of a bale of broadcloth, but more graciously received some instruments of death, viz. a splendidly ornamented brace of pistols, but peremptorily asked, "Where is the gun that belongs to them?" No such thing had been sent. Had the same expense been bestowed upon a *suitably* arranged present, the interests of our country would have been advanced instead of weakened, by the disappointment the barbarian now experiences. Had the opinion of any one versed in oriental customs been taken, a gun, no matter of what intrinsic value, (so that it was brilliantly ornamented, and to match the pistols,) would have been sent, instead of the beautiful *ting, ting* box, and the useless cestus. The result has been any thing but to influence the Dey in British favour. . . . .

"Our chagrin is great at the impolitic conduct of our Government, in sending such dissatisfactory, yet expensive presents here, actually casting pearls among swine; when an old brig or cutter would have been highly acceptable, many of which are falling to decay in our ports.

Many little traits of humanity and amiable feeling among Algerines, Turks, and Jews, as well as in their Christian friends, impart a peculiar grace to this volume. It was the duty, but still more the inclination of the British Consul and his lady to do good to the many unfortunate persons of different Christian nations, whom captivity and other causes threw upon their kindness and compassion. When Mrs. Blanckley was about to return to England, the guardian Pacha, an excellent heathen, called for her. She says—

"I offered to pay him for the support of some poor old slaves a twelve-month in advance, that they might be exempted from labour. He pushed back the little bag of money I held out to him, saying, 'Take back your money, signora: you have paid too much for those people already; and believe, that such is my respect for you, that whilst I am Guardian Pacha, those old people whom you have protected shall never undergo any labour.'"

This worthy man was one of the first of his country-men who fell under Lord Exmouth's fire. . . . .

He was highly connected, and his whole life and conversation, public and private, proved that nothing mean or dishonourable could be associated with him. He would, as I have constantly heard my father say, have been an ornament and honour to any country or creed. He was a most strict Mussulman; yet often, when he was obliged to call up the Christian slaves in the night during the violent hurricanes to which the port of Algiers is so liable, he would, at his own private expense, bestow a glass of *agua ardiente* upon each of the poor dripping creatures.

The servants of the English Consul were generally Christian slaves, whose services he hired from their owners. The cook, a faithful and attached creature, named Salvador, belonged to the King of the Jews. Mrs. Broughton relates that David Bacri, whose assassination we have noticed, paid her mother ceremonial visits on New-Year's Day, and other holidays, and made her the usual compliment of declaring all that he possessed was hers—

When he, in the usual courteous *parlance* of southern foreigners, declared, in paying his compliments to my mother, that all that he possessed was at her service, she never failed, in mood of half seriousness, half *plaisanterie*, to say, "I shall be very glad to take you at your word; and tell my cook Salvador, that he is at liberty, for that you have made a present of him." The repetition of this *burla* ended by the poor eagle-killer being restored to liberty, of which he had been deprived at the age of twelve years, under the most afflicting circumstances.

Salvador had once killed a tame eagle instead of a Guinea fowl.

A respectable old man, a native of Sicily, had, with his sons, been captured by an Algerine corvette. One of the sons obtained employment in the family of Mr. Blanckley, who took a warm interest in the whole family. Mrs. Broughton relates—

After many abortive attempts to propitiate the Dey in behalf of the poor old man, whose wife and daughters had sold all they possessed in the world, to send the product to Algiers, in the hope that it might suffice for his ransom; though, alas! it fell so far short of the fixed large sum, that the Dey would not hear of its acceptance. My dear father, on a particular occasion, (what exactly I do not now recollect,) on which, according to the *usanza*, the Dey was bound to make a present of value to the English Consul, as was his constant practice in similar circumstances, made a public request that his Highness would graciously be pleased, instead of any other offering, to bestow upon him a Christian slave. This, in royal courtesy, even in Algerine etiquette, the Pacha could not refuse, and Francisco, as well as several other equally fortunate slaves, were granted to his request, although the Dey latterly said, "Take care, Signore Console, that you have not to reproach yourself with the loss of my head, for I fear I may with justice be accused of being over-generous in thus parting with the property of the state."

When the old man was on the point of leaving us, my father asked him, if he should ever find a propitious moment in which he might prevail upon the Dey to grant him the liberty of one of his sons, on the payment of the hitherto-considered inadequate sum of money which had been forwarded for the purpose of his own ransom, to which of his sons the preference should be shewn? "Ask me not, sir," replied the agitated father; "I cannot make a choice between two children equally dutiful and affectionate, and equally dear to me."

An opportunity for the furtherance of my father's benevolent intentions did at length occur, and he named our own servant Marianno as the object worthy of being benefitted by the Dey's liberality; and in consequence, his passage was engaged on board a ship going to Malta. He took a respectful leave of the family, and we all looked at the vessel as it sailed out of the bay—of course believing that it contained our honest *sotto cuoco*. But to the astonishment of the whole household, Marianno entered the drawing-room that very evening, and throwing himself at the feet of my parents, he exclaimed, "Pardon me, my benefactors, if your servant has thus presumed to deceive your goodness. Luciano was my elder brother, and in every respect more worthy, and capable of being more useful to our parents than I am; and I have therefore—against his own will, by proving to him, as he is able to do more good, that it was his bounden duty to go in my place—with difficulty persuaded him; and believe me, that it is far happier for me; and I hope it may please God to let me serve you while I live."

These are charming anecdotes, heightened, too, by farther proofs of the warm gratitude of these poor people, and the sympathy of their English benefactors.

In the description of Maria, the maid or nurse of the young ladies, we have a lively and characteristic portrait of the Neapolitan coquette of the lower order, as well as a romantic story:—

She was a decided *brunette*, of a clear transparent complexion; the roseate tint, however, positively predominating in her plump cheeks. Her black eyes were *bien fendus*, and bright at all times, but brighter still when we presumed to disobey. Her jetty hair was turned back from off her full forehead, and fastened in a knot at the top of her head by a large silver bodkin, two long curls alone being allowed to escape, and hang down from her temples;—and yet Maria was not a beauty—she was rather what the Scotch would denominate *sonsie*, for her nose, mouth, and proportions generally, were on too large a scale. What her age was I do not know, and children are so apt to fancy their seniors so much older than—as they themselves rise in the scale of humanity—they afterwards find them to be, that I shall not say what my own presumptions were on that delicate point, to which a *femme de chambre* is as susceptible of an unfavourable misconception as the fairest and most courtly of dames.

Reggio in Calabria was our worthy *Bonne's* birthplace, and she always wore the costume peculiar to it, namely:—On great *festas*, her hose were of red silk, ornamented with golden clocks—her high-heeled shoes, of crimson and blue satin—her rather short petticoat was of striped white dimity—and her tightly-fitting laced bodice of the same materials and colours as her shoes. She at all times wore large gold ear-rings, and never for one instant, night or day, did she separate herself from a row of coral which surrounded her olive throat. To this she attributed many supernatural qualities; as I have often heard her declare, that when any evil, either of sickness or of the other innumerable calamities our nature is prone to, were on the eve of occurring to her, these became of a paler hue, and only recovered their usual deep red colour after the evil they so truly prognosticated had passed away.—Colourless, indeed, then, should they have been on the fatal night, when their poor hapless wearer occupied her couch, in a small fort on the Calabrese coast, for the last time—where her husband, Antonio the Stupid, commanded in the capacity of Sergeant of veterans; and it being his duty each night to raise the drawbridge, he, with his usual regularity, left it in that convenient state that made it quite unnecessary to let it down in the morning. In short, Antonio thought raising and lowering the *ponte-levatojo* a mere work of supererogation: and the other four veterans under his command, with true Neapolitan love of the *dolce far niente*, of course, were not so mutinous as to interfere with their sergeant's duty. The consequence of this perfect good understanding in the garrison was, that one starry night a boat's crew from an Algerine frigate landed; and the first sight our good Maria saw, was her chamber filled with Turks;—the next instant, ere they perceived her, she slipt from her husband's side down the *ruelle* of her bed:—While she lay beneath it, scarcely alive from fright, her husband and little boy of seven years of age were seized, and, with everything of any value their room contained, removed out of it. Scarcely did she begin to breathe and think that she was at any rate spared to her daughter, (by a former marriage, who, at the time was on a visit to her grandmother at a village, a few miles in the interior,) than she heard some one re-enter her chamber, and a Turk stooping down with a drawn attaghan, proceeded to flourish it under the bed, and in so doing, he discovered the trembling unfortunate, as he had anticipated. For just as they were leaving the fort, the thought had struck him, that some one might have been under the sergeant's bed, especially as the poor boy's cries of "*La mia Mama, Mamma mia dove siete*," gave him to understand that such an individual was missing. As all these veteran watchmen were married, and had all of them families, this proved a most successful harrying to the Algerines.

Maria, on her arrival, was consigned, with her little son, to the house of some Turk in office, where she lost her poor child before the second year of their captivity elapsed. She always spoke of the great kindness she experienced, as indeed is universally the case, for all private individuals always treat both Christian and negro slaves rather as if they stood in the relation of children to them than in a state of bondage. How dreadful is the opposite picture that we have heard drawn of the conduct of those, who bear the outward name of disciples of Him, who for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty might become rich. . . . . .

Maria entered our service immediately on our arrival, and remained, even after our departure, for some time nominally in it, as I have quoted from the journal. But in vain did we try to find an occupation suited to the abilities of her husband. To please my mother, the Christian head gardener at the Dey's garden caused him to be removed from the wretchedness of the Bagnio, and entered on the list of slaves employed under him. Vainly, however, was any labour, however trivial, given to the stupid old man, for he invariably acted in direct opposition to the orders received.

By a singular accident, a temporary janizary, employed in the Consul's family, was discovered to be the very Turk who had dragged poor Maria from her hiding-place. He expressed contrition, but Maria never forgave him. The caprices and waiting-maid tricks of Maria are as amusing as her portrait is piquant. Fainting, and taking hysterical fits, and sudden violent illness, was her ordinary mode of gaining an object, excusing a fault, or gratifying a caprice. Maria is a good type of her class.

More than half of this pleasant volume is from the pen of Mrs. Broughton; her mother's entries, in the earlier part, merely serving for pegs on which to hang her own *souvenirs;* while the latter division is wholly her own, and occupied with descriptions of the country, of the Consular residence, and those modes of life in which there must have been, spite of stranglings, earthquakes, jackals, and white ants, much ease, freedom, and enjoyment. To her young life in "dear Algiers," the author ever looks back with delighted recollection. A warmer tone in speaking of her relatives, not merely upon great occasions, when expressions of sensibility or affection come naturally, or are called for, distinguishes Mrs. Broughton's book, warmer than is usual among the cold, seemingly-proud, shy English; and critical readers may, perhaps, object to the language occasionally running into something like the *lingua Franca*, familiar to her childhood, from the odd and unnecessary mixture of French and Italian words. These are the only blemishes of a work always readable, and often pleasant and attractive, from the new aspects of life, and the goodness of heart which it displays.

From the Christian Observer.

"A DOOR WAS OPENED IN HEAVEN."

(Rev. vi. 1.)

Oh! for that brief mysterious view,
  Once to the seer of Patmos given!
That vision of the favoured few,
  The door that opened into heaven!

To lift a corner of the veil,
  To pass the canopy of sky;
And with unearthly wonder hail
  The deep things of eternity!

How would the soul rest satisfied,
  Its hope assured, its doubts dispelled;
How its apportioned time abide,
  With each impatient murmur quelled!

To bear the bursting flood of light,
  Where seraphs bathe their glancing wings;
To gaze on forms all pure and bright—
  To hear unutterable things!

To mark a host arrayed in hues,
  Known only to the Courts above;
And angel guides, who with them muse
  The mystery of Eternal Love.

The Patriarchs of the olden time,
  Prophets whose tongues were living flame,
Apostles, who, through every clime,
  Announced the life-conferring name:
Martyrs, who toiled, and bled, and died,
  And thousand spirits of the blest;
Redeemed, exalted, glorified—
  All in one band, and all at rest.

Or raising their unwearied song,
  The hymn of love—the shout of praise;—
Oh! to commingle with that throng;—
  The joy—the bliss—the mute amaze!

Fain would we hear the loud acclaim,
  The voices like a rushing flood—
"Praise, praise to the Redeemer's name,
  Who loved, and washed us in his blood."

Vain wish! to flesh these scenes are veiled,
  Or yield a shadowy delight—
Possessions at far distance hailed;—
  We walk by faith—and not by sight.

From Tait's Magazine.

LA SAINTE ALLIANCE DU PEUPLE.

SUNG ON THE OCCASION OF THE EVACUATION OF THE FRENCH TERRITORY, IN THE YEAR 1818.

(*From the French of Beranger.*)

I saw the descending of peace from afar;
  Flowers, corn-blades, and gold in her pathway arose;
The air was serene, and the thunders of war
  Were quenched at her feet, in a harmless repose;
And she said—"Noble equals in prowess, advance,
Men of England, Spain, Germany, Muscovy, France!
O peoples, forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance!

"Ye are worn by long ages of hate and distrust:
  Your rest is a night-mare where sleep is undone;
Apportion your globe in a spirit more just:
  Let each have his place in the light of the sun.
To the car of Ambition all harnessed ye stray
From the true road of happiness blindly away.
O peoples, forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance!

"On your neighbours ye burst with the torch and the brand,
  And the storms bear your roofs in a blaze to the skies:
When earth has grown cold, from the war-wasted hand
  The plough pauses idly, and rusts where it lies.
Near the bourne whence all states have gone forward, we find
No corn-blade sustained by the blood of mankind.
O peoples forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance!

"'Mid the blaze of your cities the potentates proud,
  With the point of their insolent sceptres, will dare
To mark, and count over the popular crowd
  By some blood-spilling triumph accorded them there.
Poor flock, still exposed to the tyrannous stroke,
From the heavy, ye pass to the merciless yoke.
O peoples, forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance!

"Nor broken in vain be the torch and the sword;
Let Justice bear sway in the lands of your birth:
No more let your life's-blood be uselessly poured
For the Kings that requite not, and victors of earth.
Denounce the false glare of the planets that start
To scare us to-day, and to-morrow depart.
O peoples, forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance!

"Oh! yet let the nations in freedom respire;
Cast a veil o'er the past—let its history cease.
Sow the seed in your fields to the sound of the lyre,
Let the bright arts be glad round the altar of Peace!
And Hope, lapped in plenty, will smile to behold
The young race that rises succeeding the old.
O peoples, forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a holy Alliance!

Thus sung sweetest Peace; and the words that she sung
Were pronounced after her by our governing Powers;
As tho' in her spring-time, all Nature looked young,
And hearts again woke to see Autumn in flowers.
Let thy wine-cup, my country, flow freely to-day,
For the bands of the stranger are marching away.
O peoples, forgetting all by-gone defiance,
Join hands in the bond of a Holy Alliance! W. D.

From the Metropolitan.

THE DEAF AND DUMB BOY.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Although thou canst not breathe, fair boy,
The language of mankind,
I know that thou canst well enjoy
The intercourse of mind;
And gaze on thee with feelings blent
Of pleasure and of grief,
Since God, who thy affliction sent,
Hath sent to thee relief.

Oh! scarcely can I mourn the ill,
So softened and relieved,
Wonders, transcending human skill,
For thee have been achieved;
Words of instruction, peace, and good,
Thy ready sense can reach,
And thou canst tell thy gratitude
Without the aid of speech.

Thou lead'st a kind of hallowed life,
These sheltering walls within,
Safe from the tumult and the strife
That rack a world of sin;
Language to thee displays alone
Its best and purest use,
Nor has thy shuddering spirit known
The grief of its abuse.

When thought within thy breast has held
Its sweet and holy reign,
Thou hast not felt the calm dispelled
By speakers light and vain,
Turned from a phrase of doubtful sense,
And wished that phrase unheard,
Yet mourned the haunting influence
Of a debasing word.

How seldom rightly we exert
The senses God has given,
Daily to evil we pervert
The sacred boons of heaven;
And when vain colloquies arise,
To which our hearts incline,
Oft may we wish our faculties
Were closely locked as thine.

Why should we listen, wherefore speak,
While here on earth we rove,
Save for the glorious truths to seek
Imparted from above?
And all that mortal search can win,
Within thy mind hath place,
Since thou canst tell of innate sin
And mediating grace.

The time of miracles is o'er,
Yet hope, sweet boy, and pray,
That God thy senses may restore
In his own blessed day;
When thou the seraph band shalt hear,
Who sing to him their lays,
And add, in tones distinct and clear,
Thy own glad song of praise.

From the United Service Journal.

THE WOURALI POISON.

HYDROPHOBIA.

The existence of this truly fatal poison has long been known to Europeans through the fabulous accounts that were given of it by a few individuals communicating in trade with the Red Indians of Guiana; but so exaggerated were the statements considered that, when the British government superseded the Dutch by the capitulation of Demerara, several unsuccessful attempts were made to ascertain the facts. Amongst others who undertook to obtain information was Mr. Waterton, of Walton Hall, near Wakefield, a gentlemen of good property, who determined, through a pure love of science, to explore the interior of Guiana, and by personal investigation to learn the nature and quality of this deadly composition. He quitted the town of Demerara in the month of April, 1812, and penetrated through the wilds and paradises of South America, inland, the distance of 800 miles, to the territory of the Macoushi Indians, who are considered the best manufacturers of this Wourali poison, making it much stronger than any of the other tribes, who, though they make much of it themselves, yet purchase a greater portion from the Macoushies. Mr. Waterton remained 120 days in the solitudes of Guiana: he collected a great quantity of the poison: had repeated opportunities of witnessing its manufacture, and many more of testing its effects. In his "Wanderings," he observes:—

"A day or two before the Macoushi Indian prepares his poison, he goes into the forest in quest of his ingredients. A vine grows in these wilds which is called Wourali. It is from this that the poison takes its name, and it is the principal ingredient. When he has procured enough of this, he digs up a root of a very bitter taste, ties them together and then looks about for two kinds of bulbous plants which contain a green and glutinous juice. He fills a little quake, which he carries on his back, with the stalks of these; and, lastly, ranges up and down till he finds two species of ants. One of them is very large and black, and so venomous that its sting produces a fever; it is most commonly to be met with on the ground. The other is a little red ant, which stings like a nettle, and generally has its nest under the leaf of a shrub."

To these ingredients are superadded the strongest Indian pepper and the pounded fangs of the Labarri snake, as well as those of the Counacouchi snake. The former of these reptiles is generally about eight feet long, is of a speckled dirty-brown colour, and when coiled up or motionless may be mistaken for a piece of dried bush-rope, and can scarcely be distinguished from the clayey ground on which he loves to lie. On the convex side, near the points of the fang, there is a narrow convex aperture, having a communication right down the fang to the root, where, in a little bag, the poison is contained. A pressure on the point of the fang produces a corresponding pressure of the root upon the bag, and forces up a portion of the venom, which is thick and yellow, resembling strong chammomile tea. This snake is one of the most poisonous in Guiana, and its bite causes death in a very few minutes. The Counacouchi, when full grown, measures from fourteen to fifteen feet—the colours of his body are most beautiful, displaying all the hues of the rainbow, and he is equally fierce in his desperate assaults on man or beast; nor are his own species exempt from his attacks. His poison is still more deadly and fatal than the Labarri, and the Indian finds great difficulty in killing him, on account of his undaunted bravery and resistance.

Having procured these ingredients, the Wourali vine and bitter roots are scraped into thin shavings, and placed in a kind of colander made of large leaves; water is then poured upon them, and a dark liquor strains through into an earthen pot. The bruised bulbous stalks are then squeezed through the hands into the pot till a proportionate quantity of that kind of fluid is obtained. The venomous ants, the snakes' fangs, and the hot pepper are then bruised together and thrown amongst the rest; the pot is placed over a slow fire, and, when boiling, more of the juice of the wourali is added, and the scum is lightly removed from the surface of the liquid by a leaf; it is kept in this state, simmering over the fire, till it is reduced to a thick syrup of a deep brown colour; experiments are then made to try its strength, and, if it is found to answer their expectations, it is carefully preserved dry in a covered vessel.

Incantations and charms are deemed requisite during the progress of manufacture: females are not allowed to be present. The shed where it is boiled is abandoned for ever as polluted, and the Indian frequently undergoes ablution. The generally received opinion of those who have had opportunities of investigating the matter is, that the vegetable ingredients are only necessary to convey the poison through the frame, though it certainly is by no means improbable that they may, by their combination, possess similar qualities to strychnine.

The Wourali is the Indian's gunpowder, with which he pursues his game; the arrow is a small shaft of hard wood, about ten inches long, and about one inch of the point is coated with the poison—the other end is wadded round with cotton till its size fills the hollow of the long tube through which it is to be blown. The Indian can send one of these arrows from his blow-pipe to the height of 300 feet, and, as he seldom misses his aim, the feathered tribe are soon brought to the ground, the poison taking effect in a few minutes, the slightest wound being sufficient for the purpose. In large game the smaller arrow is attached to one of about five feet in length, which is discharged from a bow, and generally aimed at the shoulder; the short poisoned arrow, being cut half through, breaks off from the long one: the stag or wild boar bounds forward, the Indian follows, and is sure to find his victim at 150 or 200 yards from the place where he received his wound. The flesh receives no detriment from the poison, and is sweet and wholesome food, nor does it even in this hot climate cause any speedier decomposition of animal matter.

Various trials have been made of the strength of this poison, and it has been ascertained that the quantity must be proportioned to the strength of the animal. Three-coated spikes were introduced in various parts of a large ox, each spike being sufficient for a wild hog; they began to operate in about six minutes, and in twenty-five minutes the creature was quite dead. The meat was eaten and found to be very savoury and sweet. So much for what has taken place in Demerara, where we have repeatedly seen the experiment tried both by medical men and the Indians, and life become extinct according to the quantity infused. Soon after Mr. Waterton's return, the faculty of the metropolis were desirous of witnessing the effects of this deadly combination: an ass was inoculated with it, and expired in twelve minutes. Another was introduced, and a ligature was bound very tightly around the leg above which the poisoned spike was introduced. The creature experienced no ill effects—walked about without manifesting the slightest suffering—ate and drank freely, and continued thus in his usual state of health for an hour. At the expiration of that time the bandage was removed, and in ten minutes the animal was dead. Thus far the fatal nature of the poison was fully proved; and then it became a matter of question whether any antitode could be found to counteract its deadly effects. The Indians assert that holding the wounded animal for a considerable time up to the mouth in water will defeat the deleterious quality—also the juice of the sugar-cane, poured freely down the throat; but though repeatedly tried they have been wholly ineffectual. Artificial respiration was then thought of, and tried upon a she-ass, that expired in about twenty minutes; an incision was made in the windpipe, and the nozzle of a common pair of bellows introduced; the ass manifested symptoms of recovery—held up her head and looked around; the artificial respiration was discontinued, and the creature again sunk into apparent death. The artificial breathing was re-commenced and continued without intermission for two hours; at the expiration of which time the creature rose up and walked about without any symptoms of agitation or pain. The wound, in which the poison had been introduced was healed without difficulty, but the animal's constitution had received so severe a shock that it was twelve months before she completely recovered, but lived no less than twenty-three years afterwards, enjoying, at perfect ease, the fine park-land attached to Walton Hall, and died at the age of twenty-seven.

The experiment of resuscitation having succeeded, it was very natural to suppose that efforts would be made to turn it to advantage; for it was conjectured that, if existence could thus be destroyed and restored again, the destruction of existence might also remove local or organic disease, and the artificial respiration produce a new life in every sense of the term. The first trial of this was made by Mr. Sewell, an eminent veterinary surgeon of London, on a horse labouring under tetanus or locked jaw. He looked upon this disease in horses as induced by extreme irritation of the nervous system, and therefore conjectured that, as the wourali poison suppressed all nervous power, it might, if properly administered, remove the lock-jaw, and animation might be restored again by artificial respiration. Accordingly the poison was inserted in the fleshy part of the shoulder, and in ten minutes apparent death was produced. Artificial respiration was commenced and persevered in for four hours, when re-animation took place; the animal rose up, and though, previous to the operation, his jaws had been fast locked, and his mouth too firmly closed to admit the introduction of either food or medicine, yet now all symptoms had disappeared, and he eagerly fed on hay and corn.

Here then was at once a most satisfactory proof of the efficacy of this very curious and certainly, at first consideration, hazardous mode of treatment; but, unluckily for a perfect confirmation of its wonderful effects, the horse thus recovered was too abundantly supplied with food during the night, and the consequence was an over-distension of the stomach, of which the horse died the following day, without, however, having the slightest recurrence of tetanic symptoms. Other attempts have been made, at various times, to destroy and restore animals, most of which have succeeded; but we are not aware of any experiment similar to that made by Mr. Sewell having been practised.

Mr. Waterton has in his possession a great quantity of the wourali poison preserved in bladders of lard, so as to exclude the air; and suggestions have been made that, if it has proved efficacious in nervous diseases of animals, it may also be used with good effect in nervous diseases of the human frame; and, as hydrophobia is of this class, whether, by first destroying the nervous powers, and then restoring life by artificial respiration, this horrible infliction might not be defeated.

A sub-inspector of the night-watch at Nottingham was bitten by a strange dog some few weeks ago, and though the wound, which was on the nose, was very slight and immediately cauterised, yet he was attacked with hydrophobia in its worst form, and Mr. Waterton was sent for to try the wourali. That gentleman, with his accustomed humanity, promptly attended, but, before his arrival, the poor fellow had expired. The surgical and medical profession of Nottingham, ever desirous for information, requested Mr. Waterton to exhibit the powers of the wourali—this he consented to do; and about the middle of April last he revisited Nottingham for this express purpose. A large room, formerly used as a medical school, was set apart for the occasion, which, from improper arrangement, was soon so overcrowded as to render the operation of restoring animation much more difficult on account of the heated state of the atmosphere.

First, a brindled dog of good size was brought in, and an incision being made in the animal's left side, an arrow spike, covered with the poison, was introduced into the wound; for a quarter of an hour it manifested no symptoms of distress or uneasiness, but moved about as if nothing was the matter: at the expiration of that time, however, the action of the heart became irregular and tumultuous; the pulse rose to 130, irregular and intermitting; in 34 minutes the dog showed indications of distress by convulsive twitchings and feebleness of the legs; in two minutes more the poison (a rather strong infusion) acted powerfully—the convulsions were constant, though not violent; the pupils of the eye became greatly dilated, and the animal, after staggering a little, looked lethargic and fell down; the arrow-head was then withdrawn, and no traces of the poison remained upon it, the whole having been absorbed. The respiration became extremely difficult: the struggling increased; and, at the expiration of 52 minutes from the first insertion of the poison, the animal was dead. In five minutes afterwards the body was opened—the heart was found full of fluid blood, and, on being pricked with the point of a scapel, gave not the slightest indication of irritability.

A she ass, nearly fourteen years of age, and in very poor condition, was the next brought forward, and, previous to operating, the action of the heart was regular—the pulse at 62. At six minutes past nine in the morning a lateral incision was made in the neck of the ass, near the right shoulder, and an arrow-head, thickly coated with the poison, inserted into the wound.

At 9h. 12m. the pulse was at 60, and continued uninterruptedly the same for five or six minutes longer, when it began to increase.

At 9h. 20m. the pulse was irregular, and had risen to 72, the respirations at 14 in a minute. At this time the pupils of the eyes were becoming dilated.

At 9h. 32m. the pulse was still at 72, the animal manifesting symptoms of uneasiness.

At 9h. 36m. the pulse had risen to 84, and the creature repeatedly lifted its fore-legs, which trembled, and the next minute it fell down, being exactly 31 minutes from the time of introducing the poison. There was a slight struggling, but the muscular power soon ceased. The pulsation was imperceptible, except a slight fluttering at the heart, and animation appeared to be extinct.

The animal was then raised upon a table. An opening was immediately made in the trachea, and at 9h. 41 m. artificial respiration was commenced.

In all other experiments that had hitherto been made, nothing more than a common pair of bellows had been used: and professional gentlemen will readily perceive, not only the unhandiness of the instrument, but the injury that must be caused to the trachea by such constant removals. In the present case, Mr. Sibson, the resident surgeon of the general hospital, provided a tin tube, with a bend of about four inches, to be inserted in the wind-pipe, over which was a pad to strap close to the throat, and then about nine inches of the tube projected from the neck.

A double-acting pair of bellows was securely fixed, and to the nozzle of which was fastened a pipe of leather, which, having a metal ferule at the other end, was applied to the tin tube, but easily removed on the instant. The bellows, on being plied, kept up a constant current of air, and the pad being drawn pretty tight over the wound, there could be no escape. Five operators are required,—one to keep the bellows going, another to the leathern pipe, a third to confine and keep the nostrils closed, and two others to the body of the animal. The wind is forced by the bellows through the leathern pipe and tin tube, down the trachea into the lungs: the leathern pipe is then withdrawn from the tin tube at C, and the two at the body again press out the wind, which escapes at C, the nostrils being entirely stopped. The repetition of this process must be equal to from 14 to 16 times in a minute; so that some idea may be formed of the incessant labour required. It has already been said, that at 9h. 41 m. natural respiration entirely ceased, and artificial respiration was commenced.

At 9h. 44m. the pulsations became once more distinct, as high as 72, and continued varying for seven hours, from 56 to sometimes 100, but most frequently at between 70 and 80. No other symptoms of life were at all displayed. Natural respiration was wholly suspended during the entire time, but about four o'clock there was evidently a slight muscular motion. There had also been inserted on the right shoulder about 4 grains of strychnine; and turpentine had been used, as well as ammonia applied to the nostrils.

About this time (four o'clock) the creature displayed symptoms, by the agitation of the nostrils, of returning natural respiration.

At 4h. 38m. its natural respiration was free, and the artificial respiration was discontinued. Soon after, the animal was laid on some straw, before a large fire, where it continued in a very doubtful condition through the night. Every attention was paid to it.

At 8h. (in the evening) it drank some water, and horns of gruel were occasionally given. It sometimes struggled a little with its legs, as if desirous of rising, but could not well raise its head. The pulse was feeble, and varying from 86 to 104.

Towards the morning it breathed with great labour and difficulty, and apprehensions were entertained that it must sink: but between five and six o'clock the tube was removed from the trachea, and some mucus and blood was voided at the incision. Some lint was applied to the wound, and at seven o'clock it was sewed up.

At eight o'clock it was raised on its belly, and seemed pleased with the change of position. A warm bran mash was offered in a bucket, of which it ate with much ease. Its breathing became more free, and about nine o'clock it was raised on its legs, but they were unable to sustain it, particularly the near fore-leg, which was contracted and paralysed. It was taken out into the yard for a couple of hours, but the cold was too intense, and it was again brought before the fire.

Its extreme debility, poverty, and wretchedness, together with the sudden exposure to severe cold, ultimately deprived the animal of existence five days afterwads. On opening the body there was not the slightest manifestation of the powers of the poison: the heart was healthy; there was no inflammation where the wourali had been introduced, but slight indications where the strychnine had been applied; in fact, the animal died from exhaustion and decay.

The length of time which it had taken to restore the above animal, and which was, in some measure, attributed to the great quantity of poison, induced a desire to witness a second attempt with a less portion of the wourali; and accordingly, on the following day, judicious arrangements having been made to keep the room cool, about eight o'clock in the morning a male ass, about five years old, was brought in; it appeared vigorous, but with ventril hernia on the right side. The creature stood perfectly quiet, and the action of the heart was at 36. This time the trachea was opened previous to the insertion of the poison, so that not a moment might be lost. At 8h. 6m. an incision having been made on the fore part of the right shoulder, Mr. Waterton inserted an arrow-spike, having on it only one-fifth of the quantity used the day before. The creature struggled a little to escape, but afterwards remained perfectly tranquil. We are compelled, by want of room, to omit many connecting details, but the following are the principal symptoms:

At 8h. 16m. the pulse was at 66; and about 4 minutes afterwards the pupil of the eye became gradually dilated, though the animal stood perfectly patient, manifesting no symptoms of uneasiness.

At 8h. 36m. spasmodic twitchings were evident in the regions of the abdomen, the animal still eating, and apparently not much distressed. The next minute the legs trembled, and at 8h. 40m. the creature fell on its belly, but tried to rise again.

In 2 minutes more the twitching increased, with occasional struggles, but not very violent, and the animal laid down upon its left side, where it was suffered to remain, a bed of straw having been prepared on the floor for the purpose in the middle of the room. The tin tube was introduced into the trachea; the insertion caused the animal to kick a little, but it still continued chewing the oats.

At 8h. 54m. the arrow-head was withdrawn from the incision, and no poison remained upon it. The pulse continued the same, and the respirations were 14 in a minute; the vision pretty perfect.

At 9h. 7m. respiration ceased—the vision entirely gone—the action of the heart energetic—the extremities warm—throbbing of the carotid artery strong. The apparatus was put in motion, and artificial respiration commenced, at an average of 18 a minute.

At 10h. 25m. the nostrils gave indications of restored respiration, and the artificial respiration was kept up at 16 per minute. No pulsation perceptible, except in the action of the heart.

At 10h. 27m. natural respiration re-commenced.

At 10h. 41m. the artificial respiration was discontinued.

At 10h. 44m. the natural respirations were 38.'

At 11h. 22m. the pulsation of the heart was at 80—respiration improving, and muscular power increasing.

At 12 o'clock the respiration became more feeble, the animal heat was diminished, and the pulsation at 60; the eye not so susceptible of light.

At 12h. 5m. some gruel was poured upon the mouth, which produced violent muscular action; some hay was offered, which it smelt, and attempted to eat.

At 12h. 36m. the pulse was at 55, feeble; and the animal attempting to cough, forced a quantity of mucus through the tin tube which remained in the trachea. It was evident that, by continued coughing, something was irritating the animal's throat, below where the incision in the trachea was made; and at 12h. 50m. a considerable quantity of mucus, tinged with blood, was forced through the tube; this continued at intervals for some time, the ass ejecting the mucus with difficulty.

At 1h. 40m. the pulsation was 60, and a piece of straw having got into the tube, irritated the animal, who, in trying to get rid of it, struck the tube against the ground; the suddenness of the pain caused the creature to rise up *upon his legs*, and in a few minutes he walked about with a tolerable degree of strength. The tube was removed from the trachea, and some water being given it in a bucket, it drank freely; the mucus continued to annoy it for some time longer, but at last it discharged the principal portion, breathed more readily, and manifested much greater ease.

At four o'clock it began to eat some warm mash, and afterwards some hay; the wound in the trachea closed, so that no air was admitted, and the animal went on gradually gaining strength, and becoming lively.

At five o'clock, a person mounted his back, and he bore him without the least difficulty across the room. Since then the ass manifested every symptom of liveliness, strength, and even playfulness, betraying no signs of having been operated on. The hernia has sustained no change.

We have been thus minute in particulars, for the purpose of affording every information to gentlemen of the medical and surgical professions; for, though it is asserted that the spasmodic action in hydrophobia takes place below where the tube could be introduced into the trachea, yet, as all natural respiration must cease before artificial respiration is commenced, and consequently the nervous powers be prostrated, so it follows, as a matter of course, that the spasmodic affection would be greatly weakened, if not entirely destroyed; and therefore no objection ought to be raised on this ground. At all events it is well worth the trial, could an unfortunate person, labouring under the disease, be ready to submit to it; and we presume no surgeon would venture to make the attempt without the consent of the patient.

An old and highly respected practitioner, of some fifty-six years' constant application to his profession (he is now advancing upon eighty, and as vigorous as ever,) has suggested, that drowning a man, and then resuscitating him by the system recommended and used by the Humane Society, would probably have the same results—the great object being the suspension of nervous vitality: but there are many objections to this plan, and probably no one could be found who would put it in practice. The wourali, though so certain in its fatal effects, nevertheless appears to destroy life without any great or acute suffering. In what way it acts has not yet been accurately discovered; but from vitality remaining unimpeded till within a very short time of dissolution, it may probably be spreading through the system, without affording a manifestation of its virulence, till it reaches the head or the heart; then a stupor and deadening of the faculties is induced, producing much the same effect as an overdose of laudanum.

As for artificial respiration, it excites surprise that it is not more generally resorted to in many cases—such as death from opium, or drunkenness; the only difficulty being that the action of the heart must not have wholly ceased before the artificial respiration is commenced; and unfortunately it seldom happens that notice is given in time to be efficacious. However, it is to be hoped that some spirited members of the medical profession will take the matter up; for, if breathing can be persevered in by inflating the lungs till the effects of narcotics have passed away, there can be no doubt that life may be preserved.

Since the foregoing was written, we have seen an invention for artificial respiration, of very ingenious contrivance, requiring no removal from the tube, but acting with a stop-cock and valves: a description shall be given next month.

From the Foreign Monthly Review.

THE LYRIC POETS OF GERMANY.

Deutscher Musenalmanach fur das Jahr 1839.—
(German Almanac of the muses, for 1839.)

The series of the Annual bearing the title of "Musenalmanach" possesses a peculiar interest, as being the most pleasing, and, at the same time, the most immediate index of the actual living, growing state of German poetry, especially in the lyric department. This Annual is supported by the first writers of the period, and the collected volumes of poems that appear from year to year are, for the most part, regathered by their authors from this periodical, in which they are first introduced to the notice of the public. They thus stand as a continual record of the state of poetry, and are useful for the double purpose of exhibiting the progress (or, perhaps, alas! the decline) of some old favourite, while, at the same time, they afford a happy medium for bringing into notice the fresh, warm effusions of some young aspirant, who otherwise might remain in obscurity.

The "Deutscher Musenalmanach" was for many years edited by Gustav Schwab and Adelbert von Chamisso, the latter the author of "Peter Schlemihl," a work long known in this country. Time, however, has wrought strange changes with the last volume. Gustav Schwab has retired from the editorship, and left his place to Franz Baron Gaudy; and though the name of Chamisso still appears on the title-page, it stands but as a melancholy remembrance, for that excellent poet departed this life last year, prior to the publication of the Annual which bears his name as Editor.

Chamisso was a true German author; he had that predilection for ballads which has never declined since the days of Bürger; no one can tell a story in verse better than Chamisso: he cared not for its being old, or even hackneyed; he could always give it interest, and that not by any ornament—for nobody writes with more simplicity than Chamisso—but by the *naivete* with which he tells it, and the art (if art it be) with which he brings out the points, and displays his own feeling of his subject. Not that his imagination is so creative, or his thoughts so novel, but his feeling is always apparent; a simple pathos may always be remarked in his more serious poems; a sly, dry, good-natured humour peers through his comic ballads. In the "Musenalmanach" for 1835, he published a poem, "Vetter Anselmo," the subject of which was truly antique, but which was a master-piece of quiet pompous drollery, and which is well worth a special notice, as giving an excellent notion of his style. In the first part we find Yglano, a famed magician and necromancer, sitting in great state at Toledo, when a poor cousin, "Vetter Anselmo," an unfrequent guest (*ein seltner Gast*), comes to see him. The stern magician asks him what has brought him after such a lapse of time. The smooth-tongued Anselmo replies:

Oh, be not cruel, nor unjust,
Sir Cousin, understand me right;
It was but reverence kept me back
From thee, Toledo's brightest star.

Hadst known how high my bosom swelled
Whene'er thy praises met my ear,
How proudly I chimed in my voice:
"He is the pattern for us all!"

And then one called, another cried:
"Sure such as him the world ne'er saw,
Who, magic-powerful and wise,
Rules o'er the spirits' dusky realm!

"He is of science the pure gold;
He is the ore—he is the power;
Firm as a man, meek as a child—
The perfect picture of all good."

But one, alas! has dared to blame
Thee, whom all praise to my delight;
And 'tis this blame, as you must know,
Which is the worm that gnaws my heart.

It said; "How comes it—can it be—
That this, your lion—eagle—lamb—
Can so forget his cousin dear—
Anselmo, that good, worthy soul?"

Nothing can be better than this artful, well-laid speech of the hypocritical Cousin Anselmo; he winds up by asking for a bishopric, offering to consign himself over to the prince of darkness, as the price. The magician, however, is a dealer in white, not black magic, and answers with some *hauteur*—

Nay, Cousin, cousin—Pardon, pray!
My art proceeds from God alone—
Yes—understand—from God alone.
With Satan I have nought to do.

The crafty Anselm at once perceives that he is on a wrong tack, and backs out with great dexterity—

From God—of course—said *I* not so?
It is but hunger speaks for me.
By God's assistance give me bread,
And I am yours in life and death.

The magician offers to make him a bishop, on condition that he shall be a patron to his son; upon which Anselmo burts out into loud expressions of gratitude. Yglano (we can almost, as we read the poem, see the smile curl his grey moustache) first orders supper—for his suppliant cousin is starving—and then utters the spell:—

Hear me, Dame Martha!—Be prepared—
I'm right, good cousin?—I've a guest;
You have two fowls—the second fowl
Put on the spit, when I command.

And yonder bottles now take out—
And yonder goblets from their place.
And slowly pour the noble wine—
Yes, pearling, foaming—fill it high.

Now, cousin, now approach me near,
Enter this circle on the floor;
Then in thy hand this hour-glass take,
And closely watch the running sand.

This is but an experiment.
You know the beginning—I the end—
Sic hocus pocus bracadabra,
We are but here, when we think we're there.

The sly, artful humour of all this is one of Chamisso's strongest points. The scene stands before us. We see the simpering, smirking, humble relation trying to talk over his influential kinsman. We can also see the good-natured superiority of the latter—his benevolent bending to the desires of his cousin—and, at the same time, the clear insight which he has into all his shallow pretensions. Last, but not least, we see the irony with which the poet himself treats the whole affair, and makes the dignified magician shout forth the ridiculous words, "hocus pocus bracadabra." The story, as we have observed, is old; Grimm's popular tale of the fisherman and his wife is similar in purpose and moral: but by his quaint manner of treating it, Chamisso, has made it entirely his own.

In the second part, Cousin Anselmo is, of course, a bishop, through his kinsman's spells, and lives in great state, with an equivocal—*niece*. Yglano calls to remind him of his promise, and to beg a vacant benefice for his son. The *niece*, however, tells him that it is given away to her brother; and Anselmo informs him that he cannot assist him unless he conjures him into a cardinal. To come quickly to the end of the tale—he is made cardinal, and, subsequently, pope, by his cousin's art, and still remains unmindful of his promise. At last, when, in the papal chair, he threatens to burn him for witchcraft, his cousin gives him a box on the ear, and he finds himself in Yglano's library, as at the commencement of the story.

There stood Dame Martha; and poured the wine
With lifted hand in the goblet deep,
And when it was filled unto the brim
She handed it to her master straight.

Yglano took the goblet—drank—
And put it by—and then—gave thanks.
And then he asked the hour-glass back,
And by the inkstand set it down.

Then said; "We have reflected well.—
Dame Martha,—but *one* fowl to-night.
Dear Cousin—deeply I regret
That you are thus disposed to fast.

"Farewell!—Dame Martha, take the light,
Let not my cousin break his neck,
But light him gently down the stairs,
And after him—pray shut the door."

Thus Yglano keeps his mild coolness to the last, and bows his cousin out with the same calm civility that he makes him a bishop, countermanding the extra fowl without the slightest ill-natured reflection.

The ballad of "San Vito," in the last "Musenalmanach," founded on the joke of the sailor returning, and being highly delighted at finding his wife possessed of a fine house and furniture, but less charmed on discovering a singular increase in his family, might also be adduced as a good specimen of Chamisso's happy knack of dressing up an old story.

But he had another style in which he was, perhaps, still more at home; he had the art of singing the domestic feelings, the feelings of the hearth; of expressing family relations with the most tender simplicity, and with a thorough, yet benevolent knowledge of the best part of the human heart. A series of nine songs, illustrative of "Woman's Love and Life" (*Frauenliebe und Leben*), are exquisitively beautiful in this respect, gently flowing forth as they do as the purest expression of the purest feelings. This domestic tendency often takes a pious tone, of which the following well-known poem gives an excellent specimen.

THE OLD WASHERWOMAN.

See busied with her linen there,
An aged dame with silver hair,
Now in her six and seventieth year;
And, yet most active of them all.
She aye has lived with bitter toil,
Yet honestly and soberly;
And with true industry has filled
The part which God assigned to her.

And she has in her younger days
Known love, and hope, and has been wed;
And she has felt a woman's lot,
In which some cares have had a part.
And she has watched a husband sick,
And she has borne him children three,
And she has laid him in the grave,
But faith and hope she has not lost.

And then her children she must feed.
She took her task in cheerful mood—
She reared them all in honesty.
Industry, order, are their wealth.
She blessed them as she bade them part,
To seek their living in the world;
And old and lonely she remained,
But still her cheerful mood preserved.

And she has saved, and she has thought,
And purchased flax, and watched by night,
And to fine yarn has spun the flax,
And to the weaver ta'en the yarn.
He has the yarn to linen wove—
And she has used her scissors right,
Then with her needle made herself,
A burial-shroud without a spot.

This shroud she prizes above all,
And keeps it in an honoured nook;
It is her first, it is her last,
Her jewel—yea, her treasure saved.
On Sunday morn she puts it on
When she would learn the word of God;
Then cheerfully she lays it by
Till she may lie in it, and rest.

And I—now in my eve of life—
Oh would that, like this woman, I
All duties had performed aright,
Within my compass and my sphere!
Yes—would that I, like her, had known,
Rightly to taste the cup of life!
And would that I could, at the end,
Take equal pleasure in my shroud!

The different characters in which Chamisso appear are not incompatible; they all express the various feelings of an honest, worthy man of a domestic character, who can tell his good story by the fire, who can sing his hearty convivial song, whose heart is ever alive to family ties, and whose true religious feelings appear at the foundation of all.

His co-editor, Gustav Schwab, is held in great estimation among the Swabian poets (for he is a Schwab by birth as well as by name); but, though he has the same predilection for the simple narrative poem, and the same choice of domestic subjects, he is decidedly inferior to Chamisso. Here and there Schwab has left some real gems; but many, many poems must in general be turned over till they are found; while Chamisso has scarcely left a single composition devoid of interest. As an editor, Schwab's qualifications are indubitable. He has published a *Mustersammlung* of German poetry from the days of Hagedorn and Haller to the present time, which is one of the best works of the kind, and presents an excellent panoramic view. Schwab can take an historical anecdote and turn it into a pleasant ballad, but he wants the irresistible *naivete*, pathos, and humour of Chamisso, which give such a charm to writings of this sort. However, in the last number of the "Musenalmanach," though he has retired from the editorship, he has published one of the best poems which he ever wrote, and which is quite Wordsworthian in character. A poor woman is represented as asking the pastor where is the south:

"Good pastor, you, who know so much,
Pray tell me, sir, where is the south."
"There, where supported by high rocks,
Dark frowns the Hohenzoller's nest."
The woman shakes her head, and says:
"Alas, sir, that is not *my* south."
"As far as one can journey then,
The south is—where my finger points.
First, a high land, mount, plain, and lake,
And then a wall of lasting snow;
Then valleys where the olive grows,
And where the gold pomegranate glows;
And then a plain spreads out afar,
Covered with golden foreign corn;
Then vineyards and a clear blue sky—
Woman—an earthly paradise!"
Sadly the peasant-dame replies:
"Nay, pastor, that is not *my* south."
"Then towns and ministers every where,
And towers as our mountains high,
And then hills crowned with dark green woods,
And then at once—the deep blue sea,
Where ships pursue their rapid course—"
"Ah, pastor, pause, that is *my* south.
There, in a ship, my only child
Works—save him from the waves and wind!
Thus I was by his comrade told,
Who from the south returned straight home;
'Your Hans, he never knows fatigue—
At sea he hammers—in the south.'
He said no more—but now, full well,
I know where I must seek the south.
My eye now penetrates the wall
Of yonder house upon the rock,
And heavy yet with prayer and tears,
Through mount and land it seeks the sea.
Pastor, may Christ reward you well,
For telling me where is the south!"

To Schwab's successor, Baron Gaudy, it is as yet difficult to assign a distinctive character. He also chiefly deals in narrative poetry, but it is seldom in the ballad form: he loves *terza rima*, and pursues his subject in a steady old Italian form. The most fanciful poem by this author that we have met with, is one called "Buonaberdi" (in the "Musenalmanach," 1835,) where Bonaparte's campaign in Egypt is told in an oriental style, as the work of an enchanter. The Eastern richness, and the simple credulity with which Bonaparte, called the "Sultan Buonaberdi," is described as the ruler of the genii and the possessor of Solomon's ring, is well hit off; and the poem is not less original in design than happy in execution.

Among the contributors to the present volume of the "Musenalmanach," we miss a few favourite names. Where is Friedrich Ruckert, the veritable wise man of the East, who deals out vast volumes of poetry, and never seems exhausted? who appears in every form—European and Asiatic—mostly in the latter, but still at home in Italian measures and middle age lays? The "Musenalmanach" has invariably been honoured by his effusions, and why should he pause now? Ruckert is one of the most remarkable phenomena that any age ever produced; his fancy is inexhaustible, and the ingenuity with which he can pick out a series of appropriate images almost miraculous. Then all his poems seem for a purpose—for the embodying of a thought; he never loses himself, like some writers of exuberant fancy, but he combines an oriental richness with a logical design, and employs the treasures of his creation for the carrying out of his idea. When, in his admirable poem of "Baue recht" (Build aright,) he exhorts every member of the universe to perform his part in the great work, he darts through every department of the creation, giving an appropriate admonition to all. And here we have another excellence of Ruckert; if once he finds an image illustrative of his subject, he can make the collaterals of the image accord with the collaterals of the subject. If he compares the starry heaven to a manuscript written by the Deity, he does not stop here; he at once makes the sun the seal to the manuscript, then still follows the thought by declaring that night removes the seal, and opens the manuscript to the eyes of man, who reads therein that "God is love." Hence, if he propounds a parable, not only does the general character of the story convey the moral, but all the minutiæ, every little incident, has its assigned purpose and meaning. Ruckert is not prodigal of his imaginative wealth; he does not, like Shelley, fling it about at random, not caring whether he turns it to account or not, but, with riches equally great, he knows exactly how to apply his luxuriant fancy to a purpose. His rapidity in creating images makes him distinct, not obscure; and this felicitous and rare combination of imaginative power and closeness in carrying out a thought constitutes his greatness.

That Count Strehlenau (Nicolaus Lenau, as he calls himself) has ceased to contribute, gives less cause for regret, though we would not be understood to express the slightest disrespect of this nobleman's works; we consider him, on the contrary, as, in many respects, a poet of the very first order. He has not, like Ruckert, that facility for selecting apt images, but rather delights to exhibit his giant power by seizing images naturally inapt, and wrenching them to his purpose. The reader is astounded by the audacity with which he grasps at the most distant objects, and gathers them into strange combinations. Nature is to him one vast mass of living beings, generally stern and terrible, though occasionally mild and placid. The winds address him in intelligible language, and sear his heart—winter dances wildly, and stamps upon graves —a hollow, evil-boding voice swells from the bosom of the earth; and, though his heart sickens at it, he takes a fearful pleasure in singing its inspirations. Throughout his works he represents himself as one of those

> That will not look beyond the tomb,
> And cannot hope for rest before.

All his hopes in this world appear as if crushed, and those of the next dimmed and dulled by a frightful veil of desponding scepticism, his own fine gigantic imagination creating new forms to nurture the morbid state of his mind. His utterance of feeling is exquisite; it is the pouring forth of a blighted heart; and, when it assumes a softer tone, it is as the calm sorrow of one who, wearied of the more violent, desponding expressions of grief, at length allows himself to melt into tears. Even his joyousness is of a fearful character; his bold personation amazes us; and, though delighted, we can hardly help shrinking when he tells us how "Spring, the wanton youth, is tearing forth the flowers from the heart of his mother Earth." Notwithstanding the admiration which Lenau justly awakens, there is no doubt that he has already done sufficient in the lyric department. His vast imagination only displayed itself to advantage, while it was the medium for portraying his own feelings; we saw that it was those wild restless feelings which caused the fearful grappling with every object in nature; and, those once portrayed with an early freshness, the purpose of his song is over. He is, doubtless, aware of this; in the poems which relate not to himself, he has often selected horrible, sometimes revolting, subjects—as if still to keep up an excitement; but we miss Lenau in his best days—the Lenau whose songs were of such wildly glorious excellence, that anything short of that excellence disappoints. The fragments of his Faust, which he formerly sent to the "Musenalmanach," are now completed and collected. These are admirable, and how could they be otherwise, when Lenau is himself a Faust?

Perceiving that this article has already extended to the prescribed length, we reserve the remainder of our observations on the "Musenalmanach" for our next number.

From the Foreign Monthly Review.

GERMAN POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

Deutsche Volksbucher: I. Salomon und Morolf. Eine gar anmuthige Historie. Zu Nutz und Kurzweil geschrieben, dass man daraus abnehmen mag was Liste ein kundiger Bauersmann gegen einen weisen Konig geubt hat. Gedruckt in diesem Jahre. (German Popular Publications: I. Solomon and Morolf; a most diverting History. Written for profit and pastime; to show what tricks a cunning Boor played a wise King. *Printed this year.* Berlin.)

Whoever has travelled in Germany must have remarked, at the corners of the streets of the larger and in the market-places of the smaller towns, stalls filled with books, in general under the care of an old woman. On a closer inspection of these little publications, you are struck by the extraordinary paper—the grayest and the coarsest ever made since the invention of that material—the comical print, the rude illustrative wood-cuts, which remind you of the first commencement of the art, and lastly, the circumstance that they are all stated to be *printed this year*. They cost, it is true, a very moderate price, two or three groschen apiece, and are therefore within the reach of the poorest individuals.

But could one imagine that in these cheap unadorned little books is comprehended all that for three or four centuries past has amused the leisure hours of the middling and lower classes in Germany? These popular publications were transmitted from generation to generation; and, while the inhabitants of towns have changed their literary recreations together with their manners and fashions, the country-people and peasants adhere to the simple and coarse fare of their forefathers. You find in them a source of wit, humour, and fun; they are a mine of popular wisdom, and of its notions concerning the chief interests of life, upon which Tieck and his friends, the Schlegels and Novalis, have largely drawn; and contain a great number of stories borrowed from all ages, and from the most diverse nations. You here read about the death of Hector at the time of the crusades; you find Alexander Magnus brought into connection with Richard Cœur de Lion, and King David with Charlemagne and the Knights of the Round Table; and, though you perceive that their authors knew not much of chronology or general history, yet you see that they have not made an ill use of so much as they were acquainted with. Partly profane, partly biblical subjects, partly legends, tales of chivalry, of sorcerers, or of goblins, constitute their staple materials; the characters do not speak a language suited to the times in which they are said to have lived, but yet suited to human nature, which is pretty much the same at all times; and they apply it cleverly and discreetly. The dialects in which these works are written are still to be met with in many parts of Germany; but they are so softened down as to be intelligible even to the people of the remotest towns.

The translator of the Niebelungen Lied, the ingenious Dr. Simrock of Bonn, has now undertaken the meritorious task of preparing an edition of these popular works in a form worthy of them. He has made it an especial point to change as little as possible of their ancient dress, and to give only just so much polish to the language that every well-educated person may be able to read them. The first volume has just appeared, handsomely got up, and illustrated with wood-cuts by Professor Gubitz of Berlin. It contains a story in which is shown the contrast between extraordinary wisdom and sound common sense, which, in the affairs of life, so often proves superior to the former. The one is personified by the wise King Solomon, the other by a peasant of Lower Saxony, named Morolf. The latter appears, with his ugly face, misshapen body, and ragged apparel, before the throne of Solomon, and by his garb, but still more by the undaunted boldness of his look, attracts the notice of the prince and of all present. For every question addressed to him, he has in readiness a pertinent and witty answer; on which account Solomon enters into a discussion with him, and promises him goods and money, if he gives a correct solution to each of his propositions. Morolf accepts the challenge. Solomon begins in rhymed verses:

Vom Stamme Juda bin ich geboren
Und über Israel zum König erkoren.[*]

Morolf instantly replies:

Im Lande der Blinden, wie ihr wisst,
Der Einäugige ein König ist.[†]

Solomon then says:

Weisheit hat mir Gott gegeben,
Vor allen Leuten die da leben.[‡]

Morolf sneeringly rejoins:

Wer missgünstge Nachbarn hat,
Der lobe sich selber, das ist mein Rath.[§]

Solomon praises, agreeably to the ideas of knight-errantry, the virtues of women; Morolf censures them severely for their frailties.

Thus Solomon says:

Ein gutes Weib und tadelsohne
Ist ihres Mannes Zier und Krone.[*]

Morolf replies:

Einen Topf von Rahmen voll,
Man vor den Katzen hüten soll.
Solomon. Ein schones Weib und wohlgekleidet
Wird dem geringsten Mann beneidet.
Morolf. Ein schones Fell tragt eine Katze,
Gleich lüstet der Gerber nach dem Schatze.
Solomon. Ein gutes Weib von santtem Muth
Die ist ein Gut uber alles Gut.
Morolf. Hebt sie mit schelten an und toben,
Du wirst die Sanftmuth selten loben.[†]

In this manner, Morolf gives sensible replies to fifty-eight assertions, and frequently contrives to find the contrary of a sentence that is propounded; for it is wonderful what a number of proverbs in every language are precisely the reverse of one another. Thus Solomon says:

Willst du selber dein Lob betreiben,
Es wird nicht lange haften bleiben.[‡]

The sly Morolf answers:

War ich ein Thor much selbst zu schelten,
Andre lobten mich wahrlich selten.[§]

Concerning wine, the profoundly reflective Solomon says:

Der Wein erzeugt Unzuchtigkeit,
Wer trunken ist der stiftet Leid.[‖]

The witty Morolf quickly rejoins:

Den Armen machet reich der Wein,
Drum sollt er allezeit trunken sein.[¶]

The truth-loving Solomon says:

Ich spreche, die sich am Lugen freuen,
Die sollte man vor allen scheuen.[**]

The worldly minded Morolf rejoins:

Wer nicht mit Wahrheit kann bestehen,
Der muss mit Lugen sich begehen.[††]

The princely Solomon says:

Wenn ein Konig sein Wort verpfandet,
So ruht er nicht bis ers vollendet.[‡‡]

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[*] "I am descended from the tribe of Juda, and was elected king of Israel."

[†] "In the country of the blind, as you well know, the one-eyed man is a king."

[‡] "Wisdom, beyond that of all living men, has been given to me by God."

[§] "Whoever has surly neighbours, let him praise himself; that is my advice."

[*] "A good and irreproachable wife, is a jewel and crown to her husband."

[†] "A pot that is full of cream should be carefully kept out of the reach of cats.

"*Sol.* The meanest man is envied a handsome and well-dressed wife.

"*Mor.* If a cat has a beautiful skin, the tanner instantly longs for the treasure.

"*Sol.* A good wife, of gentle temper, is a blessing surpassing every other.

"*Mor.* If she begins to scold and rage, thou wilt seldom praise the gentleness of her temper."

[‡] "If thou wilt sound forth thine own praise, it will not be of long duration."

[§] "Were I fool enough to censure myself, others would be sure to praise me but seldom."

[‖] "Wine begets incontinence; the drunkard is liable to get into mischief."

[¶] "Wine makes the poor man rich, therefore he ought to be always drunk."

[**] "I say that those who delight in lying ought most particularly to be shunned."

[††] "He who cannot get forward with truth must have recourse to lying."

[‡‡] "When a king pledges his word, he never rests till he has fulfilled it."

But Morolf has this answer pat to return:

Wer Wolfe vor die Pflugschar spannt,
Der baut nicht wohl sein Ackerland.*

At last, Solomon bestows a royal donation on the artful Morolf, who, not content with this, strives by many a crafty stratagem to gain the king's favour. His cunning, however, is foiled by superior wisdom, because it is selfish, and combines vulgarity and baseness. When he, at length, by means of an artful plan, excites the women so highly praised by Solomon to rebel, he is condemned to die. He is to be hanged.

"But he raised his hands imploringly and beseechingly to the king, dropped upon one knee before him, and said: 'Noble sir, I will cheerfully submit to punishment, but inflict it in honour of all women, and let me at least choose the tree on which I am to be hanged.'—'Thou hast indeed never said any thing good of the women,' rejoined Solomon, 'and hast reviled them much; but, as thou conjurest me for their sake, thy wish shall be granted.' Thereupon he strictly commanded the attendants to do the peasant no harm, till he had chosen the tree on which they were to hang him. The attendants conducted Morolf to the wood, and said: 'Now, jovial companion, make haste and choose the finest tree: look you, here is plenty of them, and we want to get home again soon.'—'Oho!' cried Morolf, laughing, 'what are you thinking of? It shall be a good while before I choose any tree; so ye need not be in such a violent hurry. There is not one of you but would like to have a pretty long time for consideration, if he were going to be hanged. But come along, and let us look for the tree.'"

However, as it may be easily imagined, he never finds the right tree, and by this stratagem he saves himself from the penalty of death. By another artifice, he gains the so-much-desired favour of the king, and has the appointment of court-fool conferred upon him.

From the Foreign Monthly Review.

FRENCH EXPEDITION TOWARDS THE SOUTH POLE.

Expedition au Pole austral et dans l'Oceanie des Corvettes de sa Majeste, l'Astrolabe et la Zelce, sous le commandment de M. Dumont d'Urville, captaine de vaisseau. (Expedition to the South Pole and in the South Seas of his Majesty's Cutters, l'Astrolabe, and la Zelee, under the command of Capt. Dumont D'Urville.) Paris, 1839. 8 vo.

Captain D'Urville is well known to the world, and especially to the scientific world, as the commander of the expedition, despatched some years since by the French government to the South Seas in search of any traces that might yet exist of the unfortunate La Perouse, and which traces a countryman of our own, Captain Dillon, was fortunate enough about the same time to discover in the island of Vanikoro. He has recently been appointed to conduct another enterprise undertaken by the French government, principally for the purpose of exploring the extensive lands discovered towards the south pole of the western hemisphere, and first described by Weddell. The pamphlet before us contains an official report from the commander to the minister of the marine, detailing his proceedings from the time of leaving Rio Janeiro, Nov. 13, 1837, till his arrival at Valparaiso, on the 7th of April following.

Proceeding through the Straits of Magellan, a route so much but so unjustly dreaded, that Captain D'Urville recommends it from experience to vessels under 600 tons in preference to doubling Cape Horn, the French commander steered direct for New South Shetland, and fell in with the first floating masses of ice on the 15th of January, in the latitude of 59° 30' south. In spite of extremely dense fogs, he reached on the 22d the latitude of 64°, and on the 26th came in sight of the Orkney islands, "whose dreary and mournful aspect exhibits a perfect image of chaos and desolation," and to the northward of which groupe the ships passed a whole week, partly employed in hydrographic observations. The first half of February was spent in attempts to discover passages through the barrier of ice which now opposed their progress, and in the course of these they were several times involved in dangers the most imminent and appalling. At length the obstacles to their passage southward appeared so insuperable, that Captain d'Urville was induced to renounce any further efforts for that purpose.

"We had," says he, "passed a whole month, surrounded by ice night and day, and frequently by impenetrable fogs into the bargain; we had followed the solid ice-bank for the space of nearly two hundred leagues, without finding ony practicable channel, and that at the price of numerous perils; we had traversed without success, all the points where Weddell asserted that he had found the sea open; the nights, which had already become long rendered the navigation extremely precarious; lastly, the crews of the two cutters, exhausted with fatigue and with the cold and damp weather of this ice-bound region, could not think without a sort of mute terror, of the prolongation of these hazardous attempts. To all these considerations, so powerful of themselves, I had to oppose but one motive, in reality very weak, since it merely interested my self-love as commander of the expedition,—namely, regret to see all my efforts baffled in the 63d and 64th degrees of south latitude, whereas my predecessors had advanced much further: joined to the certainty, that by proceeding to the eastward of the Sandwich islands, or to the westward of those of New South Shetland, I might rapidly reach the 69th, 70th, or 71st degree, as Biscoe, Bellinghausen and Cook, had done: but I withstood this temptation, convinced that the real object of our voyage was rather to ascertain how far the observations of Weddell were founded and his route practicable, than to approach a few degrees nearer to the pole; and, in this point of view, our errand was completely performed."

Having again explored the groupe of the Orkney islands, Captain D'Urville steered for those of New South Shetland, and passed within two hundred fathoms of the little volcano on Bridgman's island, where the boats were prevented from landing from the fury of the surf. He then directed his course towards "the southern regions of which mention is made in the accounts of those bold fishermen, who went to catch seals in the New South Shetland islands from 1820 to 1824, but of which we yet possessed no positive information either as to their form, their extent, or even their position." On the 27th of February, the ships came in sight of those mysterious regions, and spent eight days in tracing their configuration for the space of nearly 120 miles, between the latitude of 63° and 64°. "These lands, crowned by immense peaks, are covered with everlasting ice of indefinite thickness. But for the blackish rocks, left bare by the melting of the snow that bounds them towards the coast, it would be difficult to distinguish them from the numerous ice-fields which accompany them. The principal of these lands was named Louis Philippe's Land, in memory of the king who first conceived the idea of exploring these southern regions.

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* "He who yokes wolves to his plough, cannot cultivate his land well."

The ships now pursued their course for the coast of Chili, but during their passage thither the scurvy broke out on board both of them with such virulence that, on their arrival in the road of Conception on the 7th of April, the Zelée had 40 men incapable of duty, and the Astrolabe 15 sick; but a change of diet on reaching land speedily produced the most beneficial effects. After a stay of nearly six weeks in the bay of Conception, as well for the recovery of the crews as the repairs of the damages sustained by the ships among the ice, Captain d'Urville sailed in prosecution of the further objects of his mission.

Capt. d'Urville concludes with feelingly expressing his regret at having been prevented from gaining for his crews the premium which was offered. "Most assuredly," he adds, "the poor fellows laboured, and suffered, and deserved that reward a hundred times as much as if they had found the sea open, as Weddell pretends to have done; for, in this case, a fortnight's sail exempt from any dangers, would have been sufficient to carry us to the 75th degree, and to bring us back again. Naturally unconcerned about the future, the seaman cares little for money for its own sake; our's therefore, soon forgot the premium, after joking upon it for some days.—But I have not forgotten, and never shall forget the terrible trials, to which I have exposed them."

His report, dated on board the Astrolabe, May 25th, 1838, at sea, is accompanied with a plan of the tracks of the vessels among the ice from the 4th to the 9th of February, and a chart of that portion of the coast of Louis Philippe's Land, which he had an opportunity of exploring.

From the Foreign Monthly Review.

PRIVATE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

Souvenirs de la Vie privie de Napoleon [Reminiscences of the Private Life of Napoleon.] By Messrs. Arnault of the French Academy; Captain Foresti, Preceptor to the Duke of Reichstadt; the Duke de Gaëte, Minister of the Finances during the Empire; Jules Janin; Count de las Cases, &c. &c., collected and arranged by Emile Marco de St. Hilaire, author of "Memoires d'un Page," "Souvenirs intimes des Temps de l'Empire," &c. with an Introduction by Frederick Soulié. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1839.

"The great can never be impartially judged by their cotemporaries," is an opinion universally expressed, and we know not a stronger example of its truth than Napoleon Bonaparte. While he took an active part in the affairs of the civilized world, he caused too much agitation to be fairly estimated. Some were dazzled by his glory, others were dragged on, in spite of themselves, by the meteor-like rapidity of his progress. Many were alarmed; many were jealous; a few identified him with one of the prophecies in the Revelations, and, where he was dreaded, and his private life wholly unknown, he was degraded into the most horrible monster ever yet clothed in a human form. For ourselves, despot as he might be, sullied as he was by the crimes attendant on an inordinate ambition, we have always thought that, could we see him, as the French term it, "en robe de chambre," we should find some fascination by which he secured the adoration of his soldiers, his intimate companions, and attendants. His name still electrifies the heart of many a Frenchman, even among classes which are said to have suffered most from him; and the warrior, the statesman, and the savant, see in him one of the greatest captains, the greatest legislators, and most liberal patrons, that the world ever produced. If we may believe the authors of the pages now before us, we may add that he was an affectionate husband, relative, friend, and master; and in them we find the secret of that devotion which was paid to him while living, and which has, in so many instances, survived his fortunes and his life. It will be said that these qualities are incompatible with the stains which some of his public actions have left upon his character; but, in answer, we will affirm, that one absorbing passion too often leads our frail nature to commit a thousand inconsistencies, and seems to divide the being in its power into two separate souls, the one wholly distinct from the other.

These "Souvenirs" are a collection of anecdotes, written from the recollections of, and by the actors who played their parts in them. The names of these writers are, many of them, known to us, and are sufficient to stamp them with authenticity; of those whom we do not know, we can only say that they are in such respectable company, that we have no reason to doubt their veracity. The introduction is by M. Frederic Soulié, one of the contributors, and bears so much on what we have said, that we are tempted to make an extract from it, which sets forth Napoleon's best title to immortality, and to recommend our readers not to consign it to the usually oblivious fate of introductions.

"But, [says M. Soulié,] the best inheritance which we have received from him, is the admirable concentration of France into one body and one being. This has been effected by the simple and easy administration which has called every part into action, and by the code of laws which forms the basis of administration. In every thing, government, science, fine arts, order is the surest method of obtaining success; it forms their greatest beauty, their highest attribute; and order was the pre-eminent feature in the genius of Napoleon."

Without attempting to notice all the anecdotes contained in these two volumes, we will select a few, and hazard some extracts, in order to give an idea of the interest of the work to our readers. The first, by M. Soulié, contains a curious account of the disturbances at Rome, at the time that Joseph Bonaparte was ambassador there for the French republic. It was supposed that his political principles would induce him to lend his countenance to the liberals; but, neither having the wish nor the power to sanction such proceedings, he resisted when they employed force. General Duphot was murdered in the struggle, and, as Joseph could not obtain, even from the government which he had endeavoured to protect, any apology or indemnity for the insults and injuries he had received, he quitted the city, and, two months afterwards, the pontifical power was overthrown.

The second historiette is from the pen of M. Arnault, the poet and distinguished academician, and describes the voyage to Egypt on board L'Orient, which conveyed Napoleon and his staff. The General, having, perhaps, for the only time in his life, nothing to do, sent for M. Arnault to read to him in his own cabin. He, generally speaking, hated poetry; nevertheless, on this occasion, he selected it, and the Odyssey was the theme. After a number of trite remarks, showing, however, that he was insensible to the beauties of the Father of Poets, Napoleon burst into the following declamation: "And you call that sublime, you poets! What a difference between your Homer and my Ossian! Let us read Ossian." He then began to read, or rather declaim, his favourite Temora, which, by the by, he performed very much like a school-boy, and stopped frequently to exclaim: "These thoughts and sentiments, and this imagery, are far more noble than the tiresome repetitions of your Odyssey. This is grand, this is sublime! Ossian is a poet, and Homer nothing but a rhapsodist."

It seems that Bonaparte, while he acknowledged the influence of music over the minds of his soldiers, and, consequently, always provided them with good bands, was himself but little sensible to its charms, and, although gifted with a beautiful voice, he could not sing in tune. Singing was even a sign of ill-humour on his part, and, when he was cross, he walked about with his hands behind him, humming an air as falsely as possible, and then few dared to approach him. "If you have anything to ask of the General," said Junot one day to M. Arnault, "I advise you not to go near him just now, for he is singing."

The taking of Malta forms the subject of the third paper, and as a mere matter of history, would be interesting; but it is still more so from the example which it affords of the promptitude of the great commander. Possession was taken, and there was a complete reorganization of every thing—national guard, administration, not only laws, but lighting, paving, water, education, police, nothing was neglected, and in six weeks Malta was converted into a French colony.

We now proceed to M. Arnault's account of his first impressions concerning M. de Talleyrand, not doubting that the picture will be felt to be true by those who have known this extraordinary man.

"His face, which was not destitute of attraction, struck me, less from its positive expression than from a certain carelessness and malignity which gave it a peculiar character; and it might have been deemed the head of an angel, animated by the mind of a devil. It was evidently the countenance of a man of the world, more accustomed to receive attention than to bestow it; of a man who, in early youth, had been satiated with the pleasures of the world. I should have assigned it to a favourite page, if the head of hair and the band had not bespoken the ecclesiastic, and the crosier that this ecclesiastic was already a prelate."

The same author gives us a description of a curious interview between Napoleon and Madame de Staël; the conjunction of these two names being always likely to produce at least amusement.

"I was scarcely seated when Madame de Staël placed herself close to me. "There is no coming near your general," said she; "you must present me to him." Knowing his prejudices against this lady, whose domineering disposition he dreaded, and fearing that she would meet with a rebuff, I endeavoured to dissuade her from the introduction. I could not succeed, for, seizing hold of me, she led me straight to Bonaparte, through the circle which surrounded him, and which she by her action dispersed. Forced to do as she desired, and wishing to avoid any responsibility, in consequence of a very significant look which I had just received, I said, "Madame de Staël, general, pretends to require further recommendation to your notice than that to which she is entitled by her own name and wishes. Allow me to present her to you." The circle soon reclosed around us, all being anxious to hear what passed between two such celebrities. She began by pouring forth the most emphatic compliments, to which he replied coldly, but politely. Any other person would have gone no further, but, without heeding the reserve which his features and manner expressed, Madame de Staël, determined to engage him in a regular discussion, therefore persecuted him with questions. "General," said she, "which is the woman you could love the most?"—"My wife, madam," was the reply.—"Of course," she returned; "but which could you esteem the most?"—"Her who best attends to her domestic duties," answered Napoleon.—"I can understand that," persevered the lady, "but which woman would be best thought of by you?"—"She who produces most children," concluded the great man, and, bowing, left the circle, which was much more amused than Madame de Sta l by what had passed. Disconcerted, she turned to me and said, "Your great man is a very singular man." The fact is, that Bonaparte, after that lady's public conduct, thought that she sought him less to admire than to rule him, and that she flattered him as we caress a horse which we are going to ride. Jealous of his independence, he for ever kept her at a distance, although she most indiscreetly returned to the charge, nor desisted till she had received a much ruder shock. *She* had a mania for ruling every body, and he for not being governed by any one,—'Inde iræ.'"

The interview here described has been much spoken of in the world, and we are glad to see an account of it on which we may rely.

The work entitled "Mémoires de Bourrienne" is well known to contain an infinity of misrepresentations, not, perhaps, always intentional on the part of the author, but arising from an inordinate vanity on his part, and a desire to gloss over the realities which led to his dismissal by his sovereign. We have here, in the paper called "The Private Cabinet," the cause of Bourrienne's disgrace, and the long forbearance of Napoleon towards him, in consideration of their early affection; also the devotion which the Emperor expected from those who were attached to this part of the service—a devotion which was often rewarded by acts of generosity.

We do not hesitate to make a copious extract from the little history by M. Soulié, entitled, "A letter from Napoleon to the Empress Josephine." The connection it has with the excitement which the threatened invasion of Buonaparte caused in this country, and the suggestion it contains respecting the abandonment of this enterprize, lead us to select it, even if we curtail the rest of our notice for its sake.

"In such a man as the Emperor, one word, or even a gesture, would reveal the whole of a vast thought, for he rarely took the trouble to explain himself in any other manner. Why he abandoned his design of invading England is a question that has been often asked. Would it be thought to refine too much on the involuntary emotions of Napoleon, if in them we were to seek the solution of this question? I was an eye witness to the following adventure, in which I believe I have traced the primary cause of his change of plan. Several of us were sitting with him one evening at Boulogne, when an aid-de-camp suddenly entered, saying that a storm was raging, and that a gun-vessel had just been carried away. Napoleon snatched up his hat, and, without speaking a word to us, hurried out of the room, muttering to himself, "Another storm!" We followed, and were soon on the shore with him. The night was dark, the wind roared, the sailors shouted, and every now and then we heard signals of distress from the vessel. "Let us go to the rescue of your comrades," cried the Emperor. No one replied, and at that moment the moon burst from behind the clouds; and, seeing that scarcely any succour had been attempted, he became irritated and vexed at the indecision of those around him. He loudly and haughtily exclaimed: "Ah! the sailors are afraid of the sea! I shall send for my grenadiers!" At these words all were in motion; the Emperor urged the departure of the boats with voice and gesture, and followed them with his eyes, till they disappeared in the darkness and swell of the sea. The shore was soon covered with spectators, but the alarm-gun was the only sound which could be heard above that of the waves. Each time it fired the Emperor looked uneasily at the water, and then turned to those near him, in order to collect their opinions.

Among these he several times heard, "What folly! it is impossible to live in such a sea—all must perish! It would be better to abandon the gun-vessel. This comes of meddling with what we do not understand." Again the gun was fired, and again, "They have drifted more than a league," said Napoleon; "they will perish on the rocks. Where are the boats! Do you not see any thing of them?"—"Nothing, sire," I replied.—"We must go," cried the Emperor. "A boat! quick! a boat!" A naval officer ventured a remark on the state of the sea. Napoleon looked at him, and sternly answered:—"Have you no ears, then? Do you not hear the vessel at her last gasp?" A fresh shot was fired—"That is perhaps her last sigh," he continued. A boat was made ready, the Emperor stepped into it, I followed him with four rowers and the above-mentioned naval officer. The men vigorously struggled with the waves: the Emperor stood upright at the prow, one foot resting on the gunwale, so that the waves which sometimes inundated us broke over his knee; looking fixedly before him, he several times said in a low voice: "Do we advance?"—"Scarcely, sire," answered the naval officer. "Your men have neither strength nor courage," he returned.—"Sire," said the officer, "we cannot expect them to do more, the sea runs so high."—"The sea! The sea!" muttered Napoleon; "it rebels; but we can conquer it."

At this moment we were driven back by a huge wave, which caused us to lose the way we had made, and seemed like an answer from the ocean. The Emperor stamped; the rowers began again; when another gleam from the moon shewed us the other boats. "Stupid fellows!" said the Emperor, "they are wrong! The vessel is to the left; they will throw themselves into the English guard. We must warn them. Order some one to go and tell... He turned round, and then first seemed sensible that his habits of command had betrayed him into an absurdity; there were neither staff nor aid-de-camps near him; his will and his orders could not extend beyond the boat, and were imprisoned by the waters. His snuff-box was in his hand, and he tossed it into the wave, which was rising against us. It seemed as though he were trying to exorcise the sea, but the boat was nearly swamped, and our danger became imminent. Again the officer ventured to speak. "The sea is dreadful, sire; we shall soon be unable to steer the boat."—"Shall we then suffer these unfortunate persons to perish?" said Napoleon.—"Sire! our loss will not save them." No answer was made to this. I gave a sign to the officer to return, when Napoleon seated himself on the prow, and remained buried in thought. At length we reached the shore; when, jumping out, he took hold of my arm, and said, "The land! the land! do you comprehend? it never fails the foot of a soldier; it neither swells nor opens; it is obedient; it has always a field of battle ready for victory. Oh the land! the land!" and, as he uttered these words, he stamped with enthusiasm. The first boats saved the vessel; the Emperor returned home, wrote a letter the next morning, and gave it to me to deliver to Josephine, whom I was about to join. I fancied that he had there given vent to feelings, at which I could only guess from the few words that he had uttered.

I started, and presented the letter to the Empress. She read it in my presence, and then said, "You have passed a terrible night."—"The Emperor has perhaps described it to you?" I observed, feeling anxious to learn what he had written under the influence of that moment, when he had been so completely baffled. "A storm delineated by him must indeed be a picture."—"Nearly so," returned Josephine; "he is even poetical, see." Saying these words, she handed the letter to me, and I read as follows:—"Madame and dear Wife—During the four days that I have been absent from you, I have been incessantly on horseback, and in motion, without any injury to my health. M. Moret has informed me of your plan of starting on Monday, and if you travel by easy journeys, you will reach the waters without fatigue. The wind having freshened much during the night, one of our gun-vessels in the roads was driven out to sea, and became entangled among the rocks, a league from Boulogne. I thought all were lost, but we succeeded in saving every thing. It was a grand sight; the firing of the alarm-guns, the shore covered with lights, the sea roaring with fury; the whole night passed in anxious efforts to save, or the expectation of seeing the unhappy crew perish; the mind divided between the night, the ocean, and eternity. At five in the morning all brightened again, all were saved, and I lay down as if in a romantic or epic dream; a feeling which would have made me aware that I was alone, if fatigue and drenched limbs had left me any other power than that of sleeping.

"There was not a word in this letter to warrant the impression I had received, but, as I reflected on the impatience of the Emperor, wrestling with the waves, and the confident tone of his voice when he touched the shore, I was convinced that from that moment he hesitated to undertake an expedition where his will could not command every thing. Eight years afterwards, he learned, in Russia, that the land also presents obstacles more powerful than the most powerful genius."

There is something very original in the following anecdote of the King of Bavaria, who was much distinguished by Napoleon. He was one evening invited to a theatrical representation at the Tuileries, and a little before the end of the entertainment was received by the Emperor into his own box, which was a high mark of favour. On quitting the theatre, Napoleon took him by the arm, and, as the two monarchs walked on, a crowd eagerly gathered round them. The King's head being full of stories he had heard of the address of the Parisian pickpockets, who, by the help of a magnificent costume and borrowed name, gain access to these *fetes* at the palace, he became uneasy about his watch and snuffbox; and, when the crowd assembled, slipping his arm from that of the Emperor, he covered his seals with his hand, and observed with the utmost simplicity. "Pardon, sire, but it is as well to be cautious. I do not know every body here, and no one knows who may be present."—"You are quite right," archly replied Napoleon, the fears of the King not having escaped him; "were I in your place, I should do the same at Munich."

The interview between the Emperors of France and Russia could not fail to strike us as another proof of the hollowness of Royal Alliances: the professions of unchangeable good fellowship and concord, if broken by insignificant individuals, are thought to be highly dishonourable, but crowned heads have a patent for setting their professions of good faith aside at convenience.

The heart of Napoleon is well shown in the account of the death of Marshal Lannes at Essling, who, while sitting in a trench, was shot in both knees by a cannon ball. He was carried to the surgeon, and the Emperor, seeing that be was wounded, hastened to him, embraced and sobbed over him, exclaiming, "Lannes, my friend, dost thou not know me? It is I, it is the Emperor, it is Bonaparte, thy friend, Lannes; thou shalt be saved!" The Marshal opened his eyes, and with difficulty answered, "Sire, I could wish to live if I could still serve you and France; but ere one hour elapses, you will have lost one of your best friends." Napoleon, on his knees, wept bitterly, and half choked, turned to Massena, saying as Lannes was born away: "My heart must have received a terrible shock if I could have thought of any thing but my army on such a day."

Of the divorce of the excellent Josephine there cannot be two opinions, unless, indeed, as we have before stated, crowned heads have peculiar laws for themselves. Still there is so much of frolic and naivete in Napoleon's first interview with Maria Louise, that we cannot forbear quoting it. The programme of the etiquette having been drawn up according to the ancient usages of France, it was observed to the letter; the Emperor himself alone infringing it in the following manner. When he was informed that the bride was only a few leagues from Soissons, he called to his head valet Constant, to order the little caleche, and then dress him carefully but hastily; a little piece of vanity perhaps induced him to throw over all the grey coat which he had worn at Wagram. Accompanied by Murat, he secretly left the park at Fontainbleau, got into his caleche, which had no arms on it, and was attended by servants out of livery. He passed through Soissons, and reached Courcelles at the moment when the Empress's courier was securing horses. Napoleon and his brother-in-law left the carriage, which drew up to one side, and, as the rain fell in torrents, they sheltered themselves under the porch of a church. They there awaited the Empress's carriage, and no sooner did it stop for horses, than Napoleon darted towards it. The chamberlain recognized him, and, not being in the secret of the incognito, hastened to let down the steps, loudly announcing the Emperor. Napoleon, however, was too quick for him; he clambered into the carriage without the aid of the steps, and, throwing his arms round Maria Louise, repeatedly embraced her. She, who was not prepared for such a meeting, struggled and screamed, till the Queen of Naples, who was in the carriage with her, called out, "Why, Madame, it is the Emperor," at which information she would have fallen upon her knees, but he prevented her by another kiss, and gave orders to drive on.

Napoleon's definition of a page may perhaps be verified in more countries than one. The education of those of the Tuileries being debated in full council, Colonel d'Assigny was appointed their sub-governor, "because," said Napoleon, "you are too easy, or rather too indulgent, for the office of head-governor. A page is as malicious as a monkey, as mischievous as a school-boy, as choleric as a turkey-cock, as dainty as a cat, as giddy as a May-fly, as idle as a marmot, and as vain as a peacock. Ah! Ah! you do not know them as I do!" The whole council burst into a laugh. "Yes," continued the Emperor, "it is as I have the honour to tell you, and therefore do I wish to keep a tight rein over them."

We are far from having exhausted the subject of this very amusing book, but we must now refer our readers to the work itself, particularly recommending to their notice, the Oratorio of Hadyn, and the Infernal Machine, The Coronation, Two Visits, The Bill to Pay, Parades and Inspections, in the first volume; and in the second, Three Months at Schonbrunn, The Valley of St. Helena in Austria, Custom Houses and Smuggling, the Unexpected Return, and The Pupils of the Guard.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

REMINISCENCES OF COUNT MATHIEU DUMAS.

Souvenirs du Lieutenant General Comte Mathieu Dumas, de 1770 *a* 1836. (Reminiscences of Lieutenant-general Count Mathieu Dumas, from 1770 to 1836.) Published by his Son. 3 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1839.

France still continues to give us her memoirs of that extraordinary period, the last half century. It is remarkable, that they are chiefly the product of a class, who, in England, are, probably, the least literary body of the whole community—military men. It is true, that the French *litterateurs* have written on the perpetual subject of the Revolution; and, if the tomb of Napoleon could be raised of paper, it would long since have looked down upon the pyramids. But the *litterateurs*, in their lower degrees, are mere workmen, and in their highest are mere theorists; the one loathes his work as a drudgery, the other embellishes it like the scenery of a melo-drame, and both are equally tempted to model facts, the one to his profit, and the other to his party.

Of course there are exceptions in either case, but we speak of classes; and the lure is so powerful to the selfishness or the vanity of human nature, that our true surprise would be to find a French history of this great and terrible catastrophe, which did not bear the palpable *imprimatur* of personal feelings. We cannot open a volume on the subject without scenting the odour of the *parti gauche*, or the *parti droit*, or of that complacent *centre*, which, eschewing all honesty of opinion, as hazardous to all purchase of its possessor, sits in all weathers at the receipt of custom, smiles on both minister and republican with impartial corruptibility, and adapts itself and its wares to the purse of all mankind.

The Revolution was a wonder. It brought precipitately among men what they had heard of in history, and in the stories of ancestral life, but had never seen. If a comet had plunged among them in some wild wandering from its orbit, the astonishment, the terror, and perhaps the desolation, could scarcely have been greater. It is true that Europe had seen an American Revolution, but it was two thousand miles off; it belonged to another hemisphere; it swept, and blazed, and crushed, but it was among men of whom Europe knew not much more at that period than if they had been tenants of the moon. It was a comet, but far down in the horizon, feeble, cloudy, and without a tail. But it was a different phenomenon, when the Revolution rushed down on France; when they saw with their own eyes the measureless rapidity, ceaseless flame, and broad and burning disk, rolling above their heads, and hourly descending till it impinged against their world.

The effects of those strange and terrible times have not yet passed from the French brain. *La Jeune France*, curled and coxcomb as it is, still exhibits evident and luckless proofs that it is not fit for sober and honest government of any kind.. It still has to clear its giddy head of the vapours which fifty years of fantasy have been sending up; and this memorable compound of fierceness and frivolity, of the worst politics and the best tailoring on the face of the earth, must go through the cooling system of at least half a century to come, before it is fit to settle any thing beyond the steps of a quadrille.

Thus, from the politicians we can expect nothing in the shape of authorship more authentic than one of Rousseau's novels. But we must acknowledge that the military men have laboured actively to fill up the chasm. From them alone we have a series of memoirs, which all but complete the narrative of that mighty mystery—a mystery which will not be solved till the present generation are a hundred years beyond the search. They have had obvious advantages, the advantages of Virgil's hero, "quorum pars magna," of being among the subjects of the events; or of Cæsar, in first fighting the battles, and then telling them; or of modern cabinets, of keeping all their own blunders in the dark, and laying the blame on fortune. They have had another important advantage over their own contemporaries. They have outlived them.

It is a curious circumstance, and one which politicians ought to take to heart, especially in revolutions, that statesmen are formidably *short-lived*. Thus in France we have seen a crowd of septuagenarians and octogenarians bequeathing their reminiscences to posterity with the swords of Marengo, Jena, and Austerlitz hanging up over their firesides; while all the heroes of the pen and pike are long since the food of the worthier worm. The sabre and the grape-shot, bivouacs and Cossack hurrahs, were found to be not half so hazardous as revolutionary sitting; the committee of public safety was more mortal than a dozen pitched battles; and in France the coward took refuge in the camp, charged in the field to avoid the majesty of angry republicanism in the streets, and made light of horse, foot, and artillery, in comparison of the simple but never rusty machinery of the guillotine.

While the whole generation of the regicides, fratricides, and parricides, went to their own *place*; while the patriots of 1783 were beheaded by the patriots of 1793, the patriots of 1793 by the patriots of 1795, until the Republic was turned into a despotism, the patriots were turned into soldiers, the soldiers into slaves, and Bonaparte, turned into Napoleon le Grand, was the master of them all, the head-keeper of the wild beasts, the lion in the den of jackalls, the grand devourer in the banquet, where the bones of kings and people were food; Mathieu Dumas and his *confreres*, the daring *sabreus*, who had led the French infantry and cavalry, like so many torrents of fire and steel, over the Continent, bore "a charmed life;" saw Emperors and empires perish; saw "*l'Empereur d'Empereurs*" himself, chained like a vulture to a rock to scent the slaughters of Europe at a distance ,without the power of partaking of the spoil; saw a new dynasty possess the throne; and lived to write the history of them all, and congratulate themselves on the harmlessness of bullets and lances, cannon shot, and even of camp brandy. To those men we owe all that is really valuable in the narratives of their time. And some of them have been indefatigable. Count Dumas has already written the annals of the war, from 1799 to 1808, a vast work, in nineteen volumes, with plates and plans; and now offers the "Memoirs of his own Time, from the beginning of the Revolution to 1836:" a space of thirty-seven years of the most singular changes and astounding casualties of the European world.

Mathieu Dumas, was born at Montpellier, and intended for the army, was appointed to a sub-lieutenancy in the regiment of Medoc, in 1773. His first service was against the mob of Montauban, whom a fear, or pretended fear, of famine had stirred into a riot. —"Even then," observes the old soldier, whom Napoleon and common sense had, by this time, thoroughly cleansed of his republicanism, "one might see beforehand to what an excess this turbulent population was capable of proceeding, and how much the bands of obedience were already loosened."

France was then at peace, and the hot blood of the young soldier had no opportunity of sowing any share of it, to produce laurels. But his mind was employed in a manner which promised a copious harvest in due time.

"My regiment, [says he,] which was commanded by the marquis de Mauray was ordered to Briancon. The year which I passed there was the one of all my youth which was best employed. I had been appointed to the training of some of our companies in one of the forts, during a long and severe winter. I gave my mind up to the pursuit, and formed for myself a system of military study, which I have ever since followed. I felt the importance of the *details* of service, as the elements of the science; and also the fitness of separating them from the larger scale of tactics. From the details I turned to military history; and also occupied myself with the study of field operations. I received excellent lessons from an old officer, highly accomplished, and practised in the detail of the general staff—M. Doumet, the town-major of Briancon. This officer had compiled, revised, and had also himself made some excellent military charts of the Alps, from Mount Cenis to the mouth of the Var. He travelled on foot, and studied the ground during the fine season, which there lasts so short a time; and, during the long winter, he worked on those plans, so accurately made, the operations of a supposed campaign. Those memoranda were actually equivalent to entire campaigns, and he pursued the manoeuvres from day to day, as if he had to superintend them in the face of an enemy. I followed M. Doumet in this work; practised the planning of ground; drew a great deal; and read the memoires of Marshal de Berwick, with the excellent notes of my instructor. I happened to meet a comrade, M. Poncet, who shared my fondness for study. He had originally been intended, like myself, for the engineers, and he had the same desire to take advantage of his early knowledge. As soon as the season allowed, we made reconnoissances together. The marquis de Mauray proposed to make a tour of the High Alps with us. We visited the principal summits and passages, the most important positions, and the posts most remarkable in former wars. We made journals, and drew up reports or memoirs on our reconnoissances."

On the removal of his regiment to Valenciennes, this intelligent young soldier pursued the same course of manly industry. In 1774, Louis XVI. had ascended the throne, and some vague conceptions of a change in the inactivity of public affairs seemed to have stimulated the younger officers. Dumas not only found here subalterns, who willingly joined his studies, but was made acquainted with several individuals, who afterwards figured in public life; among the rest, M. Servan, subsequently minister of war; M. Lacuee, who became minister of war under Napoleon; and the Count de Grimboard, the author of the Essay on Battles.

"I laboured [says he] a great deal with them; I studied the Flemish wars, and the campaigns of our best generals on this frontier. I personally visited the most famous fields of battle, such as Denain, Fontuenoy, &c. One day I went over that of Malplaquet, and following the critical narrative of Feuquieres, which I had in my hand, I looked, in the wood of Sars, for the passage by which Prince Eugene, after having turned the left wing of the French line, broke and separated the cavalry, and, by this manoeuvre, decided the fate of that bloody day, so deadly to the French army."

He remarks that, by a curious fortune, he was enabled to examine the field by the help of an eye-witness of the battle, though a century had passed by. This eye-witness was the son of the miller who had acted as guide to Eugene. He was then (Sept. 11, 1709,) fourteen years old, and he still perfectly remembered the whole scene. "Look there," said the old man, "that is the path by which we went on leaving the mill; see that little chapel riddled with balls—that was the middle, and the hardest fought spot of the whole battle. Further towards the right, you will see the copse where so many of the Dutch troops fell." His account tallied exactly with that of Feuquieres.

The marquis de Castries, governor of French Flanders, attracted by his talents, and also acquainted with his family, took particular notice of the young officer; and introduced him to Puysegur, lieutenant-general, and distinguished as an inspector of infantry, who made him his aide-de-camp; doubtless a mark of especial approval, where the candidates must have been so numerous. But the time for bringing his acquirements into practice was now come. The American rebellion, in 1775, had instantly awoke the slumbering perfidy of the French court. The loss of Canada, and the peace of 1763, which confirmed it as a British colony, had rankled in the heart of the French cabinet; though Canada had been a despised colony while it remained in the hands of France; but though this appeal was made to French pride, the true motive of the cabinet was, *not* to recover Canada, which, after all, it made no attempt to recover by either treaty or arms, but to disable England, by cutting off the United States from the empire. Nothing could be more treacherous to England, or more fatal to France herself. It was a breach of peace for the sake of plunder, a violation of the most solemn compact with a friendly and unoffending nation, for the sake of its final ruin. But such atrocities will not go unpunished, while a high Providence dispenses justice among nations. Vengeance fell upon the great criminal, instant, open, and irresistible. There never, perhaps, was an instance in history, which more distinctly displayed its connexion with the crime. The French troops which were sent out as auxiliaries to America returned as the enemies to their own government. The support of rebellion against treaty transformed them into rebels to their own allegiance. The guilty intrigue of the French cabinet was punished in the extinction of the whole monarchy—the corruption of the soldiery, by wars, civil and foreign, which drank their blood during ten years of desperate hostility—the dishonest acquiescence of the higher classes, by confiscation, exile, and death; the unhappy weakness of the king, by the loss of his head—the unprincipled ambition of France. by sufferings of unexampled length and misery, finished by being twice overrun by the armies of Europe.

It is not less remarkable that the individual whom the French cabinet had sent as its chief agent to America, La Fayette, was the especial beginner of the French revolution—the commander of the national guards, which overthrew the monarchy—the heartless and treacherous coxcomb, who bowed the unfortunate king of France, on the 6th of October, into a dungeon, from which he emerged only to the scaffold. Dumas was appointed aide-camp to Rochambeau, who was sent with a corps of 8,000 men to assist the rebels. The expedition sailed under the admiral Duternay, and arrived only in time to see general Green beaten by lord Cornwallis. The French gained no laurels in this traitorous service. La Fayette's advance guard was beaten by Cornwallis, his main body keeping at a due distance; but Cornwallis having, with infinite folly, in spite of the example of Burgoyne, shut himself up in York, and, being blockaded by sea and land, was forced to surrender with 8,000 men. This event finished the war by land, but the total defeat of the count de Grasse punished the French by the loss of their principal fleet, and the glorious defence of Gibraltar more than restored the lustre of the British arms.

On the return of Dumas to France, he found the monarchy in convulsion, was involved in the general whirl of revolution, was driven out of France, where his life was in hazard, rambled through the continent, at length made his way back to Paris, and, what was of still more importance to himself, made his way to the feet of Bonaparte. The First Consul appointed him to the rank of general of brigade. Dumas observed that his former rank had been that of lieutenant-general. Napoleon, in his rapid style, answered: "It is better both for the service and for you that you should resume your rank on the field of battle." Bonaparte in the mean time appointed him to the formation of a corps of cavalry, consisting of young men of the old families, all volunteers, nominally intended for a guard, but actually as hostages. The memorable campaign of Marengo soon opened, and Dumas, anxious for service, asked leave to join the army. About the end of April, 1800, he received an order to go to Dijon as chief of the staff of the second army of reserve. Nothing could open the eyes of Austria to the plans of the first consul. Dumas pressed his request for active service, as Bonaparte passed through the city, "No, no," was the answer; "you can be of more use where you are."

When a man writes his own memoirs, he must have extraordinary self-denial if he does not give himself credit for being on the right side in every thing. The first consul was not a personage to be trifled with. But Brune, who was appointed to the command of the army of reserve, on Napoleon's advance into Italy, might be more easily managed. Dumas had ascertained that the new general intended to displace him. Brune had acquired some character by the defeat of the foolish expedition to the Helder; that expedition, in which the duke of York, an honest man and a brave soldier, but wholly incapable of command, was sent to assist the "patriots of Holland," a country in which there were *no* patriots; in their rising against the French, where there was *no* rising; and drive the French into the Flemish ditches—the French probably amounting to forty thousand men, with all France at their call, and half a million in arms ready to join them; and the British never exceeding twenty thousand! The appointment of the honest duke of York to the command was the only thing necessary to complete the blunders of the campaign; and the whole finished in a contemptible negociation, by which the army reembarked, with infinitely more ridicule than laurels. A million of money buried in the swamps of the largest fen in Europe was the sole fruit of the expedition.

Dumas waited on the general immediately on his arrival. "I am told that we do not suit each other, or rather, that I do not suit you," was the prompt exposition of the chief of the staff. "Perfectly true; I have applied for another officer already," was the not less prompt reply. "Very well," said Dumas; "I have not asked to remain under you, but to serve in the army of Italy. Let us both apply again to the first consul; we shall send our letters by the same courier, and, in the mean time, I shall do my duty, so as to leave my successor nothing to complain of. Until the courier's return, let there be a truce between us, and let matters go on, as if we had chosen each other."

Dumas here showed the talents of a diplomatist. He had gained time, which in treaties is everything. The result was that, though Bruno constantly told him that there was no chance of his being continued on his staff, that he must patronize his own party, and that he was a *Terrorist* (Dumas having been a *Modere*,) the expert chief of the staff exhibited himself in so useful a point of view, and exercised his opportunity so well, that, when the courier came back with a refusal to let him join the Italian army, Brune expressed his pleasure at the decision, and said that, "since he knew him better, he would not wish to have any other head of the staff." Dumas here recounts a curious anecdote, which settles the often disputed question, whether Bonaparte was, or was not, actually beaten in the early part of the memorable day of Marengo. Some days after the news of this great battle, which was actually the key to all Napoleon's after glory, to his diadem, to his Austrian, Prussian, and Russian conquests; the victor passed through Dijon on his return to Paris. He reviewed the army of reserve, amounting to about 20,000 men, and was satisfied with its appearance. "On this occasion," says Dumas, "I was one of three in a conversation in which the affairs of the war were spoken of. As it was the first time of my hearing any thing of the detail, I listened eagerly. Napoleon gave us the narrative of this crowning battle, the close of his brief and brilliant campaign, finishing his interesting narrative by the words—"You see that there were two battles on the same day. *I lost the first*, but I gained the second. And that is the right point." On such chances turn the fates of human things. If old Melas had not drunk his bottle of brandy on the strength of his victory, and gone back quietly to his tent to fall asleep at noon, and dream of his despatches to Vienna; he would not have been beaten at one o'clock, driven from the field, horse, foot, and artillery, before dusk; and compelled to sign an armistice which put the keys of every fortress of Austrian Italy into Napoleon's hands next morning! If Napoleon had not been reinforced by Desaix, or if Dessaix had been half an hour later in galloping up to the field, we should probably have heard no more of Napoleon than as a young general, who, after having taken the Austrians by surprise two years before, and overrun Italy, had lost his army in Egypt, and had ruined the last army of France in a rash attack upon the main force of Austria in Italy once more;

that the routed general had been sent for by the restored Directory, been cashiered for the unpardonable crime of ill-luck, and shot for remonstrating against the justice of republicanism.

Dumas, now well known to Napoleon, was ordered by him to take a part in the invasion of England. Accordingly, he spent the summer of 1805 in looking at the runnings in and out of the flotilla at Boulogne. But he seems to have been quickly satisfied that the valiant flotilla, which could move only by stealth, even along its own shore, was not likely to carry the French flag with much honour to the opposite shore of the Channel. However, Napoleon's plan of drawing off the British fleet to the West Indies was a showy one; and, if his had arrived a fortnight before its pursuers, and had fulfilled that other delicate portion of the scheme, the sweeping of the British ships remaining at home from the surface of the seas, Napoleon's 150,000 braves might certainly have crossed without being blown into the water. But what would have been the consequence? Would they have conquered? Certainly not. In all probability, the attempt would have been the most fortunate for Europe of any victory that had ever broken a chain. England was not Germany, or Italy; it was not a land of divided kingdoms and divided interests, a feeble combination of fragments of sovereignty, some ready to join the French, some willing to be bribed, and all ready to run away. But it was a united country of twenty millions of men, with a brave old king on the throne, with a gallant nobility who would have given their last shilling to the struggle, and a bold people who would have given the last drop of their blood. That 150,000 or 200,000 troops landing with Napoleon, the very fiend of war, to urge them to slaughter and burning, might have done vast mischief, and sacrificed a multitude of lives in their first battle, is not to be doubted. But what French force could stand against the principled hostility of a whole nation, determined to perish rather than yield! It would have been the duty of her English generals never to give the enemy a moment's rest; never to suffer them to sleep, to eat, to move, without an attack; to be perpetually on their front, flanks, and rear; to starve and slay them from sunrise to sunset, and from sunset to sunrise again; to pour thousands and tens of thousands upon them, until their camp was a grave, and not a man of them ever returned to tell the tale. And with such a people this they could have done, and if, in the chances of war, an enemy shall ever set foot on the English soil, this they must do, and doing thus, they will be invincible. No country of twenty millions, nor of the half, nor of the quarter of twenty millions, *can* be conquered, if the people are true to their cause, and the government true to the people. But, besides this vast and invincible population, we had an army of nearly 100,000 men actually in England at the time, a militia, of 70,000 as highly disciplined as the army, and not less than 600,000 volunteers ready and eager for the field. If Napoleon had landed in England, in England would have been his tomb. All his conceptions showed only the rashness of his character and his utter ignorance of the country. He reckoned upon a Jacobin party, when all Jacobinism was extinguished in the empire. He presumed upon making an iniquitous peace, when every man in England knew that peace would be slavery, and neither king nor minister would have dared to propose a truce He relied upon terrifying the population, as he had terrified the dastardly serfs of Germany, and the priest-ridden peasants and corrupt mobs of Italy; when in England he would have found the love of country, the possession of freedom, and the homage to religion—all that makes men willing to encounter the last extremities rather than relinquish the least of their noble privileges. But he found the invasion a dream, before he could have found it a punishment. Still his experience was to come; he was to find his gigantic power dashed to pieces against the firmness of England, and learn in St. Helena the frenzy of warring against a free people.

Dumas was subsequently employed in all directions, and in all movements, of this extraordinary man, who could not move without shaking Europe. The general's early studies continued to be of remarkable advantage to him. His qualities as a field-engineer or quarter-master-general were in constant use, only with the difference, that, instead of reconnoitering forts, or measuring fields of battle, he measured provinces and kingdoms. This was just the life for the showy, spirited, and clever race whom the republic generated, to make them the tools of an emperor. We can scarcely be surprised to hear their lamentations on all sides for the dropping of that curtain, however embroidered, which fell on such a succession of pomps, vanities as they were; where every figure that crossed was costumed in the richest robes of conquest or royalty, where all was a pageant, and all the pageant was of conquered armies and kingdoms. But all is over now; the *spectacle* is done; the lights are out, and the few spectators, shivering and withdrawing, look round the empty theatre, like ghosts clinging to their recollections of what has so lately lived, glittered, and exploded, before them. Among his occupations of this nature, Dumas was sent to examine Dalmatia, then ceded to France. On his way with Lauriston, who was sent on a similar mission to the mouths of the Cattaro, they were invited by Beauharnais to Verona, on his marriage with the eldest princess of Bavaria, and preceded them to Venice, to prepare for the triumphal entry of the new Viceroy. Nothing could be more dazzling; all was music, and dancing, and gondolas worthy of Cleopatra herself. The viceroy's was a moving palace of glass, filled with sofas of all kinds, all silk and embroidery. The Lagune was covered with barks and chaloupes, waving with every flag of mankind, shining with every device of fairy land, and teeming with every trick of Italy. At last, as this luxurious flotilla approached the entrance of the Grand Canal, the princess, a handsome and stately figure, appeared on the poop. The gallant comte, even with all the frost of age upon his head, suffers his pen to glow in the description of "her striking figure, her rich and brilliant dress, her noble and feeling manners." At length this living idol entered the Pisani palace, and left the Venetians only to wonder, shout, and sing all day and all night long.

His next service was in Spain. This was a formidable reverse to the luxuries of Italy. The French now felt the nature of popular retaliation, and, though the Spanish musket was a poor weapon, the Spanish knife was terrible. He tells us that, even in Madrid, with all its French garrison, not a day passed without several assassinations. The General was rejoiced when he was ordered to meet Napoleon at Valladolid; there he heard of the Austrian march upon Bavaria. Napoleon immediately prepared to join his German army, but this was a distasteful movement to his troops. He and they were equally sick of Spain. The grenadiers of the old guard, who probably thought that they were peculiar favourites, began to talk angrily. We here give a specimen of Napoleon's camp language, not quite so brilliant as his bulletins, it must be confessed, but perfectly characteristic of this reckless master of armies and nations. The grenadiers were drawn up on parade as usual; Napoleon coming from the chateau on foot, with great strides went up to the right hand man of the line, seized him by the collar, dragged him forward, took his musket from him with his own hands, and, after seeming as if he intended to have him shot, flung him back into the ranks, with these words, directed to the corps: "I shall forgive you this once," he cried; "what is the meaning of the grumbling of which I am told? You want to go back to your ————in Paris. Ah! but you are not there yet; you shall see plenty of others before that; till you are eighty years old I shall keep you in the ranks." The word omitted is one which it costs nothing to the rabble to pronounce, but which we leave to their vocabulary. But this was a peevish time. Napoleon had just received the account of the capture of his 12,000 *braves* under Dupont. General Legendre, who had brought it, had attended the parade. While the troops were breaking up, Napoleon saw him. "So, it is you, sir, who signed the capitulation of Baylen." As he said these words he seized the General's hand, and, shaking it fiercely, exclaimed, "Why was not this hand withered first!"

Dumas had now to share the desperate days of France: he fought in Germany, where he saw and suffered in the defeat of Napoleon at Essling; was in Moscow, and shared the horrible retreat; was present at the bitter and fruitless struggles of Bautzen and Lutzun: was shut up in Dresden; taken prisoner in his way to France; witnessed the first fall of Napoleon, made his peace with the Bourbons, and received a ribbon of St. Louis. On Napoleon's arrival, the count, like so many other worthy generals and girouettes, waited on him without delay, and soon after received, to his great astonishment, as he says, the appointment of director general of the national guards of the empire! Those were trying times for men of tender consciences. However, the general followed the stream, until it was stopped up by Waterloo. Then all ran the opposite way, and the general among them. His campaigns were now over for life, and the volumes conclude with a list of his works, and a letter to his son, who bears the name of "Christian;" probably the most singular name, either in spirit or in letter, that is to be found in all France.

SKETCH OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF MEHEMET ALI.

With a view of the affairs of Turkey and Egypt to the present time.

The present century may appropriately be termed—the Age of Parvenu Monarchs. It has seen one Corsican adventurer crown himself Emperor of the French; a second thrust into the ancient monarchy of Spain; a third unwillingly bear regal sway over republican Holland; a fourth for a time act the principal part in the royal pageant of Westphalia; the son of a petty lawyer of Pau called by the voice of independent Sweden to direct its destinies; the youthful inmate of a *cabaret* at Cahors supersede the Bourbons on the Neapolitan throne; and, "though last not least," it now beholds the offspring of a Turkish police-officer wearing the crown of the ancient Pharaohs.

In the year 1773, at Cavala, a small sea-port near Philippi, in the Ejalect Romana, death suddenly released from the most abject poverty an inferior officer of the Turkish police. He left all he possessed, a male child, only four years of age, totally unprovided for. Fortunately for the infant, the Aga of the place, a Turk named Toussoon, was his uncle, and yet more fortunately, he was a man of honourable and kind disposition. Touched by compassion, he received the helpless orphan into his household, and subsequently bestowed on the boy an education, judged by the Turks of that period sufficiently liberal. He was instructed in the art of managing a horse adroitly, and acquired great experience in the use of the carbine. Reading and writing were reserved for the tuition of nature or events. That forlorn orphan is now known to the world in the person of Mehemet Ali.[*]

Toussoon Aga became attached to his nephew: he made him his companion, and used to be accompanied by him in his visits to the French factory at Cavala;—there the youth first become enamoured of Christian civilization. The Aga was wealthy; his riches created him enemies; by one of whom, a neighbouring Bey, he was treacherously murdered. The assassin seized his wealth, and his nephew was once more destitute. After the loss of his uncle, Mehemet passed some of the best years of his youth in the shop of a tobacco-merchant. His occupation, in the service of a petty trader, was a link in the necessary chain of strange incidents that finally enabled him to unite the opposite vocations of war and commerce, and cultivate with such signal success those branches of the tree of industry which were yet unknown to the generality of Eastern despots. During all the vicissitudes of his long career, Mehemet has fondly cherished the memory of his early patron and relative, as the following incident testifies. M. Lion, the French commercial agent at Cavala, lost, by the death of Toussoon Aga, a considerable sum of money. Many years had passed over, when M. Lion, who was then living at Marseilles, was surprised by an invitation from Mehemet to come and settle in Egypt, with a promise of his protection and assistance. M. Lion accepted the offer, and had made his preparations for departure, when he died. Information of the event was forwarded to Mehemet: he expressed his deep regret, and sent M. Lion's family a present of 10,000 francs.

During several long years of drudgery passed at the tobacconist's, Mehemet accumulated a slender stock of piastres, and removed to open a magazine on his own account. There time rolled quietly on, and the merchant become one of the richest of his class in the Ejalect.

Mehemet thus early acquired the habits of business; whilst the sagacity, promptitude, and vigour, shown by the politic prince, the warlike Pasha, equally conspicuous in the cabinet and the field, were qualities previously germinating in his youthful breast. When the ambitious aspirations of Napoleon, and the decrees of the French Directory conducted a hostile army to the shores of Egypt, Mehemet, drawn by an irresistible impulse, joined his countrymen, and was present at the victory which, for a time, overthrew Egypt at the foot of her own pyramids.

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[*] Mr. St. John in his Travels in Egypt, states that Mehemet Ali, in 1832, told him, that for a long term he had dictated to a secretary the history of his own life, and that as nature had endowed him with a very strong memory, his autobiography would be very full!

After the evacuation of Egypt by the French, troubles broke out in that country between the Sultan and the Mamelukes; and the former sent his levies thither for the purpose of exterminating the latter. At this crisis, Mehemet Ali, who had greatly distinguished himself during the late contest with the French by his bravery and judgment, received from the Viceroy of Egypt, Mehemet Kusruff, the rank of General, and was placed at the head of a division of the Turkish army. The newly created General did not long enjoy his command. After the loss of a battle near Damanhar, he was accused by some of his envious colleagues of having caused the overthrow by a retreat, which they attributed to treachery or cowardice. The Pasha, prejudiced against him, deprived Mehemet of his post, and without ceremony dismissed him the service. The injured soldier resolved to seek revenge on his traducers by combating for, instead of against the Mamelukes. In their cause he soon proved himself equally well versed in the arts of policy and war. He succeeded in alienating the Albanian troops from the service of the Porte, and attaching them firmly to himself; opened the gates of Cairo to one of the Mameluke Beys; and compelled the Pasha, who had degraded him, Mehemet Kusruff, to fly to Damietta, whither he followed, besieged and carried the town, and took him prisoner.

When intelligence of Mehemet Kusruff's capture reached the Porte, the Sultan ostensibly contented himself with nominating Ali Gazairli to the Pashalik of Egypt. The new Viceroy carefully concealed his secret hostile instructions beneath the cloak of peaceful amity, and Mehemet Ali met his hypocrisy with more than equal dissimulation. Professedly obedient, he induced the Egyptian Beys to strike an anticipatory blow, and, when the moment for serious action arrived, at once threw off the mask. Supported by him at the head of his Albanians, the Beys succeeded in making Gazairli their prisoner, and put him to death.

At this juncture, two candidates, Osman Bardissy and Mehemet Elfi Bey, appeared for the office of high-deputy (*sheikh-el-beled*,) appointed by the Beys, through whom the Mamelukes were accustomed to communicate and receive orders from the Viceroy. Mehemet perceived in these clashing claims the means to serve his own intents. He fired the rival spirit of the two competitors into active hostilities: then assisted Osman Bardissy to gain an easy triumph, and forced his adversary to fly from Egypt. That done, he instigated the adherents of the beaten Bey into fresh intrigues, and succeeded in raising the clamours of the fickle populace so high against Bardissy, that he compelled him to follow his opponent's example, as the only means of saving his life.

From the departure of Osman Bardissy, Mehemet Ali, was, in fact, Viceroy of Egypt, though not so, for some time longer, in name. He determined to strengthen his position by artificial disinterestedness, and nominally replaced on the vice-throne Mehemet Kusruff, his former commander and captive: this he did as a peace-offering to the Sultan. To conciliate the Mamelukes, he named their favourite and his own creature, Kurschid Pasha,* lieutenant under the Viceroy. These appointments were confirmed by the Divan, but they were not intended by their real author to have permanence.

Mehemet Ali now intrigued with the members of the Divan; and Constantinople was filled with his emissaries and spies. At home he caused the state of affairs in the Egyptian capital to be regulated and improved; the inhabitants to be protected from the rapacity of the soldiers; and the insurrections, sometimes indebted to himself for their births, to be quickly quelled. The populace became sensible of his merits, and equally so of the demerits of the Pasha and his lieutenant. They were gradually taught to raise themselves in their own esteem. The Sheikhs, or priests, who generally assumed the reigns of power, in cases of emergency, declared Kurschid Pasha, and his superior, incapable of governing Egypt, deposed them, and conferred their authority, subject to the approval of the Sultan, on Mehemet Ali, whose creatures in reality they were. The Sultan yielded to necessity a reluctant assent, and confirmed, in 1803, Mehemet Ali in the Pashalik, to which he had been called,—so ran the firman,—by the wish of the people of Egypt!

Mehemet Ali was now placed on the giddy eminence of despotism over a miserable country, impoverished by heavy taxes and enforced contributions; ruled by undisciplined and insubordinate troops, inured to rapine, and continually deserting their ranks to join those of the still more lawless and rapacious Mamelukes. He determined to restore Egypt to its rank and integrity in the scale of nations; to re-create its mental and social energies. For this purpose he attached to his own interest the various Oriental tribes, who only retained their obedience to the Sultan by the bonds of ancient custom; and he armed the free Bedouin Arabs against their enemies, and the disturbers of public tranquillity, the Mamelukes. He vigilantly inspected and improved the discipline of his licentious soldiery, classified them into proper divisions, and punished frequently with his own hands military offenders. His subjects were loud in their expressions of admiration and gratitude; but the Divan became alarmed at the rapid advancement of their attachment. A firman was despatched from the Sultan to deprive him of his Pashalik; but Mehemet Ali, confiding on the devotion by which he was surrounded, lamented that destiny would not allow him to obey the mandate; and the Sultan bowed once more to the majesty of the people's "wish," and confirmed the Viceroy in his dignity. Death now relieved him of several troublesome opponents,—the Sultan Selim's murder made way for the mild Mustapha, who quickly followed to the same home;—his Bedouin friends severely chastised his Mameluke enemies; and want of success in an attack on Rosetta, induced an expedition, sent by the British Government in support of the Beys, to withdraw its troops from Egypt.

One of the first acts of the Sultan Mahmoud, on his accession to the throne, was to find employment for Mehemet Ali. He was commissioned to annihilate the heretical Wahabees, who had profaned the sanctuaries of Mekka and Medina, and were complete masters of Hedjaz and Yemen. He accepted the commission: he meditated on the means of encouraging commerce in the Arabian ports, and of forming among a people, already won to his interests, a fresh basis for his ascendancy. But was he secure in

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* Kurschid Pasha has been a faithful follower of Mehemet's throughout his whole career. He is now Governor of Arabia, and during the last year subjugated the Bedouins established between Gambo, and Akabat, and, after taking Doraijeh, the ancient capital of the Wahabees, has lately advanced to El-Katib, on the Persian Gulf, and seized on the isles of Balir-Ain, thus endangering the possessions of the Sultan of Muscat by his vicinity.

Egypt during the absence of his troops? This though, was of constant occurrence. He resolved to be so, and to clear that country from its intestine pests, the Mamelukes, before the departure of his army. He lured them to destruction, artfully negociating a truce with them; he prepared for his expedition, and fixed the departure of the army, under the command of his eldest son, Toussoon Pasha. He invited the Mameluke chiefs to visit the citadel of Cairo on the 11th of March, 1811, and partake of a banquet in honour of the prince's departure. The result is too well known; one word will record it,—assassination. On the same day and hour their brethren were put to death in the streets of the city, and in all the other places and towns of Said and the Delta.

The Pasha having thus mercilessly cleared the way for his own internal operations, the army under Toussoon set forth. They re-took the holy cities; after which the war lingered in the old Ottoman style, year after year, without any definite success. In 1815, however, Mehemet prepared his forces for a determinate struggle; he issued new regulations for the army, and enjoined the troops of Ismayl Pasha, his second son, to exercise after the European manner. The soldiers murmured, called him the Pasha of the Giaours, and mutinied. Order was restored, but the new regulations were abandoned. Toussoon Pasha died; and in September, 1816, Mehemet prepared a fresh expedition into Hedjaz, which he intrusted to Ibrahim Pasha, his adoptive son. Ibrahim carried on the war with spirit, though with great loss, amidst hard-fought battles and severe sieges, until 1818, when he penetrated to Derayeh, the stronghold of the Wahabees which he took, and the remnant of the tenacious, unyielding sect, was drowned in torrents of blood.

Mekka, the principal towns in Nedshad, and the ports of the Red Sea, were thus added to the Viceroy's Egyptian dominions. With these materials he began his welcome task of recomposing the mighty empire of the Pharaohs. He first turned his attention to the countries lying up the Nile: he bethought himself of an expedition into Sennaar, where gold mines were reported to exist, and in which he might employ the gerater part of his remaining irregular troops, who he saw would always be an obstacle to his favourite plan of the *Nizam-jedid*,* or regularly organized force. The army for Sennaar left Cairo in June, 1820, under the command of Ismayl Pasha. It consisted of about 4000 men, Turks and Arabs. They over-ran Dongola, met with a spirited opposition from the Sheygya Arabs, and at last penetrated into the country of Sennaar. In October, 1821, Ismayl Pasha was joined by a reinforcement under the command of Ibrahim. Ismayl penetrated to the gold mines of the province of Quamamyl, recorded by early antiquity, and exaggerated by distant rumours. Disappointed in his expedition, he returned to Sennaar, and afterwards descended to Shendi to repress an insurrection. In the celebration of a nocturnal banquet, Ismayl and suite were burned to death by the Arabs, who set fire to the house where they feasted. On the news of the catastrophe of Ismayl's death, the Defterdar Bey, Mehemet's son-in-law, who had arrived from Egypt, (whither Ibrahim had meanwhile returned,) with reinforcements, and was then occupied in the conquest of Kordofan, a dependency of the kingdom of Darfoor, hastened down to Sennaar to assume the command of the army, and took a dreadful revenge for the death of Ismayl. He established himself in terror in the new conquests, where he remained until the year 1824, when he was relieved by the regular troops which in the interim had been formed in Egypt.

These conquests united the whole of ancient Ethiopia to Egypt.—Kenus, Shendi, Domer, Halfay, Sennaar, Lower and Upper Nubia, Kordofan, Darfoor, and Oasenarchepeth; these almost virgin countries were subdued and made tributary to the Vice-King of Egypt. Not a single province washed by the waters of the prolific Nile that does not now acknowledge the sovereignty of Mehemet Ali.

Nor while these mighty events were progressing abroad was Mehemet Ali idle at home. He proceeded to infuse animation into the Colossus he had constructed: he drew the living breath of civilization from Europe, and chose for the instruments of the desired vivification natives of France. The French Consul-General Drovetti became, in fact, Prime Minister of the Pasha, whose first and great object was the improvement of his army. He ordered the formation of a camp for the instruction of the officers whom he destined for the command of the new levies. He began by sending his own body-guards, and those of the principal officers of the state. He engaged as instructor Colonel Seve, formerly aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney. The camp was established at Assouan, on the furthest limits of Upper Egypt; but was afterwards removed northwards nearer Cairo; and, in 1823, it was finally established at Nekheli, near Syout. A body of 4000 men was soon collected. Colonel Seve was assisted by several other French officers, who acted under his direction. Seve went through his difficult task with great judgment and indomitable perseverance, and was admirably supported by Mehemet's authority. A military hospital was formed; an arsenal organized at Cairo; a foundry and other necessaries established; saltpetre pits and gunpowder mills were also formed. Ibrahim Pasha, although nominally at the head of the army, underwent his exercise like the rest, acquiring the theory of field manœuvres, and giving to all the example of discipline and subordination.

At the end of 1823 the new Egyptian army already consisted of six regiments of five battalions, at 800 men for each battalion. The organization of the battalions were modelled after that of the French army. The regiments were numbered, and received their colours of white silk, with verses of the Koran in gold, and the cypher of Mehemet Ali. The arms and accoutrements were of French manufacture. In January, 1824, the first regiment, 4000 strong, was sent to Sennaar to relieve Defterdar Bey, and pursue his conquests.

Seve completed his task: an army of 24,000 men was formed chiefly by his exertions. To qualify himself for the command of a regiment he had thus formed, the French Colonel renounced Christianity, made profession of Islamism, and was made a Bey! He is now known as Soliman Pasha. In 1825 a military college was instituted for the instruction of officers in the scientific branches of their profession.

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* The attempt of Sultan Selim to establish a *Nizam-jedid* our readers will remember, cost him his life. Sultan Mahmoud has, however, been more successful.

An opportunity speedily presented itself for putting in practice the newly-acquired theoretical skill of the native soldiery, who were the first on record that imitated European manœuvres upon African soil. The war of Greek independence broke out. One after another, four Turkish armies were routed in the passes of Thessaly and the Peloponnesus; the Archipelago was strewn with the wrecks of three Turkish fleets, and the road to Stamboul thrown open to the Giaours. The Sultan claimed assistance from his Viceroy. The cause of the Sultan, however objectionable it might appear in Europe, was that of the Osmanlees in general; and Mehemet Ali was too clear-sighted not to perceive that when an external attack was aimed at the head, all the limbs were interested in averting the blow. Although at first not very eager to put himself forward, the Pasha responded to the demand made upon him, and, when once engaged in the war, acted sincerely in support of the empire. In July, 1824, the Egyptian fleet, consisting of sixty-three ships-of-war, sailed, escorting 100 transports of all nations, with 16,000 regular infantry on board, four companies of sappers, field-pieces, and heavy ordinance, and 700 cavalry, the whole under the command of Ibrahim Pasha, for the defence of the Morea.

Our readers are too well acquainted with the details of the Greek war to require any narration of the events here. In 1826 Mehemet sent two more regiments, 8000 strong, to reinforce Ibrahim before the walls of Missolonghi. In the year following (1827) the Porte conferred on the Viceroy the command of the Ottoman fleet, coupled with the serious charge of repairing and provisioning it. Mehemet Ali had, in the meanwhile, assiduously attended to the improvement of his own Egyptian navy. He had several frigates and corvettes built at Marseilles, Leghorn, and Genoa: he also engaged several French officers in his service. A board of admiralty was established at Alexandria; a naval code was compiled from the regulations of the French service; a naval school was formed, on board a corvette, of 100 young men; the dockyard of Alexandria was put in order; ordnance and ammunition collected; Arab boatmen were formed into battalions, and exercised as sailors, gunners, and marines; and an Egyptian navy was at last created, very different from the old Ottoman fleet.

On the 5th of August, 1827, in consequence of orders from the Sultan, the combined Turkish and Egyptian fleet, consisting of two seventy-fours, several frigates and corvettes, besides smaller ships—in all seventy-five sail—sailed for the Morea with the 10th Regiment, to reinforce Ibrahim. This was the fleet that was afterwards partially destroyed at Navarino. The treaty of London, of the 6th of July, was communicated to the Viceroy after the departure of the fleet. An English officer, Colonel Cradock, arrived at Alexandria towards the end of August, on a mission to the Pasha. To the proposal of withdrawing Ibrahim from the Morea, the Viceroy mildly answered, that he was the subject of the Porte, and could not be a party to negotiations between the high powers. Being told that the Porte had ordered Ibrahim to defend himself to the last extremity, he replied—"Well! I know my son; he will fight as long as he has a plank of his fleet left." On the 28th of October the news reached him of the defeat of Navarino. Mehemet felt the loss severely; but he repressed his vexation, and said to his first-dragoman and confidante, Boglios—"I expected as much; the Porte would have it so." The loss of the Egyptian fleet, however, though considerable in men, was not so great in ships as at first imagined. The war of Greek independence added the island of Candia to Mehemet's possessions.

The Greek war over, Mehemet once more turned his attention to his army. The reforms hitherto had reference only to the infantry; no improvement had taken place in the cavalry, that body having been found more indocile than the infantry. Attempts had been made to embody them into squadrons, and accustom them to regular movements; but once in the field, they broke their ranks, and charged in the old tumultuous manner. Mehemet now ordered them to be assembled at Djaffarieh, in the Delta, and ranged in brigades of 1000 men each, to be commanded by Beys. In 1828 the army of Mehemet Ali was comprised of 66,920 men, of whom 54,000 were effective troops. The general staff, *ridgial*, consisted of Ibrahim Pasha, generalissimo; the minister of war, the major-general, the colonel of the staff, two chiefs of battalion, six adjutant-majors, six sub-adjutant-majors, thirty-eight captains, ten lieutenants, and eight second-lieutenants. The monthly pay of officers of regiments was—a colonel, 8000 Egyptian piastres (2600 francs;) a lieutenant-colonel, 4000; a chief of battalion, 2000; an adjutant-major, 1500; sub-adjutant-major, 1000; a captain, 500; a lieutenant, 350; a sub-lieutenant, 250. The serjeants, the corporals, and musicians, received from one to two piastres per diem; and the privates half a piastre, or not quite three and a half French sous, besides the rations, consisting of about two pounds, (French weight,) of bread, half a pound of meat, about a pound of rice, lentils, and beans, and three pounds of wood for fuel, besides salt, oil, and soap. The officers had double and triple rations, according to rank.

The clothing delivered to the troops consisted of two jackets a-year, one of red coarse stuff for winter, and one of blue or white cotton cloth in summer, with facings of another colour; two pair of trousers, two pair of shoes, two shirts and caps. The officers also received two jackets a-year; and a sabre on their being appointed. The officer's dress consisted of a short jacket and trousers, both of crimson cloth; a *tarbouche*, or cylindrical cap; a silk, or cashmere sash; and red slippers. The higher ranks wore a profusion of gold lace, besides stars and crescents, often enriched with valuable jewels.

From the termination of the Greek war the military progress of Egypt has been one of accelerated velocity. European officers were allowed to take rank in the army and navy, without reference to creed—an innovation unheard of before in a Mahommedan country. A new arsenal was constructed at an immense expense, and three first-rates were launched before it had been three years in existence. But, in the midst of these war improvements, the Pasha's subjects languished under great oppression. The Egyptian fellahs, or Arabs engaged in agriculture, had exchanged their many masters for one, and had little left them beyond the necessaries of life, too hardly earned and too scantily afforded. Numbers of them emigrated, or rather fled, to Syria, where they found protection and encouragement from Abdallah, Pasha of Acre. Mehemet demanded that Abdallah should send back or deliver up these Egyptian emigrants; this demand was refused. Mehemet applied to the Porte for its interposition: it returned evasive answers, till the revolt of the Pasha of Scodra made it of importance to secure the neutrality of the Viceroy. Promises were then made; but the insurrection of the Pasha of Scodra having been quelled, the Porte, elated by success, ceased to pay proper attention to Mehemet's demands.

Mehemet now made up his mind to act independently. Although his real motive was to obtain redress of his alleged grievances from the Pasha of Acre, there can be no doubt he was glad to secure the eastern frontier of Egypt from the attacks to which it had been exposed from that quarter, by the possession of that part of Syria contiguous to Egypt. Down to this period, Mehemet Ali had resisted all offers of assistance and opportunities of throwing off his allegiance to the Sultan. He had frequently disapproved of the policy of the Porte, but had always considered himself its vassal. He had hitherto paid large sums as tribute for his pashalik;—he had put forth all his military power and resources, at the Sultan's command, against the neighbouring Pashas, when in revolt, against the Wahabees, and against the Greeks of the Morea: he was now about to open a new page in the history of his eventful life;—he determined to extort by force of arms the performance of a promise, which he said he had received to reward his services in the Morea with the government of Syria.

Towards the end of October, 1831, the Viceroy put his army, between 40,000 and 50,000 strong, in motion, under the command of Ibrahim Pasha. It proceeded by land, passing along the sea-coast, and entered Syria by El Arish; and, after taking possession of Gaza and Jaffa, on the 27th of November it laid siege to St. Jean d'Acre. The Egyptian fleet supported the land operations, and strongly blockaded the port. The fortifications of the town were in good repair; the garrison was numerous, well disciplined, and well-disposed, and provisioned for more than a year. Abdallah Pasha was a man of resolute and daring character, neither wanting in skill nor intelligence.

At this period, independent of the general feelings of discontent which pervaded the Ottoman empire, there were in Syria some especial grounds of disaffection arising from the misconduct of the local government, which had on one occasion driven the people to rebellion. The Porte endeavoured to re-establish its authority by measures of severity to repress the turbulence of the populace. At this moment the appearance of Ibrahim Pasha on the stage, promised to afford the Syrians a refuge from the vengeance of the Porte, and throughout the contest they looked upon him as their deliverer.

The Sultan, taken by surprise at this movement, attempted to negotiate; but his late successes in the East, and against the Albanians, had made him too sanguine, and his demands too exorbitant for the Viceroy's acceptance. In March, 1832, the Porte made preparations in good earnest for the defence of Syria. Husseyn Pasha was appointed to be Commander-in-Chief of the Asiatic army, estimated at 60,000 men, which was ordered to rendezvous at Konian, and thence advance as speedily as possible upon Antioch and Aleppo.

In the meantime the siege of Acre continued, although but slowly: Abdallah's defence was as strong as that of Napoleon. Ibrahim lay before it three months, bombarding it both on the land side and from the sea. He reduced it almost to a heap of ruins, but he could not compel it to surrender. The firing from the town was so well sustained and directed, that great damage was inflicted upon the Egyptians, especially upon their fleet, a great part of which was obliged to return to Alexandria to refit. Osman, the Begler-Bey of Tripoli, having collected 5000 men, took up his quarters at Latakia, and thence proceeded to the attack of Tripoli, which was held by the Egyptian troops. No sooner did Ibrahim hear of this movement, than he hastened, with 5000 men and six pieces of artillery, to the relief of Tripoli; and, on the 31st of March, 1832, succeeded in putting Osman to flight, after a severe engagement. Osman retired upon Hammah, and Ibrahim encamped on the plains of Homs. Here he was attacked, on the 15th of April, by a Turkish force, considerably superior in numbers, and, after a day's hard fighting, both sides claimed the victory, and Ibrahim retired unmolested on the ruins of Balbeck. Mehemet Ali felt that the moment was critical; he called into action all his resources. Two regiments from Candia were sent to join Ibrahim, and the fleet, being refitted, again put to sea. Orders were sent to Ibrahim to stake everything upon the fall of Acre. Ibrahim resumed the command of the besieging army, from 12,000 to 15,000 strong; and, on the 27th of May, St. Jean d'Acre, after a desperate struggle, capitulated, and Abdallah Pasha and the garrison were made prisoners of war.

The Sultan now removed Mehemet, by firman, from his government, and appealed to the European powers for their countenance. Russia alone withdrew her consul from Alexandria. Mehemet was thus involved in rebellion; he determined to act against the Sultan as his enemy, and to conquer the whole of Syria. Ibrahim followed up his success as fast and as far as possible, before the arrival of Husseyn. On the 8th of June, he commenced his march upon Damascus with 20,000 regulars, and from 6000 to 8000 Bedouins. Damascus, being an open city, could offer no obstruction, and the Egyptian army took possession of it on the 14th. The Christian population of Mount Lebanon (the Druses) declared for Ibrahim, and their aged chief, Emir Beschir, joined him at Damascus, with 5000 men. After an interval of repose, Ibrahim continued his triumphant march northwards, through the pashalik of Damascus, towards that of Alleppo. At Homs, on the bank of the Orontes, (on the spot where Zenobia contended with Aurelian, and made her last vigorous effort against the domination of Rome,) he was encountered, on the 8th of July, by a Turkish army, amounting to 20,000 men, commanded by Mehemet Pasha of Aleppo, and eight other Pasha's of three tails. The Turks were completely routed; their tents, provisions, ammunition, and thirty-one pieces of cannon fell into the conqueror's hands.

By this victory, all that part of Syria, which is included on the coast between Tripoli and the southern frontier, was at the mercy of the Egyptians. Ibrahim made a division of his forces, sending one detachment in the direction of Antioch, and pushing forward himself with the remainder towards Aleppo. The main body of the Turkish army, 36,000 strong, of which 20,000 were regular troops, under Husseyn Pacha, had now entered Syria, and was encamped at Beilan between Antioch and Scanderoon or Alexandrietta, thus guarding the north-western inlet into Syria. Ibrahim, having taken possession of Aleppo on the 15th of July, and being joined there by the remaining portion of the army, proceeded towards Antioch to give battle to Husseyn. The Turkish position was one of great natural strength, accessible only by a defile. Husseyn ranged his troops along the heights, and posted artillery on all the commanding points, and awaited the attack of Ibrahim. It was not slow in coming. The Egyptian army reached the pass on the 28th of July, and on the succeeding morning proceeded to force it. Ibrahim silenced the enemy's batteries with his artillery, and his troops carried his heights by main force. A panic seized the Turks; they fled in the direction of Adana, leaving behind their guns, ammunition, and arms, and were pursued by the Egyptians with dreadful slaughter. The loss of the Turks is stated at 13,000 men: nearly forty pieces of artillery were left on the ground. The next day the Egyptian cavalry was sent to disperse any re-union that might take place, and brought in from 4000 to 5000 prisoners.

On the 1st of August Ibrahim received the surrender of Antioch, and on the 2nd, the inhabitants of Orpha, the north-eastern portion of Syria, sent in their submission. The conquest of the province was complete, and the road to Constantinople open, Ibrahim Pacha quitted Syria, passed the Taurus, and descended into the vast plains of Caramania.

Consternation and alarm reigned paramount in the Divan. The Sultan, powerless for a moment, looked around for foreign assistance. Notwithstanding the voluntary offers of Russia, whose troops occupied Wallachia and Moldavia, he first applied to the British Cabinet: the application was attended with no success.* It became the obvious interest of Mehemet Ali to bring the war to speedy conclusion. With this object he offered to hold Syria of the Sultan, in a similar form to all other pashaliks, and to render double the tribute for it which former Pacha's had paid. Mahmoud rejected the offer; and the last efforts of the empire were put forth to stop the further progress of Ibrahim. An army of about 60,000 men was drawn together under the command of the Grand Vizier himself, Reschid Pasha. Ibrahim, whose army was greatly inferior in point of numbers, but hardened to war, and accustomed to victory, had taken up a position behind the town of Koniah, a place of some importance, situate half-way between the frontiers of Syria and Constantinople, where the enemy could reach him only through dangerous defiles. There the Vizier attacked him on the 21st of December, 1832. The Turkish force amounted to 40,000 men, with sixty pieces of cannon, and the Egyptian to more than 30,000 and 40 pieces of cannon. The Turkish army, though little better than an armed rabble, fought with great courage and determination. The struggle lasted six hours. The victory of Ibrahim was complete, though it was the most dearly purchased he had gained. The Turkish army was utterly dissolved. Meanwhile the Egyptian fleet had captured six Turkish vessels, and was sailing for Constantinople.

The intelligence of this defeat threw Constantinople once more into consternation. Mahmoud, who had sought in vain assistance from his friends, now threw himself into the arms of his enemy, Russia. He accepted the offer of twelve Russian ships, and requested General Mouravieff to proceed immediately to Alexandria, to obtain from Mehemet a cessation of hostilities, until a peace could be negotiated. The success of Mehemet's revolt, and the refusal of assistance from England, placed him at the mercy of Russia. When too late the Sultan attempted to recall his requisition to Russia, but Austria had followed in its wake.

The Sultan now determined to treat directly with Mehemet Ali, and Halil Pasha was sent to Alexandria, as an envoy from the Porte, to make overtures for a treaty. He was instructed to offer the Viceroy the Pashalik of Syria, under the sole condition of his ackowledging the sovereignty of the Porte.

Mehemet Ali received Halil Pasha with the greatest distinction, acknowledged himself a true subject of the Porte, and immediately sent an order to Ibrahim to suspend hostilities, and to advance no farther. Before this intelligence could reach Constantinople or Koniah, signs of discontent had shown themselves in the Imperial city, and Ibrahim artfully suffered reports to be spread that he was advancing, and that he meant to take up his winter quarters at Broussa.—The disaffected in Asia, encouraged by the hope of his support, were everywhere in insurrection. The French charge d'affaires, (neither England nor France had at this period ambassadors on the spot,) wrote in the strongest terms to remonstrate with Ibrahim. The Pasha, in a reply, disclaimed the intentions imputed to him.

The Sultan was again alarmed, and distrusting the professions of Ibrahim, on the 2nd of February, 1833, made a fresh demand on Russia for troops and ships. On the 6th, intelligence of Mehemet's pacific views arrived from Alexandria, and the Sultan was thereupon strongly pressed by the representatives (the ambassadors had not yet arrived) of England and France to renounce Russian aid. On the 17 of February, a note was addressed by the Reis Effendi to M. Boutenieff, stating, that the presence of Russian troops was not now necessary in the capital, but at the same time requesting that they should be directed to some neighbouring port. To this the Russian minister assented, if it were possible to prevent their arrival, as they had already sailed. At a later period of the same day Admiral Rousin, the French ambassador, reached Constantinople. On the 19th he had an interview with the Reis Effendi, and obtained a promise from him that the best endeavours of the Porte should be used to prevent the arrival of the Russian troops. It was too late. On the 20th a Russian squadron of eleven line-of-battle ships, having on board 10,000 men, sailed into the Bosphorus.

The conduct of Admiral Roussin, in this emergency was prompt and decisive. He demanded that the fleet should be immediately sent back. The Sultan hesitated, but M. Roussin guaranteeing the conclusion of a treaty on the basis already proposed, a convention was signed, by which the Porte renounced "all foreign assistance of whatever kind." The Russian fleet removed to Sizopoli, the harbour nearest to the channel of Constantinople. Admiral Roussin and the Turkish ministers now framed a treaty, which was to be sent to Mehemet Ali for his acceptance, which would have stripped him of no small part of his Syrian conquests, and of the adjoining district of Adana,* which brought him up to the very foot of Mount Taurus, and gave him the keys of Syria and Asia Minor. Two French aides-de-camp were despatched by the Ambassador, one to Ibrahim and the other to Mehemet Ali, informing them of what had taken place, but in the interim the latter had settled much more favorable terms of peace with Halil Pasha, the Turkish plenipotentiary at Alexandria, and they refused to accept of any others.

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* The defence of this refusal to aid the Sultan may be found in the Edinburg Review, vol. xlviii., p. 135. It is feebly made, and with a consciousness of its own futility.

*The value of the little province of Adana to Egypt consists partly in its being a place on which it could depend for a supply of timber for all purposes, and especially for ship-building.

Admiral Roussin's convention, therefore fell to the ground, and Constantinople was once more in dismay. The Russian Ambassador was again requested to hasten the arrival of a fleet and army. Before the end of April, 20,000 Russian troops were disembarked on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, where they encamped between it and Ibrahim. A more numerous army was on its march from the Danube, and a Russian fleet guarded the Bosphorus itself. The Emperor Nicholas now announced that he would no longer be trifled with, and that his troops should not leave Turkey until Ibrahim had evacuated it, and, with his army, was again behind the Taurus.

The Sultan became anxious to shorten the duration of the Russian protectorate, which refused to dictate to either party the conditions of peace, or to interfere in what it was pleased to call "the arrangements of family disputes." He therefore yielded to the necessity, daily becoming more urgent, of concluding the peace. The mere presence of Ibrahim's army had nearly disorganized the whole of Asia Minor. M. Varennes was authorised to proceed to the Egyptian head-quarters, and concede the pashalik of Aleppo. Ibrahim however, insisted on the cession of Adana likewise; but consented to remain where he was till the negotiator should return to Constantinople for new instructions. The Sultan was completely humbled, and on the 5th of May he gave up Adana, and solemnly confirmed it, along with the whole of Syria, to Mehemet Ali, granting on the following day a general amnesty to all the inhabitants of Anatolia.

Peace was thus concluded, but it brought no reconciliation with it. On both sides it was a peace of necessity; both parties looked on it as a mere truce, and anxiously prepared for the future event. Mehemet Ali was now master from the limits of Asia Minor to the mouth of the Nile, and a more powerful monarch than his nominal master, whom he had made to tremble within the walls of the seraglio. Europe, too, had witnessed a deep distinct shadow of the fulfilment of the popular belief of the Byzantines, in the days of the Porphrogentiæ, that an equestrian statue in the square of Taurus was secretly inscribed with a prophecy, how the Russians in the last days should become masters of Constantinople.

On the conclusion of the peace Ibrahim began his retrograde movement By the end of July he had crossed Mount Taurus, and immediately engaged his engineers in fortifying the important passes in the province of Adana. The Russian troops and squadron, on the evacuation of Asia Minor, likewise took their departure. But the Sultan was now made to feel the full weight of his dependence. Long interviews took place between Count Orloff and the Reis Effendi, and the Ambassadors of France and England,—(Lord Ponsonby, though appointed in November, did not arrive at his post until peace with Mehemet had been concluded in May; being occupied, during the continuance of these arduous negotiations, in perfecting his preparatory studies for Turko-Russian diplomacy amidst the Neapolitan witcheries of "opera, play, and ball")—were astonished by the receipt of a *treaty of mutual protection* between Russia and Turkey.

The basis of this treaty, (of the 8th July, 1833,) is declared to be that of reciprocal defence; but by a separate article it was stated, that—"As the Emperor of Russia will not ask for substantial aid, the Sublime Porte, in place of the aid which it is bound to furnish in case of need, shall confine its action to not allowing any foreign vessels of war to enter within the Dardanelles under any pretext whatever." The present duration of the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi is limited to eight years. Our readers will remark, that as Russia will alone be the judge of when *the case of need* arrives, she has, by this treaty, the power at any time of commanding that the Dardanelles should be closed. The moral influence of this great event was even more extensive than its obvious effects. It threw Turkey entirely into the arms of Russia, and brought down her southern frontier to the Ægean Sea. England and France complained* that such a treaty should have been concluded without their concurrence, but their remonstrances were unheeded.

The Sultan soon enjoyed the gratification of seeing that Ibrahim Pasha's rule was not acceptable to his Syrian subjects. His new conquests demanded enlarged military establishments, and he had already a military power, to the support of which Egypt was inadequate. To Syria, therefore, he looked for men and money. The harshness of the means employed to compel the people to enter the Egyptian military service caused an insurrection, in May, 1834, in the mountains of Naplous, Jerusalem, and Djebel Kahil, and also in the mountains of Tripoli. The rebels, on two occasions, routed the Egyptian forces sent against them. Mehemet Ali, in the summer of that year, proceeded himself to visit his newly-acquired dominions, and took with him a corps of 8000 men. His presence, and the exertions of Ibrahim, restored temporary tranquility; but shortly after Mehemet's return to Alexandria fresh disturbances broke out. In October a rising took place in Aleppo, which was not suppressed until after several sanguinary conflicts. About the same time the people revolted in Beirout and Antioch, and a few days later the whole population of Kesroan broke out into open war, and were only defeated by the assistance of the Druses.

The Sultan, eager to avail himself of any opportunity of recovering his lost dominions, reinforced the army of Reschid Pacha in Asia Minor, advanced it towards the Syrian frontiers, and complained that Mehemet Ali had improperly taken possession of the districts of Orpha and Rana, which belonged to the pashalik of Diarbekir. Mehemet paid no attention to this complaint, and the Sultan applied to his Northern ally for assistance; but the Court of St. Petersburgh did not conceive itself bound by the treaty to take part in hostilities which were of the Porte's own seeking, and thus peace was maintained in 1834.

The conduct of Mehemet Ali towards his new subjects was any thing but mild and conciliatory. The line of policy pursued by the Pasha with comparative advantage among nations who adhere to the creed of fatalism, is by far too inflexible to be equally successful with any people whose customs and religious doctrines have rendered them more active in body and mind. Unfortunately for himself, Mehemet is too rigid to make allowances for different customs and characteristics, and foolishly persists in his plan of forming a great empire from unhomogeneous nations. In his ardour to convert Syria into a military bulwark, he has destroyed the traffic of her ancient and wealthy cities; their bazaars are now untenanted, and their inhabitants dragged away to the army to become fresh instruments of further oppression. The fields of this once fair land are now comparatively desolate; for the peasants are compelled to work for their master, not in cultivating the land, but in assisting at the construction of forts, barracks, and roads, in cutting down trees, and in working at the iron-foundries and mines. The inevitable result of these measures has been a serious diminution in the population, to so great an extent, it has been stated, as one-fourth. The great complaint of the Syrians against Mehemet is the conscription. Between 1833 and 1836 no fewer than four conscriptions took place.

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* Our readers are aware that the separate article of the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi was first communicated to the British Government, as the admission of Lord Palmerston testified, by a public letter of the correspondent of "The Morning Herald" at Constantinople!

"How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that earth and heaven impart,
The smiles of nature and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain;
Joyless he sees the growing oil and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines;
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaded vineyard dies of thirst."

The treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, preceded as it was by that of Adrianople,[*] riveted the control of Russia over the Porte, deserted in the agony of her danger by Britain and France, who pretended, nevertheless, to be jealous of Russian ambition. In the north the possession of Silistria enabled Russia, at all times, to pour her armies into the Turkish frontier; and in the south she had at last seized the keys of the Dardanelles. The influence of Russia, however irresistible in the Divan, where the gentle tone of reproof assumed by the Russian Minister was gradually altered for the harsh notes of reproof and "*L'Empereur le veut*," was not popular at Constantinople, and the refusal of the unnatural allies to allow British and French armed vessels to pass the Euxine, at last roused the representatives of those Powers to a proper sense of their national degradation in the East.

The Albanian and Kurdistan insurrections,[†] in 1835, gave full employment to the Sultan's military resources, and saved Mehemet Ali from any attack from the Porte in his Syrian acquisitions. On his side he occupied himself in completing the subjugation of Syria, and attempting unsuccessfully to extend his conquests in Arabia. He expended large sums and incredible labour in fortifying his frontier towards Asia Minor. Men and money for his works and armies were exacted from the Syrians with merciless brutality. At Damascus the houses were surrounded by his troops during the night, and in the morning every man capable of bearing arms was carried off. The same outrage, attended with still greater violence, took place at Beirout. The commander of the Egyptian garrison gave orders to arrest every Mussulman, in order to select from among them those who were most fit for military service; and to render this project more easy of execution, all the avenues to the town were guarded, and sentinels were posted at the doors of all the consulates and European houses. At a given signal the Egyptian soldiers fell upon the people who were in the streets, burst open the doors of the houses, striking down indiscriminately Turks, Jews, and Christians, dragging all to the prisons, which soon overflowed with captives. Some thought to escape maltreatment by offering money; but the soldiers, after having taken what was proffered, delivered up their victims to other troops of brigands, whose maltreatment became doubled in fury, in the hope to force the sufferers to purchase safety a second time by means of a new ransom. The Syrians now awakened to a perception of their true interests, and of the error they committed in preferring the servant to the master, and longed to retrieve their error.[*]

These conscriptions, and the equally oppressive rigour of the pecuniary exactions, produced insurrections in various parts of the country. They were partial and uncombined movements, therefore easily suppressed; but they demonstrated the hatred the Syrians had conceived to the rule of Mehemet Ali. At one time the mountaineers of Prayaz and the Druses, instigated, it was said, by the Porte, raised the standard of revolt. The latter had already been decimated, and their villages burned; but, urged by despair, they rose again, interrupting communications, plundering the caravans, and assassinating travellers. Ibrahim himself marched against them at the head of 12,000 men, dispersed and disarmed them. The Ansaries next appeared in arms. They were overthrown at the first encounter: they implored forgiveness, but Ibrahim ordered them all to be slaughtered, except those capable of acting as soldiers, and burned down their villages. Similar measures exasperated the people more and more, but all their insurrectionary movements only ended in discomfiture and greater severity. Ibrahim became doubtful of the fidelity of Aleppo; he therefore resolved to disarm its population. His mode of carrying his resolution into effect was a refinement upon his former cruelties. He assumed that every man was possessed of arms: every inhabitant, therefore, without exception, was ordered to deliver up a musket. Those who had none, and were too poor to buy one to comply with the order, were subjected to a liberal allowance from the bastinado.

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[*] Such of our readers as wish to examine the treaty of Adrianople in detail, cannot do better than consult the analysis of that important document, contained in the remarkable pamphlet "England, France, Russia and Turkey."

[†] It has been frequently suggested that these insurrections were prompted and supported by Mehemet Ali: it is not an unnatural supposition, but it is unsupported by adequate proof.

[*] One cause why these violent conscriptions took place in Syria may probably be found in the fact that, in the early part of 1835, the plague had nearly depopulated Egypt.

Mehemet Ali now took an important step; he endeavoured to obtain the sanction of England, France, and Austria to the declaration of his independence. He put forth in an official note addressed to the cabinets of these countries, the difficulties he laboured under from the pretensions and enmity of the Porte, whom he accused of exciting the revolt in Syria; and pretending that the Sultan was instigated to the course he had adopted by Russia, proposed, if those powers would guarantee his independence, to devote his whole attention to the collection of large military resources (150,000 men,) to hold at their disposal for opposing Russia, and releasing the Ottoman monarch from the thraldom in which he was held by that power. Fortunately the British Government saw this attempt in a true light, and Lord Ponsonby, in an official despatch, answered the Pasha, that the countenance of such a design would be contrary alike to the principles and the interests of England; and advised him, if he wished to preserve the friendship of the great nation of which he was the representative, to desist from using the power delegated to him against his sovereign, and to evacuate Orpha, according to the articles of the peace, and pay his tribute.

The Porte continued to demand, in vain, the restitution of the Pashalik of Orpha. This the Pasha of Egypt held, without even a pretext, because it gave him an outlet to the Tigris, and opened the route, by the course of that river, to Bagdad and Bassora, which he had already announced his intention to occupy; an intention which the late advance of Kurschid, Pasha of Arabia, to the Persian Gulf, within thirty days' march of Bassora, shows he has not forgotten or laid aside. With like ill success the Sultan required the liquidation of an arrear of tribute. He then appealed for the sanction of the Great Powers to a subjugation of his too-powerful vassal. But they declared that an attack on Mehemet Ali was inadmissible, as it might compromise the peace of Europe.

With affairs in this posture the year 1835 closed. The attack of Mehemet Ali, and the unhappy determination of England and France to abandon the Sultan, had left him no alternative but to seek the protection of Russia. With comparative internal prosperity, British and French statesmen began to turn their attention more seriously to the state of the East. The independence of Turkey became a matter of paramount importance. To relieve the Porte from his Russian protection was, therefore, the great object to be obtained. Russia, in her character of protector of Turkey, had virtual possession of the Dardanelles, in the occupation of which the principal interest of the Turkish question to England and France is involved. The possession of power by Mehemet Ali tends directly to hasten the arrival of the time when this virtual command shall be converted into an actual command of the Dardanelles. The existence of his power is to Europe an evil, and to Russia an advantage of incalculable magnitude. The aggrandisement of Mehemet Ali thus directly and powerfully contributes to the subjugation of Turkey, and at the same time prepares its own destruction, for the Pasha himself admits that the possession of the Dardanelles by Russia would annihilate his power in Asia. So long, therefore, as the power of Mehemet Ali exists in its present extent, so long must the Sultan be content to receive protection. Under these circumstances, the obvious mode to relieve the Porte, was for England boldly to take the part of the Sultan, and to re-establish its relations with Turkey on their ancient footing, so far as that might be practicable. This course the British Government did not pursue, but sought to nibble away Russian influence by diplomatic intrigues in the Divan.

In 1836 the revolts in the Turkish provinces of Albania, Bosnia, and Kurdistan gave sufficient occupation to the Sultan's troops, and disabled him from undertaking the re-conquest of Syria. The foreign relations of the Sublime Porte were also a source to it of still more troublesome embarrassments. The efforts of England to counteract the exclusive character which Russian influence was assuming, were developed in the transactions connected with the outrage committed on Mr. Churchill by the Reis Effendi, and in the subsequent dismission of that minister on the demand of Lord Ponsonby.

In the ensuing year Turkey became the stage on which the rival European powers tasked to the utmost the skill and address of their diplomatic agents. The Divan deeply engaged in negotiations with Mehemet Ali, but with little result. England, France, and Austria also actively negotiated with the Sultan to restrain the progress of Russia. Emboldened by the assurances of these powers, his Highness began to treat the Russian Ambassador with marked neglect. Early in 1538 the Porte again began to make warlike preparations on the Syrian frontier.

Meanwhile the course of Mehemet Ali in Syria had been one of unmitigated oppression. Towards the close of the year 1837, the Druses, inhabiting the district of Hooran and about Mount Ledohiah, revolted. Their number did not exceed 2000, but it was nearly doubled at the outset of the insurrection by malcontent refugees, as well as by an accession of Bedouins from the desert. In spite of the paucity of their numbers these people were able to resist six times their own force for several months, exhibiting a gallantry amounting frequently to desperation. The theatre of their insurrection was a mountainous volcanic district, about thirty miles in length, and from sixteen to twenty in breadth; a perfect labyrinth, impassable to horses, and difficult to climb through on foot, where, without seeing the face of an assailant, soldiers are exposed to a shower of bullets from hands that rarely mark prey without hitting home. Achmet Pasha was sent with a force of 20.000 men to reduce these rebels. He encountered them on the 11th of February, 1838, and expected an easy victory; but the Druses, who, as may be supposed from the description of the ground, were advantageously posted, fought with great courage, and completely defeated the Pasha's army, which fled to Damascus, where, in defiance of a large Egyptian garrison, the inhabitants testified extreme delight at the defeat of their masters. But as soon as some thousands of Albanese and Arnauts, who are adepts in mountain warfare, were brought into the field, and a more skilful plan of operations was set in action, under the direction of Soliman Pasha (Colonel Seve,) and subsequently of Ibrahim Pasha, the war speedily took a very different turn. The Bedouins withdrew to the desert; and a considerable number of the Druses and malcontent refugees were adroitly tempted to fight on less favourable ground, and were completely defeated and destroyed. The remainder, about 1500 Druses, posted in their impregnable labyrinth, continued the contest with desperation, now and then making successful sorties, and harassing the Egyptian troops, giving proof of their courage and desperate daring, but shorn of the power of occasioning any serious apprehensions with regard to the ultimate result.

During the spring and summer of last year both the Sultan and the old Pasha prepared for hostile movements. They respectively marched large bodies of troops to the frontiers of Asia Minor, and reinforced their fleets. Ibrahim Pasha moved to Aleppo to be near the expected scene of operations, and had about that city an army of 40,000 men and 120 pieces of cannon, with a corps of engineers under the direction of two French officers. The influence of Russia was now decidedly on the wane at Constantinople, but M. Boutinieff made several desperate struggles to re-establish it. He tempted the Sultan, among other devices, by an offer of assistance against Mehemet, which, through the interference of Lord Ponsonby, was declined.

The conduct of Mehemet Ali at Alexandria, during the progress of the Syrian insurrection, fluctuated. At one time he petulantly announced his determination to declare his independence of the Sultan, and to render the succession to his dominions hereditary; at another, he was induced to send some part of his tribute to Constantinople, and, with it, pacific assurances. Before the end of August he appears to have made up his mind definitely, for in that month he officially announced to the European consuls his intention of proclaiming his independence. England, France, Austria, and Prussia, all opposed this declaration, and represented that the persisting in it would kindle a general war, and that the European powers would oppose it with force if necessary. The answer of Russia, as given in the *Journal des Debats*, was remarkable, and to this effect:—In this case of the viceroy's declaring himself independent, and England and France, in consequence, blockading the ports of Egypt and Syria, Russia would make no effort for the Porte; but, on the contrary, should those powers remain neuter, then Russia, summoned according to the terms of the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi, would assist the Sultan.

The declaration of the consuls of England, France, Austria, and Prussia greatly irritated the Pasha. He is old, warmly attached to his family, and anxious to leave them a kingdom to inherit. He addressed to them a verbal reply,* full of anger, but full of vigour and grandeur, of which the following is the purport:—

"The Pasha relies on the good intentions of the Four Powers. He regrets to see them oppose his views, but foretells they will change their opinions.

"He trusts that the question of hereditaments will be accorded; he will then be content. Should it be refused, however, and should he be compelled to have recourse to arms, he will not only proclaim the hereditaments, but the entire independence of Egypt. He is determined never to submit to be delivered over to the Porte by the European Powers. He is old, and had, perhaps, better yield than expose to the chance of events his family, his servants, and the people who love him. But in his life he has been compelled to shed much blood to gain what he has got, and he will not live to see that it has been shed in vain.

"Moreover his views are in accordance with the interest and policy of Europe. Why, then, should he be sacrificed? He is not of their religion, it is true; but he is a man, and deserves to be treated as such when he is trying to consolidate his children's fortune.

"Should the great Powers not listen to these reasons, and give no guarantee for the present state of things in Egypt, he is determined to sacrifice all that remains to him of life and strength to put an end to an uncertainty which to him is insupportable, inasmuch as it chiefly affects his children.

"He, however, is aware that, if the Powers choose to join, he must fall. But what glory would they reap by overwhelming an old man? Such a victory would embarrass them. As for himself, he knows there are ninety-five chances against, and five for him; but in war the chances are always doubtful; and if they should happen to turn up in his favour, he leaves the Powers to judge of the consequences of a victory, which no one will have a right to moderate."

After this reply, Mehemet Ali, at a moment when war seemed on the point of breaking out, took a singular resolution. He set out for Sennaar to explore the countries in the 10th and 11th degrees of latitude, and work the gold-mines of Tachiangora. "And if I come back," he said to the consuls, on taking leave of them before his departure, "if I return with plenty of gold, what shall I want with the trade of Europe,—what shall I care for you or your blockade?"* He thus shook off European diplomacy for a time, and left the consuls and their government to ponder over his threat of declaring himself independent.

This journey of the Pasha astonished not only Egypt, but Europe. Leaving Egypt exposed to the course of events, Mehemet, borne down with the weight of seventy years, turned his back on Europe, and took a journey, scarcely bearable by the resolution and iron constitution of the enthusiastic Bruce. Upwards of 500 leagues, in a climate of fire, and through an inhospitable and warlike country, did the old Pasha, suffering during a considerable part of the time from the complaints incident to the districts through which he passed, ascend the Nile to look for gold in the south-eastern provinces of Abyssinia! The fact has all the appearance of one of those memorable fictions which delight and astonish the fervent imagination of a school-boy just escaped from the nursery. His exactions had exhausted Egypt and Syria of their wealth; he sought it, unpolluted by human crime, in the desert. If it failed to purchase for him the heirdom of Egypt, it would assist him in maintaining his position in Syria. He returned from his expedition in February last.

From that time down to the latest accounts, diplomacy has been at work both in Constantinople and Alexandria for the preservation of peace. The efforts of England, France, and Austria have been directed in the former city to induce the Sultan to give up his intention, at least for the present, of recovering his power in Syria, while their agents in the Egyptian capital have flattered Mehemet Ali that it is not impossible to concede to him the family succession of the pashalik of Egypt, on conditions admissable with the supremacy of the Porte. Meanwhile the parties themselves have proceeded to prepare for war. Turkey has reinforced her armies on the Euphrates, crossed that river, set her fleet in order, and sounded the disposition of her Servian tributaries, and advanced an army of reserve of 50,000 men to Koniah. The Pasha has not been less active in his preparations, and Ibrahim has endeavoured to conciliate the inhabitants of Syria, and to secure, if not their co-operation, their neutrality in coming events. He has concluded a peace with his early Syrian ally, Emir Beschir, and has made all the concessions demanded by the Druses. By this arrangement they are not liable to the conscription, and their fiscal contributions are fixed. They are to keep their arms, and to construct fortresses in their mountains. Several of the passes to their mountain fastnesses have also been given up to them. These timely concessions have introduced quiet into the country of Libanon, as well as Palestine and the Mediterranean border, and have enabled Ibrahim to concentrate his forces, 80,000 strong, around Aleppo. The complaints of the Syrians, who, stimulated by the resistance of the mountain tribes, were on the eve of an insurrection, have been partially attended to, and redress promised. Syria is therefore comparatively tranquil; but how long this tranquility would last, in case of hostilities between Ibrahim and Hafiz Pasha, the commander of the Turkish army, may be doubted. For our own parts, we believe that the iniquitous fiscal and conscriptive system of Egypt cannot be endured by the people of Syria; and, should the first efforts of Turkey be successful, and a Turkish fleet appear off the Syrian coast, the population will gradually and at last universally rise to deliver themselves from their Egyptian bondage. A decisive victory by the Turks, on the first encounter, would go far to settle the whole question; nor are the probabilities against such a "consummation devoutly to be wished," if Hafiz Pasha be not too precipitate and choose his opportunity. Ibrahim's troops are described to be in a most demoralised and mutinous state, their pay being in arrear for nearly eighteen months. The inhabitants of the country about Aleppo are entirely opposed to him, and his inactivity will increase the disposition to revolt. Besides, he has drained Syria of its garrisons, and left behind him the whole country unguarded. On the other hand, Ali Pasha of Bagdad, who was formerly a popular governor of Aleppo, has advanced with 18,000 or 20,000 men to Racca, to co-operate with Hafiz Pasha, and with him Mahomed Pasha of Mosul. The Pasha of Messorah has also advanced to the frontier of his government with 15,000 men; thus exposing Ibrahim to attacks from three different quarters.

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* We have taken these extracts of his reply from the *Journal des Debats*. From the well-known connexion of that paper with Louis Philippe, little doubt of its substantial accuracy can be entertained; indeed it is almost certain to have been received from the French Foreign-office.

* "The power of the Pasha of Egpyt is at all times under the control of any nation superior to him at sea. To blockade the Nile is to extinguish the power of Mehemet Ali; and this is the more easily done because he cannot bring his ships out of the river in a state fit for sea; they must be taken out first and fitted afterwards; they could not, therefore, attack a blockading squadron, or force their way out."

We here close our narrative for the present. At the time we write the accounts of recent movements on the Euphrates are uncertain. They afford an ample field for speculation, which in the present article it has not been our object to indulge in, with but few spots on which the eye can rest with certainty. We look with anxiety to the progress of the coming events, the shadows of which have reached the West. Whether war is now about to be waged between Sultan Mahmoud and his vassal Mehemet Ali is as yet uncertain; if it do not take place now, it is inevitable at some future and early period. With Syria attached to Egypt, a great kingdom is called into existence, incompatible with the independence of Turkey. Without Syria, Egypt must be content to take its rank as a pashalik of the Ottoman empire. Diplomacy cannot settle the question during the lifetime of Mehemet Ali, because that vassal has placed himself in a position of unappeasable hostility to his sovereign, who is goaded by the remembrance of his own degradation, and who, firm in the conviction that his right is still entire, will never abandon the hope or relinquish the desire of retrieving the losses he has sustained. War, we repeat, is sooner or later inevitable.

The organ of Louis Philippe's personal opinions has, it is true, produced a plan, and full of the refinements of French policy, by which a war may be avoided. "An Oriental confederation," says the *Journal des Debats*, "which would unite under the bold and decided protection of Western Europe the depressed members of the ancient Ottoman empire, viz., Egypt as an hereditary pashalik, Greece as an independent kingdom, Wallachia and Moldavia under their respective Hospodars, with Constantinople for a centre and capital, and Sultan Mahmoud as a paramount Sovereign and Prince; such a confedoration would be infinitely preferable to the *impossible* attempt to revive the Ottoman empire. This integrity is nothing more than a vain dream with which diplomacy, that seeks to make the Sultan the instrument of its designs, flatters itself. No one in reality believes it." Speak for yourself, or your Monarch, M. Bertin de Veaux, say we. To expose the absurdity of this precious scheme by arguments would require a space which we cannot now afford. We have stated it, because in our opinion it is a manifest absurdity, an "impossible" plan. In England we are certain it will find no favour; if it do, for ourselves, we repeat the saying of Lord Chatham—"With the man who cannot appreciate the interests of England in the preservation of the Ottoman empire, I will not argue." Indeed the *Journal des Debats* has subsequently altered its tone, and tacitly abandoned this scheme. It now, in a series of articles on the Turkish question, from the pen of M. Marc Girardin, who, during the Mole administration, was, we believe, attached to the Foreign-office, seems not unfavourable to the integrity of the Turkish empire. At any rate, Marshal Soult has, in the Chamber of Peers on the 12th of June, declared, that—"The policy of our government is the maintainance of the Ottoman empire. We do not conceal it, we declare it openly: this policy has always been followed. The Marquis de Dreux Breze has said the Ottoman empire ought to be divided among the four great Powers. I do not think any person shares this opinion. I have already declared that these Powers have no intention of the sort, and that no European Power desires the dismemberment of the Ottoman empire." If this be so, let us then trust that the European powers will boldly and energetically support the Sultan in the coming struggle, and so save him from the protection of Russia, and re-establish in its former entirety the ancient empire of Turkey.

The wisdom of an observation of Lord Bacon has constantly recurred to us in preparing the foregoing narration:—"Let no estate," says that great man, "expect to be great, that is not awake upon any just occasion of arming, and do not keep due sentinel that none of their neighbours do overgrow so (by increase of territory, by embracing of trade, by approaches or the like,) as they become more able to annoy them than they were."

From the Quarterly Review.

SPORTING IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.

Narrative of an Expedition into Southern Africa during the years 1836 *and* 1837, *from the Cape of Good Hope through the Territories of the Chief of Moselekatse, to the Tropic of Capricorn, &c. &c.; and a Zoological Appendix.* By Capt. W. C. Harris, H. E. I. Company's Engineers, &c. Bombay, 1838. 8vo.

Africa was looked upon by the ancients as the land of zoological prodigies. It is impossible to open the works of those among them who have treated of the natural productions of the country, without finding some passage in unison with the general opinion of the time, that in this wild quarter of the globe nature sported even to prodigality, and was profuse of monsters in her chartered libertinism. Here lived the Troglodytæ in their caves, vocalists whose vocalism, like that of some of our candidates for theatrical fame, was the mere 'whizzing' of a Wombat, 'stridor non vox,' and who were very appropriately dieted on the flesh of serpents. Pliny, after giving this account of their *organ*, to adopt the cant of Opera critics, sagely remarks, 'adeo sermonis commercio carent,' which may be translated, 'therefore they do not shine in conversation,' or, as our Shakespeare has it, 'want discourse of reason.' Here, also, were to be found the Blemmyæ, who, whatever else may be alledged against them, could never have been accused of sporting 'a shocking bad hat,' since they had no heads, but rejoiced in a mouth and eyes affixed to their breasts. Here, too, were the satyrs, who, like some of our bearded dandies, had nothing of man about them but their figure.* Then, to descend in the scale of creation, Æthiopia nourished not only its lynxes, but also its sphinxes, with a depth of bosom which a Greek beauty might have envied, and which Mr. Etty would most certainly transfer to canvass if it were in the nature of things that the Zoological Society could contrive to import any of these bewitching monsters—to say nothing of horses with wings; and armed with horns, 'quos pegasos vocant,' and to which, we doubt not, must be referred the real poetic Pegasus that sprang from the blood of Medusa, when the son of Jupiter and Danae, aided by the guiding hand of the outraged Minerva, cut off the frail but beautiful Gorgon's head, and, leaving his hissing brood of serpent brothers and sisters behind him to desolate Libya, flew through the air, nor stopped till he lighted on Mount Helicon to be petted by the Muses on nectar and ambrosia. These and many more wonders, natural and unnatural, could Africa boast, so that it became a Greek by-word that she was always producing something new. Her wildernesses were the principal source whence was drawn the stream of animal life that soaked the Roman Arena, where the cross now towers, as if to expiate the deeds of blood done on its site.

Whether the ancient historians went a little too far in their accounts of Africa's monstrous fertility, we do not pretend to determine; but sure it is, that, up to a recent time, no traveller could publish his account of the natural curiosities which he had there observed, without being set down as gifted with a remarkably vivid imagination. We need only instance Bruce and Le Vaillant—to whom posterity has done justice.

Sparrman, Barrow, Burchell, Denham and Clapperton, Steedman, Ruppell, and Smith, to name a few only, have also contributed, more or less, to throw light on the natural history of this continent; and we have now to notice a gallant captain, who is a tolerable zoologist and a capital shot,—one who, after exhausting the wild sports of Western India, sighed for the more savage shooting of Africa, and arrived at the Cape with barrels of bullets hardened with tin, determined to take the field against elephants, rhinoceroses, lions, hippopotami, and giraffes,—game to which even the magnificent stags, stretched on the heather by Mr. Scrope's rifle, must be considered but 'small deer.'

The Captain's passion showed itself early; for he tells us that his first essay in practical gunnery was made at the age of six, when he discharged a bouncing blunderbuss, yclep'd 'Betsy,' at a flock of sparrows perched on the corner of a neighbour's pig-sty, with considerable success, which was, however alloyed by a severe corporal chastisement, consequent on the complaint of the proproprietor of the peppered sty, which seems to have suffered nearly as much as the sparrows. Nothing daunted, he next rose to a condemned joint-stock musket, purchased by the Christmas capital of two juvenile sporting confederates and himself. The investment appears to have been unsatisfactory, probably owing to each of the partners wanting the joint-stock capital at the same time; and the firm was dissolved by mutual consent, the principal result being, the consigning of our hero to the Military College, whence he started for India as an officer of Engineers, at the age of sixteen, 'in possession of a rifle, before the deadly grooves of which a kite had but little chance at one hundred and fifty yards'—sitting or flying the deponent sayeth not.

The Captain arrived in Simon's Bay in May, 1836, and was so fortunate as to meet with Dr. Andrew Smith, the able leader of the scientific expedition sent forth by the 'Cape of Good Hope Association for exploring Central Africa.' Dr. Smith had just returned from that excursion, the fruits of which are now appearing in his beautiful 'Illustrations of the Zoology of South Africa," published under the authority of the Lords of the Treasury. And here we beg to offer our tribute of praise to the Government for giving that assistance, without which it would have been impossible to lay these most interesing additions to natural knowledge before the public. Such assistance had formerly been granted in those cases only where the expeditions emanated from the government of this country; but by this precedent—and in England precedent seems to be the one thing needful—the Lords of the Treasury established the principle that private scientific enterprize, if deserving, should not be cut off from national aid. The recent publication under the same auspices of 'The Zoology of the Voyage of Her Majesty's Ship Beagle,' involved, indeed, the same principle in a great degree: for though the expedition was under the command of Captain Fitz Roy, R. N., and though the editor and superintendent of the work, Mr. Darwin, now Secretary to the Geological Society of London, is described as 'Naturalist to the Expedition,' he was a volunteer, who, led by the love of scientific researches, left his Cambridge cloister, to expose himself to all the vicissitudes of a long voyage—without fee or reward, save that which he is now justly preparing for the splendid contributions which he has made to the natural history of the western world, especially in relation to those most interesting mammiferous animals, now utterly blotted from the book of life, which have employed the pen of Professor Owen. By Dr. Smith's advice, a royal gift was immediately imagined; for it seems that in Africa, as well as in Turkey, nothing can be done without a present, and accordingly—

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* Satyris præter figuram nihil moris humani.—*Plin. Nat. Hist.*, lib. v. c. 8.

"I ordered,' says the Captain, 'from a tailor in Cape town, as a present, amongst others, to the redoubted chief Moselekatse, called by some Umsiligas, whom we proposed to visit, a great coat, so unique that I may be excused for describing it. Of dimensions suited to the figure of a portly gentleman, pointed out by the Doctor, as resembling the chief, it was composed of drab duffel, a coarse shaggy cloth commonly worn by the colonists, surmounted by six capes, and provided with huge bone buttons, and a ponderous brazen clasp in the shape of a crest, the whole being lined and fancifully trimmed with scarlet shalloon in a manner calculated to captivate the taste, and propitiate the esteem, of the most despotic and capricious of savages.'—pp. 3, 4.

With this elegant investment the captain embarked in a little schooner, whose master, or rather mate, contrived to mistake St. Francis's Bay for that of Algoa; and, after having narrowly escaped foundering, they all floundered somehow or other into the harbour of Port Elizabeth. Here they found every thing very dear in consequence of the recent Kafir war, but succeeded in purchasing a comfortable travelling-waggon, seventeen feet in length, and a *span* of twelve tough little Faderland oxen. With this equipage, driven by a drunken Hottentot, they took the road to Graham's Town, through a miserable country, where, at Sunday River and Bushman's Hill, they found two inns, but neither bread nor forage, though besides the inns there appears to have been a pretty sprinkling of gin-shops.

From Graham's Town they proceeded to Graaf Reinet, travelling at the rate of thirty miles a day; and while on the road a herd of spring-bucks (*Gazella Euchore*) gave the captain an opportunity of trying his rifle, with which he knocked over three of those beautiful little antelopes. This initiary bit of sport—a sleepless night in the waggon, occasioned by the uproariousness of an Irish cobbler, who was keeping it up with two Hottentot boys, neither of them under the age of fifty, in a roofless mud hovel, and who apologized next morning for not inviting the waggon party, 'because *they* were gentlemen, and *he* was not quite self-possessed'—and a good day's wild-guinea-fowl shooting on Mynheer Klerck's farm, one of whose tenants they had restored to the longing arms of his doating young *vrouw*,—these were the principal incidents that arose till their arrival at the swampy Somerset, a paltry little town, in which nine of the twenty-four mansions were owned by gentlemen of the name of Smith. All these Smiths possessed waggons; but none of them could be induced to accede to the earnest request of the travellers for the hire of one. We beg to introduce our friends to one of the ladies of the clan.

'One of the several John Smiths, a straight-haired methodistical little man, was sitting down to dinner with Mrs. Smith and the children, when we called to pay our respects, and, bowing to the ground, ventured to seat ourselves on a vacant sofa; but though the young Smiths stared abundantly at us, neither the master nor mistress even condescended to look at us, the lady after a time informing us, whilst she shovelled down the pease and gravy with her knife, that she could not think of allowing her poor dear oxen to go another journey so immediately after their return from the country.'—p. 17.

After clearing the mountain-barrier of Bruintjes Hoogte, and suffering some delay from the abstraction of their oxen, in which matter they suspected a boor named Erasmus, who had given them permission to unyoke on his land,* they again set forth on their journey, the country becoming more open and practicable as they advanced, and being covered with large herds of elegant spring-bucks, which bounded playfully across the road. After passing Sunday River, and having completed a total of two hundred miles from Graham's Town, they arrived at Graaff Reinet.

'The village is sheltered on each side by high conical mountains, decorated with perpetual verdure, which is derived from the abundance of speckboom that covers their rocky declivities. The serpentine banks of the river are lined with willows and acacias; many of these latter are overgrown with misseltoe, and both with evergreen creepers, which, climbing to the very topmost branches, fall gracefully in festoons adorned with a profusion of fragrant white flowers, not unfrequently concealing the tree upon which they have entwined themselves. Nothing can exceed the neatness of the quaint little Dutch houses; and whilst the salubrity of the climate has no rival in Southern Africa, the produce of the gardens and vineyards may vie with those of Europe. Fruits and vegetables of all kinds grow here in abundance and perfection. On looking out of the window in the morning we saw the street carpetted with snow, while garden-hedges of quince, and a row of lemon-trees on either side, bending beneath a load of ripe fruit, formed decorations as beautiful in themselves as they were novel to an Indian eye.'—pp. 22, 23.

This district our travellers considered the starting-point or base of their operations; and here they procured a capital waggon, with thirty draught oxen, and completed their stud of twelve horses. The vehicle appears to have been well freighted:—

"Our waggon, fitted up with water-casks, tar-buckets, side-chests, beds, pockets, and other appurtenances for the long journey before us, during which it was to be our only abode, might now not inaptly be compared to a ship proceeding to sea. Besides ourselves and our personal conveniences, it contained, with the addition of a barrel of gunpowder, and the commodities for barter already eunmerated, six sacks of flour, two bags of rice, and two of sugar, with chests of tea and bales of coffee. The baggage-waggon carried tent, camp-stools, table, and cooking utensils: hams, tongues, and cheeses in profusion: salt and dried fish, biscuits, wax candles, soap, and oilman's stores, or in other words, sauces and pickles. The luxury of beer, so palatable to an Anglo-Indian, we were compelled to dispense with in consequence of its bulk; but we provided ourselves instead with a few dozens of brandy, and a small barrel of inferior spirits for the use of the followers. Crevices and empty spaces were filled up with spades, pickaxes, hatchets, sickles, and joiner's tools, together with nails, screws, spare bolts, and linchpins; and, as if all these were not weight sufficient, no less than eighteen thousand leaden bullets duly prepared, to say nothing of a large additional supply of that precious metal in pigs, to be converted into instruments of destruction as occasion required, were added to our stock.'—p. 26.

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* A striking instance of the frail tenure on which we hold our existence is here recorded. 'Before dismissing Erasmus from these pages, I may add that, on our way back through the colony, about twelve months afterwards, we were forced by heavy rain, I need scarcely say contrary to our wishes, again to halt at his farm. The hand of fate had fallen heavily upon him and his race; the house was deserted and its inmates extinct—a small group of graves before the door being all that remained instead of a numerous and well-favoured family.'—p. 20.

They now engaged six additional Hottentots, under a formal contract of service for six months, executed in presence of the clerk of the peace—strange jumble of the savage and the civil. These Hottentots were all *tronk volk*, or discharged criminals.—Their beauteous names were Piet van Roy, Cobus Jacobus, John April, Claas September, Ethaldur Wildman, and—here is a name of promise—*Frederick Dangler*. A precious drunken crew they seem to have been. On preparing to start, one half of the muskets were found to be already in pawn, and the proceeds squandered in the gin-shop, which is almost as great a nuisance at the Cape as it is in Holborn. At last, however, they finally quitted Graff Reinet for the desert, where a long and heart-breaking separation from gin-and-bitters awaited the dejected *tronk volk;* and, to cheer them up, they had not proceeded far before they met with a brother of their tribe riding post to fetch a surgeon for his master, a young Dutch boor, who had been fearfully clawed by a leopard.

On the morning of the 6th of Sept. they found the whole of the brooks frozen over with ice a quarter of an inch thick, and the manes of the horses and the surrounding herbage glittered with icicles. The glass at seven A. M. had sunk to 18°, yet the cold was neither intense nor disagreeable. Here they first saw large troops of gnoos (*Catoblepas Gnoo*), three of which they killed, having hemmed a herd into a valley and obliged them to run the gauntlet. Here is a lively description of these strange antelopes:—

"Of all quadrupeds, the gnoo is probably the most awkward and grotesque. Nature doubtless formed him in one of her freaks, and it is scarcely possible to contemplate his ungainly figure without laughter. Wheeling and pacing in every direction, his shaggy and bearded head arched between his slender and muscular legs, and his long white tail streaming in the wind, this ever-wary animal has at once a ferocious and ludicrous appearance. Suddenly stopping, showing an imposing front, and tossing his head in mock defiance, his wild red sinister eyes flash fire, and his snort, resembling the roar of a lion, is repeated with energy and effect. Then lashing his sides with his floating tail, he plunges, bounds, kicks up his heels with a fantastic flourish, and in a moment is off at speed, making the dust fly behind him as he sweeps across the plain.'—p. 34.

On the 7th they reached Boks-fontein, and having despatched two Hottentots to seek for two horses which had absconded, they continued their journey to the Seven Fountains, where 'the face of the country was literally white with spring-bucks, myriads of which covered the plains, affording a welcome supply of food. When hunted, these elegant creatures take extraordinary bounds, rising with curved backs high into the air, as if about to take flight: and they invariably clear a road or beaten track in this manner, as if their natural disposition to regard man as an enemy induced them to mistrust even the ground upon which he had trod.'

The following is, we think, a singularly striking passage—it fixes for ever upon the reader's imagination one of those great herbiverous irruptions that occasionally desolate countless leagues of those regions:—

'The *trek bokken*, as the occasional immigration to the abodes of civilization, of countless swarms of these antelopes, is called by the colonists, may be reckoned amongst the most extraordinary examples of the fecundity of animal life. To offer any estimate of their numbers would be impossible: pouring down like locusts from the endless plains of the interior, whence they have been driven by protracted drought, lions have been seen stalking in the middle of their compressed phalanx, and flocks of sheep have not unfrequently been carried away with the torrent.—Cultivated fields, which in the evening appeared proud of their promising verdure, are in the course of a single night reaped level with the ground, and the despoiled grazier is constrained to seek pasture for his flocks elsewhere, until the bountiful thunder-clouds restore vegetation to the burnt-up country. Then the unwelcome visiters instinctively retreat to their secluded abodes, to renew their attacks when necessity shall again compel them.'—pp. 35,36.

The boundary of the colony was now passed, and our travellers were about to enter wilder scenes, which the Captain sketches with that strong (though sometimes rather over-loaded) pencil which our readers must have begun to appreciate.

'We had now fairly quitted civilization, and were entering upon a steril, inhospitable region, sparingly inhabited by Bushmen—the remnant of Hottentot hordes, and the wild aborigines of the country—who, gradually receding before the encroachments of the European colonists, have long since sought refuge in the pathless desert. Unblessed amongst the nations of the earth, the hand of these wandering outcasts is against every man, and every man's hand is against them. Existing precariously from day to day—heedless of futurity, and forgetful of the past,—without either laws, arts, or religion—only a faint glimmering ray of instinct guides their benighted path. Depending for subsistence upon the produce of the chase or the spontaneous gifts of nature, they share the wilderness with beasts of prey, and are but one grade higher in the scale of existence.

'From this point until we reached Kuruman, a distance of 300 miles, the number of our oxen became daily diminished by the effects of a drought which had prevailed, and which had so completely removed every vestige of vegetation, that they were frequently compelled to pass two days without tasting food or water. Extensive—to the eye boundless—plains of arid land, with neither eminence nor hollow, were on all sides expanded to the view: of these the prevailing colour was brownish yellow, variegated with a few black and sickly shrubs. Scarcely an object met the straining eye but an ostrich sometimes striding in the distance, or a solitary vulture soaring in the sky. Over the wide desolation of the stony waste not a tree could be discerned, and the only impression on the mind was—that of utter and hopeless sterility. Occasionally, however, as we advanced, the sameness of the scene was varied by a wide-stretching undulation. Our caravan was then the only object in the landscape upon which the eye could repose. Waggon after waggon slowly rising to view, the van was to be seen advancing over the swell, whilst the cattle and sheep were yet hidden from the sight. The world before us was still nought but earth and sky—not a green herb enticed the vision, not a bird winged through the air: the loud cracking of a whip, rolling in suppressed echo along the sun-baked ground, alone disturbed the silence of the sultry atmosphere, which gave to the azure vault of heaven the semblance of an unnatural elevation from the globe.

'Whilst the days were oppressively hot, and the sky unveiled by a cloud, the nights were piercingly cold—our feelings during the latter indicating, as well as the thermometer, that the temperature was near the freezing point: and, to add to our discomfort, fuel was rarely procurable. In the morning the ground was sometimes covered with hoar-frost; but the absence either of vapour or cloud, to diminish the heat of the sun, soon dispelled the appearance, and rendered visible the nakedness of the land. Mirage in these regions, flickering in the distance, presents to the thirsty traveller an illusion as tempting as tantalizing blue and delusive lakes, of which the surface seems agitated by a ripple, recede as he advances—and, ultimately disappearing, "leave not a wreck behind."

'We halted the first day on the borders of what appeared to be a body of water many miles in circumference—an oasis in the desert, towards which, after a sultry march of twenty miles, lured by the appearance of several waggons on its brink—both man and beast rushed with impetuosity. We soon perceived to our disappointment that we had been deceived by a saline deposit of immense extent, at which a party of boors were engaged in obtaining salt for the use of the colonists: but it was long ere the broken hearted oxen discovered that what they had understood to be water was a mere mineral efflorescence in the desert.

'The fourth day brought us to the magnificent Orange River—the only stream within many hundred miles that is entitled to the appellation. Emerging from desolation and sterility, the first glimpse that we obtained of it realized those ideas of elegant and classic scenery which exist in the minds of poets. The alluring fancies of a fairy fiction, or the fascinating imagery of a romance, were here brought into actual existence. The water of this majestic river, 300 yards in breadth, flowing in one unbroken expanse, resembled a smooth translucent lake; and as its gentle waves glided past on their way to join the restless ocean, bearing on their limpid bosom, as in a polished mirror, the image of their wood-clothed borders, they seemed to kiss the shore before bidding it farewell. Drooping willows clad in their vest of vernal freshness, leaned over the bank, and, dipping their slender branches into the tide, which glistened with the last rays of the setting sun, seemed fain to follow: whilst at intervals the wrecks of stately trees, that had been torn from their roots by the violence of the torrent during some vast inundation, of which the traces on the shore gave evidence, reared their dilapidated heads in token of the then resistless fury of that flood which now appeared so smooth and tranquil. To those who may conceive this description overcharged, I will only remark, that the sight of water after days in the desert is probably one of the most delightful sensations that a human being can experience.'—pp. 40—44.

This noble river was crossed with the usual excitement and amusement. Elevated platforms for the baggage were made in the waggons, while the followers, now wading, now swimming, though laden with the lighter baggage, urged on the loose horses and sheep.

Before the little expedition reached the missionary station of Campbellsdorp, our sporting friends had the pleasure of seeing a race not to be enjoyed at Epsom, Ascott, or Newmarket. A large party of Corannas were engaged in an attempt to run down an ostrich on foot. The racing-dress of the unfeathered bipeds, who frequently had it hollow, *was* a cloak and cap of leather, bedaubed, in common with their own skins, with an unguent of grease and red ochre; but, alas for innovation! the missionaries, with an eye to propriety, no doubt, have encased these rivals of Archilles and Camilla in leathern jackets and trousers of Dutch cut and dimensions—an innovation much, we doubt not, to the advantage of the ostriches.

At Kramer's Fontein the Captain saw, he says, 'a horrible spectacle'—and we respect him for the expression—a figure worthy of a place in the Inferno of Dante—an emaciated old Bushwoman, who had come down from her kraal, five miles distant, to fill two ostrich egg-shells with water, and to whom Otway's Witch was a Grisi.

'It is no exaggeration to say that her attenuated form appeared a skeleton covered with a wet cloth. Those rounded proportions which are given to the human form divine had no existence in her. Her skin resembled wrinkled leather, and I can compare her legs and arms to nothing but straightened sticks, knobbed at the joints. Her body was actually crawling with vermin, with which she was constantly feeding a little half-inanimate miniature of herself in arms.

> ———"Wither'd and wild in her attire,
> She looked not like a habitant of earth,
> And yet was on it."

We were glad to bribe her to depart by a present of tobacco, and the wretched creature's countenance evinced thankfulness at our liberality.

'The pigmy race usually reside in holes and crannies of rocks, and sometimes in wretched huts incapable of protecting them from the inclemency of the seasons. These, their constant fear of discovery induces them to erect in secluded spots at a great distance from water: a precaution to which they are further prompted by a desire to leave the pools open for wild animals, which they occasionally shoot from an ambush with poisoned arrows, and devour on the spot. They possess neither flocks nor herds—are unacquainted with agriculture—and the most wealthy can boast of no property beyond his weapons and his starving dog. With no cares beyond the present moment, they live almost entirely upon bulbous roots, locusts, reptiles, and the larvæ of ants, by the habitations of which latter the country is in many places thickly strewed. Not a trace of their hovels could be seen from the road, and a traveller might even pass through their country without seeing a human being, or suspecting that it was inhabited. Such is their general distrust of visitors, that the males would never willingly approach us, evincing great trepidation when forced to do so—no object being more unwelcome to their sight than a troop of horsemen on the plain.

'The stature of both sexes is invariably below five feet. The males are usually meagre, bow-legged, and ill made: yet they display a singular ease of motion and flexibility of joint. The rapidity with which they drive off a herd of cattle is perfectly astonishing. Their complexion is sallow brown, darkened by dirt and grease: their only dress a piece of leather round the waist, and their sole defence a diminutive bow, with poisoned arrows, rather resembling children's toys than mortal weapons.

'The women, who were much less shy, and who never failed to follow the tracks of our waggons when they happened to come upon them, with the hope of obtaining tobacco in exchange for ostrich eggs, are of small and delicate proportions, with hands and feet of truly Lilliputian dimensions. Their foot-prints reminded us of Gulliver's adventures, and are not larger than those of a child. When young they have a pleasing expression of countenance, which they take care to render as captivating as possible by bedaubing their flat noses and prominent cheek-bones with a mixture of red ochre and fat. The toilets of many were made with scrupulous attention, the effect of the paint being enhanced by necklaces composed of the fresh entrails of wild beasts—a few cowry-shells, old bones, and buttons, being also interwoven with their matted hair: but the life they lead, their frequent long abstinence, and constant exposure to the wind and glare of light in a dry open country, soon inducing the habit of keeping their naturally small eyes more than half closed, their comeliness is very ephemeral, and never extends beyond youth. The females possess much greater volubility and animation of gesture than the men—but the sounds they utter are a succession of claps of the tongue produced by forcing that unruly member against different parts of the teeth and palate: and, whilst the enunciation is thus rendered troublesome and full of impediment, it resembles rather the chattering of monkeys than the language of human beings.—pp. 45-48.

And this is human nature!

M. F. Cuvier has faithfully represented the female form of this variety, *simplex munditiis*, in the vaward of her youth, at the head of his excellent work on *Mammifères*; and no one, philosopher or no philosopher, can look at the accurate representation, without being satisfied that the well developed Bushwoman had no need of that bustling assistance which has been but too prevalent among our fair countrywomen, who might pass for Houris, as we once heard the most agreeable and intelligent of Pachas say, if they would but leave nature alone.

Those who know how kindred spirits mingle will understand Captain Harris's 'unexpected pleasure' at meeting Captain Sutton of the 75th foot, 'a mighty Nimrod,' and a man after his own heart, who was returning to the colony from a successful expedition against the elephants, but who gave the party the first intelligence that Moselekatse was embroiled with the emigrant farmers; a turn-up which, though it may not create interest in our Great Babel, was of no small consequence to the population of the Cape.

On entering Kuruman, or New Litakoo, which Captain Harris describes as a lovely oasis in the desert, by which it was completely environed, he received a cordial welcome from a missionary of the London Society, Mr. Moffat, who had devoted his life to the cause of Christianity;—and to him and his wife, says the good Captain,—a true sportsman is always right at heart—'we were indebted, during our stay at Kuruman, for hospitality and kindness which we shall never be enabled to repay.'

The Moffats confirmed the reports respecting Moselekatse, the ruler of a powerful tribe called Abaka Zooloo or Matabili; and, after bidding adieu to the excellent couple, they set forth towards Masega, this Moselekatse's capital. Their hot march was over immense plains, chiefly of red sand, and bounded for the most part only by the distant horizon; the fading blue summit of the Kamhanni mountains, near the Kuruman, only slightly breaking the evenness of the line from which they were receding: at intervals, long coarse dry grass abounded and deluded the travellers with the appearance of ripe corn-fields. On leaving the Matluarin, they found the morning air piercing cold, and, during the early part of the following day, their road continued across an ocean-like expanse, unbroken, save by ant-hills, or here and there dwarf bushes, among which troops of ostriches were grazing. As they proceeded, they passed through extensive areas of waving grass, and the country gradually became adorned with larger shrubs, profuse of yellow blossoms, and straggling clumps of mimosas, from ten to fifteen feet high. They were welcomed at Motito, which they had indistinctly seen for some hours through the distant glare, by a French missionary and his agreeable wife, the eldest of the couple not appearing to be more than twenty-two years of age.

We shall now let our author describe the dress and appearance of the Bechuana tribes—an adventure with Mahura and some other bullying savages, which shows the wholesome effects of a little firmness—a change of scenery—and the despair of a constitutional coward, who was one of the party.

'Of the habiliments of the Bechuana men little need be said, as they have generally adopted a rude imitation of the European costume. The females, however, almost invariably retain the garb of their ancestors. The appearance of these ladies is masculine, and far from attractive. Fat and grease of all kinds form their delight: their bodies and skin cloaks being also plentifully anointed with *sibilo*, a grey iron-ore sparkling like mica, procured from mines in the neighbourhood, which are visited from all parts of the country. Their naturally woolly hair is twisted into small cords, and matted with this substance into apparently metallic pendules, which, being of equal length, assume the appearance of a skull-cap or inverted bowl of steel. Tobacco having undergone considerable depreciation by the introduction of the plant—beads are the medium through which exchanges are usually effected amongst the Bechuana. The more wealthy of their women are adorned with a profusion of these, hung in cumbrous coils round the waist and neck, along with ivory tooth-picks and gourd snuff-boxes: but even the indigent are not altogether without them. An apron of leather, cut into thin strips, and clotted with an accumulation of grease and filth, reaches to the ankles—and, with a rude skin cloak, completes the costume.

'We were subjected to continual interruptions from the visits and curiosity of crowds of these ladies, who appeared to have no domestic concerns to attend to: and, although the assertion may subject me to the accusation of want of gallantry, I am compelled to state that the effluvia arising from their persons, which are not always free from vermin, was far from agreeable. Their language, termed *Sichuana*, is exceedingly melodious. Few syllables end with a consonant, and the remarkable abundance of vowels and liquids gives it a smoothness of sound to which both sexes do ample justice by the gentle tones of their voice.

'Early the following day our waggons were surrounded by natives with skins and *carosses* for sale. Foremost in the motley group was Mahura, the Batlapi Chief—brother of Motibe, king of that tribe—a portly personage of exceedingly forbidding manners and unprepossessing exterior. He was habited in a threadbare braided jacket and leathern trousers, with a broad-brimmed white hat which obscured a large portion of his sinister physiognomy. His A. D. C., another prominent figure, had induced his shrivelled frame into a surtout and military chaco, being withal the least martial character I ever beheld. We made them propitiatory offerings, and handed round the snuff-box: but, far from meeting our advances, they seemed disposed to quarrel, more especially when they discovered that we knew exactly how many yards of brass wire were esteemed an equivalent for a caross. At length, finding it impossible to come to terms, we closed our little shop, and were preparing to depart—when, on a sign made by Mahura, a tall gaunt savage pounced upon a drinking-cup, and declared his intention of retaining it in compensation for alleged injury to the fence of his field. Deaf to our remonstrances, he was moving off with his prize, when Richardson seized it from him, and threw it to the right owner. In the mean time another obtrusive savage deliberately seated himself on the pole of the waggon, from which he refused to move, although civilly requested to make way for the oxen. In this posture of affairs I found it necessary to resort to personal violence, which so exasperated him that he sprung at me, brandishing his weapons, and exclaiming that I had kicked him on his own premises. The clamour now became fast and furious, and the threatening attitudes of our assailants obliged us to protrude the muzzles of two or three fowling-pieces from the waggons, so as to bear upon their masses—when they instantly dispersed, leaving us to pursue our journey.

‘Mahura and Moselekatse are bitter foes. Shortly after Dr. Smith's expedition arrived at Kuruman, the former, who had carried off several head of cattle from the Matabili, expressed his determination of opposing the Doctor's advance—a threat which he did not, however, carry into execution. From that period, until within a few days of our arrival at Motito, this boaster, dreading the vengeance of Moselekatse, had ignominiously concealed himself—now, for the first time, venturing from his hiding-place. Before we had proceeded many miles, a savage, breathless with haste, met us, as if by accident, and implored the waggon-drivers to turn back—representing Moselekatse as highly incensed—and stating that that prince had attacked a party of farmers with great slaughter, and that the same fate awaited us if we advanced farther into his territory. He then decamped, leaving every face blank with dismay. We instantly suspected that the whole was a plot of Mahura's, and it had the effect he desired of creating such a panic among the people, that they positively refused to advance another step. Andries was the first to declare this determination, repeating the savage's story with fifty exaggerations of his own, and confidently predicting an attack during the night. The spirits of the bolder were damped by the gloomy forebodings of the more cowardly, nor would they have proceeded if John April had not fortunately, though unwarrantably, presumed to broach the grog-cask during the night: getting so drunk himself, that we were obliged to leave him to come on behind, whilst the rest became sufficiently courageous to resume the journey in the dark—not, however, until they had broken the pole of the waggon, which we soon replaced.

‘As the morning's dawn slowly withdrew the curtain from the landscape, we perceived the aspect of the country completely changed. Instead of the dreary waste over which we had lately passed, we might now imagine ourselves in an extensive park. A lawn, level as a billiard-table, was everywhere spread with a soft carpet of luxuriant green grass, spangled with flowers, and shaded by spreading *mokaalas*—a large species of acacia which forms the favourite food of the giraffe. The gaudy yellow blossoms with which these remarkable trees were covered yielded an aromatic and overpowering perfume—while small troops of striped quaggas or wild asses, and of brindled gnoos, which were for the first time to be seen through the forest, enlivened the scene. After travelling four hours we reached Lake Chooi, an extensive salt lake, surrounded by troops of ostriches and spring-bucks, attracted thither by the luxuriant, yet crisp and sour grass, which our cattle refused to eat—and by a small pond of intolerably alkaline water, which we found it impossible to purify.

‘Several armed natives of the Barolong and Batlaroo tribes, branches of the Bechuana, visited us for the purpose of begging *muchuco*, or tobacco, causing great consternation by their approach. Poor Richard in particular, who till yesterday had considered himself a perfect Bayard, “sans peur et sans reproche,” had been rapidly sinking since the affair of the flying savage, and now felt convinced that the threatened attack was at hand. Enveloped in a great coat, with a red nightcap on his raven pate, he sat on the box of the baggage-wagon looking the very picture of despair—and, as he thought of his wife and helpless family, with the improbability of his ever seeing them again, his feelings quite overpowered him, and he wept aloud. Never was the heart of a hen-partridge concealed beneath so bushy and so black a beard. We dubbed him *Cœur-de-Lion*, and he bore the surname ever afterwards.’—pp. 55—60.

The captain remarks that the true zebra (*Equus Zebra*) is confined to mountainous regions, from which it rarely ever descends; while the extensive plains of Southern Africa abound with two distinct species of the same genus, the quagga (*Equus Quagga*), and the striped quagga, or Burchell's zebra (*Equus Burchellii*). The gnoo and the quagga, delighting in the same situations, not unfrequently herd together, but he seldom saw Burchell's zebras unaccompanied by troops of the brindled gnoo (*Catoblepas Gorgon*), with its black mane and tail, elevated withers, and comparatively clumsy action. As he was preparing to leave Chooi, a party of Griquas arrived in three waggons.

‘They had been hunting giraffes on the Molopo, and, having expended their ammunition, were returning to Daniel's Kuil with the spoils. Their horses and oxen were perfect skeletons, and their waggons literally tumbling to pieces. Tireless wheels were lashed together with strips of raw hide, and festoons of sun-dried meat, termed *billong*, occupied the place of the awning; whilst a number of filthy women and children were stowed away with an odoriferous *melange* of garbage and fat. These people had approached to the western limit of Moselekatse's territory without molestation—a circumstance which seemed to inspire our timid followers with confidence. Large parties are annually formed for the purpose of hunting the cameleopard and eland—the flesh of these animals being held in great estimation, and the skins applied to the manufacture of shoes and a variety of uses. We would gladly have purchased some of the miserable horses, but the owners declined receiving anything in exchange but gunpowder, which we could not have given without incurring the risk of twelve months' imprisonment on our return to the colony.’—p. 62.

After crossing the Saltpan, a long line of pitfalls was passed:

‘Upwards of sixty of these were dug close together in a treble line; a high thorn-fence extending in the form of a crescent a mile on either side, in such a manner that gnoos, quaggas, and other animals, might easily be driven into them. They are carefully concealed with grass, and their circumscribed dimensions render escape almost impossible. Heaps of whitened bones bore ample testimony to the destruction they had occasioned.’—pp. 62, 63.

The travellers now entered upon the nearly flat and entirely treeless Chooi desert, all suffering, the poor oxen especially, from want of water. During the night the hyænas, attracted by the smell of their mutton, devoured a spring-buck within the very limits of their camp. As they advanced, the game became hourly more abundant, though very wild.

'Groups of hartebeests (*Acronotus Caama,*) quaggas, and brindled gnoos, were everywhere to be seen. A short chase was sufficient to seal the fate of three quaggas—all males, averaging thirteen hands high. During the run I had not seen a human being, and fancied myself alone; but I had scarcely dismounted to secure my game, when a woolly head protruded itself from every bush, and in an instant I was surrounded by thirty Baralongs, who, having by signs expressed their approbation of my performance, proceeded to devour the carcase with the greatest avidity—greedily drinking the blood, rubbing the fat upon their bodies, and not leaving so much even as the entrails for the birds of prey.'—pp. 63, 64.

On they went among the broken remnants of various Bechuana tribes conquered by Moselekatse, and now destitute of cattle, and depending entirely for subsistence on locusts and the produce of their pitfalls. These desolate wretches hovered round the captain's little band to divide a portion of the spoil with the vultures, hyænas, and jackals. The winged scavengers wheeling in circles above their heads, 'were ever ready to pounce upon game that had been shot, or upon the carcases of oxen that perished on the road—devouring the largest bodies with a promptitude truly surprising.'

The Chooi desert was now passed, and before reaching the Siklagole River they journeyed by many ruined though recently inhabited villages. Two days had now elapsed since they had seen a human being not of their own party, and when, on the morning of the 9th of October, the waggons had started for the Meritsane River, the captain, led by the love of sport, made a deviation that had nearly terminated his career, and wanted but little of leaving his bones to bleach on the arid sands:—

'The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
  The earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
  Around that lonely man.'

Surely this little episode is given with admirable ease, simplicity, and energy.

'I turned off the road in pursuit of a troop of brindled gnoos, and presently came upon another, which was joined by a third still larger—then by a vast herd of zebras, and again by more gnoos, with sassaybys and hartebeests, pouring down from every quarter, until the landscape literally presented the appearance of a moving mass of game. Their incredible numbers so impeded their progress, that I had no difficulty in closing with them, dismounting as opportunity offered, firing both barrels of my rifle into the retreating phalanx, and leaving the ground strewed with the slain. Still unsatisfied, I could not resist the temptation of mixing with the fugitives, loading and firing, until my jaded horse suddenly exhibited smptoms of distress, and shortly afterwards was unable to move. At this moment I discovered that I had dropped my pocket-compass, and, being unwilling to lose so valuable an ally, I turned loose my steed to graze, and retraced my steps several miles without success, the prints of my horse's hoofs being at length lost in those of the countless herds which had crossed the plain. Completely absorbed in the chase, I had retained but an imperfect idea of my locality, but, returning to my horse, I led him in what I believed to be a north-easterly direction, knowing, from a sketch of the country which had been given me by our excellent friend Mr. Moffat, and which, together with drawing materials, I carried about me, that that course would eventually bring me to the Meritsane. After dragging my weary horse nearly the whole of the day under a burning sun, my flagging spirits were at length revived by the appearance of several villages. Under other circumstances, I should have avoided intercourse with their inhospitable inmates, but, dying with thirst, I eagerly entered each in succession, and to my inexpressible disappointment, found them deserted. The same evidence existing of their having been recently inhabited, I shot a hartebeest, in the hope that the smell of meat would as usual, attract some straggler to the spot. But no. The keen-sighted vultures, that were my only attendants, descended in multitudes, but no woolly-headed negro appeared to dispute the prey. In many of the trees I observed large thatched houses resembling haystacks: and, under the impression that these had been erected in so singular a position by the natives as a measure of security against the lions, whose recent tracks I distinguished in every direction, I ascended more than one in the hope of at least finding some vessel containing water. Alas, they proved to be the habitations of large communities of social *grosbeaks*, those winged republicans of whose architecture and magnificent edifices I had till now entertained a very inadequate conception. Faint and bewildered, my prospects began to brighten as the shadows of evening lengthened. Large troops of ostriches running in one direction plainly indicated that I was approaching water; and immediately afterwards I struck into a path impressed with the footmarks of women and children—soon arriving at a nearly dry river, which running east and west, I at once concluded to be that of which I was in search.

'Those only who have suffered, as I did during this day, from prolonged thirst, can form a competent idea of the delight, and, I may add, energy, afforded me by the first draught of the putrid waters of the Meritsane. They equally invigorated my exhausted steed, whom I mounted immediately, and cantered up the bank of the river, in order, if possible, to reach the waggons before dark. The banks are precipitous—the channel deep, broken, and rocky—clusters of reeds and long grass indicating those spots which retain the water during the hot months. It was with no small difficulty, after crossing the river, that I forced my way through the broad belt of tangled bushes which margined the edge. The moonless night was fast closing around, and my weary horse again began to droop. The lions, commencing their nightly prowl, were roaring in all directions, and no friendly fire or beacon presenting itself to my view, the only alternative was to bivouac where I was, and to renew my search in the morning. Kindling a fire, I formed a thick bush into a pretty secure hut, by cutting away the middle, and closing the entrance with thorns; and, having knee-haltered my horse to prevent his straying, I proceeded to dine upon a guinea-fowl that I had killed, comforting myself with another draught of *aqua pura*. The monarchs of the forest roared incessantly, and so alarmed my horse, that I was obliged repeatedly to fire my rifle to give him confidence. It was piercingly cold, and, all my fuel being expended, I suffered as much from chill as I had during the day from the scorching heat. About three o'clock, completely overcome by fatigue, I could keep my eyes open no longer, and, commending myself to the protecting care of Providence, fell into a profound sleep.

'On opening my eyes my first thought was of my horse. I started from my heathy bed in the hope of finding him where I had last seen him, but his place was empty. I roamed everywhere in search of him, and ascended trees which offered a good look-out, but he was nowhere to be seen. It was more than probable he had been eaten by lions, and I had almost given up the search in despair, when I at length found his foot-make, and traced him to a deep hollow near the river, where he was quietly grazing. The night's rest, if so it could be called, had restored him to strength, and I pursued my journey along the bank of the river, which I now recrossed opposite to the site of some former scene of strife, marked by numerous human skeletons, bleached by exposure. A little further on I disturbed a large lion, which walked slowly off, occasionally stopping and looking over his shoulder, as he deliberately ascended the opposite bank. In the course of half an hour I reached the end of the dense jungle, and immediately discovered the waggon-road, but, as I could detect no recent traces upon it, I turned to the southward, and, after riding seven or eight miles in the direction of Silklagole, had the unspeakable satisfaction of perceiving the waggons drawn up under a large tree in the middle of the plain. The discharge of my rifle at a little distance had relieved the anxiety of my companion and followers, who during the night had entertained the most gloomy forebodings on my account, being convinced that I had either been torn piecemeal by lions, or speared by the assagais of the cannibals! A cup of coffee was immediately offered me, which, as I had scarcely tasted nourishment for thirty hours, proved highly grateful.'—pp. 67-73.

Nothing daunted, however, we find our sportsman, soon after passing the river, leaving the waggons again—with a companion, however. Sallying through a magnificent park of *Kameel doorn* trees—many of which were groaning under the huge nests of the social grosbeak, whilst others were decorated with green clusters of misletoe with bright scarlet berries—they soon came upon large herds of quaggas and brindled gnoos, which continued to join each other until the whole plain seemed alive. We quote another masterly piece of writing:—

'The clatter of their hoofs was perfectly astounding and I could compare it to nothing but to the din of a tremendous charge of cavalry, or the rushing of a mighty tempest. I could not estimate the accumulated numbers at less than 15,000; a great extent of country being actually chequered black and white with their congregated masses. As the panic caused by the report of our rifles extended, clouds of dust hovered over them; and the long necks of troops of ostriches were also to be seen, towering above the heads of their less gigantic neighbours, and sailing past with astonishing rapidity. Groups of purple sassaybys [*Acronotus Lunata*], and brilliant red and yellow hartebeests, likewise lent their aid to complete the picture, which must have been seen to be properly understood, and which beggars all attempt at description. The savages kept in our wake dexterously despatching the wounded gnoos by a touch on the spine with the point of an assagai, and instantly covering up the carcases, with bushes, to secure them from the voracity of the vultures, which hung about us like specks in the firmament, and descended with the velocity of lightning, as each discharge of our artillery gave token of prey. As we proceeded, two strange figures were perceived standing under the shade of a tree; these we instantly knew to be elands [*Boselaphus Oreas,*], the savages at the same moment exclaiming with evident delight, *Impoofo, Impoofo*, and, pressing our horses to the utmost speed, we found ourselves, for the first time, at the heels of the largest and most beautiful species of the antelope tribe. Notwithstanding the unwieldy shape of these animals, they had at first greatly the speed of our jaded horses, but being pushed, they soon separated; their sleek coats turned first blue and then white with froth; the foam fell from their mouths and nostrils, and the perspiration from their sides.—Their pace gradually slackened, and, with their full brilliant eyes turned imploringly towards us, at the end of a mile, each was laid low by a single ball. They were young bulls, measuring upwards of seventeen hands at the shoulder.

'I was engaged in making a sketch of the one I had shot, when the savages came up, and, in spite of all my remonstrances, proceeded with cold-blooded ferocity to stab the unfortunate animal, stirring up the blood, and shouting with barbarous exultation as it issued from each newly-inflicted wound, regardless of the eloquent and piteous appeal, expressed in the beautiful clear black eye of the mild and inoffensive eland. In size and shape the body of the male eland resembles that of a well-conditioned Guzerat ox, not unfrequently attaining the height of nineteen hands, and weighing 2000 pounds. The head is strictly that of the antelope, light, graceful, and bony, with a pair of magnificent straight horns, about two feet in length, spirally ringed, and pointed backwards. A broad and deep dewlap fringed with brown hair, reaches to the knee. The colour varies considerably with the age, being dun in some—in others an ashy blue with a tinge of ochre—in many sandy grey approaching to white.

'The flesh is esteemed by all classes in Africa above that of any other animal; in grain and colour it resembles beef, but is better tasted and more delicate, possessing a pure game flavour; and the quantity of fat with which it is interlarded is surprising, greatly exceeding that of any other game quadruped with which I am acquainted. The female is smaller and of slighter form, with less ponderous horns. The stoutest of our savage attendants could with difficulty transport the head of the eland to the waggons, where one of the Hottentots had just arrived with the carcase of a sassayby that he had dragged a considerable distance, assisted by upwards of twenty savages. These men were no sooner made acquainted with the occurrences of the morning than they set off at speed upon the tracks of our horses, and were presently out of sight. About sunset the party returned, gorged to the throats, and groaning under an external load of flesh, which having been unable to consume, they had hung round their necks.'—pp. 74-77.

We strongly suspect that Captain Harris could not have written as he has done about *this* 'quadruped game,' had he ever tasted the Duke of Hamilton's or Lord Tankerville's *wild beef*. But this is conjecture. After their hard day's sport, however, our amiable party did not 'Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking.'

'About midnight an unusual commotion caused us to start from our sleep. The whole of the cattle had burst through the thorn-fence by which they were surrounded, and, panic stricken, were blindly charging, they knew not whither; oxen, horses, and sheep, tumbling headlong over the waggon-poles, and over each other, in indescribable confusion. The night was intensely dark, and all the fires had gone out: Cœur-de-Lion had clambered on to the top of the baggage-waggon, and was screaming like a woman, whilst each Hottentot was discharging his gun, loaded with ball, in any direction that the muzzle might happen to have assumed. The horses were the least alarmed, and, after floundering about in the dark for some time, we succeeded in recovering all but one; but, every endeavour to reclaim the oxen and sheep proving abortive, we retired again to rest, having first ascertained by the light of a candle that the consternation had been occasioned by three lions that had entered the fold and slain two of the sheep.'—p. 78.

When they had crossed the sedgy Mimori, and had ascended to a higher level, they were presently met by his Excellency the deputy-governor.

'A tall athletic savage of commanding appearance, blind of the left eye. His attire was of the nature already described, and, saving that he was unarmed, differed in no respect from that of his attendants. A general greeting and hand-shaking ensued—the snuff-box circulated briskly, and we all became capital friends.'—p. 89.

We once heard a highly-gifted friend, whose noble handiwork is known and valued in every part of the civilized world, undertake a defence of snuff-taking, which he wound up by asking his antagonist 'of what use is a nose except to take a pinch?' The Matibili seem to be of our friend's way of thinking, and indeed they appear to value it too highly to waste a grain on any other part of their persons, however much they may require the application, unlike that worthy monkey Don Pedro,

'In the gardens of zoology,'

who, grasping a handful from your box, rubs his whole body most pertinaciously with it, using not only his hands, but also his tail, which he converts into a strigil for the nonce, that no lurking parasite, salutatory or ambulatory, may escape the purification. No: the Matabili would consider this a sad abuse of heaven's gifts, and carefully inhales,

'to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.

'Smoking is not a fashionable vice amongst the Matabili, but all classes are passionately addicted to snuffing—indeed the sharing the contents of your box with a stranger is the greatest compliment that can be paid him. The mode of taking it is not unworthy of notice. One-half of the powder having been transferred to the palm of the hand, by means of a small ivory spoon, which is usually hung round the neck, the recipient leisurely seats himself under a convenient bush, drawing every grain into his nostrils at once, with an eagerness which, although followed by a copious flood of tears, proves the extent of the enjoyment afforded. Worse than barbarian would that man be esteemed who should wantonly interrupt a social party so employed.'—p. 89.

Indeed, so precious is the herb, that it is always adulterated by these worthies with sand, &c., and it decides the lover's fate; for the acceptance or rejection of a snuff-box by the beauty to whom it is offered seems to be a decision from which there is no appeal.

Pursuing their course, our travellers entered a pass which conducted them between two ranges of the Kurrichane hills, and here our strenuous Captain met with a serious accident:—

'The ground was broken and stony, and in parts abounded with deep holes. In the act of killing a sassayby, my horse put his feet into one of these, and came down with frightful violence, cutting my knees and elbows to the bone, breaking his own nose, and, what was a far greater misfortune, and one that I had long anticipated, fracturing the stock of my only and especially favourite rifle. I could have wept if the doing so would have availed anything. A strip of the sassayby's hide rectified the damage for the present at least; and, having packed the flesh in the waggon, we continued winding among the hills, constantly assured by the guides that the kraal at which they had resolved we should pass the night was close at hand, but still not reaching it until we had travelled full thirty miles from Mosega, by which time it was fairly dark. At last we perceived fires in the valley beneath us, and soon drew up under the fence of a little village.'—pp. 99, 100.

Soon afterwards appeared one of King Moselekatse's heralds, whose bearing upon occasions of ceremony we beg to recommend to the notice of Garter, Clarencieux, and their august brethren.

"We were preparing to start, when a herald, called in the Matibili language *Imbonga*—*i. e.* a proclaimer of the king's title—suddenly made his appearance outside the kraal to give us a little insight into his majesty's biography. Advancing slowly towards the waggons he opened the exhibition by roaring and charging, in frantic imitation of the king of beasts—then, placing his arm before his mouth and swinging it rapidly in pantomimic representation of the elephant, he threw his trunk above his head and shrilly trumpeted. He next ran on tiptoe imitating the ostrich, and lastly, humbling himself in the dust, wept like an infant. At each interval of the scene, he recounted the matchless prowess and mighty conquests of his illustrious monarch, and made the hills re-echo with his praise. He was a brawny athletic savage, upwards of six feet in height, naked as he was born. Frenzied by his energetic gesticulations, the perspiration trickled from his greasy brow, and white foam descended in flakes from his distorted mouth, whilst his eyes glared with excitement.'—pp. 101, 2.

The road became almost impracticable, but our sportsman was now for the first time to be gratified by a sight of the *spoor* or track of the cameleopard, which he thus describes:—

'It was different from everything I had seen or imagined it would resemble. The largest impression was eleven inches in length, of parallelogramatic form, tapered at the toe, and rounded at the heel. I felt singular satisfaction in finding myself at length treading on ground imprinted with the recent footsteps of that extraordinary animal.'

As they advanced,

'A contumacious rhinoceros [*Rhinoceros Africanus*] was standing directly in our path, and, although hailed repeatedly, refused to make way. There was just light sufficient to admit of my discharging both barrels of my rifle into his unwieldy sides. Sneezing violently and wheezing, he ran off in the direction we were taking, and presently subsided in the path. We approached him with caution, but he was dead. At the same moment a discharge of musquetry, and a bright beacon fire bursting forth, directed our benighted steps to the encampment. It was at the termination of the forest, and not more than two hours' journey from the residence of the king.'—p. 103.

The following description of the approach of the travellers to the royal residence, the court of Moselekatse, and their gracious reception, will be read with due respect:—

'Piet and the Parsee now guided the waggons: Cœur-de-Lion, not wishing to find himself in the front of the battle, volunteered to drive the cattle in the rear, and the other six Hottentots proceeded in advance with solemn step, saluting the King with repeated discharges of musquetry, as a complimentary mode of announcing our arrival. Several of the subordinate chieftains, who were standing near the gateway of the kraal, then advanced, and, as the waggons ascended the acclivity, took the hand of each of our party in succession, repeating the word, *fellow! fellow! fellow!* several times. The principal of these men was Um' Nombate, a peer of the realm. He was an elderly man of slight figure, benevolent aspect, and mild but dignified demeanour. He wore the usual tails, consisting of a few strips of wildcat and monkey skin dangling in front, and some larger and more widely apart behind. The elliptical ring, or *issigoko*, was surmounted by the inflated gall-bladder of a sheep. Andries, Piet, and April, were old acquaintances, and he appeared glad to see them. In reply to our inquiries respecting the health of the King, and whether it was the royal pleasure that we should visit him, he observed that his Majesty was very glad we had arrived, and would come to the waggons anon, at the same time directing them to be drawn up outside the gate. The next in rank was a chief of mean and contemptible exterior, whose repulsive manners were but too exactly indicated by his scowling profile. He was deeply scarred with small-pox; and, excepting a necklace of lion's claws, three inflated gall-bladders on his pate, and a goodly coat of grease upon his hide, was perfectly naked. I saw nothing remarkable about any of the others. They all carried snuff-boxes stuck in their ears; a collection of skin streamers, like the tails of a lady's boa, attached to a thin waist-cord, being the nearest approach to an habiliment amongst them. All their heads were shaven, sufficient hair only being left to attach the *issigoko*, which is composed of sinews sewn to the hair and blackened with grease.

'Shortly after the oxen were unyoked, and the tent erected, Mohanycom, the King's page, came forth from the kraal bearing the congratulations of his Majesty. He, too, was unencumbered with raiment of any sort; but wore a red feather from the long-tailed finch in his hair, which, unlike that of the rest, was unshorn, and destitute of the issigoko. The dimensions of his mouth were calculated to excite the astonishment of every beholder; that feature literally extending from ear to ear. An inspection of our property then took place. Not a word was spoken; neither did any of the party betray the smallest symptom either of surprise or even of gratification. An imperturbable gravity pervaded the countenance of every one, and as soon as they had sufficiently scrutinized they retired to report to the chieftain the result of their observations.

'It was some hours before we could obtain any breakfast, the nearest water being three miles from the kraal. We felt quite certain that the King must be dying with impatience to obtain possession of the various presents we had brought for him, but he thought it dignified to affect indifference, and prosecuted his ideas of propriety so rigorously, that his non-appearance became at length alarming. We therefore despatched Baba to say that everything was prepared for his reception, and that we were extremely anxious to pay our respects. In the course of a few minutes, loud shouting and yelling announced his approach. He was attended by the spies that had accompanied us from Mosega, several of his chiefs, and most of the warriors who were not absent on the expedition I have alluded to, armed with shields and assagais. As he advanced others rushed up with a shout, brandishing their sticks. A number of women followed with calabashes of beer on their heads; and two pursuivants cleared the way, by roaring, charging, prancing, and caricoling as already described, flourishing their short sticks in a most furious manner, and proclaiming the royal titles in a string of unbroken sentences. As we advanced to meet him, several of the crowd exclaimed "*Haiyah! Haiyah!*" a shout of congratulation and triumph. Having shaken hands, we led him into the tent, and seated him on a chair; the courtiers and great men squatting themselves on their hams on the ground in semicircular order on either side. He was particularly glad to see Andries, and shook him by the hand several times.

'The expression of the despot's features, though singularly cunning, wily, and suspicious, is not altogether disagreeable. His figure is rather tall, well turned and active, but leaning to corpulency. Of dignified and reserved manners, the searching quickness of his eye, the point of his questions, and the extreme caution of his replies, stamp him at once as a man capable of ruling the wild and sanguinary spirits by which he is surrounded. He appeared about forty years of age, but, being totally beardless, it was difficult to form a correct estimate of the years he had numbered. The elliptical ring on his closely-shorn scalp was decorated with three green feathers from the tail of the paroquet, placed horizontally, two behind and one in front. A single string of small blue beads encircled his neck; a bunch of twisted sinews encompassed his left ankle, and the usual girdle, dangling before and behind with leopards' tails, completed his costume.

'The interpreters, three in number, were ranged in front. After a long interval of silence, during which the chieftain's eyes were far from inactive, he opened the conversation by saying he rejoiced we had come to bring him news from his friends the white people. Mohanycom put this speech into Bechuana, Baba translated it into Dutch, and Andries endeavoured to render the meaning intelligible in English. To this we replied, that, having heard of the King's fame in a distant land, we had come three moons across the great water to see him, and had brought for his acceptance a few trifles from our country, which we thought would prove agreeable. He smiled condescendingly, and the Parsee immediately placed at his august feet the *duffel* great-coat which I have already described as being lined and trimmed with scarlet schalloon; a coil of brass wire weighing fifty pounds; a mirror, two feet square; two pounds of Irish *blackguard* snuff, and fifty pound's weight of blood-red beads. Hitherto the King had considered it beneath his dignity to evince the slightest symptom of astonishment—his manner had been particularly guarded and sedate—but the sight of so many fine things at once threw his decorum off the balance, and caused him for a moment to forget what he owed to himself in the presence of so large an assembly. Putting his thumb between his teeth, and opening his eyes to their utmost limits, he grinned like a school-boy at the sight of ginger-bread, patting his breast, and exclaiming repeatedly, "*Monanti, monanti, monanti; tanta, tanta, tanta!*"* Having particularly brought to his notice that the device of an uplifted arm grasping a javelin, on the clasp of the great-coat, referred to his extensive conquests, of which all the world had heard, we placed before him a suit of tartan sent by Mrs. Moffat, with a note that he requested me to read; and, hearing his own name, coupled with that of Ma Mary, as he termed that lady, and the word *tumerisho* (compliments), he grinned again, clapped me familiarly on the back, and exclaiming as before "*tanta, tanta, tanta!*" He now rose abruptly, big with some great conception, and made signs to the Parsee to approach and assist him on with the coat; habited in which, he strutted several times up and down, viewing his grotesque figure in the glass with evident self-applause. He then desired Mohanycom to put it on and turn about, that he might see if it fitted behind; and this knotty point settled to his unqualified satisfaction, he suddenly cast off his tails, and, appearing *in puris* [?] *naturalibus*, commanded all hands to assist in the difficult undertaking of shaking him into the tartan trousers. It was indeed no easy work to perform—but, once accomplished, his Majesty cut a noble figure.

'The Parsee wore a pair of red silk braces, which he presently demanded, observing that they would supply the place of those that Mrs. Moffat *had forgotten* to send. Shortly after this, he directed an attendant, who was crouching at his feet, to take everything to his kraal; and, resuming his solemnity and his seat, tea was brought in. A number of gourds filled with *outchualla*, or beer, were placed by the King's orders before the assembly, who, passing them from one to the other, emptied them on the spot. Richardson and myself drank tea out of two battered plated goblets, whilst the King's mess was served in a flowered China bowl, as being a more attractive vessel, and less likely to retain the heat; but, having eyed the different drinking-cups for some time suspiciously, he handed his own to his attendants, and then, extending his arm, abruptly seized upon my goblet, and greedily drained the contents. It is well known that savages, however debased they may be in the scale of humanity, are keenly susceptible of indignity; and he either considered himself slighted, or had prudently determined, until we should become better acquainted, to taste nothing of what we had not in the first instance partaken ourselves.'

Permission to hunt elephants was now asked and granted, and, the conversation becoming general, Moselekatse inquired after the health of the British Sovereign, whom he, with frank condescension, declared to be, *next to himself*, the greatest monarch in the universe; adding, however, as a further saving clause, that the white king's nation was undoubtedly second to his own in power. On another occasion he conducted himself with that charming familiarity which sits so amiably on a monarch, joking, laughing, and pulling the luxuriant beards of the Captain and his friends, whilst he frequently inquired how many wives they had, and whether those wives had beards also. Always on the look-out for presents, he repeatedly desired the interpreters to impress upon the party that 'he liked all and everything,' and, indeed, his Majesty appears to have acted upon this principle, for he never returned from the waggons empty-handed.

The Captain was as impatient to depart as we are to accompany him, but we cannot pass by the following account of the royal residence, and the drawing-room dresses of the ladies belonging to the court of this perfect autocrat, who carries his despotism so far, that to be fat is the greatest of all crimes, no person being allowed that privilege but the King, who indeed is the only god worshipped by his subjects:

'The plan of the enclosure was circular, a thick and high thorn fence surrounding an area which was strewed with the skulls, paws, and tails of lions, some of them quite fresh, others bleached by long exposure to the sun. Below the waggon I observed a file of old muskets, probably some that had been taken on the defeat of Barend's Griquas in 1831. The royal lodge, and the apartments of the ladies, were shut off by a rough irregular palisade; and a portion of this enclosure was surrounded by a very closely-woven wattle fence, having only one aperture of barely sufficient dimensions to admit the King's portly person upon all fours. The space was smeared with a mixture of mud and cow-dung, resembling that used in all parts of India for similar purposes. In the centre stood a circular plum-pudding shaped hut, about twelve feet in diameter, and perhaps four in length, substantially thatched with rush matting. A low step led up to the entrance, which was very confined and provided with a sliding wicket. The floor was sunk to the depth of three feet below the surface of the ground, and two more steps led down to it. The furniture consisted exclusively of calabashes of beer ranged round the wall.

'Thirty ladies only of the imperial seraglio were present on this eventful occasion, and they remained standing round the King, who was seated in the open air. They were generally swarthy and somewhat *en bon point*. Many were even obese, with enormous pendant bosoms, and their heads were shaved, a small tuft of hair only being left on the crown, which was decorated with feathers. Their dress consisted of short black kilts of leather, the fur worn inside, and the outside rubbed with some hard substance and charcoal, until it had acquired the appearance of black clotted wool. These were studded with brass ornaments and a profusion of beads of divers colours; they had besides a vast accumulation of these ornaments upon their bodies. Some wore blue from top to toe, others were enveloped in one mass of red; the endless variety of pattern in which they were disposed having doubtless emanated from the inventive brain and prolific fancy of his Majesty, a large portion of whose valuable time is passed in devising and superintending the construction of ornaments for the *harem*.

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* 'Good, good, good; bravo, bravo, bravo.'

'Amongst the ladies, I observed a captive Griqua, called Truey. This is the familiar name for Gertrude. She is the unfortunate daughter of Peter Davids, chief of the Bechuana Bastards, and successor to Barend Barends. This chief had, about three years before, undertaken a hunting expedition to the Vaal river, and in the natural course of events was attacked by a party of Moselekatse's warriors, who were scouring the country in that direction; he narrowly escaped with his life, but the whole of his property was carried off, and his nephew and daughter were taken prisoners.

'When the tent was nearly pitched, the King suddenly changed his mind, and resolved to have it immediately in front of the palace-door. In order to accomplish this, it became necessary to remove a portion of the wattle fence—a work of considerable labour, in the progress of which *outchualla* was liberally circulated to the perspiring Hottentots. It was about three o'clock, and the pavilion had reared its head a second time. A bright thought then suddenly crossed the royal mind. Investing himself with the *duffel* great-coat, placing a red night-cap on his head, and commanding two wax candles to be lighted and placed before him, he seated himself with a dignified deportment upon an inverted calabash, the contents of which he had previously swallowed, and became totally absorbed in the contemplation of his surpassing importance. It was with difficulty that I preserved my gravity, and, having hastily complimented the King on his accession of property, and reminded him of our wish to leave the following day, I left him to his domestic enjoyments.

'In the evening Truey brought a dish of stewed beef from the King. Despite of our assertions to the contrary, he could not help suspecting that we still had beads in our possession, and thought that the Griqua maid might find means of inducing us to part with some more before we departed. The poor girl shed tears when she heard spoken the language of her tribe, and begged us to convey to her father, should we see him, the intelligence of her safety and that of her cousin Wilhelm, who had been sent to a distant kraal, the day before our arrival, in charge of a waggon containing two Dutch girls, prisoners of war, of whose presence the King was anxious that we should if possible be kept in ignorance; she had herself resided for some time at the kraal in question with the King, who is in the habit of passing several months of year there, with one hundred of his wives, all of whom are decorated with bead-dresses of the nature I have described. Every female, married or single, is at his command; his subjects not having it in their power to call even their wives their own. The King alone is rich—his subjects are all equally poor, and can be said to possess nothing in the shape of property beyond the skins with which nature has clothed them.'—pp. 131–134.

At last they were fairly off, and their arrival at the Moriqua was marked by a prize of some magnitude :—

"The approach to this small but beautiful river is picturesque in the highest degree. Emerging suddenly from an extensive wood of magnificent thorn-trees, we passed a village surrounded by green corn fields, and then descended by a winding path into a lawn covered with a thick and verdant carpet of the richest grass, bounded by a deep and shady belt of the many-stemmed acacia, which margined the river on either hand far as the view extended—and clothed with a vest of golden blossoms, diffusing a delicious and grateful odour around. Single mokaalas, and detached clumps of slender mimosas, hung with festoons of flowering creepers, heightened the effect, screening with their soft and feathery foliage considerable portions of the refreshing sward, across which troops of querulous pintadoes and herds of graceful pallahs [*Antilope Melampus*] were to be seen hurrying from our approach.

'As we threaded the mazes of the parasol-topped acacias, which completely excluded the sun's rays, a peep of the river itself was unexpectedly obtained. A deep and shaded channel, about twenty yards in breadth with precipitous banks overgrown with reeds, was lined with an unbroken tier of willows. These extended their drooping branches so as nearly to entwine, had they not been forbidden by the force of the crystal current, which swayed them with it as it foamed and bubbled over the pebbly bottom. A plain on the opposite side, bounded by a low range of blue hills, was dotted over with mokaala trees, beneath which troops of gnoos, sassabys, and hartebeests were reposing.

'We drew up the waggons on a verdant spot on the river-bank, at a convenient distance from an extensive kraal constructed on the slope. Although the sun shone, the cold occasioned by a dry cutting wind was scarcely to be endured even with the assistance of a great-coat; and the inhabitants being clamorous for food, I readily placed myself under the guidance of their chief with ten of his men, and, diving into the heart of the extensive groves, soon furnished them with the carcase of a black rhinoceros, upon which to whet their appetites. This huge beast crossed the river twice after being mortally wounded at duelling distance; and I was compelled, cold as it was, to wade after him, through water reaching to my middle—following his trail by the blood, until, from single drops, the traces became splashes of frothy crimson. Struggling to force his tottering frame through the tangled cover, the wounded monster at length sank upon his knees; another bullet from the grooved bore ending his giant struggles, while he was yet tearing up the ground with his ponderous horn.'—pp. 141, 142.

Our sportsman was now to be gratified with the sight of game as unlike the heavy mass of life which he had lately extinguished as can well be imagined. He had crossed the river in search of elands, and had passed over a great extent of country without sport; but he can speak for himself.

'Beginning to despair of success, I had shot a hartebeest for the savages, when an object which had repeatedly attracted my eye, but which I had as often persuaded myself was nothing more than the branchless stump of some withered tree, suddenly shifted its position, and the next moment I distinctly perceived that singular form, of which the apparition had oft-times visited my slumbers—but upon whose reality I now gazed for the first time. It passed rapidly among the trees, above the topmost branches of many of which its graceful head nodded like some lofty pine—it was the stately, the long-sought *giraffe*. Putting spurs to my horse, and directing the Hottentots to follow, I presently found myself half choked with excitement, rattling at the heels of the tallest of all the Mammiferes, whom thus to meet, free on his native plains, has fallen to the lot of few of the votaries of the chase. Sailing before me with increditable velocity, his long swan-like neck keeping time to the eccentric motion of his stilt-like legs—his ample black tail curled above his back, and whisking in ludicrous concert with the rocking of his disproportioned frame, he glided gallantly along "like some tall ship upon the ocean's bosom," and seemed to leave whole leagues behind him at each stride. The ground was of the most treacherous description; a rotten black soil overgrown with long coarse grass, which concealed from view innumerable cracks and fissures that momentarily threatened to throw down my horse. For the five minutes I rather lost than gained ground, and despairing, over such a country, of ever diminishing the distance, or improving my acquaintance with this ogre in seven-league boots, I dismounted, and had the satisfaction of hearing two balls tell roundly upon his plank-like stern. But I might as well have fired at a wall: he neither swerved from his course nor slackened his pace, and had pushed on so far ahead during the time I was reloading, that, after remounting, I had some difficulty in even keeping sight of him amongst the trees. Closing again, however, I repeated the dose on the other quarter, and spurred along my horse, ever and anon sinking to his fetlock; the giraffe now flagging at each stride, until, as I was coming up hand over hand, and success seemed certain, down I came headlong—my horse having fallen into a pit, and lodged me close to an ostrich's nest, in which the old birds were sitting.

'There were no bones broken, but the violence of the shock had caused the lashings of my rifle to give way, and had doubled it in half—the barrels only now hanging to the stock by the trigger guard. Nothing dismayed by this heavy calamity, I remounted my jaded beast, and one more effort brought me ahead of my wearied victim, which stood still and allowed me to approach. In vain I attempted to bind my fractured rifle with a pocket handkerchief, in order to admit of my administering the *coup de grace*—it was so bent that the hammer could not by any means be brought down upon the nipple. In vain I looked around for a stone, and sought in every pocket for my knife, with which to strike the copper cap, and bring about ignition, or hamstring the colossal but harmless animal, by whose side I appeared the veriest pigmy in the creation—alas, I had lent it to the Hottentots to cut off the head of the hartebeest. Vainly did I wait for the tardy and rebellious villains to come to my assistance, making the air ring, and my throat tingle, with reiterated shouts—not a soul appeared—and, in a few minutes, the giraffe, having recovered his wind, and being only slightly wounded in the hind quarters, shuffled his long legs—twisted his tail over his back—walked a few steps—then broke into a gallop, and, diving into the mazes of the forest, disappeared from my sight. Disappointed and annoyed, I returned towards the waggons, now eight miles distant, and on my way overtook the Hottentots, who, smoking their pipes, were leisurely returning, having come to the conclusion that "Sir could not catch the camel," for which reason they did not think it worth while to follow as I had directed.

'My defeat did not cause me to lose sight of the flesh-pots. Any change from the monotony of an unvaried bread and meat diet being highly agreeable, I went back to the nest of the ostrich with a view of obtaining the eggs. So alarmed were the old birds by my unceremonious intrusion in the morning, that they had not returned. Twenty-three gigantic eggs were laid on the bare ground, without either bush or grass to conceal them, or any attempt at a nest beyond a shallow concavity which had been scraped out with the feet. Having broken one, to ascertain if they were worth carrying home, a Hottentot took off his trousers, in which (the legs being first tied at the lower end) the eggs were securely packed, and placed on the saddle. Although each of these enormous eggs are equivalent to twenty-four of the domestic fowl's, many of our followers could devour two at a single meal, first mixing the contents, and then broiling them in the shell. When dressed in a more orthodox manner, we found them a highly palatable omelette.'—pp. 143-147.

Richardson, who had kept to the right while Harris had advanced on the left, had been engaged in close conflict with a rhinoceros, which, infuriated by being aroused from a comfortable siesta by the smart of a gun-shot wound, attacked his unceremonious flapper so closely that it became necessary to discharge the second barrel into his mouth, 'an operation by which the stock was much disfigured.' The captain employed the rest of the day in repairing his own rifle with an iron clamp from a box, and a strip of green hide from an eland's carcase.

Shortly after they had crossed the Mariqua they had some pleasant light shooting at sassaybys and quaggas, which were charged by the captain so close that one of the latter fell at each discharge of his patched-up rifle; but the savages who had followed in hopes of dried meat looked down upon such trifles, although delighted at the performance: presently, however, the gallant captain crept within thirty yards of a white rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros simus*,) and, after putting in six two-ounce bullets behind his shoulder, whilst the unwieldy victim made frequent charges, with his snout almost touching the ground, but in so clumsy a manner that it was only necessary to step on one side to be perfectly safe, made him bite the dust. His friends, the savages, had pointed out this pretty piece of game, standing stupidly under the shade of a spreading acacia, whilst, in eulogy of the expected dainty, they smacked their thick lips, and patted their stomachs, repeatedly exclaiming '*chicore! chicore!*' the native name for the huge beast.

On the 29th the party took the field, accompanied by the whole of the male inhabitants of three kraals, in addition to those that had accompanied them from the Mariqua river.

'The country here is generally undulating, extensive mimosa-groves occupying all the valleys, as well as the banks of the Tolaan river, which winds amongst them on its way to join the Mariqua. We had not proceeded many hundred yards before our progress was opposed by a rhinoceros, who looked defiance, but took the hints we gave him to get out of the way. Two fat elands had been pointed out at the edge of the grove the moment before, one of which Richardson disposed of with little difficulty, but the other led me through all the intricacies of the grove to a wide plain on the opposite side, immediately on emerging upon which the fugitive was prostrate at my feet in the middle of a troop of giraffes, who stooped their long necks, astounded at the intrusion, and in another moment were sailing away at their utmost speed.

To have followed them upon my jaded horse would have been absurd, and I was afterwards unable to find them. Returning to the camp after killing several elands and rhinoceroses, besides other game, which the savages quickly took charge of, I was furiously charged by a herd of horned cattle, and my horse being much exhausted, I had no small difficulty in escaping their persecution. Objecting, I presume, to my garb or complexion, they pertinaciously pursued me through thickets and over ravines, regardless of the loud whistle of the herdsman, to which they are usually very obedient. During the night, our camp was thrown into disorder by the intrusion of a rhinoceros, which actually stood some time between the waggons.

'Several hours diligent search the next day brought us upon a herd of twelve camelopards. We pursued them a considerable distance, and repeatedly wounded the largest, a gigantic male, probably eighteen feet in height; but our famished horses falling repeatedly into the numerous holes with which the ground was covered, we at length became convinced of the impossibility of humbling the lofty head of the giraffe, until our steeds should have improved in condition upon the fine pasturage which now abounded. The day was sultry and the glare distressing. To the north-eastward the distant prospect was bounded by a range of blue mountains which we visited some weeks afterwards; the whole of the extensive plain being sprinkled with huge mokaala-trees, mat rushes, and thistles. Large herds of elands were grazing amongst these, the host of savages by which we were attended quickly clearing away the carcases of those we slew, and then quarrelling for the entrails. I hope my reader has understood that these barbarians generally devour the meat raw, although when at leisure they do not object to its being cooked. They usually seize a piece of the flesh by the teeth, cutting a large mouthful of it with the assegai close to the lips before masticating it, which they do with a loud sputter and noise. The meal being finished, they never fail to wipe their hands on their bodies, and then being generally gorged they lay themselves down to repose, previously relaxing their leathern girdles, which are so contrived as to be readily expanded according to their girth. As the sun was setting, our friend the rhinoceros imprudently appeared upon the bank of the river within pistol shot. Five balls were immediately lodged in his body, with which he retreated, and was picked up the following morning...... Late in the afternoon we halted on the banks of the Simalakate, a deep and tranquil stream, margined by reeds and rushes, affording a ready covert for lions, whose fresh marks were everywhere visible in the neighbourhood. The day had been very sultry, and our two dogs, nearly blind from thirst, ran down the steep bank to the water's edge into the very jaws of an enormous alligator. One of them returned immediately in a state of great alarm. Suddenly a splash was heard, and bubbles of blood, rising a minute after, too truly told what had been the fate of his unfortunate companion. Not content with depriving us of our valued four-footed companion, the alligators quitted their watery homes during the night, and eat up a portion of the leather of the waggon furniture, besides the shoes of our followers. These scaly monsters are very common in many of the African rivers, and this was not the only occasion on which we suffered from their ravages. We frequently killed some of an immense size.

'About sunset an unwieldy white rhinoceros approached the waggons evidently with hostile intentions. There being neither bush nor hollow to conceal my advance, I crawled towards him amongst the grass, and within forty yards fired two balls into him. He started, looked around for some object on which to wreak his vengeance, and actually charged up with his eye flashing fire to within an arm's length of me. Crouching low, however, I fortunately eluded his vengeance, and he soon after dropped down dead.' —pp. 157–163.

The variety of game which now surrounded the party agreeably filled up the time of men panting to come to close quarters with elephants and giraffes. The conclusion of the following paragraph is a strong picture of the unsophisticated animal man in a state of savage indulgence.

'On the 5th November we followed the traces of elephants along the side of the mountains for miles, through stupendous forests, all the Hottentots excepting Piet dropping in the rear in succession, either to solace themselves with a pipe or to expend their ammunition upon ignoble game. Time not permitting us to continue the search, we descended into a valley, bent upon the destruction of a roan antelope, a large herd of which rare animals were quietly grazing. A pair of white rhinoceroses opposed our descent, and being unwilling to fire at them, we had some trouble in freeing ourselves from their company. A large herd of wild swine, or, as Indians term it, a *sounder* of hog, carrying their long whip-like tails erect, then passed in order of review, and immediately afterwards two bull buffaloes were observed within pistol-shot. It was a pefect panorama of game; I had with great difficuly restrained Piet from firing, and was almost within reach of the bucks, when a Hottentot suddenly discharging his gun put everything to flight. The buffaloes passed me quite close on their way to the hills. I fractured the hind leg of the largest, and, mounting my horse, closed with him immediately, and, after two gallant charges performed upon three legs, he fell never to rise again. This was a noble specimen of the African buffalo, standing sixteen hands and a half at the shoulder. His ponderous horns measured four feet from tip to tip, and like a mass of rock, overshadowing his small sinister grey eyes, imparted to his countenance the most cunning, gloomy, and vindictive expression. The savages instantly set to work upon the carcase with their teeth and assegais, Piet providing himself with portions of the hide for shoe-soles, and of the flesh, which, though coarse, is a tolerable imitation of beef.

'From the summit of a hill which commanded an extensive prospect over a straggling forest, I shortly afterwards perceived a large herd of buffaloes, quietly chewing the cud beneath an umbrageous tree. Creeping close upon them I killed a bull with a single ball, but the confused echo, reverberating among the mountains, alarming the survivors, about fifty in number, they dashed panic-stricken from their concealment, ignorant whence the sound proceeded, and, everything yielding to their giant strength, I narrowly escaped being trampled underfoot in their progress. We moved five miles to the eastward in the afternoon, stopping to take up the head of the buffalo, which Andries could with difficulty lift upon the waggon. Myriads of vultures, and the clouds of smoke which arose from the fires of the giant and his associates, directed us to the spot. In commemoration, I presume, of the exploit of Guy Fawkes, they had kindled a bonfire, which bid fair to destroy all the grass in the country, the flames fanned by the wind already beginning to ascend the hills. Nothing can be conceived more horribly disgusting than the appearance presented by the savages, who gorged to the throat and besmeared with blood, grease, and filth from the entrails, sat nodding torpidly round the remains of a carcase, sucking marrow from the bones, whilst their lean famished curs were regaling themselves upon the garbage. Every bush was garnished with flaps of meat, and every man had turned beef-butcher, whilst swollen vultures were perched upon the adjacent trees, and others yet ungorged were inhaling the odours that arose.'—pp. 183-186.

The meritorious perseverance of these Nimrods was now about to be rewarded, for we shall presently find them in the very midst of an elephant-preserve:—

'Leaving the waggons to proceed to a spot agreed upon, we again took the field about ten o'clock, and pursued the track indefatigably for eight miles, over a country presenting every variety of feature. At one time we crossed bare stony ridges, at another threaded the intricacies of the forests; now struggled through high fields of waving grass, and again emerged into open downs. At length we arrived amongst extensive groups of grassy hillocks, covered with loose stones, interspersed with streams and occasional patches of forest, in which the recent ravages of elephants were surprising. Here to our inexpressible gratification we descried a large herd of those long-sought animals, lazily browsing at the head of a distant valley, our attention having been first directed to it by the strong and not-to-be-mistaken effluvia with which the wind was impregnated. Never having before seen the noble elephant in his native jungles, we gazed on the sight before us with intense and indescribable interest. Our feelings on the occasion even extended to our followers. As for Andries he became so agitated that he could scarcely articulate. With open eyes and quivering lips he at length stuttered forth, "Dar stand de oliphant."—Mohanycom and Lingap were immediately despatched to drive the herd back into the valley, up which we rode slowly and without noise, against the wind; and arriving within one hundred and fifty yards unperceived, we made our horses fast and took up a commanding position in an old stone kraal. The shouting of the savages, who now appeared on the height rattling their shields, caused the huge animals to move unsuspiciously towards us, and even within ten yards of our ambush. The group consisted of nine, all females, with large tusks. We selected the finest, and with perfect deliberation fired a volley of five balls into her. She stumbled, but, recovering herself, uttered a shrill note of lamentation, when the whole party threw their trunks above their heads, and instantly clambered up the adjacent hill with incredible celerity, their huge fan-like ears flapping in the ratio of their speed. We instantly mounted our horses, and the sharp loose stones not suiting the feet of the wounded lady, soon closed with her. Streaming with blood, and infuriated with rage she turned upon us with uplifted trunk, and it was not until after repeated discharges that a ball took effect in her brain, and threw her lifeless on the earth, which resounded with the fall.

'Turning our attention from the exciting scene I have described, we found that a second valley had opened upon us, surrounded by bare stony hills, and traversed by a thinly-wooded ravine. Here a grand and magnificent panorama was before us. The whole face of the landscape was actually covered with wild elephants. There could not have been fewer than three hundred within the scope of our vision. Every height and green knoll was dotted over with groups of them, whilst the bottom of the glen exhibited a dense and sable living mass, their colossal forms being at one moment partially concealed by the trees, which they were disfiguring with giant strength, and at others seen majestically emerging into the open glades, bearing in their trunks the branches of trees, with which they indolently protected themselves from the flies. The back-ground was filled by a limited peep of the blue mountainous range, which here assumed a remarkably precipitous character, and completed a picture at once soul-stirring and sublime.

'Our approach, being still against the wind, was unobserved, and created little alarm, until the herd we had left behind suddenly showed itself, recklessly thundering down the side of the hill to join the main body, and passing so close to us that we could not refrain from firing a broadside into one of them, which, however, bravely withstood it. We secured our horses on the summit of a stony ridge, and then, stationing ourselves at an opportune place on a ledge overlooking the wooded defile, sent Andries to manœuvre, so that as many of the elephants as possible should pass before us in order of review, that we might ascertain, by a close inspection, whether there was not a male amongst them. Filing sluggishly along, they occasionally halted beneath an umbrageous tree within fifteen yards of us, lazily fanning themselves with their ample ears, blowing away the flies with their trunks, and uttering the feeble and peculiar cry so familiar to Indians. They all proved to be ladies, and most of them mothers, followed by their little old-fashioned calves, each trudging close to the heels of her dam, and mimicking all her actions. Thus situated, we might have killed any number we pleased, their heads being frequently turned towards us in such a position, and so close, that a single ball in the brain would have sufficed for each; but, whilst we were yet hesitating, a bullet suddenly whizzed past Richardson's ear, and put the whole herd to immediate flight. We had barely time to recede behind a tree before a party of about twenty, with several little ones in their wake, were upon us, striding at their utmost speed, and trumpeting loudly with uplifted heads. I rested my rifle against the tree, and, firing behind the shoulder of the leader, she dropped instantly. Another large detachment appearing close behind us at the same moment, we were compelled to retreat, dodging from tree to tree, stumbling amongst sharp stones, and ever coming upon fresh parties of the enemy.'—pp. 192—195.

Our author remarks that much has been said of the attachment of elephants to their young, but that on no occasion did he perceive that these animals evinced the smallest concern for the safety of their unwieldy infants; on the contrary, they left them to shift for themselves. That the converse of the proposition, however, does not hold, we have the captain's own evidence; nor do we think the worse of him for the compunction which the distressing conduct of the wretched little orphan elephant that followed its mother's murderers awakened:—

'Not an elephant was to be seen on the ground that was yesterday teeming with them; but, on reaching the glen which had been the scene of our exploits during the early part of the action, a calf about three and a half feet high walked forth from a bush, and saluted us with mournful piping notes. We had observed the unhappy little wretch hovering about its mother after she fell, and having probably been unable to overtake the herd, it had passed a dreary night in the wood. Entwining its little proboscis about our legs, the sagacious creature, after demonstrating its delight at our arrival by a thousand ungainly antics, accompanied the party to the body of its dam, which, swollen to an enormous size, was surrounded by an inquest of vultures. Seated in gaunt array, with their shoulders shrugged, these lonesome fowls were awaiting its decomposition with forced resignation; the tough hide having defied all the efforts of their beaks, with which the eyes and softer parts had been vigourously assailed. The conduct of the quaint little calf now became quite affecting, and elicited the sympathy of every one. It ran round its mother's corpse with touching demonstrations of grief, piping sorrowfully, and vainly attempted to raise her with its tiny trunk. I confess that I had felt compunctions in committing the murder the day before, and now half resolved never to assist in another; for, in addition to the moving behaviour of the young elephant, I had been unable to divest myself of the idea that I was firing at my old favourite Mowla-Bukhsh, from whose gallant back I had vanquished so many of my feline foes in Guzerat, an impression, which however ridiculous it must appear, detracted considerably from the satisfaction I experienced.

'The operation of hewing out three pair of tusks occupied several hours, their roots, embedded in massy sockets, spreading over the greater portion of the face My Indian friends will marvel when they hear of tusks being extracted from the jaws of a female elephant; but, with very few exceptions, all that we saw had these accessories, measuring from three to four feet in length. I have already stated my belief that the maximum height of the African male is twelve feet: that of the female averages eight and a half: the enormous magnitude of the ears, which not only cover the whole of the shoulder, but overlap each other on the neck, to the complete exclusion of the *mahout* or driver, constituting another striking feature of difference between the two species. The forehead is remarkably large and prominent, and consists of two walls or tables, between which, a wide cellular space intervening, a ball, hardened with tin or quicksilver, readily penetrates to the brain, and proves instantaneously fatal.

'The barbarous tribes that people Southern Africa have never dreamt of the possibility of rendering this lordly quadruped serviceable in a domestic capacity; and even amongst the colonists there exists an unaccountable superstition that his subjugation is not to be accomplished. His capture, however, might readily be achieved; and, as he appears to possess all the aptitude of his Asiatic relative, the only difficulty, that presents itself is the general absence, within our territories, of sufficient food for his support. Were he once domesticated, and arrayed against the beasts of the forest, Africa would realise the very *beau ideal* of magnificent sport. It is also worthy of remark that no attempt has ever been made on the part of the colonists to naturalise another most useful animal, the camel, although soil, climate, and productions appear alike to favour its introduction.

'We succeeded, after considerable labour, in extracting the ball which Andries pretended to have fired yesterday; and, the grooves of my rifle being conspicuous upon it, that worthy but unabashed squire was constrained not only to relinquish his claim to the merit of having slain the elephant, but also to forego his fancied right to the ivory. The miniature elephant, finding that its mother heeded not its caresses, voluntarily followed our party to the waggons, where it was received with shouts of welcome from the people, and a band of all sorts of melody from the cattle. It died, however, in spite of every care, in the course of a few days; as did two others, much older, that we subsequently captured.'—pp. 199-201.

But the rifle had yet to be tried upon a full-grown bull elephant, and an opportunity soon presented itself:

'Although the ground was very heavy, we resolved upon shifting the camp a few miles to the eastward, in order to be within reach of the elephants. All the mountain-rills were full, but they were not of sufficient magnitude to obstruct the waggons. As we proceeded, several elephants were observed clambering with the agility of chamois to the very summit of the chain. Shortly after we had halted, I went out alone, and, ascending by a narrow path trodden by wild animals, entered a strip of forest occupying an extensive ravine. On the outside of this stood a mighty bull elephant, his trunk entwined around his tusk, and, but for the flapping of his huge ears, motionless as a statue. Securing my mare to a tree, I crept behind a block of stone, and levelled my rifle at his ample forehead. The earth trembled under the weight of the enormous brute as he dropped heavily, uttering one deep groan and expiring without a struggle. His height at the shoulder was eleven feet and a half, and his tusks measured more than seven in length. The echo of the shot reverberating through hill and dale caused the mare to break her tether and abscond, and brought large tribes of pig-faced baboons* from their sylvan haunts, to afford me anything but sympathy. Their ridiculous grimaces, however, could not fail to elicit my mirth, whatever might have been my humour. It was long before I recovered my horse, and I did not regain the waggons until after nightfall. The new moon brought, if possible, a more abundant supply of rain that usual; nor did the lions fail to take advantage of the nocturnal tempest, having twice endeavoured to effect an entrance into the cattle-fold. It continued, until nine o'clock the next morning, to pour with such violence, that we were unable to open the canvass curtains of the waggon, Peeping out, however, to ascertain if there was any prospect of its clearing up, we perceived three lions squatted within an hundred yards in the open plain, attentively watching the oxen. Our rifles were hastily seized, but the dampness of the atmosphere prevented their exploding. One after another, too, the Hottentots sprang out to the pack-waggon, and snapped their guns at the unwelcome intruders, as they trotted sulkily away, and took up their position on a stony eminence at no great distance. Fresh caps and priming were applied, and and a broadside was followed by the instantaneous demise of the largest, whose cranium was perforated by two bullets at the same instant. Swinging their tails over their backs, the survivors took warning by the fate of their companion, and dashed into the thicket with a roar. In another half-hour the voice of *Leo* was again heard at the foot of the mountains, about a quarter of a mile from the camp; and from the waggon-top we could perceive a savage monster rampant, with his tail hoisted and whirling in a circle, charging furiously along the base of the range, and in desperate wrath making towards John April, who was tending the sheep. Every one instinctively grasped his weapon and rushed to the rescue, calling loudly to warn the expected victim of his danger. Without taking the smallest notice of him, however, the infuriated monster dashed past, roaring and lashing his sides until concealed in the mist. Those who have seen the monarch of the forest in crippling captivity alone, immured in a cage barely double his own length, with his sinews relaxed by confinement, have seen but the shadow of that animal, which "clears the desert with his rolling eye."'—pp. 202-204.

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* *Cynocephalus porcarius*. Upon another occasion the captain fell in with a party of these animals while he was sitting at breakfast by a refeshing mountain-rill, in their territory; and we must confess that we wish he had missed his mark for once:—

'A large colony of pig-faced baboons shortly made their appearance above us, some slowly advancing with an inquisitive look, others deliberately seating themselves on the rocks, as though debating on the propriety of our unceremonious trespass on their domains. Their inhospitable treatment at length obliging us to make an example, we fired two shots among them. Numbers assembled round the spot where the first had struck, scraping the lead with their nails, and scrutinizing it with ludicrous gestures and grimace. The second, however, knocking over one of their elders, an enormous fellow who was strutting about erect, laying down the law, and who, judging from his venerable appearance, must have been at least a great-grandsire. This national calamity caused incredible consternation, and many affecting domestic scenes. The party dispersed in all directions, mothers snatching up their infants, and bearing them in their arms out of the reach of danger with an impulse and action perfectly human,'—pp. 179, 180.

Captain Harris somewhat summarily disposes of Captain Walter Smee's 'maneless lion of Guzerat,' figured and described in the learned memoir by the latter, in the first volume of the Zoological Transactions: 'It is,' says Captain Harris, 'nothing more than a young lion whose mane has not shot forth; and I give this opinion with less hesitation, having slain the king of beasts in every stage from whelphood to imbecility.' To say nothing of Captain Smee's own account of the existence of this variety, we beg to refer Captain Harris to the narrative of Oliver,* who saw in the menagerie of the Pacha of Bagdad five individuals of this race, three males and two females; they had been there for five years, and had been taken young in the neighbourhood of Bassora. The males were rather larger than the females, and all much resembled the African lion, excepting that they were smaller, and had no mane. Oliver was further assured that these lions never had any, and that no lion of those countries was so ornamented. Captain Harris has himself made no mean addition to the African Fauna, in describing for the first time a new antelope belonging to the subgenus *Ægocerus*, and we think that he ought to leave Captain Smee in quiet possession of his maneless variety of lion, if he cannot disturb the tenure upon stronger grounds than his own *dictum*.

But our captain has yet giraffes to slay, and African lions to roll in the dust, and we can afford no more than a glimpse of hippopotamus shooting.

'Our next movement brought us to the source of the Oori or Limpopo—the Gareep of Moselekatse's dominions. Fed by many fine streams from the Cashan range, this enchanting river springs into existence as if by magic; and, rolling its deep and tranquil waters between tiers of weeping willows, through a passage in the mountain barrier, takes its course to the northward. Here we enjoyed the novel diversion of hippopotamus shooting—that animal abounding in the Limpopo, and dividing the empire with its amphibious neighbour the crocodile. Throughout the night, the unwieldy monsters might be heard snorting and blowing during their aquatic gambols, and we not unfrequently detected them in the act of sallying from their reed-grown coverts to graze by the serene light of the moon; never, however, venturing to any distance from the river, the strong-hold to which they betake themselves on the smallest alarm. Occasionally during the day they were to be seen basking on the shore amid ooze and mud; but shots were more constantly to be had at their uncouth heads, when protruded from the water to draw breath, and, if killed, the body rose to the surface. Vulnerable only behind the ear, however, or in the eye, which is placed in a prominence, so as to resemble the garret-window of a Dutch-house, they require the perfection of rifle practice, and after a few shots become exceedingly shy, exhibiting the snout only, and as instantly withdrawing it. The flesh is delicious, resembling pork in flavour, and abounding in fat, which in the colony is deservedly esteemed the greatest of delicacies. The hide is upwards of an inch and a half in thickness, and, being scarcely flexible, may be dragged from the ribs in strips like the planks from a ship's side. Of these are manufactured a superior description of *sjambok*, the elastic whip already noticed as being an indispensable piece of furniture to every boor proceeding on a journey. Our followers encumbered the waggons with a large investment of them, and of the canine teeth, the ivory of which is extremely profitable.

'Of all the mammalia, whose portraits, drawn from ill-stuffed specimens, have been foisted upon the world, *behemoth* has perhaps been the most ludicrously misrepresented. I sought in vain for that colossal head—for those cavern-like jaws, garnished with elephantine tusks—or those ponderous feet with which "the formidable and ferocious quadruped" is wont "to trample down whole fields of corn during a single night!" Defenceless and inoffensive, his shapeless carcase is but feebly supported upon short and disproportioned legs, and his belly almost trailing upon the ground, he may not inaptly be likened to an overgrown pig. The colour is pinkish brown, clouded and freckled with a darker tint. Of many that we shot, the largest measured less than five feet at the shoulder; and the reality falling so lamentably short of the monstrous conception I had formed, the "river-horse," or "sea-cow," was the first, and indeed the only South African quadruped in which I felt disappointed.'—pp. 208-210.

Dr. Andrew Smith's beautiful and accurate figures of a female hippopotamus and her young one in his 'Illustrations,'—form a striking contrast to the monstrosities of former draughtsmen, and fully bear out Capt. Harris in these observations.

The latter was now in a country presenting literally, as he says, the appearance of a menagerie,—

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* Voyage dans l'Empire Othoman, &c., tome iv.

'The hosts of rhinoceroses that daily exhibited themselves almost exceeding belief. Whilst the camp was being formed, an ugly head might be seen protruded from every bush, and the possession of the ground was often stoutly disputed. In the field these animals lost no opportunity of rendering themselves obnoxious, frequently charging at my elbow, when in the act of drawing the trigger at some other object—and pursuing our horses with indefatigable and ludicrous industry, carrying their noses close to the ground, and uttering a sound between a grunt and a smothered whistle. Irascible beyond all other quadrupeds, the African rhinoceros appears subject even to unprovoked paroxysms of reckless fury; but the sphere of vision is so exceedingly limited, that his attacks, although sudden and impetuous, are easily eluded, and a shot behind the shoulder, discharged from a distance of twenty or thirty yards, generally proves fatal.'

After sport even to satiety, and, we should think, with a collection of rhinoceros-horns exceeding that of the mother of Vathek, the party retired, in a most blessed state of independence, to feast upon the game.

'We returned to our camp on the fourteenth, laden with spoils, having also fully established the possibility of dispensing, even to cooking apparatus, with every article of baggage. Carrying nothing but the raiment on our backs, the saddle served for a pillow, and the horse-rug for a blanket. Our tent was the starry canopy of heaven; we drank of the waters of the chrystal stream, and our viands were the produce of our trusty rifles. It is said that the epicures of Rome esteemed the trunk of an elephant an extraordinary luxury; and, descending to more modern times, we find our brother traveller, Le Vaillant, feasting upon the foot with extraordinary relish. To the attention of the city aldermen, however, I must be allowed to recommend the slice round the eye, which appears to have been hitherto overlooked by *bon vivans.* Upon this dainty morsel, roasted upon a stick before a blazing fire, or singed among the embers, so as to come under the Hottentot denomination of *carbonaadtje*, or devilled-grill, we frequently feasted; and I can aver, without the smallest fear of contradiction, that the dish rather resembled the fragment of a shoe, picked up after a conflagration, than meat which could boast of having been subjected to a culinary process.'—pp. 219, 220.

After this hint about the 'eye-slice,' we hope that the Council of the Zoological Society will direct a sharp look out to be kept after their elephants; there is no knowing what a 'giant appetite' might suggest; more especially as we strongly suspect that the failure of the *carbonaadtje* was owing to a falling off in the culinary art since the days of Le Vaillant.

'We kindled,' writes that traveller, 'a number of fires; and, as our provisions ran short, my people cut a few steaks from the elephant, and prepared for me some slices of the trunk. This was the first time I had ever tasted such food; and I firmly resolved that it should not be the last, for I found it most delicious. Klaas assured me that, when I tasted the feet, I should soon forget the trunk; and, in order to convince me, he promised me a most luscious breakfast, which he instantly ordered to be prepared. The four feet of the animal were then cut off: a hole about three or four feet square was made in the earth, and filled with burning coals; and, the whole being covered with dry wood, a large fire was kept up in it during the greater part of the night. When the hole was sufficiently heated, everything was taken from it. Klaas placed in it the four feet of the animal, covering them with hot ashes; afterwards with coals, and some small pieces of wood; and this fire was suffered to remain till daylight. At breakfast my people brought me one of the elephant's feet, which had swelled so much by its being baked, that I could scarcely distinguish its form; it however, looked well, and exhaled so sweet a smell, that I was eager to taste it. I indeed found that it was food fit for a king. I had often heard the feet of bears boasted of, but I could not conceive how an animal so heavy and coarse as the elephant could produce such tender and delicate flesh. "Never," said I to myself, "never can our modern Luculli display upon their tables a dish like that which I now enjoy. In vain with their riches do they change and reverse the seasons; in vain do they boast of laying all nations under contribution; their luxury has never yet attained to this gratification; bounds are prescribed to their sensuality."'

The time had now arrived when the towering giraffe was to be laid low; and we confess that the pleasure with which we read the Captain's account of this sport is not without alloy, from the bearing of these splendid and harmless animals under the deadly persecution.

'To the sportsman,' says the Captain, 'the most thrilling passage in my adventures is now to be recounted. In my own breast, it awakens a renewal of past impressions, more lively than any written description can render intelligible; and far abler pens than mine, dipped in more glowing tints, would still fall short of the reality, and leave much to be supplied by the imagination. Three hundred gigantic elephants, browsing in majestic tranquility amidst the wild magnificence of an African landscape, and a wide-stretching plain, darkened as far as the eye can reach with a moving phalanx of gnoos and quaggas, whose numbers literally baffle computation, are sights but rarely to be witnessed; but who amongst our brother Nimrods shall hear of riding familiarly by the side of a troop of colossal giraffes, and not feel his spirit stirred within him? He that would behold so marvellous a sight must leave the haunts of man, and dive, as we did, into pathless wilds, traversed only by the brute creation, into wide wastes where the grim lion prowls, monarch of all he surveys, and where the gaunt hyæna and wild dog fearlessly pursue their prey.

'Many days had now elapsed since we had even seen the camelopard, and then only in small numbers, and under the most unfavourable circumstances. The blood coursed through my veins like quicksilver, therefore, as on the morning of the 19th, from the back of *Breslar*, my most trusty steed, with a firm wooden plain before me, I counted thirty-two of these animals, industriously stretching their peacock necks to crop the tiny leaves which fluttered above their heads, in a mimosa-grove that beautified the scenery. They were within a hundred yards of me, but, having previously determined to try the *boarding* system, I reserved my fire. Although I had taken the field expressly to look for giraffes, and had put four of the Hottentots on horseback, all excepting Piet had as usual, slipped off unperceived in pursuit of a troop of koodoos (*Strepsiceros Koodoo.*) Our stealthy approach was soon opposed by an ill-tempered rhinoceros, which, with her ugly calf, stood directly in the path; and the twinkling of her bright little eyes, accompanied by a restless rolling of the body, giving earnest of her intention to charge, I directed Piet to salute her with a broadside, at the same moment putting spurs to my horse. At the report of the gun and the sudden clattering of hoofs, away bounded the giraffes in grotesque confusion, clearing the ground by a succession of frog-like hops, and soon leaving me far in the rear. Twice were their towering forms concealed from view by a park of trees, which we entered almost at the same instant; and twice, on emerging from the labyrinth, did I perceive them tilting over an eminence immeasurably in advance. A white turban, that I wore round my hunting-cap, being dragged off by a projecting bough, was instantly charged by three rhinoceroses; and, looking over my shoulder, I could see them long afterwards, fagging themselves to overtake me. In the course of five minutes the fugitives arrived at a small river, the treacherous sands of which receiving their long legs, their flight was greatly retarded; and, after floundering to the opposite side and scrambling to the top of the bank, I perceived that their race was run. Patting the steaming neck of my good steed, I urged him again to his utmost, and instantly found myself by the side of the herd. The stately bull, being readily distinguishable from the rest by his dark chesnut robe and superior stature, I applied the muzzle of my rifle behind his dappled shoulder, with the right hand, and drew both triggers, but he still continued to shuffle along, and being afraid of losing him, should I dismount among the extensive mimosa groves with which the landscape was now obscured, I sat in my saddle, loading and firing behind the elbow, and then placing myself across his path, until, the tears trickling from his full brilliant eye, his lofty frame began to totter, and at the seventeenth discharge from the deadly grooved bore, bowing his graceful head from the skies, his proud form was prostrate in the dust. Never shall I forget the tingling excitement of that moment! Alone, in the wild wood, I hurried with bursting exultation, and unsaddling my steed, sank exhausted beside the noble prize I had won.

'When I had leisurely contemplated the massive frame before me, seeming as though it had been cast in a mould of brass, and protected by a hide of an inch and a half in thickness, it was no longer matter of astonishment that a bullet, discharged from a distance of eighty or ninety yards, should have been attended with little effect upon such amazing strength. The extreme height from the crown of the elegantly-moulded head to the hoof of this magnificent animal, was eighteen feet; the whole being equally divided into neck, body, and leg. Two hours were passed in completing a drawing; and Piet still not making his appearance, I cut off the tail, which exceeded five feet in length, and was measurelessly the most estimable trophy I had gained; but proceeding to saddle my horse, which I had left quietly grazing by the side of a running brook, my chagrin may be conceived, when I discovered that he had taken advantage of my occupation to free himself from his halter and abscond. Being ten miles from the waggons, and in a perfectly strange country, I felt convinced that the only chance of recovering my pet was by following the trail, whilst doing which with infinite difficulty, the ground scarcely deigning to receive a foot-print, I had the satisfaction of meeting Piet and Mohanycom, who had fortunately seen and recaptured the truant. Returning to the giraffe, we all feasted heartily upon the flesh, which, although highly scented at this season, with the rank Mokaala blossoms, was far from despicable; and, after losing our way in consequence of the twin-like resemblance of two scarped hills, we regained the waggons after sunset.

'The spell was now broken, and the secret of camelopard hunting discovered. The next day Richardson and myself killed three; one a female, slipping upon muddy ground, and falling with great violence, before she had been wounded, a shot in the head despatching her as she lay. From this time we could reckon confidently upon two out of each troop that we were fortunate enough to find; always approaching as near as possible, in order to ensure a good start, galloping into the middle of them, *boarding* the largest, and riding with him until he fell. The rapidity with which these awkwardly-formed animals can move is beyond all things surprising, our best horses being unable to close with them under two miles. Their gallop is a succession of jumping strides, the fore and hind leg on the same side moving together instead of diagonally, as in most other quadrupeds, the former being kept close together, and the latter so wide apart, that in riding by the animal's side, the hoof may be seen striking on the outside of the horse, momentarily threatening to overthrow him. Its motion altogether reminded me rather of the pitching of a ship, or rolling of a rocking-horse, than of anything living; and the remarkable gait is rendered still more automaton-like by the switching, at regular intervals, of the long black tail, which is invariably curled above the back, and by the corresponding action of the neck, swinging as it does like a pendulum, and literally imparting to the animal the appearance of a piece of machinery in motion. Naturally gentle, timid, and peaceable, the unfortunate giraffe has no means of protecting itself but with its heels; but even when hemmed into a corner, it seldom resorted to this mode of defence. I have before noticed the courage evinced by our horses, in the pursuit of game. Even when brought into actual contact with these almost unearthly quadrupeds, they evinced no symptom of alarm, a circumstance which may possibly be traced to their meagre diet.'—pp. 227, 232.

We are not quite satisfied with what Captain Harris here says as to the motions of the giraffe. We think his observations must have been too hastily made—they certainly do not coincide with our own upon the specimens now in the Regent's Park. But as these animals have a play-ground which admits, any sunny day, the full and easy display of their natural whims and propensities, our readers may, if they please, decide between the differing doctors. Again, the Captain states that the giraffe utters no cry whatever—and such *may* be the rule; but there certainly is an exception, for our male *Nubian* giraffe has been heard to utter a cry, somewhat resembling that of a deer, at the season of love. The beautiful mechanism by which the tongue becomes a prehensible organ capable of considerable extension, and the apparatus for closing the nostrils, most probably to exclude the suffocating sands of the desert when blown about by the winds, or anything that may fall from above when they are browsing on trees, with other admirable adaptations, will be found in Professor Owen's interesting paper 'On the anatomy of the Nubian Giraffe,' in the transactions of the Zoological Society of London, a work which increases in value with every new part that is published.

The following is a striking instance of the compact power of the carnivora when exerted even on this enormous frame:—

'On the 22nd, being encamped on the banks of a small stream, a camelopard was killed by a lion, whilst in the act of drinking at no great distance from the waggons. It was a noisy affair, but an inspection of the scene on which it occurred proved that the giant strength of the victim had been paralysed in an instant. Authors have asserted that the king of beasts is sometimes carried fifteen or twenty miles, "riding proudly" on the back of the giraffe; but notwithstanding the amazing power of this superb animal, I am disposed to question his ability to maintain a race under such merciless jockeyship!—pp. 234, 235.

One tussle with the king of beasts, and we have done:

'Scarcely a day passed without our seeing two or three lions, but like the rest of the animal creation, they uniformly retreated when disturbed by the approach of man. However troublesome we found the intrusions of the feline race during the night, they seldom at any other time showed the least disposition to molest us, unless we commenced hostilities; and this, owing to the badness of the horses, we rarely felt disposed to do. Returning one afternoon to a Koodoo that I had shot, in order to take up the head, which I had concealed in a bush, I was surprised to find an enormous lion feasting upon the carcase; an odious assemblage of eager vultures, as usual, garrisoning the trees, and awaiting their turn when the gorged monarch should make way for them. Immediately upon my appearance, he walked heavily off, expressing by a stifled growl his displeasure at being thus unceremoniously disturbed at dinner. It was not destined, however, that our acquaintance should cease here; for passing the scene of this introductory interview the following morning, Richardson and myself were suddenly made aware of the monster's presence by perceiving a pair of gooseberry eyes glaring upon us from beneath a shady bush; and instantly, upon reining up our horses, the grim savage bolted out with a roar, like thunder, and bounded across the plain with the agility of a greyhound. The luxuriant beauty of his shaggy black mane, which almost swept the ground, tempted us, contrary to established rule, to give him battle with the design of obtaining possession of his spoils; and he no sooner found himself hotly pursued than he faced about, and stood at bay in a mimosa grove, measuring the strength of his assailants with a port the most noble and imposing. Disliking our appearance, however, and not relishing the smell of gunpowder, he soon abandoned the grove, and took up his position on the summit of an adjacent stony hill, the base of which being thickly clothed with thorn trees, we could only obtain a view of him from the distance of three hundred yards. Crouched on this fortified pinnacle, like the sculptured figure at the entrance of a nobleman's park, the enemy disdainfully surveyed us for several minutes, daring us to approach, with an air of conscious power and pride, which well beseemed his grizzled form. As the rifle-balls struck the ground nearer and nearer at each discharge, his wrath, as indicated by his glistening eyes, increased roar, and impatient switching of the tail, was clearly getting the mastery over his prudence. Presently a shot broke his leg. Down he came upon the other three, with reckless impetuosity, his tail straight out and whirling on its axis, his mane bristling on end, and his eye-balls flashing rage and vengeance. Unable, however, to overtake our horses, he shortly retreated under a heavy fire, limping and discomfited, to his strong hold. Again we bombarded him, and again exasperated he rushed into the plain with headlong fury—the blood now streaming from his open jaws, and dying his mane with crimson. It was a gallant charge, but it was to be his last. A well-directed shot arrested him in full career: he pitched with violence upon his skull, and, throwing a complete somerset, subsided amid a cloud of dust.'—pp. 252, 255.

We must here take our leave of Captain Harris's most amusing narrative. The whole of it will be read with great pleasure and profit, and we look forward to the promised publication of his great work, 'The African Views,' with figures of animals, with the more earnestness, in consequence of the meagre illustrations which do *not* adorn the present volume, and which are entirely unworthy of it. Indeed, the Captain apologises for them in his 'Introduction,' and attributes their defects to the natives, to whom the lithographic drawings were unavoidably trusted.* The zoologist will find in this book many valuable accounts of the habits of animals of the greatest rarity, and the sportsman will read of scenes of the most stirring description, and of shots which leave nothing more to be wished from 'eye, hand, lead, and gunpowder.'

CAPTAIN MARRYAT'S AMERICA.

A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions. By Captain Marryat, C. B., Author of Peter Simple, &c. &c.

From the Spectator.

If not the most philosophical or pretending work on America which has yet appeared, Captain Marryat's is the most readable and one of the most valuable. In the descriptive parts, it is pointed in composition, as tinged with humour, and, allowing for the absence of story, as amusing as one of his novels: in the grave and more general views, it exhibits much sound sense and shrewdness; a good deal of knowledge upon subjects where the sailor and the novelist might have been supposed deficient: as well as an unbiassed judgment upon men, manners, and institutions, and a total absence of soreness, which after the affronts he is said to have received in the States, is more than might have been looked for.

Although the book is "complete in itself," the subject is not finished; the author having been unable to press all his matter into three volumes, and his observations on American society and government being therefore postponed. So far as it goes, his work consists of three divisions—1. An introduction, giving a brief view of the general conclusions he has come to, with such explanations as he deems needful. 2. Extracts from his diary, describing incidents of travel, the appearance of places and landscapes, the impression they produced upon his mind, and such other subjects as form the usual material of books of travel, where the writer limits himself to personal occurrences and remarks upon them. 3. An examination and general view of language, credit, penitentiaries, &c., the army, the marine, slavery, religion, societies and associations, law, Lynch law, climate, and education, as observed by himself, painted by American writers, or developed by statistical returns.

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* A London Edition of Captain Harris's book, corrected by the author, is announced as being now in the press, in which more suitable and numerous illustrations are promised.

The extent of his travel, or the order of his route, does not positively appear; for the parts of his diary are taken without regard to connected order, passing from one place to another by jumps. So far as may be gathered from his extracts, however, he landed at New York, and visited the principal towns and places in the Northern seaboard provinces from Washington to Boston. He steamed up the Hudson; passed along the Lakes as high as the last vestiges of settlement and civilization, at the Sault St. Marie; and took a short sail on Lake Superior, but was driven back by a gathering storm, as a "birch canoe, in a gale of wind on Lake Superior, would not be a very insurable risk." Returning, he passed through the Canadas to Montreal, and accompanied the army under Sir John Colborne in its march against the rebels at St. Eustache; having, on his return to New York, to make an explanatory speech to the "majority" at St. Alban's for having said they had passed "resolutions" of sympathy with the rebels, in "total ignorance" of the whole affair. He subsequently visited several of the American outposts scattered along the Western frontier; descended the Wisconsin, in a difficult, if not a perilous manner; steamed down the Mississippi to its junction with the Ohio; which he ascended to a place called Guyandotte; whence he set off for the Cheltenham of the Alleghanies; eventually reaching Baltimore by coach. Further South he may have travelled, but it does not appear; though he speaks decidedly of New Orleans and the Southern States.

If the composition of the work be closely looked at, it may be said to furnish a key to its author's leading literary qualities. The first of these consists in seizing the characteristic of any thing presented to his notice, especially if humourous or ridiculous; the second, in rejecting every thing which would militate against the particular effect he would produce upon the reader. In the very highest class of intellect, this faculty of rejection gives rise to compression; in Marryat it sometimes causes omission. Let us exemplify what is meant by adducing an example.

GALE ON LAKE HURON.

The next morning it blew hard, and as we opened upon Lake Huron, we had to encounter a heavy sea, fortunately the wind was fair for the island of Mackinaw, or we might have been delayed for some days. As soon as we were in the lake, we made sail, having fifty-six miles to run before it was dark. The gale increased, but the canoe flew over the water, skimming it like a sea-bird. It was beautiful, but not quite so pleasant, to watch it, as upon the least carelessness on the part of the helmsman it would immediately have filled. As it was, we shipped some heavy seas; but the blankets at the bottom being saturated, gave us the extra ballast which we required. Before we were clear of the islands, we were joined by a whole fleet of Indian canoes, with their dirty blankets spread to the storm, running as we where for Makinaw, being on their return from the Manitou Island, where they had congregated to receive presents from the Governor of Upper Canada. Their Canoes were smaller than ours, which had been built for speed, but they were much higher in the gunnel. It was interesting to behold so many hundreds of beings trusting themselves to such fragile conveyances in a heavy gale and running sea; but, the harder it blew the faster we went; and at last to my satisfaction, we found ourselves in smooth water again, alongside of the landing wharf at Mackinaw. I had had some wish to see a fresh water gale of wind; but in a birch canoe I never wish to try the experiment again.

All is done here that the writer seems to have proposed,—his own risk, the character and capability of his own craft, the specific contrast between the Indian fleet and his own canoe: but the gale itself, the commotion of the waters on that inland sea, the commingling of the angry elements, and the appearance of the shore, when the shore was visible, are left to the imagination of the reader. In his fiction, where all is created by the writer, this peculiarity is rarely felt, whilst the clearness and compactness it produces contribute to give the readableness which distinguishes Marryat. In a description of reality the deficiency is sometimes more obvious. When before the grander scenes of nature, although he conveys a distinct idea, yet there seems to be a poetry beyond him, which he has either omitted or not seen. In the exposition of a subject, nearly all he says is sensible; with much of it the reader feels inclined to agree; and though the writer may be dealing with dry topics, nothing is drily treated—we get along as rapidly as in the most superficial "article." But the reader perceives that the subject has not been exhausted for him, if it has even been mastered by the expositor—that something more has to be told, and perhaps learned. Of course this does not apply to every thing, but merely to those loftier scenes or large subjects which require an extensive comprehension to grasp.

In endeavouring to present an idea of the book, we will begin with the Diary. What first greeted the author on his arrival was

A CRISIS AT NEW YORK.

Two hundred and sixty houses have already failed, and no one knows where it is to end. Suspicion, fear, and misfortune have taken possession of the city. Had I not been aware of the cause, I should have imagined that the plague was raging, and I had the description of Defoe before me.

Not a smile on one countenance among the crowd who pass and repass; hurried steps, care-worn faces, rapid exchanges of salutation, or hasty communication of anticipated ruin before the sun goes down.—Here two or three are gathered on one side, whispering and watching that they are not overheard; there a solitary, with his arms folded and his hat slouched, brooding over departed affluence. Mechanics, thrown out of employment, are pacing up and down with the air of famished wolves. The violent shock has been communicated, like that of electricity, through the country to a distance of hundreds of miles. Canals, railroads, and all public works have been discontinued, and the Irish emigrant leans against his shanty, with his spade idle in his hand, and starves, as his thoughts wander back to his own Emerald Isle.

THE STATE OF "BARTER" REACHED.

Nobody refuses to take the paper of the New York banks, although they virtually have stopped payment; they never refuse anything in New York; but nobody will give specie in change, and great distress is occasioned by this want of a circulating medium. Some of the shopkeepers told me that they had been obliged to turn away a hundred dollars a day, and many a Southerner, who has come up with a large supply of southern notes, has found himself a pauper, and has been indebted to a friend for a few dollars in specie to get home again. * * *

The distress for change has produced a curious remedy. Every man is now his own banker. Go to the theatres and places of public amusement, and instead of change, you receive an I. O. U. from the treasury. At the hotels and oyster-cellars it is the same thing. Call for a glass of brandy and water, and the change is fifteen tickets, each "good for one glass of brandy and water." At an oyster-shop, eat a plate of oysters, and you have in return seven tickets, good for one plate of oysters each. It is the same everywhere. The barbers give you tickets, good for so many shaves; and were there beggars in the streets, I presume they would give you tickets in change, good for so much philanthropy. Dealers, in general, give out their own bank-notes, or, as they are called here, *shin plasters*, which are good for one dollar, and from that down to two and a half cents, all of which are redeemable, and redeemable only upon a general return to cash payments.

Pass on to Boston, where they are

MORE ENGLISH THAN THE ENGLISH.

Massachusetts is certainly very English in its scenery, and Boston essentially English as a city. The Bostonians assert that they are more English than we are; that is, that they have strictly adhered to the old English customs and manners, as handed down to them previous to the Revolution. That of sitting a very long while at their wine after dinner, is one which they certainly adhere to, and which, I think, would be more honoured in the breach than the observance; but their hospitality is unbounded, and you do, as an Englishman, feel at home with them. I agree with the Bostonians so far, that they certainly appear to have made no change in their manners and customs for these last hundred years. You meet here with frequent specimens of the Old English Gentleman, descendants of the best old English families who settled here long before the Revolution, and are now living on their incomes, with a town house and a country seat to retire to during the summer season. The society of Boston is very delightful; it wins upon you every day, and that is the greatest compliment that can be paid to it.

Perhaps of all the Americans the Bostonians are the most sensitive to any illiberal remarks made upon the country, for they consider themselves as being peculiarly English; while on the contrary, the majority of the Americans deny that they are English.—There certainly is less intermixture of foreign blood in this city than in any other in America. It will appear strange, but so wedded are they to the old customs, even to John Bullism, that it is not more than seven or eight years that the French wines have been put on the Boston tables, and become in general use in this city,

This feeling, however is wearing away—self-interest is destroying sentimentality. The Northern States *manufacture* as well as England.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT AND THE LADIES SCHOOLS.

Here again is a rivalry between Albany and Troy, each of them glorying in possessing the largest seminary for the education of young ladies, who are sent from every State of the Union, to be finished off at one or the other of them. Here and indeed in many other establishments, the young ladies upon quitting it have diplomas given to them, if they pass their examination satisfactorily, They are educated upon a system which would satisfy even Miss Martineau, and prepared to exercise the rights of which she complains that woman have been so unjustly deprived. Conceive three hundred modern Portias, who regularly take their degrees, and emerge from the portico of the seminary full of algebra, equality, and the theory of the constitution! The quantity and variety crammed into them is beyond all calculation. The examination takes place yearly, to prove to the parents that the preceptors have done their duty, and is in itself very innocent, as it only causes the young ladies to blush a little.

This afternoon they were examined in algebra, and their performance was very creditable. Under a certain age girls are certainly much quicker than boys, and I presume would retain what they learnt if it were not for their subsequent duties in making puddings and nursing babies. Yet these are affairs which must be performed by one sex or the other, and of what use can algebra or other abstruse matters be to a woman in her present state of domestic thraldom.

The theory of the American constitution was the next subject on which they were examined; by their replies, this appeared to be to them more abstruse than algebra; but the fact is, women are born Tories, and admit no other than petticoat government as legitimate.

The next day we again repaired to the hall, and French was the language in which they were to be examined; and the examination afforded us much amusement.

The young ladies sat down in rows on one side of the room. In the centre, towards the end, was an easel, on which was placed a large blackboard, on which they worked with chalk the questions in algebra, &c.—a towel hanging to it, that they might wipe out and correct. The French preceptor, an old Emigre Count, sat down with the examiners before the board, the visitors (chiefly composed of anxious papas and mammas) being seated on benches behind them. As it happened, I had taken my seat close to the examining board, and at some little distance from the other persons who were deputed or invited to attend. I don't know how I came there. I believe I had come in too late; but there I was, within three feet of every young lady who came up to the board.

"Now, messieurs, have the kindness to ask any question you please," said the old Count. "Mademoiselle, you will have the goodness to step forward." A question was proposed in English, which the young lady had to write in French. The very first went wrong: I perceived it, and without looking at her, pronounced the right word, so that she could hear it. She caught it, rubbed out the wrong word with the towel, and rectified it. This was carried on through the whole sentence, and then she retreated from the board, that her work might be examined. "Very well, very well, indeed, Miss; c'est parfaitement bien;" and the young lady sat down blushing. Thus were they all called up, and one after another prompted by me; and the old Count was delighted at the success of his pupils.

Now, what amused me in this was the little bit of human nature; the *tact* displayed by the sex, which appears to be innate, and which never deserts them. Had I prompted a boy, he would most likely have turned his head round towards me, and thus have revealed what I was about; but not one of the whole class was guilty of such indiscretion. They heard me, rubbed out, corrected, waited for the word when they did not know it, but never by any look or sign made it appear that there was any understanding between us. Their eyes were constantly fixed on the board, and they appeared not to know that I was in the room. It was really beautiful. When the examination was over, I received a look from them all, half comic, half serious, which amply repaid me for my assistance.

As young ladies are assembled here from every State of the Union, it was a *fair* criterion of American beauty; and it must be acknowledged that the American women are the *prettiest* in the whole world.

BUFFALO AND PROGRESSION.

Buffalo is one of the wonders of America. It is hardly to be credited that such a beautiful city could have risen up in a wilderness in so short a period. In the year 1814 it was burnt down, being then only a village; only one house was left standing, and now it is a city with twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The Americans are very judicious in planning their new towns: the streets are laid out so wide that there will never be any occasion to pull down to widen and improve, as we do in England. The city of Buffalo is remarkably well-built; all the houses in the principal streets are lofty and substantial, and are either of brick or granite. The main street is wider, and the stores handsomer, than the majority of those in New York. It has five or six very fine churches, a handsome theatre, town-hall, and market, and three or four hotels, one of which is superior to most others in America; and to these we must add a fine stone pier, with a light-house, and a harbour full of shipping and magnificent steam-boats. It is almost incomprehensible that all this should have been accomplished since the year 1814. And what has occasioned this springing up of a city in so short a time as to remind you of Alladin's magic palace? the Erie Canal, which here joins the Hudson River with the Lake, passing through the centre of the most populous and fertile states.

COMMERCE OF THE LAKES.

How little are they aware, in Europe, of the vastness and extent of commerce carried on in these inland seas, whose coasts are now lined with flourishing towns and cities, and whose waters are ploughed by magnificent steam-boats and hundreds of vessels laden with merchandise. Even the Americans themselves are not fully aware of the rising importance of these lakes as connected with the West. Since the completion of the Ohio Canal, which enters the Lake Erie at Cleveland, that town has risen almost as rapidly as Buffalo. It is beautifully situated. It is about six years back that it may be said to have commenced its start, and it now contains more than ten thousand inhabitants. The buildings are upon the same scale as those of Buffalo; and it is conjectured, with good reason, that it will become even a larger city than the other, as the ice breaks up here and the navigation is open in the spring six weeks sooner than it is at Buffalo; abreast of which town the ice is driven down and collected previous to its forcing its passage over the falls.

MR. VAN BUREN.

Is a very gentleman-like, intelligent man: very proud of talking over his visit to England, and the English with whom he was acquainted. It is remarkable, that although at the head of the democratic party, Mr. Van Buren has taken a step striking at the very roots of their boasted equality, and one on which General Jackson did not venture; *i. e.* he has prevented the mobocracy from intruding themselves at his levees. The police are now stationed at the door, to prevent the intrusion of any improper person. A few years ago, a fellow would drive his cart, or hackney-coach, up to the door, walk into the saloon in all his dirt, and force his way to the President, that he might shake him by the one hand, while he flourished his whip in the other. The revolting scenes which took place when refreshments were handed round, the injury done to the furniture, and the disgust of the ladies, may be well imagined. Mr. Van Buren deserves great credit for this step, for it was a bold one; but I must not praise him too much, or he may lose his next election.

SMUGGLING ON THE BORDER.

At Windsor, which is directly opposite to Detroit, where the river is about half a mile across, are stores of English goods, sent there entirely for the supply of the Americans, by smugglers. There is also a row of tailors' shops, for cloth is a very dear article in America, and costs nearly double the price it does in the English provinces. The Americans go over there, and are measured for a suit of clothes; which, when ready, they put on, and cross back to Detroit with their old clothes in a bundle. The smuggling is already very extensive, and will, of course, increase as the Western country becomes more populous.

Before leaving the more miscellaneous part of the book, we may note a few points. Captain Marryat denies Miss Martineau's assertion "that America has solved the great problem that a republic can exist for fifty years:" on the contrary, he says the government has changed greatly since Washington's death—changed, in fact, *from* a republic *to* a democracy. With no particular admiration of the political institutions or the character of the government, he admits it is the best government for the present condition of the country. Of the soil of upper Canada he speaks highly, and thinks its climate the best in America; but marks the want of enterprise in the Canadians, and the foolish manner in which money has been wasted for the present on public works—strongly contrasting with the judicious liberality on the other side of the frontier. Though quickly excitable, he pronounces the Americans to be a very good-tempered people; and from the locomotive and emigrating habits of the race, intelligent and pleasant persons may be met with everywhere, even in the most remote parts. Principle, he says, is not much in demand at Washington—we wonder if it is at any place where professional politicians congregate? Of the rapidity with which fortunes are made, (by speculation,) and of the extraordinary advance in the value of property, many instances are given; of which this is the most startling perhaps.

AN UNLUCKY SWAP.

I was told a singular fact, which will prove how rapidly the value of land rises in this country as it becomes peopled. Fifty-six years ago, the major part of the land upon which the city of Cincinnati stands, and which is now worth many millions of dollars, was *swapped* away by the owner of it for a pony! The man who made this unfortunate bargain is now alive, and living in or near Cincinnati.

The definite subjects, treated by the author, under separate heads, may be followed by us in a kindred manner; regard being had to their importance and our space. And first,

THE MARINE.

This chapter deserves an attentive perusal, not only for its exposition of the American part of the subject, but for its suggestion as regards the British mercantile marine. These are some of the leading points. The pay of the American officers is on the whole very much more than double that of ours: and, by a fiction, they have frequently full pay even when unemployed—not out of any liberal feeling in the Democracy, but from simple compulsion. There are so many ways of making money, that if the remuneration were not high the navy would go without officers. Few, if any native Americans, are brought up as apprentices for foremast-men; they are bound with a view of becoming mates on the expiration of their indentures, and then masters; by which means a class of officers is formed much superior to those in British trading-vessels. The marine, both national and mercantile, is principally manned by British seamen, attracted by higher wages; and this was also the case during the war,—a fact we have heard from other sources. The American merchant-vessels carry fewer hands than ours, but the higher wages stimulate harder work, and procure picked men. The secret of the greater profits of the American ships, despite of heavier wages, is resolved by their doing more work. From their superior build, they make three voyages to our two; their masters are more active; and they will carry any thing, and go any where, instead of being restricted to particular trades. The cause of their better architecture, or rather of our worse, Captain Marryat ascribes to injudicious taxation, through which vessels were built to evade the tonnage-duties. "In every class" of the ships of war, says *Marryat*, "you cannot but admire the superiority of the models, and the workmanship." Upon a subject which is disputed to this day, Captain *Marryat* shall speak for himself.

RATING OF AMERICAN SHIPS.

The ratings of these vessels will, however, very much mislead people as to the real strength of the armament. The 74's and 80's are in weight of broadside equal to most three-decked ships; the first-class frigates are double-banked of the scantling, and carrying the complement of men of our 74's. The sloops are equally powerful in proportion to their ratings, most of them carrying long guns. Although flush vessels, they are little inferior to a 36 gun frigate in scantling, and are much too powerful for any that we have in our service under the same denomination of rating. All the line-of-battle ships are named after the several States, the frigates after the principal rivers, and the sloops of war after the towns or *cities*, and the names are decided by lot.

Of the naval officers he speaks well.

During my sojourn in the United States I became acquainted with a large portion of the senior officers of the American navy, and I found them gifted, gentlemanlike, and liberal. With them I could converse freely upon all points relative to the last war, and always found them ready to admit all that could be expected. The American naval officers certainly form a strong contrast to the majority of their countrymen, and prove, by their enlightened and liberal ideas, how much the Americans in general would be improved if they enjoyed the same means of comparison with other countries which the naval officers, by their profession, have obtained. The partial successes during the late war were often the theme of discourse, which was conducted with candour and frankness on both sides. No unpleasant feeling was ever excited by any argument with them on the subject, whilst the question, raised amongst their 'free and enlightened' brother citizens, who knew nothing of the matter, was certain to bring down upon me such a torrent of bombast, falsehood, and ignorance, as required all my philosophy to submit to with apparent indifference.

THE ARMY.

Is not a favourite service in America, and is ill treated. The pay is much lower than in the navy, and half-pay is not allowed. The officers are banished to frontier forts, and capriciously shifted about from one to another, sometimes before they have had time to settle themselves. The total number of the army, including the medical and general staff, is 7,834 men, of which 5,052 are privates; a force too small for the duties it has to discharge. The bulk of these appear to be foreigners, mostly English or Irish, eked out by American "bad subjects:" and discipline, of course, is with difficulty maintained. The English are chiefly deserters from Canada; and Captain *Marryat* thinks, if a pardon were offered, "a good effective regiment" might easily be formed, which would be valuable on the frontiers, and still more valuable by checking further desertion by exposing the real character of the service. Of the officers he speaks highly. This is his account of—

AMERICAN MILITARY PUNISHMENTS.

Corporal punishment has been abandoned in the American army, except for desertion; and if ever there was a proof of the necessity of punishment to enforce discipline, it is the many substitutes in lieu of it to which the officers are compelled to resort: all of them more severe than flogging, the most common is that of loading a man with thirty-six pounds of shot in his knapsack and making him walk three hours out of four, day and night, without intermission, with this weight on his shoulders, for six days and six nights; that is, he is compelled to walk three hours with the weight, and then is suffered to sit down *one*. Towards the close this punishment becomes very severe; the feet of the men are so sore and swelled that they cannot move for some days afterwards. I inquired what would be the consequence if a man were to throw down his knapsack and refuse to walk. The commanding officer of one of the forts replied, that he would be hung up by his thumbs till he fainted—a variety of piquetting. Surely these punishments savour quite as much of severity and are quite as degrading as flogging.

The pay of an American private is good—fourteen dollars a month, out of which his rations and regimentals take eight dollars, leaving him six dollars a month for pleasure. Deserters are punished by being made to drag a heavy ball and chain after them, which is never removed day or night. If discharged, they are flogged, their heads shaved, and they are drummed out at the point of the bayonet.

SLAVERY

Is discussed sensibly, by a man who, though averse to its existence, is aware that wishes and fierce words are not sufficient to produce extensive and beneficial changes in a social system. Dividing the Slave States into two classes, which he calls the Eastern and Western, Captain Marryat thinks that in the Eastern States (Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, the Carolinas, Kentucky, and Tenessee,) the slaves are well treated; the work being light, from the nature of the soil, or the pastoral character of the employment, which suits the Negro—in short, the slaves work separately, not in gangs. In the Western States, comprehending Missouri, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, and perhaps Georgia and Alabama, the Negroes are worse off than they were in the West India Islands. The majority of the Whites are of the very worst class, "reckless in their habits, intemperate, unprincipled, and lawless;" many of them having fled from the Eastern States for their crimes—"miscreants defying the climate, so that they can defy the laws." In addition to such masters; the climate is extremely hot and unhealthy; the toil exhausting on virgin soils, whose miasma is always more pernicious; and carried on in gangs, where the slave is at once under the eye of the driver and exposed to his sudden caprice.

To the proceedings of the Abolitionists Captain Marryat is opposed. They cannot legally effect any thing, for the Congress has not the power to abolish slavery; it must emanate from each particular Slave-holding State. As yet, all that their violence and enthusiasm have done, is mischief. They have roused the slave-owners to corresponding violence, set them against all improvement of the Negroes, and, so far as they have influence, prevented all public discussion of their claims.

As regards the natural abolition or termination of slavery, Captain Marryat thinks, that free will supersede slave labour in the Eastern States in twenty or thirty years, if the Abolitionists will let the subject alone. The arable soil being in a measure exhausted, the staple growth is corn, hemp, and tobacco; upon the pasture lands stock is raised; the climate permits the Whites to work in the fields; the Negroes are more numerous than the demand for their labour requires; and the planters are anxious to get rid of slavery. Of the Western States he cannot attempt to prophecy. The yet unoccupied lands would employ three times the number of existing slaves; and as long as the increasing demand for cotton goes on, so long will slavery continue to exist and increase. The only chance he sees to check it, is for Great Britain to recognize Texas, on condition of their not establishing slavery; and, as, from the prevalence of the sea breezes, Whites can labour there, her fertile soil would beat the other States out of the market. This suggestion, however, is too remote and impracticable to build upon—too much like a scheme: we had better endeavour to increase the cotton crops of India. In the mean time, we suspect that the abolition of slavery in the Eastern entirely depends upon its check in the Western States. Till *that* take place, it will be maintained in the one as an *officina gentium* for the other. It may be true, as Captain Marryat says, that few breed slaves, or even sell them to the West; that many support their Negroes in idleness, rather than have recourse to the practice; and that some have been known to emigrate with their slaves, rather than sell them. But circumstances, should the demand increase, will be too strong for them: the more scrupulous will, as we have seen, emigrate to the West themselves; the others will be tempted into slave-breeders.

Any forcible result is not anticipated: the slaves in the Eastern States do not contemplate an insurrection, which indeed would be difficult, if not impossible to effect successfully: and as for a separation of the Union, the interests of the North are too closely concerned to render that likely.

We must briefly dismiss the remainder. The Language of America, Captain Marryat considers more uniform than at home, but not so good. The peculiarities, however, are less, from new coinings, than from words used in a new sense, or obsolete words. Of the former class, he gives many curious instances; but omits a singular though comprehensive term, which ought to have impressed itself on him, when the American broke into his bedroom on his fatiguing journey to Baltimore, with "Captain of all the *humans*, you are the one I most wish to see."

In Law, the author is scarcely at home. But he finds fault with the popular election of district judges, the low rate of their remuneration, and their indecorous, scarcely decent behaviour, on the bench; though of the profession generally he speaks well. They, with the officers of the army and navy, form the aristocracy of America. Lynch-law is sensibly treated in its origin; and really, in its present practice, *substantial* justice seems to be obtained, where any other justice is not to be had.

Of the Penitentiaries, the system of Philadelphia, where separate confinement with work is practised, Captain Marryat considers the best and most effectual; but there, as elsewhere, the dismissed criminal cannot live honestly. He has learned a trade; he may have reformed; but no one will employ him. The aversion of the Americans to capital punishments frequently facilitates the escape of the most atrocious criminals; yet, strange contradiction, they kill one another wholesale in duels; and at Augusta, in Georgia, fifty-nine assassinations took place in a year.

The Climate, Captain Marryat considers far from good,—going some way with the philosophers of the last century, who maintained that all animals degenerated in America. The extremes of heat and cold everywhere, the rapid changes in some places and the prevalence of miasma in others, undermine the general health, and induce various diseases—consumption, ague, bilious and other fevers, according to the exciting causes. Not alluding to Buffon's theory, he asserts that the Americans are physically inferior to the English, their stature becoming lankiness, and the best of them being narrow-chested. He also thinks it an *exciting* climate—he found he could not take so much wine or spirits as in England; and has no doubt that many new comers die from not attending to this circumstance. (We suspect, however, that all considerable change of air is exciting, more or less; it is a *modus curandi.*) As regards the South, the Americans hold the same opinion: a cautious, prudent Yankee, who emigrates Southwards, becomes as reckless and regardless of consequence as the people he lives among. But may not example have as much to do with this as atmosphere?

The remaining subjects, Education, Religion, and

Societies and Associations, we must pass for the present. Perhaps they will more aptly be touched upon in conjunction with the future volume on Government and Society.

From the Literary Examiner.

We prepared ourselves for as stupid a book as Captain Marryat could write. We were agreeably disappointed, as we venture to think other readers, who have sufficient faith to go on in spite of this introduction will also be. We found very little philosophical deduction, it is true, but there was no lack of shrewd observation. The "analysis of human nature" was decidedly deficient, but we were satisfied with a more than ordinary share of good sense, a plain and forcible style, here and there an interesting discussion, many sagacious remarks, and no small amount of general liveliness, picturesqueness, and pleasantry. We think, therefore, that Captain Marryat has written the most agreeable book we have yet had on the subject of America, while we can by no means think it the wisest or most philosophical. And though we are sorry to have to add that many of its remarks, thrown off with a casual and not uncandid air, take a sly and insidious direction—yet it is not a book of which the Americans can have any reason to complain. If it is true, and Captain Marryat's public statement can scarcely be founded on an erroneous impression, that the writer was personally insulted and annoyed "from one end of the Union to the other," and that generally he received from the Americans "much more of insult and outrage than of kindness," we can only admire, what they no doubt will wonder at still more, the general amount of temperate fairness it exhibits, in the midst of many not unreasonable sneers, and much natural discontent. We must observe, at the same time, in justice to the Americans as well as to Captain Marryat, that if the impression conveyed by the work is on the whole decidedly unfavourable to the New World and its citizens,—it yet contains a note which, though we do not arrive at it till we have arrived at the last page of the last volume, is charitably designed to suspend the working of any impression—whether against the book or its subject—that may have been in any way conveyed. "My task," says Captain Marryat in a piece of very imperfect English, "is still far from its termination. The most important parts of it—an examination into the American society and their government, and the conclusions to be drawn from the observations already made upon several subjects; in short, the working out of the problem, as it were—*is* still to be executed,—I must, therefore, claim for myself the indulgence of the public, and request that, in justice to the Americans, they will not decide until they have perused the second portion, with which I shall as speedily as I can wind up my observations upon the United States and their institutions."

Conceding this indulgence—which we have not thought due to an introduction expressly placed before this first portion of the work, and apparently designed for it exclusively—we shall take only such extracts as may serve to convey that kind of pleasant and agreeable, and by no means profound or philosophical effect, which the volumes before us are calculated to produce. The reader will thank us still more cordially than Captain Marryat, if we refrain from any remark on the shallow references (so plentifully scattered about) to the tendencies of republican institutions; or on the wonderful discovery, which the Captain thinks he has made, that America is in reality not a republic now, but a very impure democracy, and that consequently the great experiment of Washington and his immortal associates has, *pro tanto*, failed.

The best answer to all such remarks—and at once an interesting and a lively answer—the pages of Captain Maryat himself may supply.

"Ten years in America is almost equal to a century in the old continent. Now, you may pass through a wild forest, where the elk browses and the panther howls. In ten years that very forest, with its denizens, will, most likely, have disappeared, and in their place you will find towns with thousands of inhabitants; with arts, manufactures, and machinery, all in full activity.'

We have always thought it unfair, while a great country vouched its political greatness (even in a bad state of social transition) by such facts as these,—that the same rule of criticism should be applied to it in all nice points of usage, of literature, of customs or laws, as may perhaps be fairly applied when the passage of two hundred years shall have given her people some rest, some firm and stable possession of her conquered soil, some room for intellectual reflection and repose—but surely not with justice *until then*.

Some of the minor difficulties in the way of a correct appreciation of American habits and manners are well touched by Captain Marryat. A jealousy, for example, between the inhabitants of the different states and cities is thus described.

"The eastern states pronounce the southerners to be choleric, reckless, regardless of law, and indifferent as to religion: while the southerners designate the eastern states as a nursery of over-reaching pedlars, selling clocks and wooden nutmegs. This running into extremes is produced from the clashing of their interests as producers and manufacturers. Again, Boston turns up her erudite nose at New York. Philadelphia, in her pride, looks down upon both New York and Boston; while New York, chinking her dollars, swears the Bostonians are a parcel of puritanical prigs, and the Philadelphians a would-be aristocracy. A western man from Kentucky, when at Tremont House in Boston, begged me particularly not to pay attention to what they said of his state in that quarter. Both a Virginian and Tennessean, when I was at New York, did the same. At Boston, I was drinking champagne at a supper. 'Are you drinking champagne?' said a young Bostonian. 'That's New York—take claret; or, if you will drink champagne, pour it into a *green* glass, and they will think it *hock;* champagne's not right.' How are we to distinguish between right and wrong in this queer world? At New York, they do drink a great deal of champagne; it is the small beer of the dinner-table. Champagne becomes associated with New York, and therefore is not *right*. I will do the New Yorkers the justice to say, that as far as *drinks* are concerned, they are above prejudice; all's right with them, provided there is enough of it."

This subject receives further illustration in a remark on Mrs. Trollope and her American fortunes—

"A lady, who had long resided at Cincinnati, told me that they were not angry with Mrs. Trollope for having described the society which she saw, but for having asserted, that that was the best society: and she further remarked,—'It is fair to us that it should be understood that when Mrs. Trollope came here, she was quite unknown, except inasmuch as that she was a married woman, travelling without her husband. In a small society, as ours was, it was not surprising, therefore, that we should be cautious about receiving a lady who, in our opinion, was offending against *les bienseances*. Observe, *we do not accuse Mrs. Trollope of any impropriety;* but you must be aware how necessary it is, in this country, to be regardful of appearances, and how afraid every one is of their neighbour. Mrs. Trollope then took a cottage on the hill, and used to come down to the city to market, and to attend to the erection of her bazaar. I have now told you all that we know about her, and the reason why she did not receive those attentions, the omission of which caused her indignation.' I think it but fair that the lady's explanation should be given, as Mrs. Trollope is considered to have been very severe and very unjust by the inhabitants of Cincinnati. The fact is, that Mrs. Trollope's representation of the manners and customs of Cincinnati, at the period when she wrote, was probably more correct than the present inhabitants of the city will allow: *that it would be a libel upon the Cincinnatians of the present day is certain; whether it was one at the time she wrote, and the city was, comparatively speaking, in its infancy, is quite another affair.* However, one thing is certain, which is, that the Americans have quite forgiven Mrs. Trollope, and if she were again to cross the water, I think she would be well received. Her book made them laugh, though at their own expense; and the Americans, although appearances are certainly very much against it, are really, at the bottom, *a very good tempered people*."

We are not at all surprised, we must confess, at the following. It is the natural result of an English practice, which has been fashionable almost ever since the Declaration of Independence until now.

"I had not been three weeks in the country before I decided upon accepting no more invitations, even charily as they were made. I found that, although invited, my presence was a restraint upon the company; every one appeared afraid to speak; and when anything ludicrous occurred, the cry would be—'Oh, now, Captain Marryat, don't put that into your book.' More than once, when I happened to be in large parties, a question such as follows would be put to me by some 'free and enlightened individual:' 'Now, Captain M., I ask you before this company, and I trust you will give me a categorical answer, Are you, or are you not, about to write a book upon this country?' I hardly need observe to the English reader, that, under such circumstances, the restraint became mutual; I declined all further invitations, and adhered to this determination, as far as I could, without cause of offence, during my whole tour through the United States."

Another incident described by Captain Marryat in his subsequent rambles, exhibits still more strikingly the evil results of that ungenerous practice to which we have referred. We do not wonder at this American, and we can scarcely blame him. It may be said, it is true, that it is most unjust to conceal the truth and then make it matter of blame that the truth is not found out. But we must recollect that the countries have been unwisely placed—and chiefly, we regret to say, by our own countrymen—in a hostile and antagonistic position; and that it is not usual to give enemies in whom we have reason to suspect an ungenerous purpose—credit for an honest desire to ascertain the truth for any honest purpose. This American thought he had revealed his weakness to one who would take unfair advantage of it. In that case he had indeed "spoken too freely."

"As we tracked above the Oswego river, I fell into conversation with a very agreeable person, who had joined us at Syracuse. We conversed the whole day, and I obtained much valuable information from him about the country: when we parted, he expressed a wish that we should meet again. He gave me his name and address, and when I gave my card in return, he looked at it, and then said, 'I am most happy to make your acquaintance, sir; but I will confess that had I known with whom I had been conversing, I should not have *spoken so freely* upon certain points connected with the government and institutions of this country."

Captain Marryat does not differ from other travellers in his estimate of the American propensity to "go a-head."

"'*Go a-head*' is the real motto of the country; and every man does push on, to gain in advance of his neighbour. The American lives twice as long as others; for he does twice the work during the time that he lives. He begins life sooner: at fifteen he is considered a man, plunges into the stream of enterprize, floats and struggles with his fellows. In every trifle an American shows the value he puts upon time. He rises early, eats his meals with the rapidity of a wolf, and is the whole day at his business. If he be a merchant, his money, whatever it may amount to, is seldom invested; it is all floating—his accumulations remain active; and when he dies, his wealth has to be collected from the four quarters of the globe."

Another characteristic afterwards set down is the natural result of what we have just quoted.

"There is no part of the world, perhaps, where you have more difficulty in obtaining permission to be alone, and indulge in a reverie, than in America. The Americans are as gregarious as school-boys, and think it an incivility to leave you by yourself. Everything is done in crowds, and among a crowd. They even prefer a double bed to a single one, and I have often had the offer to sleep with me made out of real kindness. You must go 'east of sun-rise' (or west of sun-set) if you would have solitude."

The opinions promulgated in this work on the great question of slavery are not such as any conscientious and prudent friend of those who desire its abolition ought reasonably to object to. Some melancholy facts are stated—

"In Philadelphia the free coloured people are a very respectable class, and, in my opinion, quite as intelligent as the more humble of the free whites. I have been quite surprised to see them take out their pencils, write down and calculate with quickness and precision, and in every other point show great intelligence and keenness. In this city they are both numerous and wealthy. The most extravagant funeral I saw in Philadelphia was that of a black; the coaches were very numerous, as well as the pedestrians, who were all well dressed, and behaving with the utmost decorum. They were proceeded by a black clergyman, dressed in his full black silk canonicals. He did look very odd, I must confess. Singular is the degree of contempt and dislike in which the free blacks are held in all the free States of America. They are deprived of their rights as citizens; and the white pauper, who holds out his hand for charity (and there is no want of beggars in Philadelphia), will turn away from a negro, or coloured man, with disdain. It is the same thing in the Eastern States, notwithstanding their religious professions. In fact, in the United States, a negro, from his colour, and I believe his colour alone, is a degraded being. Is not this extraordinary, in a land which professes universal liberty, equality, and the rights of man?"

The few various and pleasant extracts with which we close our notice, are at once illustrative of American manners, and of Captain Marryat's mode of treating them.

ANECDOTES OF THE STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE.

"One of the officers who most distinguished himself in the struggle was a General Starke; and the following is the speech he is reported to have made to his men previous to an engagement:—'Now, my men, you see them ere Belgians; every man of them bought by the king of England at 17s. 6d. a-head, and I've a notion he's paid too dear for them. Now, my men, we either beats them this day, or Molly Starke's a widow, by G—d.' He did beat them, and in his despatch to head-quarters he wrote—'We've had a dreadful hot day of it, General, and Iv'e lost my horse, saddle and bridle and all.'—In those times, losing a *saddle* and *bridle* was as bad as losing a horse.—At the same affair, the captain commanding the outposts was very lame, and he thought proper thus to address his men:—'Now, my lads, you see we're only an out-post, and we are not expected to beat the whole army in face of as. The duty of an outpost, when the enemy comes on, is to go in, *treeing* it, and keeping ourselves not exposed. Now, you have my orders; and as I am a *little lame*, I'll go in first, and mind you do your duty and come in after me.'"

AN AMERICAN RAILROAD.

"The Utica railroad is one of the best in America; the eighty miles are performed in four hours and a half, stoppages for taking in water, passengers, and refreshments, included. The locomotive was of great power, and as it snorted along with a train of carriages of half a mile long in tow, it threw out such showers of fire, that we were constantly in danger of conflagration. The weather was too warm to admit of the windows being closed, and the ladies, assisted by the gentlemen, were constantly employed in putting out the sparks which settled on their clothes—the first time I ever heard ladies complain of having too many *sparks* about them. As the evening closed in we actually were whirled along through a stream of fiery threads—a beautiful, although humble imitation of the tail of a comet."

RED JACKET DRUNK AND RED JACKET SOBER.

"Red Jacket was a great chief and a great man, but like most of the Indians, he could not resist the temptations of alcohol, and was, during the latter part of his life very intemperate. When Red Jacket was sober, he was the proudest chief that ever walked, and never would communicate even with the highest of the American authorities but through his interpreter; but when intoxicated, he would speak English and French fluently, and then the proud Indian warrior, the most eloquent of his race, the last chief of the six nations, would demean himself by begging for a sixpence to buy more rum."

AMERICAN CANDOUR.

"I was amused by a reply given me by an American in office here. I asked him how much his office was worth, and his reply was six hundred dollars, besides *stealings*. This was, at all events, frank and honest; in England the word would have been softened down to perquisites. I afterwards found that it was a common expression in the States to say a place was worth so much besides cheatage."

INDIFFERENCE TO LIFE IN AMERICA.

"I witnessed, during my short stay here, that indifference to the destruction of life, so very remarkable in this country. The rail-car crushed the head of a child of about seven years old, as it was going into the engine-house; the other children ran to the father, a blacksmith, who was at work at his forge close by, crying out, 'Father, Billy killed.' The man put down his hammer, walked leisurely to where the boy lay, in a pool of his own blood, took up the body, and returned with it under his arm to his house. In a short time the hammer rang upon the anvil as before."

THE ENGLISH MINISTER AT WASHINGTON.

If anything were required to make Washington a more agreeable place than *it* is at all times, the arrival and subsequent conduct of Mr. Fox as British Ambassador would be sufficient. His marked attention to all the Americans of respectability; his *empressement* in returning the calls of English gentlemen who may happen to arrive: his open house; his munificent allowance, dedicated wholly to the giving of fêtes and dinner parties as his Sovereign's representative; and, above all, his excessive urbanity, can never be forgotten by those who have ever visited the Capitol.

INDIAN LOVE OF WHISKY.

"If an Indian of one tribe is killed by an Indian of another, the murderer is demanded, and must either be given up, or his life must be taken by his own tribe; if not, a feud between the two nations would be the inevitable result. It appeared that a young Menonomie, in a drunken fray, had killed a Winnebago, and the culprit was demanded by the head men of the Winnebago tribe. A council was held; and instead of the Menonnomie, the chiefs of the tribe offered them whisky. The Winnebagos could not resist the temptation; and it was agreed that ten gallons of whisky should be produced by the Menonnomies, to be drank by all parties over the grave of the deceased. The squaws of the Menonnomie tribe had to dig the grave, as is the custom,—a task of no little labour, as the ground was frozen hard several feet below the surface.

"The body was laid in the grave; the mother of the deceased, with the rest of the Winnebago squaws, howling over it, and denouncing vengeance against the murderer: but in a short time the whisky made its appearance, and they all set too to drink. In an hour they were all the best friends in the world, and all very drunk. The old squaw-mother was hugging the murderer of her son: and it was a scene of intoxication which, in the end, left the majority of the parties assembled, for a time, quite as dead as the man in the grave. Such are the effects of whisky upon these people, who have been destroyed much more rapidly by spirituous liquors than by all the wars which they have engaged in against the whites."

AFFECTING TRAIT OF INDIAN CHARACTER.

"A half-bred, of the name of Jack Frazer, came up with us in the steam-boat. He has been admitted into one of the bands of Sioux who live near the river, and is reckoned one of the bravest of their warriors. I counted twenty-eight notches on the handle of his tomahawk, every one denoting a scalp taken, and when dressed he wears eagle's feathers to that amount. He was a fine intellectual-looking man. I conversed with him through the interpreter, and he told me that the only man that he wished to kill was his *father*. On inquiring why, he replied that his father had broken his word with him; that he had promised to make a *white man* of him (that is, to have educated him, and brought him up in a civilized manner), and that he had left him a Sioux."

CINCINNATI—THE PORK-SHOP OF THE UNION.

"Almost all the hogs fed in the oak forests of Ohio, Kentucky, and Western Virginia, are driven into this city, and some establishments kill as many as fifteen hundred a day; at least so I am told. They are despatched in a way quite surprising; and a pig is killed upon the same principle as a pin is made,—by division, or more properly speaking, by combination of labour. The hogs confined in a large pen are driven into a smaller one: one man knocks them on the head with a sledge hammer, and then cuts their throats; two more pull away the carcase, when it is raised by two others, who tumble it into a tub of scalding water. His bristles are removed in about a minute and a half by another party; when the next duty is to fix a stretcher between his legs. It is then hoisted up by two other people, cut open, and disembowelled; and in three minutes and a half from the time that the hog was grunting in his obesity, he has only to get cold before he is again packed up, and reunited in a barrel, to travel all over the world."

A SCENE IN CONGRESS.

"One of the members of Congress once said, 'What the honourable gentleman has just asserted I consider as *catamount* to a denial.'—(catamount is the term given to a panther or lynx.)—'I presume,' replied his opponent, 'that the honourable gentleman means *tantamount*.'—'No, sir, I do not mean *tantamount*; I am not so ignorant of our language, not to be aware that *cata*mount and *tan*tamount are *an*onymous.'

A YANKEE DIALOGUE.

"Well now, I'll tell you—you know Marble Head?"—"Guess I do."—"Well, then, you know Sally Hackett."—"No, indeed."—"Not know Sally Hackett! Why she lives at Marble Head."—"Guess I don't."—"You don't mean to say that?" "Yes, indeed."—"And you really don't know Sally Hackett?"—"No, indeed."—"I guess you've heard talk of her?"—"No, indeed."—"Well, that's considerable odd. Now, I'll tell you—Ephrim Bagg, he that has the farm three miles from Marble Head—just as—but now, are you sure you don't know Sally Hackett?"—"No, indeed."—"Well, he's a pretty substantial man, and no mistake. He has got a heart as big as an ox, and everything else in proportion, I've a notion. He loves Sal, the worst kind; and if she gets up there, she'll think she has got to Palestine (Paradise); arn't she a screamer? I were thinking of Sal mysel, for I feel lonesome, and when I am thrown into my store promiscuous alone, I can tell you I have the blues, the worst kind, no mistake—I can tell you that. I always feel a kind o' queer when I sees Sal, but when I meet any of the other gals I am as calm and cool as the milky way," &c., &c.

A GONE 'COON.

"'I'm a gone 'coon' implies 'I am distressed—or ruined—or lost.' 'I once asked the origin of this expression, and was very gravely told as follows:—

"'There is a Captain Martin Scott in the United States army who is a remarkable shot with a rifle. He was raised, I believe, in Vermont. His fame was so considerable through the State, that even the animals were aware of it. He went out one morning with his rifle, and spying a Raccoon upon the upper branches of a high tree, brought his gun up to his shoulder; when the raccoon perceiving it, raised his paw up for a parley, 'I beg your pardon, mister,' said the raccoon, very politely; 'but may I ask you if your name is Scott?' 'Yes,' replied the Captain.—'*Martin* Scott?' continued the raccoon.—'Yes, replied the Captain.—'*Captain* Martin Scott?' still continued the animal,—'Yes, replied the Captain, "Captain Martin Scott." — 'Oh! then,' says the animal, 'I may just as well come down, for I'm a *Gone Coon!*"'

YANKEE CRITICISM ON YANKEE QUACKERY.

"Well, Abel, what d'ye think of our native genus, Mister Forrest?"—"Well, I don't go much to theatricals, that's a fact; but I do think *he piled the agony up a little too high* in that last scene."

From the Athenæum.

Weary of the Old World, the Captain resolved to be off to the New, that he might investigate human nature under novel combinations. His avowed object was, to examine and ascertain what were the effects of a democratic form of government and climate upon a people which, with all its foreign admixture, may still be considered as English: the result, however, is reserved for future publication. The present work consists of a Diary, in which the Captain appears but too happy to take the laughing side of the question, and to record every tale or anecdote, trait or incident, which may be made to bear on the commentaries subsequently offered in the form of Essays on Societies and Associations—Lynch Law—Education—Religion—Slavery—and other vexed questions. These Essays are written with care and ability, and are worthy of attentive consideration on both sides the Atlantic; but, for the present, we shall confine ourselves to the Diary. It opens capitally—the embarkation is worthy of Peter Simple himself: but we must proceed at once to America, and skim lightly over the journal for such matters as are likely to afford amusement.

The Captain arrived at New York during the mercantile crisis of 1837, when the banks had all stopped payment in specie, and canals, railroads, and all public works, were suspended. The state of anxiety which then prevailed is well known, and well described by the Captain; but we shall concern ourselves only with the illustrative anecdotes, which, though gleaned, we suspect, from the public papers, and apocryphal of course, serve their purpose just as well as if true—that is, they will raise a laugh:—

"The Americans delight in the hyperbole; in fact, they hardly have a metaphor without it. During this crash, when every day fifteen or twenty merchants' names appeared in the newspapers as bankrupts, one party, not in a very good humour, was hastening down Broadway, when he was run against by another, whose temper was equally unamiable. This collision roused the choler of both.—'What do you mean, sir?' cried one; 'Ive a great mind to knock you into *the middle of next week*.'—This occurring on a Saturday, the wrath of the other was checked by the recollection of how very favourable such a blow would be to his present circumstances. 'Will you! then pray do; it's just the thing I want, for how else I am to get over next Monday, and the acceptances I must take up, is more than I can tell."

The Captain honestly forewarns the reader of his political principles. Thus, he tells us at starting, that there is "a great want of moral principles in all Radicals," and that Redicalism is but the "lower deep" of democracy. In proof, he tells us—

"I was watching the swarming multitude in Wall Street this morning, when one of these fellows was declaiming against the banks for stopping specie payments, and 'robbing a poor man in such a *willanous* manner,' when one of the merchants, who appeared to know his customer, said to him—'Well, as you say, it is hard for a poor fellow like you not to be able to get dollars for his notes; hand them out, and I'll give you specie for them myself!" The blackguard had not a cent in his pocket, and walked away, looking very foolish. He reminded me of a little chimney-sweeper at the Tower Hamlets election, asking—'Vot vos my hopinions about primaginitur?'—a very important point to him certainly, he having no parents, and having been brought up by the parish. 'They may say the times are bad,' said a young American to me, 'but I think that they are excellent. A twenty dollar note used to last me but a week, but now it is as good as Fortunatus's purse, which was never empty. I eat my dinner at the hotel, and show them my twenty dollar note. The landlord turns away from it, as if it were the head of Medusa, and begs that I will pay another time. I buy everything that I want, and I have only to offer my twenty dollar note in payment, and my credit is unbounded—that is, for any sum under twenty dollars. If they ever do give change again New York, it will make a very unfortunate change in my affairs.' * *

The Captain gives us some curious proofs of the extent to which speculation had been carried, especially in land, prior to this great crash; and some equally curious reasons for the numberless fires in New York; among others, houses, it appears, are set fire to by "agents employed by the fire insurance companies," as a punishment or warning! This, however, the Captain does not vouch for, although bound in conscience to mention it as an assigned cause. He now started on a trip up the Hudson:—

"The American steam-boats have been often described. When I first saw one of the largest sweep round the battery, with her two decks, the upper one screened with snow-white awnings—the gay dresses of the ladies—the variety of colours—it reminded me of a floating garden, and I fancied that Isola Bella, on the Lake of Como, had got under weigh, and made the first steam voyage to America."

We do not find anything very novel in his account of this trip, except indeed a genuine Yankee anecdote:—

"I was enquiring," says the Captain, "if the Hudson was frozen up or not during the winter? This led to a conversation as to the severity of the winter, when one man, by way of proving how cold it was, said—'Why, I had a cow on my lot up the river, and last winter she got in among the ice, and was carried down three miles before we could get her out again. The consequence has been that she has milked nothing but *ice-creams* ever since.'" N [illegible] Churchyard

The Captain next proceeded to Boston, and performed the distance, 240 miles, by steam-boat and railroad, in fifteen hours. He was startled, it appears, to find, that in one instance the sleepers of the railway were laid over the sleepers in death; or, in other words, that the railroad had been carried through a churchyard; and he intimates, that no engineer would have dared to propose such a line in England! Indeed, then how came Duncannon Street in its present position?—how did we get a great leading thoroughfare from Pall Mall East to the Strand?—for most people remember when St. Martin's churchyard occupied that spot, and was so crowded with bodies, that it stood some ten or dozen feet above the level of St. Martin's Lane.

The 4th of July serves as text to a pleasant chapter; the subject, however, wants novelty; it has been humorously treated by many former travellers. The Captain now starts for the Lakes, visiting on his route the Shaker settlement at Niskaquna, Saratoga Springs, Trenton Falls, all well known.

"Returning to Utica," says the Captain, "I fell in with a horse bridled and saddled, that was taking his way home without his master, every now and then cropping the grass at the road side, and then walking on in a most independent manner. His master had given him a certificate of leave, by chalking in large letters on the saddle-flaps on each side, '*Let him go.*' This was a very primitive proceeding; but I am not quite sure that it could be ventured upon in Yorkshire, or in Virginia either, where they know a good horse, and are particularly careful of it. It is a fact, that wherever they breed horses they invariably learn to steal them."

Niagara offers nothing new. The Captain tells us, as we have been told by fifty other people, that the Americans affect to be excessively refined in their language, and therefore never use certain plain intelligible words. In proof, he says—

"When at Niagara Falls, I was escorting a young lady with whom I was on friendly terms. She had been standing on a piece of rock, the better to view the scene, when she slipped down, and was evidently hurt by the fall; she had in fact grazed her shin. As she limped a little in walking home, I said, 'Did you hurt your leg much.' She turned from me, evidently much shocked, or much offended; and not being aware that I had committed any very heinous offence, I begged to know what was the reason of her displeasure. After some hesitation, she said that as she knew me well, she would tell me that the word *leg* was never mentioned before ladies. I apologized for my want of refinement, which was attributable to my having been accustomed only to *English* society, and added, that as such articles must occasionally be referred to, even in the most polite circles of America, perhaps she would inform me by what name I might mention them without shocking the company. Her reply was, that the word *limb* was used; 'nay,' continued she, 'I am not so particular as some people are, for I know those who always say limb of a table, or limb of a piano-forte.' There the conversation dropped; but a few months afterwards I was obliged to acknowledge that the young lady was correct when she asserted that some people were more particular even than she was. I was requested by a lady to escort her to a seminary for young ladies, and on being ushered into the reception-room, conceive my astonishment at beholding a square piano-forte with four *limbs*. However, that the ladies who visited their daughters, might feel in its full force the extreme delicacy of the mistress of the establishment, and her care to preserve in their utmost purity the ideas of the young ladies under her charge, she had dressed all these four limbs in modest little trousers, with frills at the bottom of them!"

The story is a good story—but much depends on the manner of telling it; and it is hardly worth while, perhaps, to remind the Captain, that he must have seen in the best parlour of many a good old English country housewife, every article of furniture, limbs and all, clothed after this fashion.

At Toronto, the Captain was visited by a brother author, who sent several specimens of his poetry: "stating the remarkable fact, that he had never written a verse until he was past forty-five, and that, as to the unfair accusation of his having plagiarised Byron, it was not true, for he had never read Byron in his life." The Captain gives the following as a printed specimen of the poems:

From the Regard the Author has for the LADIES of TORONTO, he presents them with the following

ODE.

To the Ladies of the City of Toronto.

How famed is our city
  For the beauty and talents
Of our ladies, that's pretty
  And *chaste* in their *sentiments*.

The ladies of Toronto
  Are fine, noble, and charming,
And are a great memento
  To all, most fascinating.

Our ladies are the best kind,
  Of all others the most fine;
In their manners and their minds
  Most refined and *genuine*.

We are proud of our ladies,
  For they are superior
To all other beauties,
  And others are inferior.

How favoured is our land
  To be honoured with the fair,
That is so majestic grand!
  And to please them is our care.

Who would not choose them before
  All others that's to be found,
And think of others no more?
  Their like is not in the world round.

TORONTO, 21st Jan. 1837. T. S.

When steaming from Buffalo to Detroit, the boat—

"Stopped at Dunkirk to put some emigrants on shore. As they were landing I watched them carefully counting over their little property, from the iron teakettle to the heavy chest. It was their whole fortune and invaluable to them; the nest-egg by which, with industry, their children were to rise to affluence. They remained on the wharf as we shoved off, and no wonder that they seemed embarassed and at a loss. There was the baby in the cradle, the young children holding fast to their mother's skirt, while the elder had seated themselves on a log, and watched the departure of the steam-vessel;—the bedding, cooking utensils, &c., all lying in confusion, and all to be housed before night. Weary did they look, and weary indeed they were, and most joyful would they be when they at last should gain their resting-place. It appears from the reports sent in, that upwards of 100,000 emigrants pass to the west every year by the route of the Lakes, of which it is estimated that about 30,000 are from Europe, the remainder emigrating from the eastern States of the Union."

On another occasion, we have a picture of an emigrant family, which, though it must amuse, will as certainly interest the reader:—

"Once more on board of the Michigan, one of the best vessels on Lake Erie; as usual, full of emigrants, chiefly Irish. It is impossible not to feel compassion for these poor people, wearied as they are with confinement and suffering, and yet they do compose occasionally about as laughable a group as can well be conceived. In the first place, they bring out with them from Ireland articles which no other people would consider worth the carriage. I saw one Irish woman who had five old tin tea-pots; there was but one spout among the whole, and I believe not one bottom really sound and good. And then their costumes, more particularly the fitting out of the children, who are not troubled with any extra supply of clothes at any time! I have witnessed the seat of an old pair of corduroy trowsers transformed into a sort of bonnet for a laughing fair-haired girl. But what amused me more was the very reverse of this arrangement: a boy's father had just put a patch upon the hinder part of his son's trowsers, and cloth not being at hand, he had, as an expedient for stopping the gap, inserted a piece of old straw bonnet; in so doing he had not taken the precaution to put the smooth side of the plait inwards, and, in consequence, young Teddy when he first sat down felt rather uncomfortable. 'What's the matter wid ye, Teddy; what makes you wriggle about in that way? Sit aisy, man; sure enough, havn't ye a straw-bottomed chair to sit down upon all the rest of your journey, which is more than your father ever had before you.'"

At Windsor, opposite Detroit, the Captain was laid up with a fever:—

"I had been in bed (he says,) three days when my landlady came into the room. 'Well,' captain, how do you find yourself by this time?'—'Oh, I am a little better, thank you,' replied I.—'Well, I am glad of it, because I want to whitewash your room; for if the coloured man stops to do it to-morrow he'll be for charging us another quarter of a dollar.' 'But I am not able to leave my room.'—'Well, then I'll speak to him; I dare say he wont mind your being in bed while he whitewashes."

Of Detroit he observes—

"There is not a paved street in it, or even a footpath for a pedestrian. In winter, in rainy weather you are up to you knees in mud; in summer invisible from dust: indeed until lately, there was not a practicable road for thirty miles round Detroit. The muddy and impassable state of the streets has given rise to a very curious system of making morning or evening calls. A small one horse cart is backed against the door of a house; the ladies dressed get into it, and seat themselves upon a buffalo-skin at the bottom of it; they are carried to the residence of the party upon whom they wish to call, the cart is backed in again, and they are landed dry and clean. An old inhabitant of Detroit complained to me that people were now getting so proud, that many of them refused to visit in that way any longer. But owing to the rise of the other towns on the lake, the great increase of commerce, and Michigan having been admitted as a State into the Union, with Detroit as its capital, a large Eastern population has now poured into it, and Detroit will soon present an appearance very different from its present, and become one of the most flourishing cities of America. Within these last six years it has increased its population from two to ten thousand. The climate here is the very best in America, although the State itself is unhealthy. The land near the town is fertile. A railroad from Detroit already extends thirty miles through the State; and now that the work has commenced, it will be carried on with the usual energy of the Americans."

In speaking of these new towns, Capt. Marryat warns the reader, that—

"If he compares them with the country towns of the same population in England, he will not do them justice. In the smaller towns of England you can procure but little, and you have to send to London for anything good: in the larger towns, such as Norwich, &c.' you may procure most things; but, still, luxuries must usually be obtained from the metropolis. But in such places as Buffalo and Cleaveland, every-thing is to be had that you can procure at New York or Boston. In those two towns on Lake Erie are stores better furnished, and handsomer, than any shops at Norwich, in England; and you will find in either of them articles for which, at Norwich, you would be obliged to send to London. It is the same thing at almost every town in America with which communication is easy. Would you furnish a house in one of them, you will find every article of furniture—carpets, stoves, grates, marble chimney-pieces, pier-glasses, pianos, lamps, candelabra, glass, china, &c., in twice the quantity, and in greater variety, than at any provincial town in England. This arises from the system of credit extended through every vein and artery of the country, and by which English goods are forced, as if with a force-pump, into every available depot in the Union; and thus, in a town so newly raised, that the stumps of the forest-trees are not only still surrounding the houses, but remain standing in the cellars, you will find every luxury that can be required. It may be asked, what becomes of all these goods? It must be recollected that hundreds of new houses spring up every year in the towns, and that the surrounding country is populous and wealthy. In the farm houses—mean looking and often built of logs—is to be found not only comfort, but very often luxury."

On leaving Detroit, the Captain proceeded to Mackinaw, passing through Lakes Clare and Huron. Miss Martineau, he tells us, has not been too lavish of her praises of Mackinaw:—

"It has the appearance of a fairy isle floating on the water, which is so pure and transparent that you may see down to almost any depth; and the air above is as pure as the water, so that you feel invigorated as you breathe it. The first reminiscence brought to my mind after I had landed, was the description by Walter Scott of the island and residence of Magnus Troil and his daughters Minna and Brenda, in the novel of the 'Pirate.' The low buildings, long stores, and outhouses full of nets, barrels, masts, sails, and cordage; the abundance of fish lying about; the rafters of the houses laden with dried and smoked meat; and the full and jolly proportions of most of the inhabitants, who would have rivalled Scott's worthy in height and obesity, immediately struck my eye; and I might have imagined myself transported to the Shetland isle, had it not been for the lodges of the Indians on the beach, and the Indians themselves either running about, or lying stripped in the porches before the whiskey stores. I inquired of one of the islanders, why all the white residents were generally such large portly men, which they are at a very early age; he replied, 'We have good air, good water, and what we eat agrees with us.' This was very conclusive. I enquired of another, if people lived to a good old age in the island; his reply was quite American—'I guess they do; if people want to die, they can't die here—they're obliged to go elsewhere.' Wandering among the Indian lodges (wigwams is a term not used now-a-days), I heard a sort of flute played in one of them, and I entered. The young Indian who was blowing on it, handed it to me. It was an imperfect instrument, something between a flute and a clarionet, but the sound which it gave out was soft and musical. An islander informed me that it was the only sort of musical instrument which the Northern tribes possessed, and that it was played upon by the young men only when they were *in love*. I suspected at first that he was bantering me, but I afterwards found that what he said was true. The young Indian must have been very deeply smitten, for he continued to play all day and all night, during the time that I was there.

"If music be the food of love, play on."

With Sault St. Marie he is equally well pleased—

"It was a lovely morning; not a breath of air stirred the wide expanse of the Huron, as far as the eye could scan; and the canoe, as it floated alongside of the landing-place, appeared as if it were poised in the air, no light did it float, and so clear and transparent are these northern waters. We started, and in two hours arrived at Goose Island, unpoetical in its name, but in itself full of beauty. As you stand on the beach, you can look down through the warer on to the shelving bottom, bright with its variety of pebbles, and trace it almost as far off as if it had not been covered with water at all. The island was small, but gay as the gayest of parterres, covered with the sweet wild rose in full bloom (certainly the most fragrant rose in the world), blue campanelles, yellow exeranthemums, and white ox-eyed daisies.—Underneath there was a perfect carpet of strawberries, ripe and inviting you to eat them."

The landlord here was not in the best possible humour. Some publishing traveller, it appears, had pushed his inquiries as far even as Sault St. Marie's, and has abused his beds and furniture. The Captain protests against this sort of hasty censure:—

"The house (he observes) was not an inn nor, indeed, did it pretend to be one, but the fare was good and well cooked, and you were waited upon by the host's two pretty modest daughters—not only pretty, but well-informed girls; and, considering that this village is the Ultima Thule of this portion of America, I think that a traveller might have been very well content with things as they were. In two instances, I found in'the log- houses of this village complete editions of Lord Byron's works. Sault St. Marie contains, perhaps, fifty houses, mostly built of logs, and has a palissade put up to repel any attack of the Indians. * * The majority of the inhabitants are half breeds. It is remarkable that the females generally improve, and the males degenerate, from the mixture of blood. Indian wives are here preferred to white, and perhaps with reason—they make the best wives for poor men; they labour hard never complain, and a day of severe toil is amply recompensed by a smile from their lord and master in the evening. They are always faithful and devoted, and very sparing of their talk, all of which qualities are considered as recommendations in this part of the world."

The Captain now proceeds by Lake Ontario to Vermont, and endeavours to beguile the way with anecdotes and sketches of manners, neither very good nor very new. On setting foot in Connecticut, the Pilgrim Fathers awaken all his indignation. Whether the Blue Laws are still in force, he knows not, but as he could not discover that they had ever been repealed, he favours the reader with a whole chapter of extract and commentary. As we hope to have an early and a better occasion to speak on this subject, we shall here merely observe, that it is not very extraordinary that religious liberty was not well understood in New England centuries before it was understood in Old England—that it is not very extraordinary that an associated body of religious men, who had gone out from their homes, their families, and from civilization itself, into the unknown wilderness, that they might establish institutions according to their own views, should exclude from authority and civil rights all who were not in church fellowship with them, two centuries before England repealed her laws of exclusion against Catholics and Dissenters—and when the Captain, or his friend Buffum the hatter, tells us that the Quakers were banished by the Pilgrim Fathers "because they would not go out and shoot the Indians," we are inclined to ask him whether he is really ignorant of the fact, that the Quakers of those days attacked the rights and freedom of all other people—outraged common decency—men, and women too, going naked as they were born about the streets, and into places of worship, denouncing judgment, as they called it;—and that the error of the fathers was, that they did not restrain and punish them for their actions instead of their opinions—for violating the rights of others—outraging public decency, and disturbing the public peace, and not for heresy.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

In early youth before us walked
  An angel through the land;
Who of the radiant future talked,
  And beckoned with white hand.
"O follow! round my path," she cried,
  "Life's fairest flowers appear:
Sweets by glad fingers scattered wild—
  Felicity is here!"

Alas? too happily unwise,
  We took bright hope for truth—
And overpassed with heedless eyes
  The paradise of youth.
Whatever good to man could fall,
  Seemed, in the coming time,
As by some spell, concentered all
  In manhood's kingly prime.

To manhood grown—we looked around
  Expecting to rejoice,
And there the first surprised, we found,
  The past had then a voice.
We turned to the departed days,
  Bewildered and aghast,
And saw, through memory's purple haze,
  The angel of the past.

On that high eminence we felt,
  From manhood's summit cold,
Away the georgeous visions melt
  Youth gloried to behold.
Whilst all youth's region, far below,
  Shone out, to wondering eyes,
More bright than with Hope's heavenly bow,
  All rich with orient dyes.

How blank and dreary was that mount,
  With far-off promise sweet,
Nor flowers were found, nor bubbling fount,
  Nor track of angel-feet.
Whatever it could boast of bright
  On desolation cast;
The heavenly light which gilt that height,
  Fell on it from the past.

Far round we looked, behind, before,
  Thus high in manhood's prime;
With sad regrets for seasons o'er—
  Strange fears for coming time.
To faded Hope were added now
  Yet other pilgrims twain,
Bright Memory with saddening brow,
  And sorrow-breathing Pain.

The past, with dews of sorrows wet,
  Clear-seen, or undefined,
The mighty empire of regret,
  Possessed the pensive mind.
By hope deluded—this alone
  Remained to us at last,
Through memory were we wiser grown,
  That angel of tho Past.

RICHARD HOWITT.

A SABBATH AMONG THE APPENINES.

From an article in Blackwood, entitled, "*Christopher in his Alcove.*"

"It is his own. His Sabbath day,
His voice is busy in my heart—
I must from earthly thoughts away,
And go to muse with him apart!
Tho' in my soul the weight of woe,
And on my brow the lines of care,
He would not now his grace bestow,
Did he design to spurn my prayer.

"The hills that hem this little dell,
And rear their wooden forms on high,
Alike their summer beams repel,
And bid afar the wintry sky—
Where Solitude hath framed a bower,
And shade hath spread her noon-tide night,
He comes to fill the lonely hour,
He shines, and where He shines, 'tis light,

"My roving soul He bids me bound
Within the scene of sky and grove,
Here own the marks of holy ground,
Here meet the objects of his love;
Tho' hushed the chimes of Sabbath praise,
And not a track of man appear—
The Lord himself a shrine shall raise,
Nor lack a Sabbath service here.

"These clustering trunks of stately trees,
Like columns of some Gothic aisle,
Rise, undisturb'd by summer breeze,
A God-framed, God-accepted pile!
Here may I bend th' uncovered head,
Fresh homage to my Master swear,
Since here a chequer'd couch is spread,
For foot of praise, or knee of prayer.

"Nor lonely is my duty paid,
Though to the eye of man alone;
For many a hand is stretch'd to aid,
And bear my offerings to the throne.
Around the lowly altar stand,
With ear attent, and heav'nward eye,
A thronging, bright angelic band,
To waft my incense to the sky.

"For Faith is here, though weak and frail,
And tottering with infantine feet,
Her voice is strong her Lord to hail,
And firm she grasps the mercy-seat:
And Love, that like a sister clings,
With eye as clear as beam of day,
And ardent Hope, with fluttering wings,
All restless in her cage of clay.

"And who is she that shrinks behind
With so serene and sweet a smile,
And finger raised, lest some rude wind
Should murmur though the leafy aisle,
Leading yon sylph in silken band,
Who hides her face beneath her wings!
'Tis Peace, with her own olive wand,
And Joy, who shades the bliss she brings.

"And nearer to my station crowd,
In vesture stained with many a tear,
Pale sorrow, 'neath her sister Fear:
And many more to memory known,
Heart linked to heart and hand to hand:
How can I deem myself alone,
So blest, 'mid such a goodly band!

They know each want, they know each grief,
They throng with me His mercy's throne,
With me they kneel to urge relief,
My nearest woes they claim their own:
They cheer my soul with many a sigh,
Each doubt repress, and hush each fear;
Sweet smile in every smile of mine,
And weep in every gushing tear.

"One is our object—one our aim,
Whene'er a sacred rite I pray;
They own with me the Saviour's name,
They own with me the Saviour's day!
While they my feeble service share,
Here it is good for me to be;
Each spot becomes a house of prayer,
Each day a Sabbath-day to me."

From the Retrospective Review.

LAZARILLO DE TORMES.

The Life and Adventures of Lazarillo Gonsales, surnamed de Tormes. Written by himself. Translated from the original Spanish. In two parts: 12mo. 19th Edition; London, 1777.

This is one of the amusing histories of Spanish roguery; and, in gratitude for the entertainment Lazarillo has afforded us, we intend to devote a few pages to him. It may be thought that we are easily pleased, and if it be so, we are rather disposed to consider it as an advantage than otherwise. We would rather belong to that class which

> "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing;"

than be enrolled in the ranks of those critics, who can find a blot in every author's scutcheon, and whose chief pleasure is to be displeased. We would by our own will, have the critic, were his knowledge as ample and comprehensive as the "casing air," as pliant and impressible. We think it no proof of a man's wisdom, or of his knowledge, to be niggardly of praise, and, like a certain insect, to pass over that which is good to light upon that which is unsound and worthless. But so it is—

> "The bee and spider, by a diverse power,
> Suck honey and poison from the self-same flow'r.'

While some read for information, many read for amusement, but both objects have the same tendency—the increase of human happiness; and the power of enjoyment is the greatest proof of wisdom.—This little work will perhaps be thought by some of a low and trifling nature; but it is the first of a race of comic romances, which have added to the innocent delight of thousands. Indeed, for wit, spirit, and inexhaustible resources in all emergencies, there is nothing like your Spanish rogue; he is the very pattern of a good knave, the perfection of trickery. Foul weather or fair, it is much the same to him; in winter or summer he is ever blithe and jocund. If his face be as plump and bright as the orange of his own Seville, he is not without its tartness; and if he be as lean and sunken as an apple kept over the spring time, he can laugh with the season. In fact, he is never out of season; for if we have a black cloud on one side of the hill, there is sunshine on the other. He is the true Spanish blade, sharp and well tempered. And then for his plots and shifts, and pleasant adventures, there is no end to them, they are countless. Of all rogues, the Spanish is, after all, the only agreeable companion. A French rogue is nothing to him; and your Jeremy Sharpes and Meriton Latroons are mere dullards in the comparison. The first is but a mechanical sharper, and the others are indecent blackguards.—They are bread without salt—mere animal matter without soul. We would not, however, for the world, depreciate our old acquaintance *Gil Blas*, a book which we cannot leave without regret, whenever we dip into it; but he is, in reality, nothing more nor less than a Spanish rogue. Spain gave him birth and furnished his adventures. Nor would we say any thing against that pleasantly extravagant book, the "*Comic Romance*" of Scarron, which has more of the English cast of humor, than any other work of the same country that we are acquainted with. As to those eminent individuals who first figure at Tyburn, and then in the "*Newgate Calendar*," there is too much of reality in their deeds; and besides, they present, with the dreadful inadequacy and inequality of their punishments, a too uniformly sanguinary and gloomy picture for us to introduce here. But the Spanish rogue is too light for the gallows—"hemp was not sown for him." And we escape with gladness from the reflections which were just awakening in our minds, to the more immediate object of this article.—What depth of knowledge and acuteness of observation do the Spanish "*Lives*" and "*Adventures*" display; and what a fund of wisdom is mingled with their rogueries, as in the *Gusman de Alfarache*, for instance, the most celebrated of all Lazarillo's successors, and which will form the subject of an article in one of our future numbers. Books of this description have, some how or other, obtained an uncommon degree of popularity; and, judging from the number of editions through which the book before us has passed, it has received its share. For ourselves, we can say, with truth, they have beguiled us of many an hour, which would otherwise have been wearisome; and we can still turn from perusing, in the pages of the historian, the graver knaveries of "your rich thieves, such as ride on their foot-cloathes of velvet, that hang their horses with hangings of tissue and costly arras, and cover the floors of their chambers with gold and silk, and curious Turkey carpets—who live bravely, upheld by their reputation, graced by their power, and favoured by flattery,"*—and divert ourselves with the more ingenious and less fatal tricks of the vulgar hero, who commenced his youthful career by leading a blind beggar. Lazarillo, however, is a low and wretched rogue—he has neither the genius, nor the ambition, to figure in a higher sphere than that in which he was bred—he neither possesses the various and versatile inventions, or embarks in the intricate and impudent plots of Gusman, nor meets with the romantic adventures or arrives at the dignity of Gil Blas. In short, Lazarillo is not a professed or finished Sharper, but is more the victim of the knavery of others, than a knave himself.—Some of the scenes are of the sombre cast, but relieved by the usual quaintness, liveliness, and spirit of enjoyment, of the Spanish writers.—Lazarillo, in his greatest straights, loses not his good humour.

Than his first master, the devil never hatched an archer or cunninger old fellow—he had more prayers by heart, than all the blind men of Spain—and, for his guide's misfortune, was as stingy and avaricious, as he was cunning.—Our Lazarillo was half starved to death by him, and obliged to exert his utmost ingenuity to extract a portion of his master's provisions. One of his expedients will be found in the ensuing extract.

"At meals, the blind old man used always to keep his wine in an earthen mug, which he set between his legs, from whence I used, as often as I could, to move it slily to my head, and after giving it a hearty kiss, returned it to the place from whence it came. But my master being as cunning as I was sly, and finding his draughts were shortened, after that, always held the mug by the handle.

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* Gusman de Alfarache.

"That new precaution proved but a whet to my industry; for by means of a reed, one end of which I put into the pot, I used to drink with more satisfaction and convenience than before; till the traitor, I suppose, hearing me suck, rendered my darling machine useless, by keeping one hand upon the mouth of the can.

"Used to wine as I then was, I could more easily have dispensed with my shirt; and that exigency put me upon a fresh invention of making a hole near the bottom of the mug, which, stopping with a little wax, at dinner-time I took the opportunity to tap the can, and getting my head between the old man's legs, received into my mouth the delicious juice with all the decency imaginable. So that the old man, not knowing to what he should impute the continual leakage of his liquor, used to swear and domineer, wishing both the wine and the pot were at the devil.

"You won't accuse me any more, I hope (cried I) of drinking your wine, after all the fine precautions you have taken to prevent it.—To that he said not a word; but feeling all about the pot, he at last unluckily discovered the hole, which cunningly dissembling at that time, he let me alone, till next day at dinner, not dreaming, God knows, of the old man's malicious intention, but getting in between his legs, according to my wonted custom, receiving into my mouth the distilling dew, and pleasing myself with the success of my own ingenuity, my eyes upward, but half shut, the furious tyrant, taking up the sweet but hard pot with both his hands, flung it down again with all his force upon my face; by the violence of which blow, imagining the house had fallen upon my head, I lay sprawling without any sentiment or judgement, my forehead, nose, and mouth, gushing out with blood, and the latter full of broken teeth and broken pieces of the can.

"From that time forward I ever abominated the monstrous old churl, and in spite of all his flattering stories, could easily observe how my punishment tickled the old rogue's fancy.

"He washed my sores with wine, and with a smile, what sayest thou (quoth he) Lazarillo: the thing that hurt thee, now restores thee health? Courage, my boy!—But all his raillery could not make me change my mind."

For this castigation Lazarillo afterwards took an opportunity of amply revenging himself. The blind man, greedy as he was, in comparison with the priest, our hero's next master, was a prodigal. The whole stock of provisions, accessible to the unfortunate adventurer, was a rope of onions, of which he was allowed one every four days.—The priest exercised his skill in arithmetic so rigidly in the store-room, that Lazarillo never exceeded the quartidian allowance with impunity. There were occasions, indeed, on which he contrived to lay in a good meal, and that happened whenever there was a funeral in the parish, so that it was his earnest prayer, morning and evening, that God would call unto his rest one of their parishioners at least every day. And he proceeds—

"When we went to carry the holy unction to any of the parishioners, the priest needed not bid me pray for the sick person; I was of my own accord sufficiently inclined to do that, earnestly desiring (not as the custom is, that he would dispose of them according to his holy will, but) that they might speedily be received into Paradise; and if, after that, it happened that any body recovered (Lord pardon me for it!) I wished them at the Devil with all my heart: whereas I accompanied with a thousand benedictions the corpse of those who peaceably left the world, and by their departure entitled me to a lusty supper."

There was an old antique chest, in which the priest carefully deposited the sacrament-bread for his own peculiar use. This he kept so fast locked up, and was so cunning withal, that Lazarillo with all his expedients could not for a long time circumvent a single morsel of it.

At length, fortune smiled upon him.

"But for all those reasons of policy, it was a hard matter for me to resist much longer the cruellest enemy of mankind, hunger. But not knowing how to better myself, while I was contriving some means for my evasion, one day, the priest being out of doors, a tinker came to mend pots and kettles (if I may not rather call him an angel in disguise, sent by heaven to deliver me from all my misery and sorrow.)—When he asked me, whether we had anything to mend? Alas! friend, (quoth I) if you could mend what's amiss with me, you should have work enough. But having no time to lose, master (quoth I) I have lost the key of yonder great trunk, and the priest will break my bones; for God's sake, see if, amongst all them you have got about you, there be never a one that will serve my turn! You would do me a great service, and I would pay you thankfully for it.

"The compassionate tinker, without any more ado, began to try his keys, and when I was just past all hopes of succeeding (my most fervent prayers not being wanting) I was of a sudden overjoyed to see the curate's trunk fly open.

"That sight was like the opening of heaven to me, when I set my eyes upon the loaves that were shut up in it. I told the tinker I had no money to give him, but that he might pay himself in bread: upon which he chose the best loaf he could see, and, leaving me the key, went away very contentedly, but not half so overjoyed as I.

"However, I meddled with nothing that night, being too much afraid the tinker's loaf might be missed; and besides that, when I had so great a treasure in my power, my hunger abated with my plenty, and I was persuaded it never durst assault me more. The priest came back in the evening, and, as good luck would have it, did not miss his loaf.

"He was no sooner out of doors next morning, but away I went to the blessed chest, and seizing one of the holy loaves, it became invisible in less time than you could say two pater nosters; that done, I carefully locked the chest, and began sweeping the room with so light a heart, that I fancied, with my cunning invention, I should live very happily in time to come. This joy lasted all that day and the next, but my cursed stars thought that long enough for me to be easy at a time.

"The very third morning after I had found out that noble invention, my devilish master began to search up and down his chest, and reckon his loaves over and over again. That cruel search put me in a panic fear, and I heartily recommended myself to God and all the saints—O blessed St. John (quoth I,) O sweet St. Anthony, confound his memory, or put out his eyes!

"When he had spent three quarters of an hour in counting upon his fingers the number of the loaves, and the days on which they had been given, If this chest (said the miser) had been in any other place, I should have thought that some of my bread was stolen; but I shall take care to keep so strict an account in time to come, that I shall know better what to think. There's now nine and a broken one.

"Ninety millions of maledictions light upon your churlish head! muttered I in my teeth, thinking I saw my heart's blood gushing out when I heard these words; for the prospect of the old diet, to which I was about to return, made me sensible of all the horrors of my future hunger before I felt it.

"He went out soon after, and I as soon returned to the contemplation of the dear forbidden chest, and throwing myself upon my knees before the loaves, I counted them with my fingers' ends, in hopes the devilish priest might have mistaken the number; but this was to no purpose, there being nine loaves and a piece, and no more: all I could do was to kiss them one after another, and cut a little thin slice off that which was broke. This was all the assistance I could come at that day, and far short of what I could have dispensed with: for my stomach having been accustomed, for several days together, to a larger allowance than before, the hunger was the worse to bear, and therefore I did little else all the day long but open and shut the trunk, to feed at least my eyes upon my master's holy bread.

'In this great exigiency of my affairs, my happy genius suggested another thought to procure me some assistance, which, though but small, was better than nothing, and partly saved my life. The trunk was old, and shattered enough to make one believe the mice might get in to damnify the bread; and since I durst not take a whole one, I thought at least I might counterfeit a mouse without any danger.

"Extremely pleased with this expedient, I began to crumb the bread upon an old napkin that was in the trunk, and when I had made holes in three or four, taking the crumbs in the hollow of my hand, I swallowed them like carraway, comfits, and feasted myself as heartily as I durst venture.

"When dinner-time came, the curate could not fail of discovering the misfortune that had happened to the bread, which, however, was so well counterfeited, that he did not question it had been visited by the rats. See here, Lazarillo, (quoth he) what a destruction has happened last night to my bread.—Lord! What's the matter, sir? quoth I.—The matter! (answered the curate,) What should the matter be, but the rats and mice, that would eat up the devil!

"From thence we went to dinner, where, thank God, I had more than double profit; for besides that he gave me twice as much bread as he used to do, I had all the parings about the parts where he thought the mice had been. Never fear, Lazarillo (quoth he) but eat heartily; a mouse is a very cleanly creature. So that that day's portion was increased by the work of my own hands, or rather my own nails.

"We made an end of our dinner, if I may say an end of what I never had well begun. But it was a bloody mortification to me, to see the priest rifle all the walls of the house to get together a parcel of old nails, with the help of which, and some bits of boards, he patched up all the holes, and the very seams of the trunk. O heavens! (thought I to myself,) how uncertain are the greatest pleasures of this laborious life! To how many miseries, calamities, and misfortunes, are we subject! Alas! I thought I had found out a cure for my misfortunes in some measure; and now my cruel stars supply my master with proper means to break my heart. I can impute it to nothing else; and if my misfortunes were not in the case, I am sure the priest is such a blockhead that he could never, of himself, be master of such inventions.

"While I was employed in making these and the like reflections, the industrious carpenter was mending all the holes, and covering even the seams of the old chest; and when he had done, come now, if you dare, Mr. Rat (says the curate, all in a heat) I should desire no better sport! But I think you had better shift elsewhere, for you're like to have but an indifferent time on't here.

"He was no sooner out of the house, than I ran to the poor old chest, but to my sorrow found he had not left a hole for a worm to creep through! I opened it, however, though without any hope of bettering myself. At last I spied the loaves my master had cut and pared, believing they had fallen under the fury of the rats, from whence I ventured to take some slices as thick as joiner's shavings.

"That was such an inconsiderable supply to my hungry paunch, that day and night I thought of nothing else but finding out some means to ease my grief. Hunger is the mother of invention, and sharpens the wit as much as gluttony drowns it.

"One night, I was consulting with myself about the fittest method of renewing my assault upon the chest, without discovery. I found, by his audible snoring, that the priest was fast asleep: up I got, and with an old rusty oyster-knife I kept on purpose for that use, I easily made a passage, big enough for any rat, through a corner of the old, rotten, wormy chest, which I then opened without any noise, and making good large holes in the broken loaves, I swallowed the crumbs, and then ran to my couch to take a little rest, to which my continual fasting had made me a very great stranger; but when I had got a good belly-full, all the king of France's dragoons could not have waked me.

"Next morning the curate, seeing that new disorder, began to swear and storm, and heartily made a present to the Devil of all the rats and mice of Valencia. What a plague's the matter with them (quoth the angry man of God) that I must be tormented with that vermin, and that but of late too! And indeed he was in the right on't, for, upon my honour, there was not in all the province a family that might be better entitled to such an exception than my churlish master's; for the rats are seldom observed to frequent an empty cupboard.

"To work he fell, and quickly stopt the hole, and I did not fail next night to make another: and thus we went on so long, that the chest had as many pieces in it as a beggar's cloak.

"At last he began to consider he lost his time in patching such an old rotten piece of household stuff, which being so shattered that a small mouse might easily get through it, he thought, with a little more boring and mending, it would be quite undone. It was death to him to think of laying out three or four crowns for a new one, and therefore, to spare his chest, he was resolved to sacrifice his cruel persecutors, by the help of a mouse-trap which was lent him by one of our neighbours, amongst whom he likewise raised a contribution for crusts of cheese, &c. which putting into the trap, he set it in the trunk.

"This was a fresh whet to my appetite, which was always sharp enough; but a bit of cheese was a thing that would have made me rob a church to come at it."

His next project is also disconcerted—he is half-murdered, and, scarcely able to walk, thrust out of doors. The portraiture of the Squire, his next master, is an admirable full length of a Spanish hidalgo, with no other inheritance than his name and a sword—of pride truckling to a neat's foot. Indeed, it is so complete and finished, that we shall give nearly the whole of it. Hogarth never struck off a more felicitous picture, and we think it partakes of his manner in some of his pieces. In other hands it would have been purely gloomy and miserable; but here the abstract wretchedness is so redeemed and relieved by the spirit of the author, that we fancy it a positive enjoyment. "Dost thou want a master, boy?" said the Squire, a grave and stately person, "Yes, sir," answered Lazarillo—"Then follow me," said the Squire, "and surely thou hast said some very efficacious prayer this morning, or art a particular favorite of heaven, since 'tis thy fortune to fall in my way." Lazarillo blessed his stars and followed.

"By one o'clock we came to a house where the 'squire halted, and so did I; he then pulled off his cloak, which throwing across his left arm, he pulled a key out of his pocket with his right hand, and opening the door, he went through a dark, narrow, ominous passage, into a little yard, from whence we went into a tolerable apartment. Being come in, he took off his cloak, and looking whether my hands were clean, and finding they were, we softly shook it, which folding up, he blew off the dust from a stone seat, and laying the cloak down there, sat upon it: after which, asking me a great many questions, of the place of my birth, of my past life, and how I came to Toledo, I gave him as short answers as I could, thinking the discourse a little unseasonable before dinner, and being more inclinable to lay the cloth and set the victuals upon the table, than to discourse of such frivolous matters.

"When I had answered all his questions, lying where it was convenient to give myself any good qualities, and passing slightly over those of the opposite side, he sat a while musing upon his cloak without speaking a word. I stood opposite to him, swallowing my spittle, with my hands in my hat, and looking wistfully on him, as one who would have said, when shall we go to dinner, sir? Two of the clock struck, but no news of any victuals; and he was as immoveable as if he had been stiff.

"On the other hand, the door so fast shut up, the profound silence, the bare walls, and the empty rooms, which, through the lower windows, I could see without beds, hangings, chairs, tables, or even such a poor rotten chest as the old priest's; all this looked very ominous, and made me fancy I was got into a wizard's den.

"The 'squire of a sudden seeming to awake, Hast thou dined, young man? quoth he.—Not I, sir, said I; you know I have been attending you ever since eight this morning.—For my part, (answered the 'squire) I had breakfasted before, and when I eat in the morning I never can touch a bit of victuals before night; and so thou must shift as well as thou canst till supper.

"That cruel speech had almost thrown me into the falling-sickness; not so much for my present hunger, as in consideration of the greatness of my misfortune that made me always fall into such hands. All my former miseries came fresh into my mind, and amongst other things, I did not forget the presentiments I had of doing worse, when I first entertained any thoughts of leaving the curate. However, dissembling as well as I could, You need not trouble yourself about that, sir, (said I,) for of the humour I am, thank God, eating and drinking goes but little to my heart.—Sobriety is a great virtue in a young man, (interrupted the 'squire) and I shall have the better opinion of thee for it. 'Tis only fit for hogs to delight in filling their bellies, and not for men. I understand ye, thought I to myself: the devil, I think, is in all my masters, or else I can't imagine why they should endeavour to out-do each other in starving me.

"After this dialogue was over, I drew to a corner of the yard, and began to eat some morsels of bread which had been given me that morning, which the 'squire observing, Come hither, boy, (said he,) what's that thou'rt eating? I went, and shewing him three pieces of bread, he took away the best. Upon my faith (quoth he) this bread seems to be very good.—'Tis too stale and too hard, sir, (said I) to be good.—I swear 'tis very good, said the 'squire. Who gave it thee? Were their hands clean that baked it!—I took it without asking any questions, sir, (answered I) and you see I eat it as freely.—Pray God it may be so, says the miserable squire: and so putting the bread to his mouth, he eat it with no less appetite than I did mine, adding at every mouthful, Gadzooks, this bread is excellent!

"Observing he went so heartily to work, I thought it convenient to make haste with mine, lest he should have had the civility to help me; and we were both so diligent that we ended our tasks much about a time. After which, gently shaking off the crumbs that stuck upon his clothes, he went into a little sort of a closet, from whence taking out an old earthen pitcher, when he had taken a hearty draught himself, he invited me to do the like. I soberly answered, that I did not care for drinking wine.—That's very well, (said the 'squire) but this is water, and so thou may'st drink without any scruple. Then taking the pitcher, I put it to my head as if I had taken a hearty draught; but, God knows, it was not thirst that troubled me most.

"He passed the remainder of that day in asking me questions, and I in answering them. The evening being come, calling me into the little closet, out of which he had brought the pitcher, Let us make my bed together (said the 'squire) that you may know how to make it alone another time.

"His bed was composed of the anatomy of an old hamper, supported by two broom-sticks half rotten;

the sheets were instead of a mattrass, but confounded black and nasty, and there was but one old blanket: so that, when all the clothes were on, you could have discerned through them the sticks of the 'squire's bed, as plainly as one may see an old dead horse's ribs.

"When that was done, Lazarillo (quoth he) 'tis very late, and the market's a great way off; and besides that, you know that this town is full of cut purses. Let's do as well as we can; the night will soon be over, and to-morrow God will provide. Having formerly no servant, I was forced to eat abroad, but it shall not be so any more.—Lord, sir, (said I) don't let that make you uneasy; sure I can shift one night without victuals, or a couple, if there was any occasion for it.—So much the better for your health, (said the squire) for, as I was saying a while ago, you'll live the longer for it, there being nothing in the world so wholesome as eating little.—Hem! thought I, at that rate sure I shall never die! I have always lived very moderately, sir, (said I) and, by the grace of God, I shall always do so.

"After that he went to bed, making a pillow of his breeches and his waistcoat, folded up together. I lay at his feet, but not a wink of sleep came in my eyes; the sticks in the bed and my sharp bones were continually quarreling; I had not a pound of flesh on my body, which, by the hunger and other hardships I had suffered, was reduced to a perfect skeleton: and after all that, where is the man that could have slept with such an empty stomach?

"I did nothing all the night over, (God forgive me!) but curse my own destiny; and in the constraint under which I found myself, not so much as to stir, for fear of awaking my master with the noise of the sticks, I begged of God an hundred times to put an end at once to my misery and my life.

"As soon as it was day, we both got up. The 'squire began brushing and cleaning his clothes, which he afterwards put on at leisure; and at last coming to his sword, Here is a blade, Lazarillo, (quoth he) that I would not give for all the gold in Christendom; the finest steel is but like a bit of rusty iron in comparison with it. Look ye, (says he, pulling it out of the sheath, and drawing it through his fingers) I could cut a hair in the air with it. And I, thought I to myself, could make a confounded hole in a half-peck loaf with my teeth, though they be neither steel nor iron.

"He put up his sword, and clapping it to his side, with a great string of beads about his neck, his cloak upon his left arm, and his right hand upon his side, a strait body, a stately gait, and a gallant look, away he went; and as he was going, Lazarillo (quoth he) take care of the house while I go to mass, and mean time make the bed and clean the room, and then go fetch our pitcher full of clean water, but take care to lock the door to keep out thieves; and, because I may perhaps come home before you, hang the key upon that nail through the cat-hole. Upon that he went out, and walked with such an air, that one that did not know him, would have taken him for the duke of Arcos, or at least for his first gentleman.

"Well, blessed be God, (said I to myself, seeing him go out) who never sends a disease without a cure! Where is the man, who, seeing my master's pleasant countenance, would not fancy he had supped plentifully last night, had lain upon a down bed, and, early as it is, had drunk his chocolate very heartily this morning? and yet, good Lord, thou knowest, though the world believes quite otherwise, that there is no such thing. Who could think, to look upon his state and gravity, and his fine clothes, that a 'squire of his appearance had passed the whole day with a crust of bread, which his most humble valet, Lazarillo, had carried in his pocket eight-and-forty hours, among all the rest of his luggage, where it could not be much refined? That's beyond all imagination."

The next day, the 'squire leaves home to take his usual rounds. Lazarillo waits in vain for his return until two o'clock, till he is, at last, driven, in order to satisfy the yearning of an empty stomach, to walk forth and solicit the charity of well disposed persons.

"After this manner I went from door to door, demanding a morsel of bread, with my hands joined, my eyes looking up to heaven, and the names of all the saints in my mouth, and was always sure to stop at the houses of best appearance. I had suck'd in all the niceties and secrets of my profession like my mother's milk, in the service of my blind master, and so effectually did I exert my faculties on that occasion, that before four o'clock though the season was then very bad, and charity as cold, I had four pounds of good bread in my belly, and at least two pounds in my pockets. In my way home, going thro' the market, a butcher-woman gave me a piece of an ox foot and some boiled tripe. The poor 'squire was got home before me, and having already laid aside his cloak, was walking at a great rate in the yard. He made up to me when I came in, as I thought with a design to chide me for staying so long; but God had made him of a more peaceable temper: his business was only to ask me where I had been. I told him, that having stood it out till two o'clock, and not seeing him come home, I had been to the city to recommend myself to the charity of well-disposed persons, who had given me the bread and tripe, which I then showed him; and though I could easily observe he was rejoiced at the sight, Poor boy, (quoth he) seeing thou wert so long a coming, I dined alone. Better beg in God's name than steal; only take care, for my honour, that nobody know thou art in my service, which 'tis very easy for thee to do, since I am so little known in this town, and wou'd to God I had never seen it.—Alas! sir, (said I) why should you trouble yourself about that? Nobody asks me such questions, and I have no occasion to talk to any body of it.—Well, poor Lazarillo, (quoth he) eat thy dinner. We shall be in a better condition, an't please God in a little while; though to tell the truth, this is a most unlucky house; nothing has prospered with me since I came to it; it must certainly be situated under some unhappy planet; there are several such houses which communicate their unluckiness to those that dwell in them, of which doubtless this is one; but I promise thee, as soon as this month is out, I will bid adieu to it.

"I sat down upon the end of the stone seat, and began to eat, that he might fancy I was fasting; and observed, without seeming to take notice, that his eye was fixed upon my skirt, which was all the plate and table that I had.

"May God pity me as I had compassion on that poor 'squire; daily experience made me sensible of his trouble. I did not know whether I should invite him; for since he had told me he had dined, I thought he would make a point of honour to refuse to eat; but, in short, being very desirous to supply his necessity, as I had done the day before, and which I was then much better in a condition to do, having already sufficiently stuffed my own guts, it was not long before an opportunity fairly offered itself; for he taking occasion to come near me in his walks, Lazarillo, quoth he, (as soon as he observed me begin to eat) I never saw any body eat so handsomely as thee; a body can scarce see thee fall to work without desiring to bear thee company; let their stomachs be ever so full, or their mouth ever so much out of taste. Faith, thought I to myself, with such an empty belly as yours, my own mouth would water at a great deal less.

"But finding he was come where I wished him; Sir, (said I) good stuff makes a good workman. This is admirable bread, and here's an ox foot so nicely drest, and so well seasoned, that any body would delight to taste of it.

"How! cry'd the 'squire, interrupting me, an ox foot? Yes, sir, (said I) an ox foot. Ah! then, (quoth he) thou hast in my opinion the delicatest bit in Spain; there being neither partridge, pheasant, nor any other thing, that I like near so well as that.

"Will you please to try, sir? (said I) putting the ox foot in his hand, with two good morsels of bread; when you have tasted it, you will be convinced that 'tis a treat for a king, 'tis so well dressed and seasoned.

"Upon that, sitting down by my side, he began to eat, or rather to devour what I had given him, so that the bones could hardly escape. Oh, the excellent bit (did he cry) that this would be with a little garlick. Ha! thought I to myself, how lustily thou eatest it without sauce. Gad, (said the 'squire) I have eaten this as heartily as if I had not tasted a bit of victuals to-day; which I did very easily believe. He then called for the pitcher with the water, which was full as I had brought it home; so you may guess whether he had eat any."

Our hero's master being one day in better humour than ordinary, because he had had a tolerable dinner, was pleased to give him the following account of his affairs.

"He told me, that he was of Old Castile, and that he had left his country only because he would not pull off his hat to a person of quality of his neighbourhood. But, sir, (quoth I) if he was your superior by birth and estate, as you seem to own he was, you might well enough have saluted him first, without any injury to yourself, since he did not fail to make you a civil return.

"All that's true enough, answered the 'squire. He was a greater and forced me to let myself be saluted first, by taking me by the hand when he saw me carrying it to my head to pull off my hat.

"For my part, sir, (quoth I) I should not have minded things so nearly.

"Yes, that's well enough for thee (interrupted he.) Thou art but young, and so a stranger to those sentiments of honour, in which the riches of those that now profess it do principally consist. But thou must know, that, a simple 'squire as I am, if I met a prince in the street, and he did not take off his hat to me right (I say, take it off right) gadzooks, on the first occasion I would find a way to go into some house, under pretence of business, or slip away into the next street before he came near me, that I might not be obliged to salute him. Look ye, (continued the 'squire) except God and the king, a gentleman is inferior to none, and ought not to yield an ace to any.

"I remember (added he) I taught an officer good manners once, and had like to have caned him for saluting me with a God save you. Learn to speak as you ought, Mr. Scoundrel, (said I) and don't use me like such a clown as yourself, with your God save you! And after that, he never failed to salute me as far as he could see me, and to speak when he came near me as became him.

"Here I could not avoid interrupting him. What, sir, (said I) is it an offence to say, God save a man?

"What a foolish boy is this! (answered the 'squire.) That's well enough for ordinary people: but for a man of my quality, the least that can be given is, your most humble servant, sir; or at least, your servant, if it be a gentleman that speaks to me: and you may see by that, whether it was fit for me to submit to the behaviour of my noble neighbour, who, to tell you the truth, did likewise use to plague me, upon all occasions, with a God save you, sir! No, by St. Anthony, I'll never take a God save you at any body's hands but the king's, if they were to add, my lord, at the end of the compliment, to sweeten it."

The unhappy 'squire, required to pay his rent, is under the necessity of taking a sudden leave of man and house, under the pretence of changing a double pistole; and Lazarillo is once more without a master. A publisher of false indulgences succeeds to his services, but Lazarillo soon quits him, and begins to rise in the world; and the first part of the volume leaves him a very accommodating and contented husband.

This production, which was printed in 1586, is attributed to D. Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, who was not only a soldier, philosopher, historian, and statesman, but a poet; who, in his vernacular language, was second to none of his age. It is by some, also, ascribed to John de Ortega, a monk.*

The work being left incomplete by the author, a second part was added by H. de Luna, which is much inferior to the first.—Lazarillo, after having served all sorts of masters, been water-carrier, public-cryer, Indian-merchant, sea-monster, gentleman-usher, &c. died a recluse. His being converted into a sea-monster is vastly extravagant. As he is returning from South America, he is wrecked off the coast of his native country, and escapes on a plank to shore, but so entangled and covered with sea-weeds, that certain fishermen, by whom he is found, conceive the idea of shewing him about the country as a sea-monster, which they actually put in execution. The 'squire is, also, again introduced in continuation, but in such a way as to destroy the truth of the original character. We will make one quotation from the second part.

"I arrived at Valladolid with six rials in my pocket, every one I met with being liberal in bestowing their charity, to which the paleness of my countenance and weakness of my limbs did much incite them. I went straight to a broker's shop, and, for four rials, I bought me an old thread-bare frize cloak, and, for half a rial more, a hat as tall as a chimney, with a large brim; and in that equipage, with a stick in my hand, I walked up and down the street, where every one laughed at me. Here is a tavern philosopher. (says one.)—There goes St. Peter in his holiday clothes, (says another.)—Hola! Signior Ratigno! (cry'd a third)-do you want a little tallow to grease your boots?—There is, (says a fourth) a fellow as like the soul of an hospital doctor, as one drop of water is like another.

"I had not gone far before I met a woman leaning upon a boy's shoulder, who asking me if I knew any gentleman-usher that wanted a place, I told her I knew no other than myself, adding, that if her ladyship would accept of my service, I was very ready to obey her commands.

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* Vide Bibliot. Hisp. Nova tom. 1, p. 291.

"We soon agreed. She promised me nine blancs a day, and I immediately took possession of my office, by giving her my hand, and throwing my stick away with great disdain, it being now become useless, having worn it formerly only to excite compassion, by leaning upon it as a mark of my weakness.

"She sent the boy back, commanding him to tell the maid to make the dinner ready, and to lay the cloth, that every thing might be in order against she came home; and then trotted up and down a couple of hours.

"At this first visit she made, she acquainted me, that when she had a mind to go any where, I ought to go before, and calling for the master or mistress of the house, inform them that Madam Pirez (which was her ladyship's name) desired to kiss their hands. She likewise told me, that I ought never to go before, when she was stopped at any place; to which I answered, that I understood the duty of a servant, and should endeavour to behave myself towards her ladyship as became me. During all this time I would fain have seen her face, but could not she being veiled.

"Before we got to the house, she informed me further, that she was not to keep me alone, but that she would find out some more of her neighbours, whom I should serve in conjunction with her, and who, all together, would pay me the salary she had promised me, but that, in the mean time, she would pay me her part. And then, asking me if I had a bed, and being told I had not, Very well (said she) my husband is a tailor, and you may creep in with the boys; neither could you have found a better place in all the town, for before three days be at an end, you shall have six other mistresses, who will give you a blanc a day.

"I was strangely surprized at the state of this tailor's wife, who behaved herself as if she had been some lady of distinction, or, at least, a rich citizen's wife; and what did yet further surprise me was, that from seven mistresses I was to serve, I should earn but eight or nine poor blancs a day. Yet I considered this was better than nothing, and especially since it was not a laborious trade, which I ever hated like the devil, choosing always rather to eat cabbage and garlick without working, than partridges and capons with any labour.

"As soon as we came home, she gave me her veil and her pattens to give to the maid; and then I saw what I desired, her face, that was not ugly, being of a pleasant countenance, a brown complexion, and good shape; the only thing about her that displeased me was the paint, which made her skin shine as if it had been the varnishing of a box. Then giving me her blanc, she bid me attend her twice a day, to see if she would go abroad, viz: at eleven in the morning, and three in the afternoon. I went straight to the pastry-shop, where I soon laid out my money, passing away the remainder of the day very poorly, having before consumed all I had got in alms, and not daring to beg any more, lest it should come to my mistress's knowledge.

"At three o'clock I returned to wait on her ladyship, who told me she would not go abroad, and informed me that she would pay me only on such days as she went out, and that if she went but once, she would give me but one half of my salary; adding further, that since she gave me a bed, I ought to prefer her to all my other mistresses, and style myself in particular her servant, which the bed well deserved, and much more. This fine bed was nothing else but the working table, upon which I lay with her husband's apprentices, having nothing to cover us but an old rotten blanket, and that in a little time was torn into twenty pieces, by pulling and hauling to see which of us should have it.

"Two days I passed over in such misery as may easily be imagined I should with four deniers a day; when a tanner's wife entered into the society, and was above an hour in agreeing with me for four deniers more: so that, in short, in five days I had seven mistresses, and six or seven blancs a day. Then I began to eat most splendidly, and to drink none of the worst, though none of the dearest, that I might not cut my cloak larger than my cloth.

"The five other mistresses were, the widow of a bailiff's follower, a gardener's wife, another that pretended to be cousin to a Carmelite monk, and a tripe-woman, the last of whom I liked better than all the rest, because, when she gave me my blanc, she never failed to add some bit or other for the belly, nor did I ever leave her house without three or four porringers of good porridge in my stomach; and thus I led a life so much to my liking, that I pray God I may never lead a worse.

"As for the devout hypocrite, I had more trouble with her than all the rest, because she was continually visiting, but not continually in contemplation.

"In all my life-time, I never saw a greater hypocrite than that woman, who, when in the street, never took her eyes off the ground, nor let her beads be out of her hands, but was always muttering over prayers, so that every one that saw her desired her to pray for them, believing certainly that God Almighty would hear her. Her reply used to be, that she was a great sinner; in which she did not lie, but cozened the world with a sad and serious truth.

"Every one of them walked in the street as if she had been the president of Castile's lady, nor could any body have taken them, by their mien, for less than judges' wives at least.

"It happened one day, that the Carmelite's kinswoman and the catchpole's widow meeting together in the same church, and being both to return home at the same time, there arose in the middle of the church a furious quarrel between them, which of the two I should first attend, and with so much rage did they pull me and haul me, that they tore my cloak in pieces, under which appeared a nasty shirt, as full of holes as a fishing-net; and the people seeing my skin through it, began to banter poor Lazarillo, while the rest were diverted by my two mistresses, who were tearing their great grand-fathers out of their graves. For my part, I was so busy in taking up the pieces of my cloak, that I could not listen to the compliments of either, only I heard the widow cry out, Where the devil has this baggage got all this pride, that was but yesterday a tankard-wench; and now she ruffles it in her silks, at the expense of the poor souls in purgatory!—How now, Mrs. Wagtail! reply'd the other; what means this noise with you, to strut it out so proudly with what you earn of those that owe all their gettings to a God reward you? Why, sure there must be a little difference still between the shepherd and his bitch!

"When I had got up the pieces of my cloak, and patched it together as well as I could, with the assistance of some pins I begged of an old pater-noster mumbler that was busy at her prayers, after the bystanders had parted their claws from one another's hair, I left them brawling in the church, and went to pay attendance on my mistress, the tailor's wife, who had ordered me to wait upon her about eleven o'clock, because she was to go abroad to dinner. As soon as she saw me in that pickle, she began chiding me at a most unmerciful rate. What's the meaning of this? (said she.) Do you think to earn my money by coming to attend me like a beggar? For smaller wages than I give you, I could have a gentleman-usher, with a curious doublet, fine breeches, and a handsome coat and cloak; and you must tipple away, after such a scandalous manner, the money I give you!"

The translation, as our readers have no doubt remarked, is executed in a masterly, spirited, and excellent style.

From the Spectator.

CAPTAIN WILBRAHAM'S TRAVELS IN PERSIA AND CAUCASUS.

Travels in the Trans Caucasian Provinces of Russia, and along the Southern Shore of the Lakes Van and Urumiah, in the Autumn and Winter of 1837. *By Captain Richard Wilbraham, 7th Fusilers, lately employed on a particular service in Persia.—Murray.*

Captain Wilbraham appears to have been one of the English officers employed at the court of Tehran in disciplining the army of Persia. On the determination of the Shah to undertake the expedition against Herat, in defiance of the advice of our Ambassador, his occupation was of course suspended: and he employed his enforced leisure in two tours, one to Georgia, another into the province of Mazanderan on the shores of the Caspian Sea.

His earlier Georgian route was along the common high-road from Tehran to Tiflis. At this capital of Russia's Caucasian provinces, Captain Wilbraham found himself an object of dislike, as the Emperor was shortly expected on a tour of inspection: he therefore got out of the way, on an excursion to Petigorsky and Kislovodsky, two Russian Cheltenhams, at the foot of the Caucasian range—where the visitant, if he extend his rambles too far from the town, will very probably be carried off by the Circassians. The company, however, had vanished; the baths were dull; and the Captain was getting weary, when a letter from an old school-fellow, a Russian noble, recalled him to Tiflis in time to partake of the gayeties and see the sights which the Emperor's presence produced. When these and the neighbourhood were exhausted, Captain Wilbraham rode to Erzeroum, through the heart of Georgia, by a route rarely if at all passed over by European travellers. From this city he returned to Persia through the defiles of Taurus, and the Northern part of Koordistaun, by a road as little frequented; passing in his route the two curious inland lakes of Van and Urumiah. The second journey of our traveller into Mazanderan had nothing peculiar in its route, or in its occurrences.

The journals of Captain Wilbraham were not originally designed for publication, but for the amusement of his family; they were often written amid the companionship of his Oriental servants and cattle, at the end of a hard day's ride; and the volume is published at the suggestion of his friends. He offers these circumstances, and wintry weather, as an apology for the character of his matter; which would have been of a fuller kind had he originally contemplated the ordeal of print. Unless, however, he had been prepared with thorough classical, historical, or scientific knowledge to direct his observations, and had ampler time and a more fitting season, we know not that his book would have been greatly improved. In a country little known, the more salient and striking points of character, scenery, landscape, habits, and costumes, have a sufficient general attraction; and these are more likely to be truly conveyed by a man writing to relieve his mind of a vivid impression, than if he regularly sat down day after day to pack his note-book with materials for a volume. This probability is increased, when the writer, as in the case before us, is a man whom the accidents of military service have accustomed to various countries, and to the hardships of equestrian travelling, and who is moreover sufficiently familiar with the character of the people he journeys among to enter into their peculiarities. And for any thing deeper than the surface—for such an account of a people as Cæsar has left of the ancient Gauls, or Mr. Lane (though a very long way from Cæsar) has given us of the modern Egyptians, not travel but residence is needed.

This principle is established by the work before us, so far as it goes; for the accounts of Persia, though incidental, are by far the most comprehensive. And from Captain Wilbraham's description, the days of the empire are numbered. The Toorkmans have established a virtual independence; the Affghans, with our connivance, have thrown off even a nominal submission; Russia has shorn the Shah of his Caucasian provinces, and has her eye upon the Caspian; and the robber Koords, on the border lands of Turkey, will probably, with Persia's growing weakness, extend their incursions, and devastate what they cannot govern. But all these losses are of less consequence in themselves, than as indicating a canker at the heart. The Government is feeble, its officers are tyrannical and corrupt; the finances are in embarrassment; the payments even to the troops irregular, and sometimes a year or more in arrear. The country is impoverished and depopulation going on; the slender means of the nobles visibly declining, even during Captain Wilbraham's experience of the country; and the court dependent, and moving at the instigation of which ever foreign power is most influential for the time. Turkey seems in a somewhat analogous condition; and to suppose they can be saved by training their subjects European-fashion, is a dream. Alison, indeed, with his wonted rhetoric, lays it down as a law, that destruction must ensue when national arms and modes of warfare are changed,—instancing the case of Tippoo: but, as is usual in that writer's philosophy, he confounds the effect with the cause. The will and the want to change, both arise from the conviction which defeat imparts to a people, that their victors are better than themselves; and vanity and ignorance combined attribute their beatings to the obvious and not the latent causes—courage, discipline, and physical and moral national characteristics. The change may perhaps hasten the catastrophe; as an attempt to strengthen decrepitude by gymnastics would probably break up the constitution more rapidly; but the necessity for the change is the fatal symptom—"a stronger than he cometh;" and the independent existence of Turkey and Persia are only preserved by the jealousies of the European powers, and the tolerable certainty that the booty they would yield would not pay the expenses of the fight.

Still, the extinction of Persia, though perhaps inevitable, will be a melancholy affair, happen when it may. The Persian name appears in the first dawn of authentic history, and is mixed up with most of the great events that have occurred upon our globe. And the people themselves—brave, enduring, and polite—have a hold upon the feelings, if not upon the judgment. As his Indian friend observed to Conolly, the Persians may be great rogues, but they are very pleasant fellows. Here is a sketch of a royal and clever *mauvais sujet*, whom Captain Wilbraham fell in with on his route from Erzeroum.

"On the evening of the 8th of December I reached the village of Shishawan, the residence of Malek Kossim Mirza, a son of the late Shah, whom I had constantly met during my short stay at Tabreez in the summer of 1836. At that time he adopted the Frank dress, and, instead of a handsome Persian, had transfigured himself into a raffish-looking European. I remember meeting him at the ambassador's table in a blue surtout with large brass buttons, a coloured check shirt, and white cravat. In compliance with our customs, he had doffed the lambskin-cap, and his shorn head certainly did not improve his appearance. He had taught himself French, with some assistance from a Frenchwoman, who held the responsible situation of matron of the Prince Royal's harem, and spoke that language fluently. He had now turned his attention to learning English, and had persuaded Mr. Merrick, an American missionary, to spend a few months with him at Shishawan. Mr. Merrick, who had been sent to Persia with a view of ascertaining what might be done towards the propagation of the gospel among the Mahomedans, had accepted the Prince's invitation, with the double view of studying the Persian language and character. * * *

"Some years ago an edition of Voltaire's works chanced to fall into his hands, and he became a disciple of that school of philosophy; but the late Shah, alarmed at some of the opinions which he professed, ordered him to commit the volume to the flames. To do him justice, his conversation was decorous and sensible, and I was quite astonished at the rapid progress which he had made in English, which he had only lately begun to study."

We formerly remarked that the decline of a national religion seems to be a symptom of national decay; and this is not wanting in Persia to strengthen other proofs.

HINTS TO MISSIONARIES.

It does not appear to me that any thing can be done at the present time, towards the diffusion of Christianity among the Persians, although it is evident that many of their religious prejudices are giving way, and that the doctrines of the Prophet have loosened their hold upon the minds of all classes. In my opinion, it is not the bigotry of the Mahomedans which raises the chief obstacle to the introduction of Christianity among them, but the deep and universal corruption of morals which must be overcome before they can receive a religion which enjoins so much purity and self-denial. The Persians are very fond of entering into religious discussions with Europeans, and conduct them not only with great quickness of argument, but, not unfrequently, with much apparent candour. A missionary should be thorough master of their language, and of his own subject, before he ventures to engage in a controversy in which, if failed, his want of success will be attributed to the weakness of his cause, and not to his deficiency in advocating that cause. I have frequently heard Persians boast of having worsted in argument the well-known missionary Wolff.

RESTRICTION OF THE PRESS AND FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

A lithographic press has been established of late years in Tehran, which, in judicious hands, might be made productive of much good. Within the past year a newspaper has been printed in the capital, containing little beyond a few extracts from Galignani on subjects of general information; and sometimes, by the Haji's permission, a word or two on domestic occurrences,—such as the arrival or departure of an envoy, the conferring of knighthood upon some Persian officer, or such like matters. It is published once a month; but it is not very regular.

I have often been astonished at the exceeding freedom of speech in which the Persians indulge when discussing the conduct of the Shah and his ministers, in the presence not only of their intimate friends, but of strangers and servants. An Eastern despotism, although its acts may be, and sometimes are, arbitrary and tyrannical, has at least the advantage over the absolute governments of the West, that it rarely takes notice of the opinions of its subjects. In Georgia, at a Russian party, I have heard the master of the house check the conversation in the most abrupt manner, because the propriety of some unimportant measure of the government happened to be called in question by one of his guests.

EFFECTS OF IRRIGATION AND ITS ABSENCE.

I have heard it doubted by those who are fully competent to judge, whether the population of Persia is on the decrease. Numerous tracts of land, it is true, are now deserted, which bear traces of former cultivation; but, on the other hand, in districts more removed from the main roads which traverse the country, new villages have sprung up. The destruction of a single aqueduct may oblige the inhabitants of a whole district to emigrate, while the opening of a new canaut gives instant birth to thriving villages. The effect of irrigation is almost magical; immediately adjoining the most barren tract may be seen rich vineyards and corn-fields, interspersed with orchards and walnut trees of noble growth, which spring up wherever there is moisture with incredible rapidity beneath the vivifying rays of an Eastern sun. But still more rapid is their decay when the stream is diverted from its channel, and one summer's drought suffices to efface the labour of years.

LINE OF MARCH OF A PERSIAN ARMY.

The route of a Persian regiment may be traced by deserted villages, unroofed houses, and devastations of the most wanton nature. Its march is more destructive in its own country than would be that of a hostile force; and the evil is daily increasing, since the long arrears of pay and absence of commissariat force the soldiers to supply their wants by plunder. Hard indeed is the lot of those whose villages lie near the main road. Many, which a few years ago were rich and thriving, are now heaps of ruins. The invasion of an enemy might cause a temporary abandonment of house and home, but a visitation, at all times impending, drives the poor peasant to despair, and he seeks a refuge in remoter vallies. Many of these villages are surrounded by a wall, and might resist the efforts of the troops to force an entrance; but, unless they belong to some man of influence, the fear of ulterior consequences deters them from so bold a measure. Often they bribe the commander to pass on to some other village, so that, between the proceeds of his plundering and these compositions for not plundering, he makes a profitable business of his march.

WHEEL-CARRIAGES IN PERSIA.

In riding through Casveen I saw a large number of clumsy carts, which had been manufactured in different towns, for the purpose of carrying the provisions for the army (to Herat); but, like most of the bright schemes of the Haji, this had failed when attempted to be put in practice. There are, as I have before remarked, no roads in Persia, excepting such as have been made by the constant track of baggage-cattle; and when, after making a couple of hundred of these awkward carts, an experiment was made for one day's march out of Tehran, the greater number broke down by the way.

The only wheel vehicles that accompanied the march of the royal camp, when I was with it in 1836, were a small phaeton belonging to the Russian ambassador, who, having been wounded in his leg, was unable to ride, and a venerable cab, in which the Centre of the Universe was wont to travel whenever the road would permit, and about which I heard a good story from an English officer attached to the service of the Shah. One of the sons of the late Prince Royal, Abbas Mirza, inquired of my informant whether the King of England had such a carriage as that, pointing to the old cab; and, on being answered in the negative, appeared perfectly satisfied that no one but his royal brother could boast of so splendid a vehicle.

OFFICIAL NEWS.

We once inquired of one of the Gholams of the embassy, whether an account which one of the King's couriers had just given, was likely to be true. "Oh, no," answered the man. "you must not believe a word of it. A courier *must* have something to tell by the way. You should hear what lies *I* tell when I am travelling."

Let us turn to Georgia, and the Russians; and begin with a specimen of their reading.

The French Consul is only allowed to receive the *Journal des Debats* on the condition of not showing it to any Russian subject. Whenever any article appears which is condemned in Petersburg, the guilty number is enclosed in cartridge-paper, and sealed with the seal of the censorship, a sort of political quarantine.

The *Petersburg Gazette*, a scanty little sheet, containing no information, is the only paper seen in Georgia. Although Tiflis contains so large an European population, it possesses no public library, nor indeed even a bookseller's shop. The only publications that I saw exposed for sale were Russian dictionaries, and a history of the campaign in Turkey, published by authority. In only one of the many houses that I was in did I see any symptoms of a bookcase. Thus debarred from the only rational mode of employing their time, it is no wonder that the Russian officers should fall into those habits of gambling and dissipation so prevalent among them.

A RUSSIAN EMPLOYE.

Now that I was fairly established in Tiflis, I began to enter into the society of the place; and there were several houses where I could always reckon on a good dinner and a cordial welcome. In the evening, too, many were glad to see their friends; and as the dinner hour was early and there were no public amusements in Tiflis, I often availed myself of this custom. Many of those whose houses I frequented were foreigners, who form a very large portion of the class of Russian employes. An adventurer, who styled himself the Baron Dieskau, who had the impudence to pass himself off for an English Elchee among the Affghans, and the knavery to procure money in that character, expressed himself desirous of making my acquaintance; an honour which I declined, knowing rather more about him than he reckoned upon. He is an officer in the Russian service, into which he has been admitted since his doings in Affghanistan. Any one, indeed, who has been in India, whatever may have been the cause of his quitting the country, is received by Baron Rosen into the Russian service.

NICHOLAS, AND A TRAIT OF DESPOTISM.

We were not long kept waiting: an inner door was thrown open and the Emperor entered, attended by the Governor General, Count Orloff, General Alderberg, and half-a-dozen aides-de-camp. The boast of the Russians, that among a thousand men you would not fail to recognize the Emperor, is scarcely exaggerated. His figure is commanding and his countenance striking: his height must be nearly six feet two, and his frame unites symmetry with strength; his smile is peculiarly fascinating, but the high forehead, the short and curved upper lip, and the expression of a rather small mouth, impart somewhat of sternness to his features when in repose. His naturally fair complexion is now bronzed by exposure to a Southern sun; but the forehead, where the cap has sheltered it, is white as marble. His blue eye is quick and expressive, and a small moustache adds to his soldier-like appearance. His majesty wore the full dress of a general officer, distinguished only by his decorations. Passing round the circle, he addressed a few words to each individual as Baron Rosen presented him; and his manner towards the Asiatics was peculiarly gracious. An Armenian officer served as an interpreter. It soon came to my turn to be presented. After remarking that I ought to have been at the cavalry review of Vosnesensk, the Emperor asked me several questions concerning the state of Persia, and mentioned his having seen the heir-apparent at Erivan. He then made some observations on the recent accession of Queen Victoria; on which subject he referred me to Count Orloff, and passed on to my neighbour Souvoroff. On his name being announced by the Governor General, the Emperor immediately exclaimed that it did not please him to see the grandson of the Prince Souvoroff Italisky in other than a military uniform, whereupon my friend had to kiss hands and to become a soldier *nolens volens*. This struck me as rather an arbitrary mode of changing a man's profession, especially when he has for many years been following some other line, and has, perhaps, no inclination for a military life.

AN IMPERIAL DINNER.

At that hour I found a large party assembled in the saloon—about forty or five-and-forty in all—consisting of the principal Asiatic chiefs, the general officers and colonels of regiments, and some officers of the civil service. The Emperor soon entered, wearing the undress of a general officer. The new knight of St. Anne was introduced, and, according to form, the Emperor embraced him; but as the General was a little round man, the scene was somewhat ludicrous. His Majesty asked me why I had not been at the review that morning, and, on my answering that I had been present, he expressed his regret that I had not joined him "I wonder," he said, "that I did did not distinguish your handsome uniform; but, indeed," he added, laughing, "place me before troops, and I have no longer eyes for any thing else." The usual whets were handed round the circle; caviare, and anchovies, and brandy, and immediately afterwards dinner was announced. I remarked that the Russians of the old school adhered to the custom, while the trays passed untouched by the younger men. As I was moving towards the banquetting chamber, in conversation with Besobrazoff, I met Count Orloff in search of me. He seated me between himself and Colonel Rauch, an officer in the Prussian service, who has accompanied the Emperor on his journies for several years. On the other side of Colonel Rauch sat the Emperor, while on the right of the Governor-General, who occupied the head of the table, were seated several of the natives of highest rank.

Except in regular towns and in certain districts, the power of Russia seems very slight throughout the Caucasian provinces. This is the style in which the post travels—

"Before us lay the fort of Vladikawkas, on the site of a more ancient castle. A large force is stationed here, whose only duty is to escort the post across the dangerous plain of the Kabarda. The heavy post, which arrives once a week from Petersburg, is guarded by a hundred men, and one, or sometimes two field-pieces; the extra, or light post, which is also weekly, is escorted by a patrol of Cossacks, to which is generally added a detachment of infantry, one foot-soldier being more feared by the Circassians than a dozen Cossacks."

RISKS ON THE HIGH ROAD.

Ardonskoi is one of those small Russian forts so common on the frontiers of Circassia, beyond the range of whose guns its inmates are not safe. Its situation is isolated, and its sole use is to shelter the garrison which furnishes the escort. While the horses were feeding, and the escort being relieved, I strolled to the gate, and the sentry would hardly permit me to pass out. I wanted to walk round the little fort, but had not been five minutes without the gate, when several soldiers, with lanterns, came in search of me. And this is the only road by which Russia communicates with the provinces of Georgia and Armenia.

As a specimen of Captain Wilbraham's descriptive style, we will take an extract or two from his journey through Koordistan.

A KOORD ENCAMPMENT.

An "Eelyaut" encampment, in a cheerful and well watered country, is one of the most picturesque and happiest scenes imaginable. A patriarchal simplicity stamps their manners and seems almost to realize the sweet pictures of the poet's Arcadia. Free as the air they breathe, they shift their goat's hair tents from stream to spring, from valley to mountain, with the changing seasons, and look down with pity and contempt upon the "sitters in houses." Although Mahomedans, their women are unveiled, and they not only share the toils of their husbands and brothers, but sometimes emulate them in feats of horsemanship. Though rarely pretty, the glow of health and the good humoured expression of these young Koordish maidens, supply the place of beauty, and their gay costume displays to great advantage their full round forms and sunburnt features. Upon them devolve the labours of the dairy and the loom, while the young men tend the flocks, or scour the country round in search of game. The Elders of the tribe enjoy the true *otium cum dignitate*, seated in front of their huts, where they receive the passing stranger, and smoke with him the pipe of welcome. The black Koordish tent, supported by its many poles, is a very picturesque object; and when they are grouped together on the margin of some mountain stream, surrounded by their flocks and herds, they form a very pretty picture.

SUNSHINE NECESSARY IN THE EAST.

In the East the absence of the usual brilliant sunshine is a death-blow to all picturesque effect; and the want of those comforts, which, with a cloudless sky above us, we scarcely miss, is then most strongly felt. The groups which so often attract our admiration when seated in every variety of picturesque attitude upon their low balconies or terraced roofs, look wretched when huddled round a smouldering fire in the dark recess of a filthy stable; and the slipshod Turk, picking his way amid torrents of rain through heaps of mud, loses all that stateliness and dignity which usually characterize his every motion.

From the Spectator.

A SUMMER IN ANDALUCIA.

THESE volumes describe a coasting trip along the shores of Portugal, and a tour in Andalusia and Grenada in the summer of 1836; and form the most striking and characteristic book of travels which has recently issued from the press. The author has a knowledge of the history, antiquities, and language of the people he travelled among, with, apparently, some previous experience of the Spanish character and Spanish usages; he holds the pen of a ready writer, well skilled in the arts of composition, whether forceful, elegant, or lively; and he has learned from habit, which is better than Miss MARTINEAU, How to Observe. He has also in a very great degree the faculty of seizing the distinguishing characteristics of persons or things, and of well describing them. At Oporto, for example, he only remained a few hours during the stoppage of the steam-packet; yet, often as we have read accounts of it by the literary followers of Don PEDRO, none of their elaborate descriptions so clearly bring out the *peculiarities* of the city "built on hills," or the overhanging roofs with the "bright red tiling *under* the eaves," as this slight sketch.

"Oporto, or O Porto—the Port—as it is called by the natives, is built on several hills, so that scarcely a street preserves its level. But it is this which imparts much picturesque beauty to the city, as it affords bird's eye views over hollows filled with roofs and towers, mingled with foliage, to opposite heights crowned by fantastic spires, with here and there a peep of the azure ocean, the rock-bound river, or the rich and sunny country inland, with ranges of lofty gray mountains in the horizon. Some of the streets are broad and handsome; but in general they are narrow, tortuous, steep, rugged, and filthy, though in the last particular, as I afterwards found, they cannot rival those of the capital. The houses are white-washed or coloured; but many seem, like their inhabitants, sadly in want of new coats; they are not lofty, and have overhanging roofs with bright red tiling under the eaves. The shops in the principal streets are neat and tolerably well furnished. In the pracas. or open spaces, markets are held; the largest that of Cordoaria, was strewed with crockery of singular shapes. Elsewhere in the streets fruit and vegetables were displayed in stalls; strawberries and cherries were already in season, though in England, when I left it but the previous week, spring had hardly commenced."

Had the qualities of the author been directed by a sound judgment,—or rather, we suspect, had he given his judgment fair play, presenting to his reader such matters only as had novelty, variety, and character to recommend them, and not allowing *two volumes* to be uppermost in his thoughts, with a secret consciousness that he could readily fill them,—the *Summer in Andalucia* might have rivalled BECKFORD's Letters, if in dramatic character and the art of narrating dialogue, it did not excel them. As it is, there are several drawbacks, detracting from the high classical position the work might otherwise have challenged, and operating injuriously on its continuous attraction. The art of the writer is often too transparent; we see him working too much by line and rule. No sooner, for instance, does he arrive at a city, than he gives its history from its first foundation, through Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, and Moors, to the time of his visit: according to his own very good prescription for a tourist, he mounts an eminence, either hill or tower, and then, after describing the distant prospect, proceeds to give a bird's-eye view of the city. If the character of the history, or of the prospect, rendered this course *necessary*, its constant occurrence would only impart something of mannerism to the book, and to its occasional introduction there would be no objection. But, too frequently used, it not only creates a mechanical air, but is apt to generate a mechanical style of description; objects not being, as it were, looked at from their natural point of view, but according to some preconceived notion of the observer. The descriptions themselves, too, excellent as they are considered singly, bear a disproportionate length to the other parts; and the reader feels cloyed with skies, sunsets, moons, and the objects of a landscape; or at all events desires more of manners, persons, incident, or information, to vary and relieve the still-life. Not that the *Summer in Andalucia* does not possess all these; but for due admixture, there should have been more of solid and lively matter, or less of description.

The route of the author commences in the Bay of Biscay, with a graphic picture of the coasts of Spain and Portugal. Oporto and Lisbon are his first landing-places, and at the latter he remained long enough to visit the far-famed Cintra. Cadiz and its vicinity next occupy the attention of the tourist; who then—desecration of ballad romance!—steams up the Gaudalquivir to Seville; which city he elaborately describes, not forgetting the Bull Fights, that, hacknied as they are, come forth with new life, vigour, and disgusting horror, under his hand. He next passed on by diligence to Cordova or Corduba; and thence, with the national muleteers, to Grenada. At this ancient capital of the Moors he lingered long; and, considering WASHINGTON IRVING and others had been there before him, narrates his impressions of the place at a length more than sufficient. From Grenada he journeyed to Malaga, on horseback, with a corsario; and, after satiating his curiosity in that port, travelled to Gibraltar, by the same means; whence he sailed to Cadiz once more; and there his travels, or at least his volumes, close.

Our criticism may have indicated the subjects of these volumes, but only extracts can give an idea of the spirit with which they are treated, and of the variety which is often imparted to the work by a judicious choice of subordinate topics; for description (to stand to our guns) is the main feature of the book.

THE STREETS OF CADIZ.

The streets of Cadiz are straight, and often cross each other at right angles; they are very narrow, as is general in the cities of the South, for the sake of coolness; this narrowness is increased, too, in appearance, by the loftiness of the houses and the projecting balconies. The Calle Ancha is the only "Broad Street" in the city; in the rest, there is seldom room for more than one carriage to pass, but as there are few or no vehicles, this is not felt to be an inconvenience. Some of the streets are extremely pretty. One fresh from the smoky dingy cities of England can scarcely believe them to be real, and is ready to fancy himself transported to some fairy-land, and traversing an enchanted city, newly sprung from beneath the wand of a magician. The fronts of the houses, white as the driven snow when reflecting the rays of the sun, are quite dazzling to the sight. A balcony painted a bright green, and filled with brilliant flowers, projects from every window, and along its lower edge runs a streak of vermillion, which is generally carried on horizontally to divide the stories, and another runs vertically to mark the division of the houses. The upper rail of the balcony is usually painted a bright yellow ochre, which colour also encircles the window; and a blue stripe or brown Holland blind hangs over the rail from above. With this diversity of colours on the glittering snow of the houses, which contrasts again with the intense and transparent blue of an Andalucian sky above—a sky compared to which that of Italy has been said to be "dim and misty"—the effect is gay and elegant beyond conception. Most of the balconies are such as I have described, but a few are glazed as high as the top of the window; or all those on one floor unite, and, thus glazed, form small apartments overhanging the street. Similar balconied chambers are common enough in the cities of the East.

The balconies are the favourite resort of the Gaditanas, who, seated beneath the sheltering blinds, pass their mornings in sewing or embroidering, on which, however, they are seldom so intent as not to bestow occasionally a sly glance on the crowds passing below, and sometimes a bewitching smile on a favourite cavalier.

A LANDSCAPE NEAR CADIZ.

I reached at length a sandy tract, covered with dwarf fan-palms, gigantic aloes, prickly pears, and other shrubs, with many beautiful flowers peculiar to the country, and with which I was not familiar. Numerous lizards, which lay basking on the sunny path—some brown or red, of five or six inches in length, and others about eighteen inches, of a beautiful bright green—fled into the bushes at my approach. Hawks of various kinds were sailing and screaming through the air; and rabbits from time to time rustled amongst the underwood. These were the only signs of life in this wilderness. The extended plain, with its thickets of fan-palms, and strange, tropical foliage, the hot sandy soil, on which the meridian sun was shedding his fiercest rays from heavens of cloudless azure, the glittering towers, domes, and flat-roofed buildings of Cadiz, which rose into view as I reached a slight eminence, together with the long lines of bright sandy coast dotted with snow-white towns, dazzling the eye with the glare of the sun, and all thrown into still brighter and stronger relief by the intense blue of the bay, with here and there a cluster of lofty date-palms towering in the distance, combined to form a scene so peculiar, so brilliant, and so strikingly Eastern in character, that with difficulty I could believe myself in Europe. It exactly realized my conceptions of the torrid clime of India, whither I could imagine myself suddenly transported.

I was here particularly struck with the great want of green which is characteristic of a Southern landscape. Something there was in the foliage generally, which might perhaps claim the name, but pale blue predominated in the aloes, browns, olives, and yellows in the other shrubs; there was yellow ochre, too, of the richest hue in the sand, indigo in the sea, and intense ultramarine in the sky; but of green—the clear fresh, decided green of England—there was none.

Enough of inanimate nature; let us turn to a subject indicative of past greatness and present decay.

A SPANISH DOCK-YARD.

A short sail brought us to Caraca, the once famous navy-yard of Cadiz. Passing through a gateway surmounted by the royal arms, I entered an immense yard, covered with rusty anchors of every size. On one side stood a large shed, containing a few ships' boats, all in a state of decay. Further on, were some fine dry-docks, built of stone, and in perfect order; but instead of the first-rates they were capable of receiving, they contained only the lower timbers of vessels rotting under water. Hard by, was a large building in which a number of *presidiarios* (galley slaves), under the surveillance of a few soldiers, were engaged in pumping the water out of the docks. This my conductor informed me, was not because the dock was wanted for use, but merely to employ the men, most of whom looked ready for any mischief, if not kept from it by hard labour. There was a steam-engine in the building, for the purpose of emptying the docks, but like every thing else around it, it was out of order and not in use. Beyond these docks were immense reservoirs for seasoning ship timber, of which there was enough in the water to construct a fleet, and it appeared to have lain undisturbed for many years. The yard was bounded on the west by the long wall of the rope-house, now ruined and desolate. At the southern end of this, were other roofless buildings, whose bare, tottering walls, afforded nestling places to numerous hawks, which darted screaming from their crannies at our approach; while wild rabbits chased each other over the fallen rubbish below. * * * *

At the close of the last century there were more than five thousand five hundred ship-wrights and other artizans constantly employed in this dock-yard; but Spain had not then lost her vast colonies, and possessed a navy of eighty sail of the line. About the same period, her fleet, with that of France, on one occasion, rode unopposed in the British Channel, bearding the "lion" in his very den. Her present navy, as I learned from the officer who accompanied me round the yard, consists of but two liners, both at Havanna, five frigates, four corvettes, a few brigs, steamers, and gun-boats.

On my expressing astonishment at this wonderful decline of power, he exclaimed, "The enormous navy of thirty or forty years since was no true test of the power of Spain, *fue a la nariz pegado el hombre*—it was the man stuck on to the nose, (quoting an old saying of Quevedo,) it was monstrously disproportioned to her then rapid decay."

At the south-eastern corner of the yard are some storehouses still in repair, but almost empty. The armoury contains only a few pikes, swords, and muskets, all covered with rust.

Pursuing variety of topics as well as of interest, let us, for the winebibbers, take the

WINE EMPORIUMS AT XEREZ.

The wine is the primary object of interest in Xerez. I visited the establishments of several merchants, and amongst them that of Domecq and Co., which is the first in extent, and altogether the most worthy of notice. The wine is kept, not as in England, in dank, underground vaults, with low ceilings, stalactited with cobwebs, but in vast and lofty houses, called *bodegas*, from which the light of day is in part excluded. On entering one of these I was struck with the coolness and obscurity of the place—a delicious contrast to the heat and glare of the burning streets. The whole floor of the building was occupied by parallel rows of huge butts, in double tiers. Of these butts there are sometimes two thousand or more in one *bodega*. The attendant, from time to time dipping a long stick, tipped by a cane tube, into a cask, and pouring the liquor thus extracted into a tasting-glass, called my attention to choice specimens of the various descriptions of wines. What with sherry of every age, hue, and flavour, *amontillado*, boiled wine, muscatel, *paxarete*, *tintilla*, full glasses of which were pressed upon me in turn at every step, my taste was confounded, and my brain almost bewildered, before I had made the circuit of the first *bodega*.

The sherry most esteemed by the natives is of inferior price, very dry, with little body, and free from brandy; such wine, in fact, as would scarcely bear exportation, but which, with all the genuine sherry flavour, is, from its mildness, much more agreeable in this fervid climate than the strong full-bodied wines which alone are prized in England. The strong wine is never drunk by the natives from choice; if set before them they invariably dilute it. Even Englishmen here prefer the milder wines, for it is surprising what sudden revolutions climate can effect in taste. The choicest butt of sherry in Domecq's stock is one whose fellow was sold to George the Fourth for six hundred pounds. It is more than a century old, very dark, and of a peculiarly rich flavour, which the proprietor assured me was the effect of age alone.

Of the vast quantity and value of the wine in the stores at Xerez, some idea may be formed from the fact, that in Domecq's *bodegas* alone are no less than eleven thousand butts, averaging in value on the spot one hundred and thirty or one hundred and forty dollars, or about thirty pounds sterling per butt.

Passing over a good description of the mules of Spain—their docility, sagacity, powers, price, and size—we will take a sketch of a character familiar to the readers of Spanish romances.

THE MULETEER.

But to turn from the beast to his master. The *corsario* is an important member of Spanish society: without him the internal communication of the country, and what little traffic yet subsists between remote districts and cities, would be at an end. As his character is his meat and drink, his honesty is unshaken; and the confidence reposed in him by the merchant is unlimited. From his hardy, roving mode of life, he becomes independent in spirit; from constant exposure to peril, courageous and resolute; from convoying travellers, obliging, sociable, ever cheerful; a communicative and amusing *compagnon de voyage*. Towards his beasts he displays the affection of an Arab, treating them with great tenderness, never thinking of his own wants on reaching a *venta*, till his mules are unburdened and fed, and lying down to sleep at their side on the same straw, with a pack-saddle or his *alforjas* for a pillow. In short, in him is exhibited the Spanish character under its fairest aspect, arrayed in all its virtues, and stripped of most of its vices.

Luis paid great attention to all—bipeds as well as quadruped—under his charge. From time to time he rode round, offering each traveller bread, sausages, cheese, and fruit, of all which he had a plentiful supply in his saddle-bags. These provisions, however, were so impregnated with garlic, that I flung them away in disgust, preferring to refresh myself with alternate draughts from the water-jar, and wine-skin, that hung at the saddle of a companion. The water-jar was an *alcarraza*, a vessel of porous white earth, used for cooling water by evaporation, and though extremely slight and brittle, capable of bearing the motion of a mule travelling at the rate of two-and-a-half or three miles an hour. The wine-skin was a bottle (*bota*) of untanned goat's leather, with the hair inside, and well lined with pitch to close the seams. To the neck was attached, for the convenience of the traveller, a small cup of horn, with a wooden stopper for a cork.

But the fair, or rather the brown, must not be forgotten in a description of Spain.

SPANISH BEAUTY AT FIRST SIGHT.

I had thus, moreover, the best means of judging of the claims to beauty maintained by the Gaditanas. In this I must candidly acknowledge I was at first disappointed. Whether my expectations had been too highly raised by the rhapsodies of travellers, or whether the darkness of the Spanish complexion contrasted unfavourably with the fair skins of the Devonshire and Cornish damsels, I know not; but the large majority seemed to possess little beauty save in their eyes. Yet these, however full, black, well-fringed, and melting, though "half languor and half fire," will alone never constitute a face beautiful: regular features and sweetness of expression are equally indispensable. A few possessed all these; and, in spite of their complexions, might have laid claim to beauty in any country. The swarthy skin, by the by, was by no means universal; and I was surprised to see so many fair faces amongst a race whose duskiness has passed into a proverb. Some would have been esteemed fair even in England, having light hair, blue eyes, and all the characteristics of blondes; though these, as may be supposed, were rare exceptions. But if beauty was scarce, grace was abundant; and there were few, from the countess to the gipsy, who did not walk with elegance, and display a thousand charms in the play of the fan and the arrangement of the *mantilla*.

I had another opportunity in the evening, on the Prado, of judging of Spanish beauty, but my opinion was little altered by what I there saw. In fact, as I walked up and down before the rows of ladies seated on the stone benches on either hand, the paucity of what an Englishman would call "pretty girls," astonished me. All indeed, nearly without exception, had fine eyes, and an animated expression of countenance; their principal defect was the want of that regularity and delicacy of features which characterize our own countrywomen. When the Gaditanas unite these and a clear complexion to their other charms, they are pre-eminently beautiful. Their forms are generally good, often of an exquisite contour, though rather below than above the middle height; their feet are delicately small and pretty; and, as I watched these, cased in net-worked stockings and sandalled slippers, emerging from beneath the short *basquina*, or gown, as they paraded to and fro, and observed the graceful bearing of the head and neck, and gentle swimming gait, I began to comprehend the secret of Spanish beauty, to see that it consists rather in elegance of figure and manner than in regularity of features; and that its fascinations are displayed to more advantage in motion than in repose.

But it is not the walk alone of these fair ones that is so attractive; every attitude, every motion, every gesture, is graceful in the extreme, and yet without affectation, for all appears perfectly easy and natural. The grace of the Andaluzas is, indeed, beyond description; it must be seen to be understood; it is unrivalled in Spain and elsewhere, if I may credit the reports of travellers who have visited the rest of Europe, the East, and the Americas, and assured me that the Andaluzas are no where equalled in this particular. The contrast between these daughters of the South and our English dames is striking enough; even the French ladies, whom we are accustomed to regard as models of elegance, are very far behind the fair Spaniards. All which tends to prove that it is "in the blood," as the natives themselves assert, that it is nature rather than art that produces this exquisite grace. It may arise in great measure from the fine proportions of their forms.

A FAN AND ITS USES.

The fan is as universal as the *mantilla*. Rarely is a Spanish woman to be seen without it, even within doors; not taking it up for the sake of convenience, but making it as indispensable an article of dress as her gown or shoes. No wonder the *abanico* is so great a favourite, for none but an Espanola knows how to wield it; and in her hands it becomes an elegant as well as a dangerous weapon—a principal auxiliary in the art of intrigue. With it she speaks a language, understood indeed only by the initiated, but in which, aided by her looks, she can address her admirer almost as plainly as with the words of her mouth; awakening in his breast by an emphatic furl or motion of her fan, the liveliest joy or the deepest despondency. She rarely allows it to remain idle in her hands; now fanning herself slowly, now rapidly; or closing it with a sudden furl on one side, opening it again in a momemt, and closing it on the other, and all with one hand; uniting to apparent unconsciousness the most finished grace in every movement.

Turn we to a less graceful habit of the male kind.

UNIVERSALITY OF SMOKING.

It is astonishing the passion of Spaniards for smoking. Rank or age causes no difference in this respect. The noble always carries a cigar-case, a silver tube of *yesca*, or German tinder, and the necessary apparatus for striking a light; the peasant—nay, even the beggar—has his flint and scrap of *yesca*, with which, and the aid of his *navaja*, he may light the fragments of some cigar he has begged, or picked up in the street, and which, chopped fine and carefully wrapped in a morsel of paper, may lead him to forget for a while the more natural cravings of hunger. Boys, too, of the tenderest age, must have their *cigarillos*; and some ladies are said to indulge in the same luxury, though I cannot say I ever witnessed this profanation of female lips. But I have seen the weed wrapt in the leaf of maize in tiny rolls scarcely thicker than a bodkin, professedly made for this unholy purpose.

No present is so acceptable to a Spaniard as some choice Habanas; nothing conciliates his good-will like the offer of a cigar. Is he in a towering passion, foaming with rage? a cigar produces a magical effect; calms him down, like oil upon the waters; changes the lion into a lamb. Does he threaten you with violence or robbery? the cigar, presented at this critical moment will at least insure civil treatment. On this account it is always advisable for the traveller in Spain, even though no smoker, to provide himself with a stock of cigars wherewith to propitiate the favour of all men. '*El cigarro es alcahuete*—the cigar is a procurer," says the proverb. It is the medium of introduction to any person, or to any house. If you wish to smoke, it is almost a sacred duty to supply you with a light; you may knock at any door, and the bows and compliments for the civilities rendered can be made the prelude to further acquaintance. The cigar levels for a time all distinctions. The noble could not refuse to take the cigar from his mouth to assist the unbelighted peasant, who would not scruple to demand this common act of courtesy. Time, indeed, would fail to tell of the wonders to be wrought by a simple roll of tobacco-leaf.

Rarely have I met with a Spaniard who did not smoke, and never with one who used a pipe of any description. The desire of all classes, indeed, seems to be to smoke with as much delicacy as possible; few there are who do not cut up their cigars into *cigarillos*. The higher classes do not often smoke within doors, but the middle and lower smoke at every hour and in every place. In their hands before, after, and even during meals: at home, in business, on the prado, in the public room or conveyance; and sometimes even in the theatre, is the cigar to be seen: nay, I remember in a public office at Seville, a smouldering rope's end tied to a column, that the clerks might have at hand wherewithal to light their cigars. A Spaniard and his cigar are inseparable.

A fortnight ago, we quoted some passages from Mr. Symons, descriptive of the effects of prohibitive or high protective duties in France. The author before us furnishes several particulars relative to the working of the same system in Spain. For its Western provinces, Oporto, and Lisbon are the grand depôts: the goods being smuggled through Portugal, and over the mountain frontier. The extent of traffic may be divined when we see it stated that the transit duty on British goods imported into Portugal for this illicit traffic, amounts on an average to 700,000*l.* per annum. (Vol. I. page 42.) All this, and as much more of fair taxation as the trade would bear, is a dead loss to the Spanish treasury; and it causes an increased expense to the consumers of the goods, besides diverting the smugglers from regular industry and engaging them in systematic violations of the law. For the Mediteranean frontier, Gibraltar is the head depôt: and most of the traffic is carried on by sea. To put it down, small watch-towers are erected along the coast, at about half a league apart—for the private benefit, it would seem, of the officers in command.

" The *contrabandista* who conducts business on a large scale, receives his orders in the country, proceeds to Gibraltar, well provided with funds, buys the goods, freights a bark, and sails for the coast where he wishes to land. Here the vessel arrives generally at night: should she, if discovered, not respond satisfactorily to the hailing of the soldiers, a fire is lighted outside the nearest *torron*, and one tower after another repeats the signal, till in a short time all are on the alert, and a strong force of soldiery is ready at any point where a landing may be attempted. This is the legitimate course of events; but more generally the matter turns out otherwise. A 'composition' is made. The vessel stands off during the day, but at night runs in towards the land, and the *contrabandista* rows ashore as a simple cavalier, and proceeds to the nearest tower. He answers the sharp challenge of the sentinel, '*Quien viva?*' by requesting to speak to the commanding officer on the station. When closeted with him, he confesses at once that he has a cargo of contraband goods to run ashore, and offers the soldier a good share in the spoil as the price of forbearance. It cannot be expected in a country where most public servants, from the prime minister to the lowest *aduanero*, either peculate or are open to bribery, and where it is hardly considered dishonourable, but almost one of the duties of an official station so to do, that an ill-paid military officer would make a display of public honesty, which would neither be understood nor appreciated. This argument to the pocket, then, rarely fails of success. The bargain is soon struck; the contrabandist is to land his cargo at a certain hour the next night, the captain is to withdraw his soldiers to another part of the coast, under pretence of having received intelligence of a meditated descent of a band of smugglers, and in recompense thereof, when the goods are safe inland, he is to receive a present of a handsome sum—several hundred dollars, it may be, more or less, according to the value of the cargo. As there is honour among rogues, he does not refuse to trust to the honesty of the smuggler for the fulfilment of his part of the agreement."

The higher class of smugglers are "most respectable men."

"The Spanish *contrabandistas* of the better class are a noble set of men, hardy and daring, generous, and strictly honourable. I have heard Englishmen who have travelled with and been entertained by them, speak in the highest terms of their courtesy and hospitality. Smugglers of the inferior class will rarely scruple to turn robbers when opportunities offer, but the *contrabandista par excellence* disdains to plunder any thing less than the royal treasury. Their course of life is not so hazardous as it would appear, for the *aduaneros* are either too much afraid of them openly to attack them, or are rendered compliant by bribes. The *alcaldes* of the villages where the contrabandists reside are also bribed, and seldom attempt to disturb them. Now and then, when they know that a smuggler has nothing contraband in his house, the *alcalde* and *aduaneros*, either to satisfy their consciences, or, more likely, to make a report, pay him an official visit. The contrabandist receives them courteously, assures them their suspicions are entirely unfounded, but tells them to please themselves, to search everywhere. This they do, and when they have pried into every corner without success, he offers them some choice Habanos, and dismisses them with '*Abour!* Go away with God, cavaliers!' The poorer smugglers, however, the mere footpads of the exchequer, from whom these officials have nothing to fear or to hope in the way of bribes, are sometimes seized as examples, and condemned to the *presidios* for a term of years.

"Never was the absurdity of prohibitions against the introduction of articles of foreign produce and manufacture more clearly evinced than in Spain. As there is neither capital nor enterprise for manufacturing at home, the people must have made goods from abroad, and the laws prohibiting their importation, or the extravagantly high duties which amount to prohibitions, have, in consequence, induced smuggling to an extent which has probably never been equalled elsewhere. According to recent calculations, nearly 300,000 Spaniards are engaged, one way or other in this illegal traffic."

We close our extracts with the contrast which English society at Gibraltar offered to our experienced and sagacious traveller's mind, after his wanderings in Spain.

"But what more than all must strike the traveller who enters the Fortress from Spain, is the state of society on the Rock. On coming from a country where every one is disposed to be pleased and sociable with all around him—where distinctions in rank never interfere with the claims of courtesy—where the highest and lowest can meet without the risk of degrading the one or unduly exalting the other—where the poor are not constantly reminded of their inferiority by the rich, but where the 'Go with God, friend!' of the peasant is answered by the noble with a similar salutation,—the contrast in the state of society at Gibraltar is calculated to make the English traveller (if not deeply imbued with home prejudices) ashamed of, or disgusted with, his countrymen. Here is seen, under its most glaring aspect, that narrow pride, whether of rank or wealth, which is perhaps the worst feature in the English character, and certainly the most disgusting to foreigners. The officers of the garrison look upon the civilians, with a very few exceptions among the British, as immeasurably inferior to themselves; they despise the natives of the Rock, many of whom are of great respectability and wealth, as mere 'scorpions;' and regard foreigners as quite unworthy of their notice. This naturally begets in the civilians a hostile spirit, the long smouldering sparks of which, a short time before my arrival at Gibraltar, had burst into a flame on the citizens proposing to give a ball to the lady of the Governor, Sir Alexander Woodford."

Although it has not fallen in our way to copy any pictures of Spanish society or Spanish character, several such will be found in the work, either in the shape of portraits and single scenes, or as passing judgments, or a general summing-up of the author's experience. Viewed in any light, the Spaniards look indifferent enough. The fair side is limited to temperance in meat and strong drinks, a general *bonhommie* and courtesy of manner, and a patient submission to evil,—which, however, is rather the indifference of laziness than resignation, and is, with their pleasantry, dependent, like the Devil's good-humour, on the parties' being pleased. The black is of the deepest hue: brutal cruelty, when the passions are excited, which is soon done; great indifference to human life; general corruption in public and private affairs; sloth, pride, swagger, and prejudice almost childish; in the remoter peasantry abject superstition, in the towns an unreasoning infidelity; words, and a smattering of scholastic philosophy, are the highest attainments amongst the educated males; woman is kept in a state of almost Oriental ignorance, and considered, though not treated, as an animal; and sexual morality is at the lowest ebb. The roads and other remains of classical or Saracen antiquity, except aqueducts and means of irrigation, have been allowed to fall into ruin; only three or four great routes, passable for carriages, radiate from Madrid: most of the other communications are only practicable for horsemen, frequently only for mules; robbers, neglected by or defying the police, occupy these with impunity; many provinces are overrun by Carlist banditti; and such is the listlessness of the people, the corruption of the officials high and low, and the state of the finances, that no individual ability and virtue could act, in our opinion, upon the distempered nation. The vices of the people and the condition of the state are traced by our author to the now declining influence of the Romish Church, operating from the time of Ferdinand and Isabella; and he seems to consider that Spain has no need of Ultra-Liberalism, or Liberalism of any kind. What she requires is peace with a strong government; of which the Spaniards are themselves desirous, and which might be the means of developing the natural riches of the country, and raising the character of the people. Upon this opinion we are not in a condition to pass a judgment; but, if practicable at all, it must be the work of time. The scheme of occupying Spain by a foreign army to enforce peace and order, is at all events chimerical: as this is not to be done upon a "puny—a British Legion scale," we wonder what foreign powers would be foolish enough to involve themselves in such an interminable and expensive undertaking; for not a stiver would they ever get from the Spaniard, unless by force—and not many then—upon the homely principle that "you cannot get blood out of a stone."

MRS. HEMANS' WORKS AND LIFE.*

This elegant collection of the Works of Mrs. Hemans will no doubt receive an ample encouragement from that numerous class of readers, who prefer the superficial but pleasing qualities of an uninterrupted flow of harmonious verse, great elegance and variety, if not always exact propriety of illustration, and a fanciful and excited sensibility, to the sterner or more homely reflections of truth and nature. Even those who think that poetry is a distillation of life and experience, rather than an outpouring of a day-dreaming fancy, will deem it necessary to procure the Works, if they wish to enrich their collection with varied specimens of art; for of the elegantly romantic school, Mrs. Hemans, if not the founder, is at least the head.

Except occasional juvenile productions, freely intermingled with the Memoirs as biographical illustrations, the poems in the volume before us are only two in number,—"England and Spain," written when the author was fourteen; and "Wallace's Invocation to Bruce," a prize poem, which carried off fifty pounds from a host of competitors, so numerous as to require a month to read their lucubrations, one being as long as "Paradise Lost." The main feature of the opening volume is the Life, by the poet's sister; the character of which will be understood when we say that it bears a family likeness to the poems,—graceful, feminine, and full of feeling, with as much impartiality as could be looked for in so near a relation.

In noticing the *Memorials of Mrs. Hemans*, by Mr. Chorley, (who, "invading the sanctity of private correspondence," published the letters of the deceased to the evident dissatisfaction of her family,) we went over the leading events of her life; consisting of removals from one residence to another, and of one tour in Scotland and another to Wordsworth and the Lakes. To these scanty and uneventful incidents little addition is made in the volume before us; but a somewhat fuller account is given of the unfortunate marriage; which seems to have taken place without the approval of the friends on either side; and, as we guess from the dissatisfaction of Mrs. Hemans with the "tame and uninteresting" scenery of Daventry, where her husband's duties took him for a twelvemonth, without much power of domestic adaptation on the part of the lady. The eventual separation is thus narrated.

"In the year 1818, Captain Hemans, whose health had been long impaired by the previous vicissitudes of a military life, determined upon trying the effects of a Southern climate; and, with this view, repaired to Rome, which he was afterwards induced to fix upon as his place of residence. It has been alleged, and with perfect truth, that the literary pursuits of Mrs. Hemans, and the education of her children, made it more eligible for her to remain under the maternal roof than to accompany her husband to Italy. It is, however, unfortunately but too well known, that such were not the only reasons which led to this divided course. To dwell on this subject would be unnecessarily painful; yet it must be stated, that nothing like a permanent separation was contemplated at the time, nor did it ever amount to more than a tacit conventional arrangement, which offered no obstacle to the frequent interchange of correspondence, nor to a constant reference to their father in all things relating to the disposal of her boys. But years rolled on—seventeen years of absence, and, consequently, alienation; and from this time to the hour of her death, Mrs. Hemans and her husband never met again."

Of the personal characteristics of Mrs. Hemans, the volume abounds with interesting touches, from which a general idea of her mind and manners, may be formed. She seems almost to "have lisp'd in numbers:" at eight years old she wrote a birth-day effusion addressed to her mother, and verse seemed to flow from her with greater readiness than common-place prose from many people; to which fatal facility may perhaps be traced much of the slight and superficial character of her style of poetry. For music she had also a natural gift; "playing both the harp and piano with much feeling and expression," and possessing "a good voice," till it was weakened by affections of the chest, and her singing was discontinued. Her preference, even in her most blithesome days, was for "strains of a pensive cast;" "the most skilful combinations of abstract musical science did not interest or please her; what she loved best were national airs, whether martial or melancholy." Late in life, when residing at Wavertree, her taste seems to have turned towards sacred music, and she attempted composition; but Mr. Chorley says, she only reproduced melodies, and fancied she had composed them. She had moreover, a taste for drawing; but her attention being occupied by many other pursuits, "she seldom attempted any thing beyond slight sketches in pencil or Indian ink." Her eye was correct, and her eyesight long and clear.

Her acquirements as a linguist must be pronounced considerable, if we suppose *knowledge* of a language to be meant by learning it. In early life, she "acquired" French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, with the power of reading German; which, many years after, she studied so as to "enter with full appreciation into the soul of that beautiful language;" and she made some progress in Latin. Her reading was much and multifarious. At six years of age she began Shakspere; her taste for whom amounted to a "passion." The books provided for her, says a friend who was her literary caterer,

. . . . "in the days of old were multifarious enough; in English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish poetry; or prose, (not *prosy* prose,) grave or gay, lively or severe, history or fiction, (the history chiefly of feudal ages,) essay or criticism; only nothing in the service of science ever found a place in them. At a later period, during her Wavertree residence, I was often struck with the change of her tastes, which then seemed to have retreated from the outer world, and devoted themselves exclusively to the passionate and imaginative. The German poets were always on her table, especially Goethe. Wordsworth was ever growing in her favour, yet I think at that time she oftener quoted Byron, Shelley, and Madame de Stael, than any other. * * * *

"Her eagerness for knowledge of every kind," says her sister on another occasion, "was intense;

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* The works of Mrs. Hemans, with A Memoir of her Life, by her sister, in 6 vols., vol. 1.

and her industry may be attested by volumes still existing of extracts and transcriptions almost sufficient to form a library in themselves. The mode of her studies was, to outward appearance, singularly desultory; as she would be surrounded by books of all sizes, in divers languages, and on every variety of topic, and would seem to be turning from one to another, like a bee flying from flower to flower; yet, whatever confusion might reign without, all was clear and well-defined within. In her mind and memory the varied stores were distinctly arranged, ready to be called forth for the happy illustration, the poetic imagery, or the witty comparison."

No doubt, illustrations, or general impressions, might be acquired in this manner; but no complete knowledge of a subject, and not much solid information. Indeed, her mind seems to have been ill-balanced; subject evidently to sudden fits of melancholy or of excited joy, and not well adapted to the reception of truth which ran counter to her prejudices. "There was nothing she disliked more," writes her sister, "than the disturbance of any old associations, or the *reasoning* away of any ancient belief, endeared to our hearts by the childish recollections with which it is interwoven."

Her facility in reading, and her memory, were extraordinary—

"She could repeat pages of poetry from her favorite authors, after having read them but once over; and a scarcely less wonderful faculty was the rapidity of her reading, which even in childhood, and still more in after life, was such, that a bystander would imagine she was only carelessly turning over the leaves of a book, when, in truth, she was taking in the whole sense as completely as others would do whilst poring over it with the closest attention."

This faculty of memory was further shown on other occasions.

"The powers of her memory were so extraordinary, as to be sometimes made the subject of a wager, by those who were sceptical as to the possibility of her achieving what she would, in the most undoubting simplicity undertake to perform. On one of these occasions, to satisfy the incredulity of one of her brothers, she learned by heart, having never read it before, the whole of Heber's poem of 'Europe' in one hour and twenty minutes, and repeated it without a single mistake or a moment's hesitation. The length of this poem is four hundred and twenty-four lines. * * * * *

"A remarkable instance of Mrs. Hemans' powers of memory, is recorded about this time, (1828,) in the fact of her having repeated, and even written down, with extraordinary accuracy, the beautiful stanzas addressed by Lord Byron to his sister, after hearing them only twice read aloud in manuscript."

Her death was early if we count her years, (forty-one,) but not if we consider her constant and exciting occupations; many real troubles, as her unfortunate marriage, her young family, and her mother's death; and a good many fancied miseries, which a person of her temperament was perhaps likely to feel as much. Her constitution, moreover, does not seem to have been adopted for longevity. The extraordinary beauty of her youth faded early; she was subject to palpitations of the heart; and attacks of a slow kind of fever made successive and growing inroads upon her constitution, aggravated probably by her own imprudence; a gratuitous instance of which we quoted from Mr. Chorley's book. Latterly she suffered from a state of nervousness, which rendered the act of writing a task in itself, followed by distressing symptoms; she sometimes, as she informs a friend, retained "a piece of poetry several weeks in her memory, from actual dread of writing it down;" and she complained as if she "felt, and more particularly heard, every thing with *unsheathed* nerves." Such an organization subjected her to excitements, and attacked by various complaints, could not have lasted beyond the ordinary middle age; but the immediate cause of her death was a cold, caught by sitting in the open air reading a book, without observing that an autumnal fog had gathered up, till she felt the chill.

Whether the poems of Mrs. HEMANS are likely to be enduring, or whether the rage for them is not already somewhat on the wane, we need not discuss. In her life her celebrity was extraordinary, and even greater in America than in England; for which she had to pay the tax in a voluminous correspondence, and the annoyances of lion-hunters and album purveyors. One of her stranger visitants was, however, of a very strange kind.

"It was about this time (1832–33) that a circumstance occurred, by which Mrs. Hemans was greatly affected and impressed. A stranger one day called at her house, and begged earnestly to see her. She was then just recovering from one of her frequent illnesses, and was obliged to decline the visits of all but her immediate friends. The applicant was therefore told that she was unable to receive him; but he persisted in entreating for a few minutes' audience, with such urgent importunity, that at last the point was conceded. The moment he was admitted, the gentleman (for such his manner and appearance declared him to be) explained, in words and tones of the deepest feeling, that the object of his visit was to acknowledge a debt of obligation which he could not rest satisfied without avowing—that to her he owed, in the first instance, that faith and those hopes which were now more precious to him than life itself; for that it was by reading her poem of 'The Sceptic' he had been first awakened from the miserable delusions of infidelity, and induced to 'search the Scriptures.' Having poured forth his thanks and benedictions in an uncontrollable gush of emotion, this strange but interesting visitant took his departure, leaving her overwhelmed with a mingled sense of joyful gratitude and wondering humility."

Having in our notice of Mr. Chorley's book spoken distinctly of her affectations, it is but just to say that the present volume leaves a more favourable impression of Mrs. Hemans' general character. And the incident of lying on the deck of the vessel when she left Wales, with her face covered and her son watching till the mountains were out of sight, as she dared not look up till then, is in a measure explained; in addition to the sadness of leaving an early home, and the breaking-up of domestic ties, her two elder sons had just parted from her to go to their father.

From the Athenæum.

SURVEYING VOYAGES.

Narrative of the Surveying Voyages of His Majesty's Ships Adventure and Beagle, between the Years 1826 *and* 1836, *&c.* 4 *vols. Colburn.*

The arduous task of surveying the southern extremity of the New World was one which devolved naturally on the most eminent of commercial nations. A highly-civilized maritime people could alone feel that interest in the welfare of the mariner which prompts to such an undertaking, or command that rare union of scientific acquirement and consummate seamanship which is required for its successful execution. Great Britain may take a pride, not only in that rank among nations which leads her to engage in labours redounding to the general interest of mankind, but still more in the skill and hardihood of her sons, which enable her to achieve, in the noblest manner, her honourable enterprises. The difficulties overcome, and hardships endured, in the survey of the Magellanic regions—the most tempestuous portion of the earth—are but lightly touched on in the volumes now before us; in which, on the other hand, the reader will find, along with an interesting narrative, an immense body of varied and valuable information. In our present attempt to sketch the history of the voyages of the *Adventure* and *Beagle*, we shall, for brevity sake, blend together, as far as possible, the various journals of which the narrative is composed. The volume containing the narrative and remarks of Mr. Darwin, who accompanied the second expedition of the *Beagle* as naturalist, shall be reserved for a future occasion.

The stormy character of Cape Horn and of Magellan's Straits is known to all. Sir Francis Drake, with the peculiar good fortune of a hero, found favourable winds in the Strait, through which he effected a passage in seventeen days; but none have been since able to boast of similar despatch. There is an account of a ship carrying a press of sail round Cape Horn—but instances of this kind are rare indeed. Commodore Byron, when adverting to the hardships endured by his crew in a voyage of seven weeks through the Straits, makes this remark—"It is probable, that whoever shall read this account of the difficulties and dangers which attended our passage through the Straits of Magellan, will conclude that it ought never to be attempted again; but I, who have been twice round Cape Horn, am of a different opinion." Captain Wallis complained, that during four months (from December to April, 1767) he was in almost continual danger of shipwreck, "in a region where, in the midst of summer, the weather was cold, gloomy, and tempestuous—where the prospects had more the appearance of a chaos than of nature—and where, for the most part, the valleys were without herbage, and the hills without wood." In this sketch, it must be acknowledged, the desolation of the scene is exaggerated. Strong currents, and apparently irregular tides, the low and sterile shores of the eastern end of the Strait, and frequent storms, might well make a dismal impression on the mind of the navigator, but still there are vernal spots in the Magellanic regions, so prominently contrasted with the surrounding winter, that they cannot fail to seize the attention of the candid observer. Captain King, previously distinguished by his survey of New Holland, commanded the first of the expeditions of which the narrative is before us, and reached the eastern entrance of the Strait on the 20th of December (the midsummer of those regions,) 1826; he says of the country round Cape Froward—

"The scenery of this part of the Strait, instead of being, as Cordova describes it, 'horrible,' is, at this season, exceedingly striking and picturesque. The highest mountains certainly are bare of vegetation, but their sharp peaks and snow-covered summits afford a pleasing contrast to the lower hills, thickly clothed with trees quite to the water's side, which is bordered by masses of bare rock, studded with ferns and moss, and backed by the rich dark green foliage of the berberis and arbutus shrubs, with here and there a beech tree, just beginning to assume its autumnal tints."

In Port Famine, one of those evergreen beech trees was found to measure one and twenty feet in circumference near the ground. But the sheltered coves on the south side of the Strait, as Port San Antonio, are adorned by a richer and more varied foliage.

"This port is formed by a channel, a quarter of a mile wide, separating two islands from the shore. The best anchorage is off a picturesque little bay, on the south island, which is thickly wooded to the water's edge, with the holly-leaved berberis, fuchsia, and veronica, growing to the height of about twenty feet—overtopped and sheltered by large beech, and winters-bark trees, rooted under a thick mossy carpet, through which a narrow Indian path winds, between arbutus and currant bushes, and round prostrate stems of dead trees, leading to the seaward side of the island.

"In no part of the Strait," continues the journal, "did we find the vegetation so luxuriant as in this little cove. Some of the winter's-bark and currant trees had shoots more than five feet long, and many of the winter's-bark trees were two feet in diameter. The veronica grows, in the sheltered parts, to the height of twenty feet, with a stem six inches in diameter. It was found, too, on the windward side of the island in abundance, and of large size, rooted in the very wash of the sea-beach, and exposed to the full force of the cold winds and hail storms which rush down the wide western reach of the Strait. The day after our arrival, the gale subsided, and the weather became very fine indeed. The stillness of the air may be imagined, when the chirping of humming birds and buzzing of large bees were heard at a considerable distance."

Perroquets, as well as humming-birds, frequent the evergreen groves of this region, where the mariner, harassed by fickle and violent winds, often marks only those features of the scene which serve to fortify the impression made on his mind by the inclemency of the skies. These feathered inhabitants of tropical regions here dwell in the close vicinity of a Polar climate. Conspicuous from all sides, at the western part of Terra del Fuego, Mount Sarmiento rises to the height of 6,800 feet above the sea, covered with perpetual snow. From the chain of mountains of which it is the culminating point, immense glaciers extend down to the sea, fill up the craggy inlets, and overhang the narrow channels, which conduct through the insular labyrinth. These glaciers have, in some instances, an extent of ten or a dozen miles. In summer, large masses of ice, detached from them, plunge into the sea, with a noise heard leagues off like thunder; and numerous cascades, bounding from their upper edges, are seen glistening through the trees below, and over those very thickets in which the humming-bird disports. When the increased knowledge and improved navigation of the Magellanic seas shall have, in some measure, disarmed them of their terrors, the advantages which they possess will be more fairly appreciated, and they will be found to be far less inhospitable than has been hitherto imagined. The following observations of Capt. Fitzroy are calculated to confirm this hope:

"Though the season was so far advanced, some shrubs were in flower—particularly one, which is very like a jessamine, and has a sweet smell. Cranberries and berberis-berries were plentiful. I should have liked to pass some days at this place, it was so very pretty—the whole shore was like a shrubbery. I cannot account for the exaggerated account of the Fuegian coasts given by some voyagers. It is true, that the peaks of the mountains are covered with snow, and those sides exposed to the prevailing west winds are barren and rugged; but every sheltered spot is covered with vegetation, and large trees seem to grow almost on the bare rock. I was strongly reminded of some of the Greek islands in winter, when they also have a share of snow on their mountains."

Natives were seen on the northern shore soon after the vessels entered the Strait, and, an intercourse being established with them, they readily bartered a supply of fresh meat (of the guanaco) for a little tobacco. These Patagonians wander over an immense extent of barren plains, from the Rio Negro, to the Straits of Magellan. The chief person among them, in respect to utility at least, was, on this occasion, a woman named Maria, who spoke broken Spanish, and said that she was born in Paraguay. Some of their horses were well caparisoned, after the fashion of the Gauchos of Buenos Ayres. Maria stated that she had a brother named Bysante, a Cacique, near the river Santa Cruz, who was a very important personage, on account of his immense size, as well as of his riches. Another of her brothers, who accompanied her, seemed to be a fair average specimen of a Patagonian. "Though only six feet high, his body was large enough for a much taller man." When it is considered that the Patagonians, with an average height exceeding five feet ten inches, have all exceedingly robust proportions, and may be more properly called a large, than a tall race, it does not seem very surprising, that individuals among them should occasionally exceed seven feet in height, as is asserted by Falkner and Byron. It may be well imagined, that in the sixteenth century, when disease and mortality prevailed to such an extent on ship-board, European seamen were stunted specimens of their race; and that, on comparing their own exhausted frames with the ponderous bodies of the Patagonians, they might naturally enough call the latter giants. Maria's tribe appeared to blend with their native superstitions some corrupt tradition of Christianity, derived probably from the labours of Falkner and the other Jesuits. They were friendly, fearless, and unreserved in their intercourse with our vessels, though their passion for ardent spirits showed plainly how little benefit they habitually derive from their acquaintance with Europeans.

In the prosecution of the survey, Captain Stokes, commanding the *Beagle*, proceeded, in 1828, to examine the western coast of Patagonia. He found some fine harbours, and succeeded in ascertaining the general outline of that intricate shore; but the continued bad weather, subjected him to such fearful risks and frequent disappointments, that his spirits sank under the load of anxiety—excitement gave way to dejection; so that soon after rejoining his comrades in the Straits, he put an end to his existence. This melancholy event aggravated, as might be expected, the symptoms of the disease which had already attacked the crews of both vessels, and for health sake it was necessary to leave the Strait, and repair to Rio Janeiro.

Captain Fitzroy succeeded to the command of the *Beagle*, and, in the beginning of 1829, the survey was resumed. The *Adventure*, after examining the shores of Chiloe, and touching at Valparaiso, paid a brief visit to the Isle of Juan Fernandez—a spot of which the chief title to fame is derived from its connection with the history of Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of Robinson Crusoe. The Isle of Juan Fernandez has an extremely romantic and interesting appearance. In the midst, the mountain called the Anvil towers above a range of frowning precipices, to the height of 3000 feet, while a bold, rocky shore, but imperfectly conceals the myrtle groves and stately forests within. A colony of about forty persons, employed in the seal and cod fishery for the Chilian market, were in 1830 the sole tenants of that fine Island. They neither till the ground, nor breed any useful stock, but, with true Chilian thoughtlessness, live on what Providence sets before them. The mariner who touches at the Island finds there no refreshments, save fish and water; for the goats, with which the buccaneers formerly stocked it, were purposely hunted down by the Spaniards, and are now only seen on the inaccessible heights of the central mountains.

The *Beagle* meanwhile directed her course to the southern shores of Terra del Fuego, the general character of which is very adequately represented by the name of a conspicuous point of it, namely, Cape Desolation. The snowy mountains are there still in sight; glaciers too occur: but the ever-raging south-west winds allow no trees to grow, and the coast presents nothing but bare rocks lashed by the restless ocean. Yet, strange to say, in these troubled waters, was seen, under sail, the frail canoe of a native, the sail being made of seal-skin; and it was discovered also, that the Fuegians are not afraid to cross over to the Ildefonso islets, situated eight or ten leagues from the main. A singular adventure, the consequences of which were highly interesting and important, occurred in this part of the survey. The master of the *Beagle* was sent with a fine whale boat, to continue the survey from Cape Desolation, while the vessel lay at a secure anchorage at London Island: his absence, prolonged beyond the expected duration, caused great uneasiness, which was at length relieved in the manner thus related by Captain Fitzroy.

"At three this morning, I was called up to hear that the whale boat was lost—stolen by the natives; and that her coxswain and two men had just reached the ship in a clumsy canoe, made like a large basket of wicker work, covered with pieces of canvass, and lined with clay, very leaky and difficult to paddle. They had been sent by the master, who with the other people was at the cove under Cape Desolation, where they encamped on the first day. Their provisions were all consumed, two-thirds having been stolen with the boat, and the return of the natives to plunder and perhaps kill them, was daily expected. The basket, I cannot call it a canoe, left the Cape (now doubly deserving of its name,) early yesterday morning, and worked its way slowly and heavily amongst the islands, the men having only one biscuit each with them. They paddled all day and the following night, until two this morning, when in passing the cove where the ship lay, they heard one of our dogs bark, and found their way to us, quite worn out by fatigue and hunger."

Though the distance paddled by these men in twenty hours, was hardly more than five leagues, yet theirs is, we doubt not, the longest voyage on record performed in a basket. Parties immediately sallied forth in search of the lost boat: traces were found which led from one native encampment to another; but still the superior local knowledge of the thieves rendered pursuit fruitless; and the toilsome search ended with the seizure of some native families, to be kept in durance till the restitution of the stolen property. They however all effected their escape, jumping overboard at night and swimming ashore, with the exception of a little girl eight years old, who, from the circumstances which led to her captivity, was named Fuegia Basket; a lad called Boat-memory: and a young man, honoured as well as the barren promontory where he dwelt, with the name of York Minster. To these was subsequently added, a boy, who, from the price paid for him, obtained the designation of Jemmy Button. The little girl was the first to become reconciled to her changed situation, and to yield up her affections to the luxury of biscuit. York Minster, being the oldest, was the last to get rid of the restless suspicion and sullenness characteristic of the wild state: but by the time that they reached England, in the latter half of the year 1830, they had all put off the savage, and given promise of still further improvement. These poor captives had fallen into the hands of a generous patron. Boat-memory died of the small-pox, at Plymouth. The rest, saved by medical attention from the array of new diseases which attacked them, were placed for the benefit of their education at Walthamstow. There they learned to speak English, and grew rich by the bounty of numerous friends. They did not, however, forget their native land, and Captain Fitzroy was preparing to restore them to their home at his own expense, when the *Beagle* was again commissioned, and he was re-appointed to prosecute the survey of the South American shores. Mr. Darwin, to whom the lovers of natural history are so much indebted, volunteered to accompany this second expedition. As it was hoped, that the Fuegians might be made instrumental in the introduction of Christianity among their countrymen, a young man named Matthew, in the service of the Church Missionary Society, undertook to make the experiment of founding a mission in Terra del Fuego.

The expedition left England towards the end of December 1831, and touching at Porto Praya, Bahia, and other places, for the sake of chronometrical observations, commenced the labours of the survey on the low coast, between the La Plata and Rio Negro. The Pampas here descend to the level of the sea, "forming," as our author expresses it, "a half-drowned coast, on which, although the dangers are numerous, tides strong, banks muddy, and the shores everywhere low, the intervening ports are so safe, and so likely to be useful, that it was absolutely necessary to examine them." Notwithstanding the extensive flats and mud banks, these shores are extremely healthy. The low cliffs which occur at wide intervals along the coast, abound in fossils of various kinds. Rain rarely falls on the western Pampas, but there are clouds and showers of a different kind, of which the following is an instance.

"The horizon," says Capt. Fitzroy, "was strangely distorted by refraction, and I anticipated some violent change. Suddenly, myriads of white butterflies surrounded the ship, in such multitudes, that the men exclaimed, 'it is snowing butterflies.' They were driven before a gust from the northwest, which soon increased to a double-reefed topsail breeze, and were as numerous as flakes of snow in the thickest shower. The space they occupied could not have been less than two hundred yards in height, a mile in width, and several miles in length."

The Fuegians were much elated as they approached their country; they extolled its beauty, and indulged in anticipations of a cordial reception from their friends. They were not aware of the change which one year's intercourse with civilized men had wrought in their perceptions. But at last, in Good Success Bay, five robust natives, like Patagonians, presented themselves to view.

"One of these Fuegians was so like York Minster, that he might have passed for his brother. About his eyes were circles of white paint, and his upper lip was daubed with red ochre and oil. Another man was rubbed over with black. It was amusing and interesting to see their meeting with York and Jemmy, who would not acknowledge them as countrymen, but laughed at and mocked them."

The home of Jemmy Button was at a place called Woollya, on Navarin Island, where all the local advantages desirable for the establishment of a mission seemed to be united. There were clear spaces of grassy land, lively brooks, fine trees, and a profusion of wild flowers, which augured well for the growth of garden seeds. Wigwams were immediately constructed for the settlers, York Minster and his wife Fuegia, late Miss Basket, Jemmy Button, and Mr. Matthew. Jemmy's meeting with his relations is graphically narrated by our author.

"Canoes continued to arrive; their owners hauled them ashore on the beach; sent the women and children to old wigwams, or to a little distance, and hastened themselves to see the strangers. While I was engaged in watching the proceeding at our encampment, and poor Jemmy was getting out of temper at the quizzing he had to endure, on account of his countrymen whom he had extolled so highly until in sight, a deep voice was heard shouting from a canoe more than a mile distant: up started Jemmy from a bag full of nails and tools which he was distributing, leaving them to be scrambled for by those nearest, and upon a repetition of the shout, exclaimed, 'My brother!' He then told me, that it was his eldest brother's voice, and perched himself on a large stone to watch the canoe, which approached slowly, being small and loaded with several people. When it arrived, instead of an eager meeting, there was a cautious circumspection which astonished us. Jemmy walked slowly to meet the party, which consisted of his mother, two sisters, and four brothers. The old woman hardly looked at him, before she hastened away to secure her canoe and hide her property, all she possessed, a basket containing tinder, firestone, paint, &c., and a bundle of fish. The girls ran off with her without even looking at Jemmy; and the brothers, (a man and three boys) stood still, stared, walked up to Jemmy, and all around him, without uttering a word. Brutes, when they meet, show far more animation and anxiety than was displayed at this meeting. Jemmy was evidently much mortified, and to add to his confusion and disappointment, as well as my own, he was unable to talk to his brothers, except by broken sentences in which English predominated."

The great number of natives collected round the new settlers caused, at first, some apprehensions, but these proved to be groundless. Jemmy's pockets were picked by his countrymen, who stole, also, when and what they could, from the vigilant York, "but from Fuegia they did not take a single article; on the contrary, their kindness to her was remarkable, and among the women she was quite a pet." Matters being thus arranged, the boats proceeded to examine the Beagle Channel, and then after the lapse of a few days, returned to Woollya, to ascertain the safety of Mr. Matthew, and to learn his prospects. He was found to be quite disheartened by the constant teasing and the threats of the savages. "Sometimes a party of them gathered round him, and, if he had nothing to give them, teased him by pulling the hair of his face, pushing him about, and making mouths at him. His only partizans were the women; now and then he left Jemmy to guard the hut, and went to the native wigwams, where the women always received him kindly, making room for him by their fire, and giving him a share of whatever food they had, without asking for anything in return."

York and Fuegia fared well and lost nothing; but Jemmy Button was sadly plundered by his friends and relations. He appeared very sorrowful, and frequently exclaimed, "My people very bad; very great fool." As he and York were unable to exert such an influence over their countrymen as might secure Mr. Matthew from injury, it was at once determined not to expose the latter gentleman to the risks of savage life, among a people without any rule or authority, who are known to eat their enemies taken in war, and, in time of famine, even the old women of their own tribes.

From Terra del Fuego, the *Beagle* sailed to the Falkland Islands, for the sovereignty of which there has been as much dispute among nations, as if, instead of a succession of bleak moorlands, they presented a paradise to the view. In 1763, the French established a colony at Port Louis, which was soon after given up to Spain. England, at the same time laid claim to the islands, and made a settlement in Port Egmont. War and rival claims marred the prosperity of these establishments. In 1820 the Argentine flag was hoisted on the Falkland Islands, and, notwithstanding the protest of the British government, possession of the islands was kept by Buenos Ayres, till 1831, when the commandant having ventured to detain some North American sealers who disregarded his authority, the establishment at Port Louis was destroyed by the commander of the American corvette, the *Lexington*. The British flag was soon after hoisted on the island, on which, since 1834, a British officer has also resided, empowered to exercise the necessary authority. Though the first view of those islands is extremely dismal, they are by no means unproductive. There is abundance of excellent herbage, and the black cattle, horses, pigs, and rabbits turned loose upon the eastern island by the Spaniards, have greatly multiplied. The black cattle appear to have benefitted by the humidity of the climate, far exceeding in size the wild cattle of the Pampas. The bulls are said to be among the largest and fiercest of their race. The Gauchos residing on the Falkland Islands, previous to the establishment there of the British authority, used to slaughter those animals merely for the sake of their tongues. The seal-fishery on the shores was also carried on in the most undiscriminating and destructive manner.

After a very interesting examination of the western coast of Patagonia, during which the river Santa Cruz was explored to the feet of the Andes, the *Beagle* returned to Terra del Fuego, on its way to the Pacific. It may be easily conceived that they who had taken so much pains to sow the seeds of civilization among the rude inhabitants of those wild shores, felt not a little anxious concerning the result of the experiment. Hence the pang of disappointment, and the gloomy forebodings when it was found that Woollya was deserted. At length a canoe was seen approaching the ship in haste, and in it "was one," says our author, "whose face I knew, yet could not name."

"A sudden movement of the hand to his head (as a sailor touches his hat) at once told me that it was indeed Jemmy Button,—but how altered! I could hardly restrain my feelings, and I was not, by any means, the only one so touched, by his squalid miserable appearance. He was naked, like his companions, except a bit of skin about his loins; his hair was long and matted, just like theirs, he was wretchedly thin, and his eyes were affected by smoke. I thought he was ill, but he surprised me by saying that he was 'hearty, sir—never better,' that he had not been ill even for a day, was happy and contented, and had no wish whatever to change his way of life. He said that he had got 'plenty fruits, plenty birdies, ten guanaco in snow time, and too much fish.' "

It appeared that York had gone off to the west in a large canoe which he had made in imitation of some seen by him at Rio Janeiro; and that he had robbed Jemmy of all his wealth. Fuegio continued to the last to wear her European clothes, and was well treated by the savages. Although the attempt to civilize these people did not succeed in the manner or on the scale contemplated, it must not be supposed that it failed altogether. Jemmy manifested an adequate sense of the benefits bestowed on him, and all his family entered into his feelings. The whole Button tribe, occupying Button Island (for at Woollya they were exposed to hostile invasion,) assumed a cordial and unreserved demeanour towards white men, added many English words to their vocabulary, and have thus advanced in refinement as far perhaps as so rude a people can be reasonably expected to advance in so short a period.

As the *Beagle* approached the coasts of Chile in 1835, the Mountain of Osorno, distant seventy-three miles, was observed in the night to be in a state of eruption, throwing up brilliant jets of flame or ignited matter, high into the darkness, while lava flowed down its steep sides in torrents. This mountain, about 7550 feet in height, is remarkable for its form, which is that of a gigantic glass-house. When seen from a distance of 90 or 100 miles, the whole cone, covered with snow, stands out in the boldest relief from the inferior range of mountains. This eruption appears to have been connected with the convulsions which a little after extended over a vast region, comprising the southern half of Chile. On the 20th of February the city of Conception was totally destroyed by an earthquake. The shocks were felt on board of the *Beagle*, at sea, as if the anchor had been let go, and the chain cable were running out. The fact that a great part of the coast of Chile was, at least temporarily, elevated by that earthquake, is confirmed by our author.

The Gallapagos Islands owe their origin to the volcanic agency which still shakes the foundations of the opposite continent. They present to view, "black, dismal-looking heaps of broken lava, forming a shore fit for Pandemonium." They have, however, some beautifully fertile spots, and have been selected, by the republic of the Ecuador, for the seat of a penal colony. From these frowning rocks the *Beagle* proceeded to Tahiti, where the coral shores are shaded by groves of palm and bread-fruit trees. Mr. Darwin, who made a three days' excursion among the wildest parts of the mountains, was quite enthusiastic in his account of the strength, activity, and, above all, the excellent disposition and good conduct of the two natives who were his companions and guides. Capt. Fitzroy was authorized to press the queen to fulfil her engagement to pay a stipulated sum as an indemnification for the piratical seizure of an English vessel among the Low Islands. The Queen Pomare, surrounded by her councillors and nearest relatives, but without any state, received his visit. They at once decided to pay the debt. Thirty-six tons of pearl-oyster shells, belonging to Pomare, were to form part of the indemnification; the remainder was to be contributed by the queen's private friends. Our author's account of the natives of Tahiti is calculated to awaken the liveliest interest in their future welfare and progressive civilization. He laments the ascetic habits inculcated by the missionaries, who discourage amusements, and will not permit a lively people, living under bright skies, either to dance or sing. This austerity will, we fear, operate to the disadvantage of the Protestant missionaries, now that Roman Catholic teachers have got footing on the island. "Is it not a striking fact," observes Capt. Fitzroy, "that the people of a whole country have solemnly refrained from drinking spirits! does not this act alone entitle them to respect and high consideration?" They want, however, we grieve to say, the power to enforce their laws of temperance, and to repel the attacks made on their sobriety by the dissolute seamen who touch at the island.

From the Society Isles the *Beagle* sailed westward to New Zealand; then, visiting Sydney and King George's Sound, directed her course to the Keeling or Coco Islands,—a group, of coral formation, which has been taken possession of by an American named Ross. Aided by forty or fifty Malays, he collects coco-nut oil, turtle, tortoise shell, and bicho do mar, with which he trades to Sincapore and Batavia. The principal object which the expedition had in view, in visiting those islands, was to study the growth of the coral formation, and as we expect to find this subject amply treated of in Mr. Darwin's volume, we shall here conclude our narrative, with the observation, that while the *Beagle* was in commission, from 1829 to the end of 1836, during a voyage longer than Vancouver's, fatal disease was unknown, nor did any accident of consequence occur on board. This fact speaks volumes for the good discipline of the ship, and the vigilance of the officers, and their constant attention to the comfort and well-being, moral as well as physical, of the men.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SONNET.

ENGLAND has felt of old a tyrant's sway,
The rightful blood of long descended-kings
Has trodden underfoot as abject things
A people's liberties. Through dark dismay
Where chaos brooded, Cromwell won his way
To power supreme, uplifted on the wings
Of a bold spirit; nor dishonour brings
His rule, who taught the factious to obey
And foes to fear us. But O! when till now
Was England mastered by a low-born slave
False and faint-hearted; on whose sordid brow
Shame sits enamoured; who would dig a grave
For all she venerates, and has breathed a vow
To hate her sons as cowards hate the brave?

From the Dublin University Magazine

THE RAINBOW.

A SONNET—BY R. H. F.

Another peal of thunder! 'Tis the last!
And, like an evil spirit's dying groan,
Its raving spent, it sinks into a moan,
Then the death-rattle—and now all is past;
But still the mother-cloud weeps free and fast,
For that her lightning-child so quick hath flown,
Flashed on the world, and then no longer shone.
Sooth, wicked brightness ne'er is doomed to last.
The sun is out! and quick as thought the bow
Makes nature a cathedral, while her song
Pours through the arch of hope its happy vow,
Grateful that God hath done to death the strong:
While mountain, forest, ocean, all below,
Share in the hymn that swelling rolls along.

NAPOLEON AND THE BRITISH SOLDIER.

By Thomas Campbell.

I love contemplating apart
From all his homicidal story,
The traits that soften to our heart
Napoleon's glory.

'Twas when his banners at Boulogne
Arm'd in our island every freeman,
His navy chanced to capture one
Poor British seaman.

They suffered him, I know not how,
Unprisoned on the shore to roam;
And aye was bent his youthful brow
On England's home.

His eye, methinks, pursued the flight
Of birds to Britain half way over,
With envy; they could reach the white
Dear cliffs of Dover!

A stormy midnight watch he thought,
Than this sojourn would have been dearer,
If but the storm the vessel brought
To England nearer!

At last, when care had banished sleep,
He saw, one morning—dreaming—doating,
An empty hogshead, on the deep
Come shoreward floating!

He hid it in a cave, and wrought
The livelong day—laborious—lurking,
Until he launched a tiny boat
By mighty working!

Heaven help us! t'was a thing beyond
Description; such a wretched wherry,
Perhaps, ne'er ventured on a pond
Or crossed a ferry.

For ploughing in the salt sea field—
'Twould make the very boldest shudder,
Untarr'd—uncompass'd—and unkeel'd—
No sail—no rudder.

From neighbouring woods, he interlaced
His sorry skiff with wattled willows,
And thus equipped he would have passed
The foaming billows.

The French guard caught him on a beach—
His little argus sorely jeering,
Till tidings of him come to reach
Napoleon's hearing.

With folded arms Napoleon stood,
Serene alike in peace or danger,
And in his wonted attitude,
Addressed the stranger:—

"Rash youth, that wouldst yon channel pass,
With twigs and staves so rudely fashioned;
Thy heart with some sweet English lass
Must be impassioned."

I have no sweetheart," said the lad;
  "But—absent years from one another—
Great was the longing that I had
  To see my mother."

"And so thou shalt!" Napoleon said,
  "You've both my favor justly won;
A noble mother must have bred
  So brave a son."

He gave the tar a piece of gold;
  And, with a flag of truce commanded
He should be shipped to England Old,
  And safely landed.

Our sailor oft could scantly shift
  To find a dinner plain and hearty;
But never changed the coin and gift
  Of Buonaparte.

From the Retrospective Review.

TRAVELS OF SIR ANTHONY SHERLEY.

A true discourse of Sir Anthony Sherley's travele into Persia, what accidents did happen in the waye, both goeinge thither and returning backe, with the businesse he was employede in, from the Sophie. Written by George Manwaring, gentleman, *who attended on Sir Anthony all the journeye.—M. S.*

Sir Anthony Sherley, the history of whose singular journey into Persia, the manuscript which stands at the head of this article professes to record, was the second son of Sir Thomas Sherley, of Wiston, in Sussex, and was born in 1565. He had two brothers, Sir Thomas Sherley, his elder, and Mr. Robert Sherley, his younger brother, all distinguished for their adventurous and romantic dispositions.—It is, however, with Sir Anthony that we have chiefly to do in this article, although we shall have occasion to notice incidentally his two brothers, and especially Mr. Robert Sherley, his companion in this extraordinary enterprize. On Sir Anthony, his friends bestowed "those learnings which were fit for a gentleman's ornament;" and after having taken his degree at Oxford, he entered into the service of his sovereign, "in which he ran many courses of divers fortune, according to the condition of the wars."—He first joined the English forces in Holland, * and was subsequently one of those gallant adventurers, who, in 1596, went to annoy the Spaniards in their West India settlements. With a brave, but small band of two hundred and eighty men, he took the town of St. Jago, of which he kept possession two days and nights, against three thousand Portuguese, in which service eighty of his men were wounded. On his return to England, Sir Anthony received the honour of knighthood. As the model of his civil life, Sir Anthony selected his friend and patron, the famous Earl of Essex, who, in the true nobleness of his nature, gave him literally the best treasures of his mind in counselling him, and his care and fortune to help him forward.

Early in the year 1599, Sir Anthony Sherley left England with twenty-five followers, most of them gentlemen, for the purpose of joining the Duke of Ferrara in his wars with the Pope: but, learning on his arrival at Augusta, that the wars were terminated, he proceeded to Venice, and, from that place, communicated his disappointment to the Earl, by whose advice the enterprize had been undertaken. It seems, that some expectation had been formed of the exploits of this small band of gentlemen, and it suited neither the inclination of the Earl, nor Sir Anthony, that it should end in nothing. It was therefore concerted between them, that Sir Anthony should undertake a journey into Persia, the object of which was, in the first place, to endeavour to prevail upon the king to unite with the Christian princes against the Turks: or, if this should fail, to establish a commercial intercourse betwixt this country and the East. With these grand objects, Sir Anthony mixed some private designs of his own for the improvement of his fortune Such were the inducements to this undertaking, as avowed by Sherley in the History of his Travels, penned by himself—a publication in which statesman-like views and acute reflexions are mingled with pompous argumentation, and tedious ethical declamation—and in which he has purposely omitted what, though of less interest to him, is of most to posterity. Manwaring's discourse, on the contrary, possesses considerable interest—he describes not what he thought, but what he saw—and that in the most *naive* and engaging manner. He relates many traits of the character of Sir Anthony, and the sovereign whom he visited, that are not to be found in Sherley's publication, which was, in all probability, to serve some particular purpose, independent of the mere narration of his journey. Sir Anthony, without disclosing his intentions to his followers, or to any one, except the Earl of Essex, set sail from Venice, on the 20th May, 1599. We shall, without farther preface, proceed to give the relation of this adventure in the words of George Manwaring himself, premising that we have taken a few liberties with his orthography, which is very bad even for the time in which he lived: and the length of the manuscript has also compelled us to omit such parts of it as possess less interest than the rest.

"The first attempt of the voyage was this, Sir Anthony understandinge of warr like to have happened betweene the Duke of Ferrara and the Pope, and hearinge the Duke to be a gallant man, and further he had notice that the Duke had sent unto the French King for some good commanders, thought he could not spend his time better then to go, and ayde the Duke with his service in the warr; and for this cause did take his leave of England for a time. * * * *

"On our coming to Augusta, we had newes that the Duke of Ferrara had submitted himselfe to the Pope, and the wars were ended, yet Sir Anthony did encourage us with comfortable words, ashuringe us, that if we would followe him, and arme ourselves to take the adventure which he did purpose, we should all gayne honour, and greatly enrich ourselves. From Augusta we tooke post horses to Venice, where we did solace ourselves allmost three monthes, in which time Sir Anthony did sende his brother, Mr. Robert Sherlye, of some bussinesse to the Duke of Florence, who used him very honourablye, givinge him a chayne of gould, valued to the worthe of 1600 French crownes; and in that time we lay in Venice, Sir Anthony did fall in some conversation with a Persian merchant, which did traffick in Venice for the Kinge of Persia, for such commodities as were wantynge in his owne countrey, which was English cloth, both woollen and linene. This merchant tould Sir Anthony of the Royalltie of the Sophie his King, which pleased Sir Anthony very well; yet not resolved to go thither, but to take his voyage another way; but in the same cittie of Venice, it was his fortune to hear of a great traveler, newly come to Venice from the Sophie's court, whose name was Angelo, born it Turkie, but a good Christian, who had travelled 16 years, and did speake 24 kinde of languages. This Angelo did likewise acquaint Sir Anthony of the worthynes of the King of Persia, that he was a gallant souldier very bountiful to strangers, and what entertainement he had at his Court; ashuringe Sir Anthony, that if he would go thither, it would be greatly for his advancement; and more over, that he would be his guide, and attend on him thither, which Sir Anthony did consent unto, yet kept it very close, for fear it should be known in Turkie, becase we must passe through that countrey, and the great Turke and the Kinge of Persia beinge not greate friends, but only for a league for three yeares, which was all expired. So we left Venice and went to Malemocko, some five miles from Venice, where we found divers shipes; amongst the rest there was an Argosie, bound for Scanderoune, where we did imbarke ourselves, paying a large price for our passage; but the winde was contrarye, that we were 24 days in sayling to Zant, which was not half the waye, where, if the winde had served us, we might have been at Scanderoune in that time; but in the waye before we came to Zant, there was a passinger in the ship which used some disgracefull wordes against our late Queene, whereupone Sir Anthony caused one of his meanest sort of men to give him the bastinadoe, which he did very soundly. Whereupone he made such a terrible crye, that the captaine of the shipe, with the passingers and the seafaring men, rose up in armes against us, they beinge to the number of 250, and all our companie not above 26, yet we did withstande, neither was there any hurt done, by reason of three Armenian marchants, which did stande betweene us, and entreated a peace, which the Italians did first consent unto; in the end we arrived at Zant, where Sir Anthony and all we of his companie went ashore for vittailes, in regard all our provision was spent. When we were departed forth of the ship, they sent after us those thinges we had left behind, and mounted their ordinance against us, swearinge, if we did offer to come abord the ship any more, they would sink us. Whereupon Sir Anthony complained to the Governore of the place, but could have no remedie; so we lost our passage, and were constrained to stay in Zant ten dayes for shipping, with great hinderance to our voyage and expenses; but that the English marchants did use us somewhat kindlye. After we had passed awaye the time for ten days space, we imbarked in a small ship, and we tooke our leaves of Zant, where the next day after, we being not well stored with fresh water, we did put into an Island to fill our vessellcs with water; because in the iland of Zant water was very scarce. I will show you a reason why. One day, beinge in Zant, I was extreme drye, and beinge in a marchant's house, I desired a cup of water to drinke of one of his servants; the marchant hearing me, tould me I should drink wine so much as I would, for his water was dearer unto him than his wine. I thought it a verie strange thinge. Well, nowe to the ilande where we went for fresh water, a place worthe the notinge: it is a small thinge, but a verye pleasant littill village for corne, yet verye frutefull of alle thinges else, as apricockes, oranges, lemonds, pomgranates, grapes of all sorts, with manye other fruites; there is but an only castele in the iland, which is inhabited with no other kind of men but priestes and friers, all Greekes: they did entertaine us lovingly, givinge us of their fruites, for the which wee did proffer them money, but they would not take anie; in all our traveles I did not see a more pleasanter place, for I could have found in my harte to have lived there allwayes: it is calde by the name of the Iland of Preestes. From thence we departed, and sayled towards the Isle of Candie, where within three dayes we were in the harbore, havinge no bussinesse there but only to see the place; we went all a-shore, not thinkinge to stay any longer than one night, but our shipe had a mischance; for we had not been out of her two houres but one of the gallies of Candie cominge from the sea, in a rough wind, did run herselfe against the rudder of our shipe, and took it cleane away; besides that, she was bulged in two places, which caused us to stay there nine dayes, before she could be made ready; there we were royally used, but espetially by one of the governores, which was a Greeke, for there are two governores; the one a Greeke, the other an Italian. The cittie of Candie is a towne of garrison, which had to the number 1500 souldiers continually there; this governor, beinge a Greeke, caused four proclamations to be made, which was, that we should have free libertie, both day and night, to passe quietly by their court of guard and sentinelles, without anie lett, which was a verie great favour; we were kindly used amongst the citizens, but espetially by the gentlewomen, who offtentimes did make us banquetts in their gardens, with musicke and dauncinge; they may well be called merie Greekes, for in the eveninges, commonly after they leave worke, they will daunce up and downe the streets, both men and women. There doth stand to this houre, about halfe a mile from the cittie, the chappell which Sainte Paule did preach in, and it is called to this houre Sainte Paule's Chappell, being helde in great reverence amonge the Greekes. From Candie we sayled to Cyprus, a most ruinated place, now under the Turkes' government: there we staide not past two houres, in which time the governor of that place, being a Turke, came abord our shipp, and brought us wine and other frutes; he used us very kindly, which made us thinke all Turkes were of his condicion; but we found it to the contrarie. From Cyprus we sailed to Tripoli, where we landed, and left our shipe, for we hired it no further. Being in the harbore, we found the Argosie, which brought us from Venice to Zant, who, so soone as they did knowe us, the captaine and master went presently to the governor, and tould him that we were bandittie or thieves at sea, and did councelle the governor to hange us all, which he consented unto."

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* It may be worth while to mention, that Sir Anthony and Sir Nicholas Clifford were created, by the French king, knights of the order of St. Michael; but Queen Elizabeth took it so ill, that they should accept it without her leave, that she deprived them of it, *Sandford's Geneal. Hist. of the Kings and Queens of England.*

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From this danger, Sir Anthony and his retinue were extricated through the means of some Armenian merchants, who were in the Argosy; but as Manwaring says, at great cost. Our travellers next proceeded to Antioch, and thence to Aleppo; in the journey they met with various adventures, which are recounted at length, but which we are under the necessity of omitting.

Of our Journey from Aleppo throughe the Arabian desart, and so into Persia.

"After wee had spent our time in Aleppo with the English marchants, for the space of five weekes, Sir Anthony did furnish himself with some kind of marchandise, as peeces of cloth of gould, and twelve cups of emeraldes, and jewels of great worth, which cups and jewels he thought to have presented to the Sophia of Persia, but that ill fortune did crosse him by the way. Well, from Aleppo we hired camels, asses, moyles, and horses, to bring us to a place, called by the Turks, Beere, or otherwise Bersada, accompanied with a Turke called a cadie, who went of an embassaye from the Great Turke to the Bashawe or Viceroy of Bagdat, otherwise called Babilone, and four of the English marchants did goe with us from Aleppo to Beere, which was four dayes journey. When wee came to Beere, there, after five or six dayes, with some trouble unto us, we were imbarked in a bote upon the famouse river Euphrates, with eleven botes more of Turkes, who went with marchandises to Babilone; after wee had gone down the river two dayes sail, we came by a place where there was a greate heape of stones, and that place the Jewes which were in our companie did tell us was the place where Abraham did pitch his tents, and there did they doe reverence unto it. We did commonly see every morninge greate lions come downe to the river side to drinke; and the wild Arabians would follow to the number sometimes of one hundred, and sometimes two hundred, with slings, slinging stones att us, but they did small hurte unto us, in regard of our shott, although it was some trouble to us. So passinge along the river, we came to a towne caled Anna, which was governed by the Turkes, but inhabited by manie Arabianes; and about two miles from the towne, by the river side, the Kinge of Arabya had pitched his tentes; for, as we were tould, he had made a vowe never to come into house till he could conquer all his countrye from the Turke. So coming close to the towne with our botes, as it was our order in all our botes, when we came by a place of note to give a vollie of shott, and doinge the like at that place, one of the Turkes had charged his peece with a bullet, which bullet did kill one of the Kinge's guard, beinge walkinge alonge the side of the river, accompanied with some fifty more of his fellowes; whoe, seinge their fellowe slaine, suddenly did drawe their swords in a rage, not knowinge who to take revenge upon; but the Turke that killed him, standing up, cryed with a loud voyce, sayinge it was one of the Christianes killed him, where upon they came all towards our bote, swearinge they would kill us every man; but God provided for us: for there was a Turke of Mahomet's kindred in the bote with him that killed the man, who presently leapt into the water, sainge to the guard, there is the man that killed your fellowe, for I sawe him put the bullet into his peece; which caused them to make a stande, and did us no harme; but on a sudden they all rane fiercely upon him, and cutt him in a hundred peeces, takinge the peeces, and throwinge them up and downe; this newes came presently to the Kinge, who sent a straite command for all the botes to come downe to the place where all his tents were pitched, which we did immediately, and at our arrival there the Kinge sent a companie of his unto us, which did take away our ores of the botes, commanding the cheefe of the company to come before him, which they did. Sir Anthony went first, attended with three other gentlemen that were with him, and myselfe; this I may boldly speake of: at the first entrye into his tent it was full a quarter of an English mile, before wee came to the Kinge's presence, which was guarded on either side with shott and pikes; soe when we came before him, he did stande up, takinge Sir Anthony by the hand, Sir Anthony offeringe to kisse his hande, but he would not suffer him; but we did: then he demanded of Sir Anthony what he was; he tould him the truth of all our voyage, which the Kinge did greatly commend, and caused a banquet to be brought of such fruits as the countrye did afford; there is small store of bread in the countrey, but they live commonly on milke, mellons, radishes, and rice; their apparele very slender, for they wear commonly one robe, made like a surplice, with greate sleeves, of a kinde of blewe cloth, made of bumbaso; their sleeves they tie on their backe, by one corner of the sleeve, and all their armes naked; about their midddle they weare a girdle, made of a horse-hide, some five fingers broode, and a dagger sticking under their girdles, with a wooden haft; they weare over their heads a cappe of felte, made like unto a murrian or head peece, tied under their chin with a blacke kinde of stuffe like a sipres.

The Kinge himselfe was in this sortte attired, save only he had a satten cote without sleeves; he was a man of a goodly personage, exceedinge blacke and very grimme of visage; his Queene was a blackamoor: his companie that followed him was to the number of twenty-thousand men: he had about ten thousand camels to attend him; in the summer time he did abide allwayes by the river Euphrates, and in the winter up in the desart. When Sir Anthony sawe the manner of his apparell, he sent for a peece of cloth of gould, which he had in the bote, and did present it unto the Kinge, which the Kinge esteemed highly of. to make himself an upper cote, and gave him great thankes for it; givinge him a passport under his own hand, to pass quietly through his dominions without anie further lett, which passport did us great good in our passage; but the Turkes he made pay soundly for the death of his servant; soe after one day and a night we departed, and came, in five days after, to a place worth the noting, which did burne with brimstone and pitch, making such a smoke that it did darken the place extremely, the pitch risinge up in great flackes as big as a house, making a terrible noyse, and that place the Jewes did tell us was Sodom and Gomora, but called by the Turkes Hell's mouth. From thence we passed a fairre town, called Racka, a verye ancient place, inhabited by Turkes and Arabianes. The river Euphratus doth rune thro' it: they have nether brig nor boate to passe from the one towne to the other, but the skins of goats, blowne like a bladder, and soe they cast themselves upon them, and swim over; you shall see them passe to and fro, as thicke as botes upon the Thames; from thence we passed to Phalouge, which place is in the suburbes of ould Babilone, and there we left our botes, and hired cameles and asses to carrie us to the cittie of Babilone that now is, which was a day and a night's journey from that place: but before we came to Babilone, the cadie that went of the embassage from the Turke to the Viceroy of Babilone, tould Sir Anthony, that his goods would be searched, and, as he did feare, would be taken from him; and did counsell him this, to deliver some of his goods to him, and he would safely keepe them for him, and deliver them to him at his departure from Babilone, which he did very honestly performe. Sir Anthony did accordinge to his advice, givinge him some of his jewels and other commodities, but his cups of emmeralds he reserved for the Viceroy of Babilone; but before we came into the cittie we were searched, and all our goods taken from us, to the worth of six thousand crownes, and never sawe it againe; had not we delivered that commoditie to the embasador, we had been left naked to the world. As soone as they were seized upon, they were brought to the Bashawe, who liked so well of the emmerald cups, that he kept them for his owne use, not givinge Sir Anthony one penie for them; but sent for him, which, when Sir Anthony came before him, the Bashawe did looke for great reverence to be doone him; but Sir Anthony caryinge a gallant mind, as he ever did, would not doe any obedience untoe him; for, at the entrance into his presence, beinge bravely attended uppone with noblemen, Sir Anthony came bouldly in, and did not soe much as once bowe himselfe; but did sit down by him without anie entreating, where upon the Viceroy, lookinge verie grimme uppone him, tould him he should be sent in chaines to Constantinople, to the Greate Turke; and all his companie should have their heads cut off, and set uppone the gates of Babilone. Then replyed Sir Anthony, that, as for his owne life, he did not respecte it, but for his followers; and he desired to endure anie torments himselfe, soe that his companie might passe quietly without hurt; soe that, for that time, he lett him depart for his lodginge. There was an Armenian, a Christian born, who did attend on the

Bashawe, whom he loved dearly; his name was Margevelo; this Christian did laboure verie much in Sir Anthony's behalfe; which, in the end, he obtained, and gott him his libertie to depart quietlie, but could not gett him his goods againe, but made meanes to help Sir Anthony to eight hundred crownes, of some Venetian merchants* which were there; soe, after we had staide there a monthe, there was a caravanne of Persian merchants takinge their journeye towards Persia, who were verie glad of our companie; for you must understande, that the marchants travele, in those parts, exceedinge stronge, to the number of two thousand; some times more; because there are manie theeves, who lie in the way verie stronge, and the companie of marchants is called by the name of a caravanne. But concerninge our usage in Babilone amonge the cittizens, it was far better than in other places; for there we did passe verie quietlie up and downe without anie disturbance, but were verie kindlie used of all men; the Viceroy excepted; soe, in the end, we did take our leave of Babilone; and, beinge departed not above five or six miles, this Armenian, that shewed Sir Anthony such kindnes, sent him a verie gallant Arabiane horse, with a velvett saddle. I cannot expresse that greate love which he showed unto us; but marke the event, for when we had travelled some dayes' journey or more from Babilone, there came a post from the Greate Turke to the Bashawe, which was, that he should send us with all speede to Constantinope: when he had this intelligence, he commanded presantly two hundred horse to be sent after us: this Armenian, hearinge of it, came to the captaine that had the commanding of these horse, and gave him a hundred ducates to lead his troope of horse another way, and soe to misse us, which he did—yet one night, as we had intelligence, he quartered within lesse than three miles of us, but the next morninge he returned, and for his welcome to Babilone, lost his head; but the Armenian did escape that danger, and lives still in the Bashawe's favor, and was highly commended of him that he did stand soe firmly to them of his owne fayth. Soe wee held on our journey, and came in a fewe days to a place called by the Turkes Samara; but as we were tould by the Jewes that still accompanied us, it was Samaria; it is an anciente place, but much ruinated; the walls stand firme to this houre, and in the middle of the ould cittie, the Turkes and Arabianes have builte a little towne, walled aboute with a mud wall, of an infinite height, that a man cannot see soe much as a steeple in the towne. There standeth, alsoe, by the ould cittie a tower, aboute the height of Paul's steeple, made in the forme of the towre of Babilone: the goinge up is soe broade as three cartes may easily goe one by another.—Mr. Robert Sherley and myselfe did goe to the tope of it; but before we could gett thither, with the extreame heate of the sunne, wee were almost spente; but when wee were at the tope, it was far coulder than it was belowe; there are, alsoe, aboute the cittie gates, stags as bige as oxen. There lieth buried one of their saints, to which they goe on pilgrimage every yeare, both Persianes and Turkes. From thence we passed alonge the desart some five or six dayes, until we came to a wildernes, so called, which was verie thicke of wood; it had a small river runninge through it; there we pitched our tents, in regard of the water, for we had not any water to drinke two dayes before; and aboute two miles from us was quartered some ten thousande Turkes, which were marchinge the countrey from those quarters to Hungary, as we were toulde;—

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* Sherley's own account of this occurrence, which is invested with the same strange and romantic interest as the rest of his adventures, is very different from that of Manwaring, who, it appears. was ignorant of the real circumstances attending it. Sherley, in order to avoid suspicion, had represented himself to be a merchant, who expected goods by the next caravan; but the number of his followers made a contrary impression, and he was closely watched. A Florentine merchant, of the name of Victorio Spiciera, who had travelled with Sherley from Aleppo, struck with his demeanor, took several opportunities to represent his danger to him. Sherley conceiving him to be a spy, who wished to penetrate into the motives and object of his journey, for some time disregarded his suggestions, but was at length convinced of his kind intentions; Spiciera appointed a meeting with him about the time a caravan was to depart for Persia—and, proceeds Sir Anthony,

"When I came there, he brought me to a Vittorin, of whom he had allready hired horses, camels, and moiles, for me; and I found a tent pitched by his servants: and then opening his gowne, hee delivered me a bag of chakins, with these very words: The God of heaven blesse you, and your whole company, and your enterprise, which I will no further desire to know, than in my hope, which perswadeth mee that it is good; myselfe am going to China, whence if I returne, I shall little need the repayment of this courtesy, which I have done you with a most free heart; if I die by the way, I shall lesse neede it: but if it please God so to direct both our safeties with good providence, that we may meete againe, I assure myselfe, that you will remember mee to bee your friend; which is enough, for all that I can say to a man of your sort. And almost, without giving me leasure to yeeld him condigne thankes (if any thankes could be condigne) for so great and so noble a benefite, he departed from me: and as I heard afterwards from him by letters from Ormus, hee received much trouble after my departure, through his honourable desire to perfect the kindnesse which he had begone. For imagining, that by the continual spies, which clave to my house, that my flight could not be secret, he had no sooner left mee in the caravan, but that hee changed his lodging to mine, saying that I had done the like to his; and went to the Cady, telling him that I was sicke, desiring his physition to visite mee, knowing well enough that the Cady had none, but onely to give colour to my not appearing in the towne: the Cady answered, he was sorry for my sicknesse and would send to the Bassa for his physition, which Signior Victorio Spiciera (for so this honourable Florentine was called) would by no meanes; hoping, as he said, that my sicknesse would not bee soe great, as would require the trouble of his highnesse." By this meanes five daies passed before Sir Anthony was missed; the Janisaries, who were sent after him, thinking that the caravan had passed, returned: and the noble minded Florentine was forced to pay five hundred crownes, to make his peace with the Bassa.

"The precise summe," says Sherley, "which I received of the Florentine I set not downe, to prevent the scandales of divers, who, measuring every man's mind by the straightnesse of theirs, will believe no act which doth not symbolize with themselves; but, so much it was, that being thirty days upon the way to the confines, then fifteen from the confines to Casbine, where we attended one month the king's arrival, it was not only sufficient to give us abundant meanes for that time, but to clothe us all in rich apparel, fit to present ourselves before the presence of any prince, and to spend extraordinarily in gifts."

their generale hearinge of our beinge there came to us; then were we greatly in doubt of our lives; but he, bearinge the minde of a souldiere, let us passe quietlie without anie hurte. From thence, after we had rested ourselves one day and a night, wee helde on our journey, and came by a castle of the Turkes, called Tartange, there being allwais in that castle two hundred souldiers, verie well fortefide with ordnance; we had no determinatione to staye there; but when they sawe us passe by, they commanded us with two peeces of ordnance: soe, to avoyde other danger, we staide, and pitched our tents under the castle. The governor was verie inquisitive what we were, commandinge us to deliver unto him our peeces, with our shot and powder; but we tould him we were marchants, travelinge to Ormus; but he would hardly beleeve us, but commanded his souldiers to seize upon us; but they were not verie forward, seeinge us to stande upon our guard, with our peeces charged, more willing to die than to yeeld ourselves subject to such uncivile pagans; soe, after some words parly, they were contented to take a small bribe of us, givinge us leave to stay there all night, lettinge us have such commodities as they had for our money; the next morninge verie early wee departed, and in a fewe days after we came to Curdia, a verie theevish and brutish countrey. They have noe houses, but live in tents and caves; they till their corne twice a year, and remove from place to place with their tents: they ride commonly upon cowes and bulls, and keepe their abidinge for the most part by a little river, called Hadno; their aparell is verie coarse, for they weare only a shirt, and over that a rough felt coat, and on their heades a clout tied. They would come into our companie sometimes forty, sometimes more or lesse, and unlesse we did looke well unto them, they would filch and steale anie thing they could lay their hands upon. In the night time we were compeled to keepe good watch; for the eveninges being somewhat darke, these people would come creepinge on their bellies amongst the Persianes that were in our companie, and steale their turbanes from off their heads, and sometimes they would make such an alarum, as if twenty armies of men had beene together; but one night amonge the reste, we travelinge somewhat late, they fetched off three of the cheefest marchants, beinge streglinge behinde the companie; but they made such a crye, that Sir Anthony caused us to make a retreat suddenly, and soe we did rescue them, to the loss of most of their lives which did seize upon them, though they were verie well horsed; those were the first horsemen we sawe in the countrye; that night wee quartered not far from a towne, but did not know so much untille the next morninge, as they came downe to us in multitudes, which made us betake ourselves to our armes; but, in the end, we did perceive they camo without weapons, bringinge bread, rice, goate's-cheese, and other commodities, for which we offered them both silver and gold; but they refused it, for they had not the use of either of them, neyther did theye knowe it; but they would take ould shoes, copper ringes, and littill lookinge glasses, which we bought for the purpose, beinge so advised by Angelo, our guide; there we did lye two dayes to reste ourselves, in regard of the place was so pleasant, and the people shewing themselves soe kind unto us; but the name of the place I have forgotten, because it was a place of no antiquitie. From thence we passed alonge thro' the countrye, findinge it more easier and pleasant for our travell then we did before, and the people more discreete and kind, which did somewhat rejoyce us to see such an alteratione, after so greate dangers we had passed before. As we passed through this countrye, we saw manie ruinated places, which Tamberlane had conquered, as we were tould, both by the Jewes and Turkes, for his name is had in memorye of them to this day; soe we passed alonge some four or five dayes, untill we came to a place worth the notinge, called Hitherbagg, where there did inhabitt a Kinge, called by the name of the Kinge of Hitherbagg; there is but one towne, and it is walled round, verie strongly, with a rocke of stone, so that it is invincible; there this Kinge doth live verie gallantly; beinge a man of soe goodly personage as we sawe in all our travailes; he houldeth alwayse a league with the Kinge of Persia, and setteth the greate Turke at defiance, for the Turkes would faine conquer that place, but cannot. There we pitched our tents two dayes, in a pleasant valley under the towne, accompanied with the Kinge and his followers, who did sport with us and did use us verie kindly, sufferinge us to go into his towne by two at a time, which was a verie great favor, for he doth not use to allow anie stranger to go into it. There is but onely one gate to goe into the towne, which is no wider than one horse may passe through alone; there is alsoe in the middle of the towne a verie stronge castle, planted with ordinance, where the Kinge himselfe doth lye; this castle commands all round about it, that they cannot come to plant anie ordnance to give batterie, without the losse of manie thousands; for the Turke did sende a greate armie agaynst it; but on one day and a night service, they were fain to flie awaye, with the losse of the better halfe of his men. This Kinge did give us great incouragement, assuring us we should find the Sophie of Persia the most famous Prince in the world, both for his bounty and valour, and to be a greate friend to Christianes; soe we tooke our leeve of him, houldinge on our jorney; and, in fewe days after, we were safely arrived in the kingdom of Persia, without the losse of one man in our companie; whereupon the sudden we found such an alteratione of the countrey and people that we were overcome with joye."

Of our usage in Persia, and the entertainment we had there.

"After we had entered the countreye some two or three miles, Sir Anthony called us all together: and, fallinge upon our kneese, givinge thankes to God that we were come safeleye to our intended purpose, although we were sometime before past hope of our lives; but that we had soe worthey a leader, which, in the greatest of our extremitiese, never made anie showe of dispaire: but, with a gallante spirite, did encourage us not to take anie feare, for he would ingage his life for us. The first towne we came to was verie strongley situated, for we could not see anie house att all, but a place like unto a greate mountaine, where did issue out smoke in manie places, which were their houses, digged underneath the mountaine very strangeley, to the number of some three hundred dwelling houses: the streetes verie faire, and as even as a table, and on the top of the mountaine greate holes were cute to give light to these streetes and houses; there we found great store of victuales of all sortes, and the people verie courteouse and willinge to doe us any service; there was alsoe a hundred souldiers lying there, for the Kinge hath a guard round about his countrey, at everye entrance: they be all horsemen, and goe all in red, with red turbans on their heads, and red featheres, with their bowes and arrowes, sworde and targett, and their short peeces: these souldiers did use us verie respectfully, and tould us their Kinge would be overcome with joye when he did heare of our cominge; soe, after we had rested there one day and a night, we did houlde on oure journeye towards Casbeene, a famose cittie, and of greate antiquitie. We passed by manie townes, but none of any account, and the further we went, the more kinder the people were: in evereye village where we did lodge, the cheefe men would come and present us with one commoditie or other every night, and happie was he who could have the best house to lodge us; likewise their women would come and welcome us, which we thought a greate wonder, in regard we had not the speech of anie woman for a longe time before. In our way to Casbeene, we did see a most miraculous peece of work, wrought by this Kinge that now is; for, in some partes of the kingdome, water is verrie scarce, and this Kinge, with the multitude of men, hath wrought a vale twenty dayes journeye from a river, and so hath brought water enough into the countreye; it was wrought soe, that within everie three-score yards it is open to the ayre: soe, passinge along the countrey, and beinge in safety, Sir Anthony sent Angelo, our guide, accompanied with an English gentleman, whose name was John Ward, some four dayes journey before us to Casbeene, in secrete to provide us of a lodginge, and to attend our coming two or three miles from the cittie, somewhat late in the evening, and soe to convey us to our lodginge without the knowledge of the citizens, in regard we were unprovided with aparell and other necessaries, by reason of our longe travelles: yett they could not soe secretly worke their intended purposes, but it was made knowne both to the Lord Steward of the Kinge's house, and alsoe to the Governor of the cittie, who sent for them both, to know what he was that was cominge to see their Kinge; they told them the truth, but did not acquaint them the certaine daye of our cominge, which made both them and the citizens greatly discontented, in regard they made great preparation to receive us with greate triumphes: but, according to our intention, we came in by night, and soe did disappoint them; the next day the Lord Steward came to our house, with a greate traine following him of gallant gentlemen, and did salute Sir Anthony in this sorte:—*In my Kinge's behalfe, who now is in the Tartarian wars, this small kindness I would entreat you accept, in regard to your longe and wearie travells; and that, you being strangers here in oun countrey, it may be your supplies cannot be so suddenly accomplished, therefore I would request you to pardon me, if I doe amisse in my offer*; and lainge twenty pounds in gould at Sir Anthony's feete, tould him, *this much you shall receive everie daye for your provision beside other commodities; this doe I of myselfe, untill we heare from our Kinge; who, I am sure, will treble it at his returne.* Sir Anthony, accordinge to his princely minde, turninge the money over with his foote, returned this answer: *Know this, brave Persiane, I come not a begginge to the Kinge, but hearinge of his greate fame and worthines, thought I could not spend my time better than to come to see him, and kiss his hand, with the adventure of my bodie to second him in his princely warrs:* the Persiane, hearinge this answere, stept backe verie suddenlye, and making a lowe congè, replied thus, *Pardon me, brave stranger, for now I see thou art a Prince thyselfe, for soe it seemeth by thy princely answere.* Sir Anthony replyinge sayd, *No, I am the second sonne to an English knight, but I have bine trained up in martial affaires, and well esteemed of in my prince's court, and for this cause doe I come to doe thy Kinge the best office I can, if it please his highnes to accept of me. I knowe my Kinge*, sayd the Persiane, *will highly esteeme of thy cominge, and think himselfe a happie man to receive so worthie a persone into his courte;* and soe saluting all one after another, did take his leave. So soon as he was gone, the governor of the cittie came with a gallant train of gentile men verie well horsed to attend him, beinge a man of a gallant personage, well spoken, and of good carriage; and gave Sir Anthony and all of us a verie kinde welcome, offeringe Sir Anthony all that he was worth to be at his service: he thanked him verie kindly, but tould him he did hope to have no such occasion to use his offer; soe for that time he tooke his leave of us; and that night the Lord Steward and Governor did send such a variety of presents to Sir Anthony, that itt did make us wonder att itt, and soe theye did everie daye, for they two did strive who should use us best; soe after some five or six dayes rest wee were furnished with apparel and horses; and then the Lord Steward did invite Sir Anthony and all we of his companie to a great banquett at the Kinge's pallace, which Sir Anthony did not refuse: when the Lord Steward did royalleye receive us, meetinge us halfe the way, attended with forty gentile men very well horsed; soe coming to the palace we did behould there a sumptuous spectacle, which was the palace gate beinge curiously sett, wrought and garnished with rich stones verie bright, the like I think the world cannott afford; the goinge up unto the gatte was seven steppes, abought some halfe dozen yards broade, of a verie stronge kinde of stone; soe when wee were alighted from our horses and come neere unto the gatte, the Lord Steward tould Sir Anthony that it was the fashion that those that did enter into the gatte, must kisse the firste steppe, and especially strangers, but you shall be priviledged to doe as it shall please you; Sir Anthony replied, in honour of the Sophie thy Kinge, I will doe this; and soe he made a low obeysance, and in the like sorte did Mr. Robert Sherley his brother, but all we did kisse the steppe, which did greatly rejoyce the Lord Steward and his companie: soe into the house we came, which was richly hanged in everie roome with gould carpets, and under foote with rich arras, but to telle the severall sortes of dishes we had there I cannot expresse, and everie dish trimmed with rice coloured of all kind of colours; we had alsoe the Kinge's musicke to attend us, both there and home or where we would command them: there was alsoe at that feast ten weomen very gallantly apparelled, and verie beautiful, which did dance accordinge to their countreye manner, and singe all the time we were feastinge; there we spent that daye, and att our returne to our house we were guarded verie royally with all the citizenes of worthe, with the sound both of drume and trumpett; and in the like sorte did the Governor feast us, and all men were willing to shewe us anie pleasure we would; in the end there came a poste from the Kinge, forth of Tartaria, with a proclamation written with the Kinge's own hand, which proclamation was proclaimed by a nobleman in Casbeene, and we were all sent for to heare it: this was the effect of it, that we should command horse and man to be at our service, upon pains of death to those that should not obey; moreover, if anie man did hold up his hand to offer the worst in our companie wrong, he should lose his head; which proclamation the citizenes did all embrace verie willingly, and thus I leave awhile to treat of our entertainment:

now will I speake of by what means this Kinge came to his crowne; and then will I shew you the maner of his coming from the warrs, and the entertainment he gave us.

"You shall understand that they have a lawe or custome in Persia, when the kinge doth dye, the eldest son that is to succeed his father doth put out the eyes of his bretheren, be theye never soe many of them, for fear they should winne any favour in the countrey and soe commit rebellione; this kinge that nowe doth reign in Persia, whose name is Shahe Abbas, that is kinge Abbas, for this word Shahe is the Persian word for a kinge, he was the second, who, when he heard his father was dead, presantly fled from the countrey into Cordea, and sometimes he lived on the frontiers or borders of Persia, havinge to the number of one thousand men with him. His eldest brother beinge crowned kinge, sent manie flatteringe letters unto him, that if he would come and submitt himselfe unto him, he should live and enjoy his eyesight, and that he should have greate command in the countrey; but he would not trust the kinge, but did continue his course as he did before, and his companie increased daylie. There was alsoe a nobleman which was verie neere unto the kinge, who sent a letter privately unto this kinge Abbas, that if he would give him such a dukedom, which was the greatest command in all the kingdome of Persia, that then he would cause the kinge his brother to be put to death, and that he should be made kinge; whereupon he returned this answeare, which was, that if he would be the death of so lovinge a master as the kinge his brother was to him, he could be well contented to lose his brother to succeede him in the kingdome, and that he should be made for his labore the greatest duke in Persia; and soe he did signe his letter with his blood, for that is the fashion when they doe ingage themselves one to the other; this nobleman receaved this letter with greate joye, and did put in practise how to end the dayes of his deare lord and master, who loved him beyond all measure, as myselfe have heard manye Persians reporte; yet was not that kinge beloved of his subjects: well, this was his plott; he did give the kinge's barber a greate reward to cut his throate when he did shave him, which thing when it was performed this nobleman fled immediately to his newe master, whoe embraced him friendly. The countrey straight were up in armes, and half a dozen kinges were proclaimed; some brothers that were blinde and some uncles that were blind alsoe, for the people did accordinge as their affections were; but this kinge Abbas came with his powre that he had and laid siege to Casbeene, for because the citizenes would not receive him, but in fewe dayes he gatte it, and put most of them to the sword because they did withstande him; soe his forces increased every day, and he marched towards Ispahanne, which is the chiefest cittie in the kingdome, some ten dayes' journey from Casbeene, conqueringe the countrey, but they came to him in multitudes to increase his powre: the lords of the counsell gathered a greate armie together, thinkinge to encounter him, but when they understoode what powre he was of, they altered their mindes and met him on their knees, receivinge him with greate triumphs, and the next day he was proclaimed kinge in Ispahanne, and crowned some two dayes after with great joye: after he was crowned, this nobleman, which was the death of his brother, came to the kinge and demanded his dukedome, which the kinge promised him; the kinge answeared him, thou art worthie of it; so biddinge him kneele did create him duke and placed him next unto himself, and then was he the greatest man in Persia next unto the kinge. The next day after, the kinge and lords sittinge in counsell, the kinge demanded this question, what was he worthie to receive, that havinge a lovinge master, yea one that loved him better than himselfe, and yett was the cause of his death? It is the fashion of the country, that when the kinge doth aske a question the beste man in the place next to the kinge must give the answere; soe this new made duke, beinge then in presents, after long pause, verie unwillinge gave answeare that such a servant was worthie of great punishment; then the kinge standinge up suddenly drew his sword and sayed, Villan that thou art, thou shalt have thy desert; and soe cutt of his head with his own hands, and sayde, Thou that didest betray soe lovinge a master, thou wouldst doe the like to me, therefore take thy desert; and soe caused his carcase to be throwne into the feelds for the crowes to feede on; and thus much in breefe concerninge the maner of his cominge to the crowne.

Now will I shewe you in what fashion he came from the wars, and the welcome he gave us.

The Kinge, some two dayes before he entered into Casbeene, sent a curreire or post before him to his lord steward, to furnish us with the best horses he could gett, and that we should meete him four miles forth of Casbeene, accompanied with the governor and himselfe, which was verie gallantly performed by them both; in this sort was Sir Anthony and wee of his companie apoynted; first, Sir Anthony himselfe in riche cloth of gould, his gowne and his under cote; his sword hanginge in a rich scarfe to the worth of a thousand pounds, beinge sett with pearle and diamonds; and on his head a turbant accordinge to the worth of two hundred dollars, his bootes imbrodered with pearle and rubies; his brother, Mr. Robert Sherley, likewise in cloth of gould, his gowne and under cote, with a rich turbant on his head; his interpreter, Angelo, in cloth of silver gownes and under cotes; four in cloth of silver gownes, with under cotes of silke dammaske; four in crimson velvett gownes, with dammask under cotes; four in blew dammaske gownes, with taffitie under cotes; four in yellow dammaske, with there under cotes of a Persian stuff: his page in cloth of gould; his four footmon in carnation taffitie, and thus we sett forward; Sir Anthony and his brother ridinge together; the lord steward on the right hand and the governor on the lefte, the rest came after by two and two, myselfe directly before Sir Anthony, with a white stafe in my hand, for it pleased him to make me his marshall, for in that countrey every great man hath his marshall to ride before him. Soe after we were halfe a mile forth of the cittie we sawe such a prospect as is not usually seene; which was, twelve hundred souldiers, horsemen, carringe twelve hundred heads of men on their launces, and some havinge the ears of men put on stringes and hanged about their neckes; next after these came the trumpeters, makinge a wonderfulle noyse; because they are contraire to oure English trumpets, these trumpets beinge two yards and a halfe in length, with the great end bigg, and soe much compasse as a hate; next after them came the drummers, their drumes beinge made of brasse, and carried upon cameles; then after them came his six standard bearers; then after came his twelve pages, bearing every one a lance in his hand; then a good distance after them came the Kinge, ridinge alone with a lance in his hand, his bowe and arrows, sword and targett, hanging by his side, being a man of low statute, but verie strongly made, and swarthie of complexion: next after the Kinge came his lieutenant generall of the feeld, and all his bowes in rancke like a halfe moone; and after them came his officers in the wars, to the number of twenty thousand souldiers, all horsemen; soe att our first encounter of the Kinge, Sir Anthony and his brother did alight off their horses, and came to kisse the kinge's foote; for it is the fashion of the countrey, be he never soe good a man he must kisse the Kinge's foote att the first meetinge; after that was performed, the Kinge did looke upon them both verie stately, and afterwards did looke upon us all, givinge never a word to Sir Anthony, but bid the lieutenant generall place him accordinge as he had given direction, and soe the Kinge sett spurs to his horse, and did ride away for the space of an houre. Sir Anthony beinge placed in the Kinge's place, with his brother Mr. Robert Sherley, the lieutenant generall on the righte hand, and the lord steward on the lefte; after the Kinge was departed, the lord steward tould Sir Anthony that it was the fashion to entertain strangers in that fashion, but willed him to have patience awhile, and he should see the event. Soe within an houre the Kinge returned back againe as fast as his horse would goe, and havinge followinge him sixteen weomen on horsebacke richly attired, and when he came close to Sir Anthony the women did hallow, and gave such a cry, much like the wild Irish, which did make us wonder att it; then after they had made an end, the Kinge came and embraced Sir Anthony and his brother, kissinge them both three or four times over, and takinge Sir Anthony by the hand, swearinge a great oath that he should be his sworn brother, and soe he did call him all wayes, and soe the Kinge marched along, puttinge Sir Anthony on his righte hand. It was a wonderful sight to see the multitude of people that were there that daye; and still as the Kinge did passe alonge the people would kneele downe and kisse the earth; but before wee came into the cittie, there were proclamations made that upon pains of death, no souldier should enter into the cittie, but such as were borne there for feare of makinge anie uproar; and soe they were all discharged and departed every one to his own country for that time; soe after we had entred the cittie, we marched through everie streete, and in the ende came to a banquettinge house of the kinge's; when the kinge brought Sir Anthony up into a verie fayre chamber richly trimmed; in which chamber Sir Anthony delivered a speach to the kinge, which was the ocasion of his cominge, with a discourse of our wearisome journey, and of our usage in Turkie; and other accidents which did happen unto us by the way, which the kinge did harken verie attentively unto, and when Sir Anthony had ended his speach, the kinge stood up and replyed; Brother, I doe greeve to heare of thy sore adventures and troubles by the way, but I doe much rejoyce to see thee here in saftie at our court; but be well ashurred I will place thee on my head; this was his meaninge, that he would advance him to great honor; then was there a great banquett brought in with musicke before it, where they past away their time for the space of two hours, with great joye; after the banquett was ended the kinge requested Sir Anthony to looke through the windowe to behoulde their sportes on horsebacke. Before the house there was a varie faire place to the quantitie of some ten acres of ground, made verie plaine; soe the kinge went downe, and when he had taken his horse, the drumes and trumpets sounded, there was twelve horsemen in all with the kinge, soe they divided themselves, six on the one side, and six on the other; havinge in their handes longe rodes of wood, about the bignesse of a man's finger, and one end the rodes a peece of wood nayled one like unto a hammer; after they were divided and turned face to face, there came one into the middle, and threw a wooden ball betweene both the companies, and havinge goales made at either end of the plaine, they began their sporte, strikinge the ball with their rodes from one to the other, in the fashion of our footeballe play here in England; and ever when the kinge had gotten the balle before him, the drumes and trumpetts would play one alarme, and manie time the kinge would come to Sir Anthony to the windowe, and aske him how he did like the sporte. Soe when the sport was ended, Sir Anthony sent me downe of some bussines, and as I went downe the staires it was my chance to meete with the kinge, who when he sawe me, tooke me by the arme, and caused me to returne backe againe with him, and brought me to the chamber where the Turke's Ambassadore was, and did leade me alonge to the upper ende of the chamber, and put me above the Turke's Ambassadore, biddinge me sit downe there, by reason they have noe stooles but sitt on carpets; I could ill sit cross legged after their manner, but kneelled on my knees; then the Ambassadore tould the Kinge it was the fashion of England to sitt on stooles, for he had bine ofttimes in the English marchants' houses, in Constantinople. When the Kinge had heard these words, he presently went into the next roome, and caused one of his pages to bring forth a littell forme, which they did use to set bottles of wine upon, and throwinge a carpett of gonld upon it, caused me to sitt downe; then he called for some wine, and did drinke a health unto me, and used these words, I do esteeme more of the soule of a Christian's shew, than I do of the best Turke in Turkie; and then he asked me if I would serve him; I answered him in regard I was a subject in his countrey I must be at his command, yett I was loth to leave my ould master in regard he lov'd me well; at which wordes the Kinge did take me about the necke and kissed me three or four times, and say'd, I doe highly commend thy constancie; neverthelesse I will intreat my brother thy lord for thee, that thou shalt be my servant so longe as you stay in my countrey; then after some fewe wordes more, he went forth of the roome to Sir Anthony, and tould him that he must needs have one of his servants from him; he answered that it did not lie in his power to give anie of them, but if it pleased him he might command anie of them to doe him what service they were able; the Kinge thanked him verie hartely, and tould him that he should command all his servants to doe the like; then after some fewe wordes parley, the kinge brought Sir Anthony to his house and tould him he would take no leave of him, for he purposed to see him before he did sleepe; soe after we had supped at our own house, Sir Anthony, not thinkinge the Kinge would have seene him anie more that night, because it wexed late, he determined to have gone to his reste, but he was disappointed, for the Lord Steward came for him with sixteen torches and some twenty gentlemen to attend him, to bring Sir Anthony and all his companie to the Kinge, to spend that night with him; but, when we came where the Kinge was, such a spectacle wee did behould, which did almost ravish us with joye to see it. You shall understande that in the middle of the cittie of Casbeene there is a place which they call the buszard, made in fashion like the exchange in London, though not so beautifull, yett three times as bigg, where they kepe shopes of alle maner of trades; for that time the shopkeepers had set forth their commodities in the best manner, and themselves aparelled verie gallantly: in the middell of that place standeth a round thinge made with a seatte sette up with six pillars, about some [ ] over, on which place they use to sell aparell and other commodities; that beinge bravely trimmed with rich carpets, both of gould and silver, and silke, and the Kinge's chaire of estate placed in the middell, the chaire being of silver platte, sett with turkiss and rubies verie thicke, and sixe greate diamones which did shew like stares, the seate beinge of rich scarlatt imbrodered with pearle, and the multitude of lampes hanging aboute it were innumerable. The Kinge, when he came unto it, did cause Sir Anthony to ascend up into that princely throwne, and standinge by the chaire with his Vizroy and other of his nobilitie, did take Sir Anthony by the hand, and willed him to sett downe in his chaire of estate; but Sir Anthony falinge on his knee, desired the Kinge to pardon him, for soe princely a place did not become him in regard he was but a subjecte himselfe. The Kinge swearing a great othe, which was by the sould of Mortus Aleey, that he should sitt in the chaire, and if the best Persiane of them all did greeve att it, he would presantly cutt off his head; and takinge Sir Anthony by the hand bade him sett downe without feare, which Sir Anthony did, and when he was sett, the Kinge kissed him, and sayd, Brother thou dost well become this place. Then he caled for a stoule for Mr. Robert Sherley, which was presently brought, and he satt him close by his brother Sir Anthony, and placing all of us of Sir Anthony's companie rounde about the throne, sittinge on carpetts cross-legged, according to the countrie fashion; then came therein a royall banquett, with drumes and trumpetts soundinge before it, which were brought in by twenty-four noblemen, and when the drumes and trumpetts departed, the musick came in playinge with twenty women verie richly aparelled, singinge and dauncinge before the musicke; soe, when the banquett was ended, the King arose, takinge Sir Anthony by the arme, and soe they walked arme in arme in every street, in the cittie, the twenty women goinge before singinge and dauncinge, and his noblemen coming after with each of them one of our companie by the hand, and at everie turning there was varietie of musicke, and lamps hanging on either side their streets, of seven hights one above another, which made a glorious shew; and thus for the space of eight dayes and nights did we spend the time in sportinge and banqueting with all the pomps they could devise. Soe after the tenth day was expired, the Kinge sent Sir Anthony twelve cammelles, three tents, verie large, with all kind of officiall houses belonginge to them, and household stuffe, six* mules, everie mule carrying four carpets, four of silke and gould, six of cleane silke, the rest verie faire carpets: allsoe he sent him fourteen† horses, whereof two of them were for his own saddle, two for his brother, and the ten for ten of us; he sent fourteen saddles, whereof two of them were of gould platt, set verie thicke with turkisses and rubies, two of gould platt, plaine, the other ten of velvett, imbrothered with silver, verie richly; and soe much silver‡ as six men could carrie, intreatinge Sir Anthony to accept of that small trifle for a month's expences; desiringe Sir Anthony that he would meete him some four dayes' journey, with ten of his best men to attend him and his brother. Sir Anthony thinkinge the Kinge did it to make triall of our valore, called ten of us unto him, which were these; myselfe, John Norris, Thomas Davis, William Parrie, Thomas Powell, John Ward, John Parrott, Gabrioll Brookes, Arnold Roldcraft, Edward Vanthiuier, a Dutchman; and he tould us what he thought the King's intent was; and willinge us to show ourselves like true Englishmen, if anie such occasion should happen. Soe ye next morninge we sette forward, accompanied by one of the Kinge's gentlemen of his horse, to attend us and be our guide, who did provide us victualles in everie towne or place we passed through, paying never a penye; soe att the four dayes end, somewhat in the eviningc, we mett in a crosse way with ye kinge's mules, who carried his provision.—One of the kinge's gentlemen tould us that the Kinge was att hand; soe within halfe an hour the Kinge overtooke us, havinge in his companye to the number of two hundred men following him. Soe when he was come to Sir Anthony, he tooke him about the middle and kissinge him two or three times, swore that he thought everie daye a yeare untill he sawe him; that nighte we supt with the Kinge in a greate house which the Kinge builded on purpose for travelers, for through the countrey where it is not well inhabitted, there the Kinge hath built greate houses which they calle canes, for the marchants and other travelers to lodge in, and there you shall have both man's meate and horse meate; that night at supper the Kinge was verie pleasant with us, untill such time as one of his noblemen had angered him, upon some small ocasion, and then we went to rest. The next morninge the Kinge was stiring verie early, and beinge in wrath caused this noblemen which had offended him to be tied with chaines to a stake and ten of the kinge's gentlemen to throwe quinces att him to the number of one hundred, the Kinge himselfe did throwe the first. Soe after they had throwen everie man one quince, Sir Anthony step: to the Kinge intreatinge him to pardon him and throwe no more: the Kinge presently smiled and sayed, Brother it shall be as thou wilt have it, and caused him to be untied, and the nobleman came and kissed Sir Anthony's hand. Soe that night we went twelve miles to a gallant cittie caled Cason, spendinge the time by the waye in hauckinge and huntinge, and we came into ye cittie in the eveninge where we were royally entertained by the cittizens; the Kinge did lye at his owne palace, and wee were lodged in a nobleman's house, where we were entertained with all kind of dainties from the cittizens; about ten o'clock in the night we were sent for to meet the Kinge in the Piatse, which is a fayer place like unto Smithfield, standinge in the middle of the towne; there we found the Kinge and his nobilitie, with greate store of torches, and round about the place were lampes hanged on the sides of their houses unlighted. Soe the Kinge tooke us upon the top of a territt and caused us to looke downe towards the lampes, which lighted all at the twinklinge of an eye, and likewise on the tops of all the houses in the cittie were lampes, which made a glorious shew thicker than the starrs in the sky; then there was such stately fire-workes made by a Turke, that Sir Anthony did wonder att, which seemed as if dragons were fightinge in the ayre, with manie other varieties, especially one fire-worke worth the notinge, which was thus, there was a greate fountaine of water in the Piatse, out of which from the verie bottom there would arise thinges like fishes, throwinge fire out of their mouthes about a dozen yards highe, which we thought a greate wonder; soe after these sights were past, there came in a gallant banquet with the sound of drume and trumpett. Soe when ye banquet was ended it was my chance to walke downe from the companie, being somewhat wearie of sittinge crosse leged according to the countrey manner, and goinge towards the Kinge's palace gate, it was my fortune to meet with a verie gallant gentlewomen, who came runinge makinge such a cry that I did wonder att her; she came presently towards me and catched me by the arme. I asked her what the matter was? she sayed there was one of the Kinge's gentlemen would have abused her; soe as I was talkinge with her the Kinge came to us all alone, as his manner is for sometime he will go from the companie on the suddaine commanding that no man shall followe him; he asked the woman why she cried? she answered that one of his servants would have abused her, and another did stand by and would not helpe her; the Kinge demanded where they were; shee sayed they were in his court; then the Kinge did take her by the hand, and goinge towards his palace gate, there came a couple of gentlemen forth of the gate; there they are, sayed the woman, seinge that this is the man that would have abused me, and that is he that did stand by. The Kinge presently halowed, and immediately there came runninge all the company both lords and others, but Sir Anthony was the first man that came to the Kinge; for they were alle afraid to heare him calle, yet when his companye was come together, he asked once againe the cause of her cryinge, she sayed as she sayed before; then the Kinge caused the gentleman that did stand by and would not reskewe the weoman to have his two little fingers cutt off, and soe he kissed the Kinge's foote and departed, but the other he put to cruele torments; for first he caused his tongue to be cut off, then his eyelides, the crowne of his heade, his lips, his nose, and after all this they did cutt his hamestringes; this being finished, the Kinge lookinge upon him used these words: Villaine, be thou an example to all other men; * * * * with that the man's father came to entreat the Kinge he might carrie away his sonne: he sayde noe, here shall he lye and starve in this place, and he that cometh neere him to give him anie ayde shall be served in the like manner. Well, after we had passed away three dayes with all varieties of sports, as namely these, wrestlinge with men naked, fightinge of cameles, and rames of Antelopes, beare baytinge, bull baytinge, and such other sports; we held on our journey to that famouse cittie of Ispahanne, ridinge through manie townes, but none worth the notinge, save only one which was called Coome, where we were kindly received by the townsmen; there we rested one day and a night, but did hould on our journey haucking and huntinge by the way, where within three dayes we came within three miles of Ispahanne, where we lodged all night both the Kinge's and all the rest of his lords. The next morning by nine of the clocke we made ourselves readie to attend the Kinge, whereafter we had ridden but one quarter of a mile, we saw in a vally the Kinge's souldiers to the number of thirty thousand men, attendinge the Kinge's cominge; who when they perceived the Kinge was att hand, the drumes and trumpetts made such a noyse as if heaven and earth had mett together, there was alsoe the heads of men carried uppon lonces. Soe after the Kinge had spoken to them they fell all intoe a half moone, and marched after the Kinge's traine. Soe when we came within two miles of the cittie the cittizens did meet him very gallantly apparelled, to the number of some ten thousand: they made a waye of taffetie and satten, lyinge upone the ground for the Kinge's horse to ride upon; the Kinge when he sawe it gave them great thankes, which pleased the cittizens verie much; then the Kinge did take Sir Anthony by the hand, and willed him to ride his horse upon it, but Sir Anthony would not by anie meanes; soe when the Kinge sawe he would not, he called his guards to him and gave all the silkes and sattens to them, and they shared it among them: there we made a stand, and the Kinge caused his lieutenant generall to see his souldiers skirmish, and some of his gentlemen beinge amongst them, did not behave themselves to the Kinge's mind, and moreover his souldiers were not so perfect as the Kinge did expect they should; wherupon he presently ran in amongst them with his sword drawne, like to an Hercules, and uppon a sudden he gave four of them their deathes wound; then did he grow more into blood and not sparinge anie, but cuttinge of the armes from divers of them; one gentleman, which did but onlye smile, the Kinge never lefte, and cominge for succore into our companie the Kinge gave him such a blowe on the middell, that the one halfe of his bodie fell from the other. There we spent that daye, and in the evening about sixe of the clocke we marched towards the cittie, where the governor leadinge the way, the young prince came ridinge fast by him, and jesting with him somewhat grosly about his wife, in regard she was a faire woman, the governor did use some unkind word to the prince, which made him angry, soe he came presently and tould the Kinge, who charged him to take his bowe and arrowes and shoot him throwe, which he did immediately, and did shoot him throwe one of the thies, the governor presently did alight of from his horse, and came and kissed the prince's feete, when the Kinge sawe it he came to the governor and kissed him, and made him vizroy of that province and ever after did impose greate trust into him; soe we entred the cittie and marched about in everie streete. Then the Kinge brought Sir Anthony to his house, which was prepared redie for his coming and willed him to have patience and he would see him againe in the morninge, then the Kinge went to his palace, and that night we rested. There were slain that daye to the number of seven score, in regard of the extremitie of the heate and those which the Kinge himselfe did kill. Amonge the rest it was the Kinge's fortune to kill one of Sir Anthony's footmen being a Persian, who when the Kinge was tould of it he was exceedinge sorie, thinkinge he had bine a Christiane, and he came the next morninge in private to Sir Anthony and tould him he was exceedinge sorie, wishing it had bine his fortune to have slaine a dozen Persianes for him; Sir Anthony made answere that he was a Persiane; when the Kinge heard it he was exceedinge glad, and willed Sir Anthony to make choyce of any footman that he had; and thus much for our entertainement in Persia.

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* Sir Anthony Sherley says, sixteen mules.

† Forty, ibid.

‡ Of the value of sixteen thousand ducats, ibid.

Nowe will I treate of the maner, condition, and fashion of the Persianes.

"You shall understand that the countrey of Persia is far more pleasant for a stranger to live in than the Turke's countrey, for this Kinge, since his coming to the crowne, hath brought this countrey into such subjection, that a man may travell throwe it with a rod in his hand, havinge no other weapon, without anye hurt. The people are verie courteous and friendly to strangers, their aparell verie neat and comly; the men weare longe cotes to the small of their legge with greate roles on their heades of divers colours, caled turbans; they weare gownes furred with rich fur, for allthowe the countrey be exceedinge hott they alwaies weare furred gownes, the women are verie beautifull, for the better sort, in regard they weare vales over their heads, soe that the sune never shines on their faces; the women doe weare breeches as well as the men, and red velvett stockinges; the men have only one wife, but as manie concubines as they can keepe. A woman that is married and is proved to commit adulterie, she is presently burnt.

* * * *

Moreover, as the Turkes doe hould the kindred of Mahomett in greate reverence amongst them, soe the Persianes doe contrarie unto them, for you shall see in everie towne thorough the kingdom of Persia once a day one walk along the streetes with an ax on his shoulder, and speaking these words with a loud voyce, that if any man doe hould Mahomet's kindred to be better than anie other man, or if any one doe say that he is of his kindred, he shall presently lose his head; for I myselfe sawe a Turke that was in Ispahane come to the fellowe and say that he was of Mahomet's kindred, and in that opinion he would dye, and so kneeled down, layinge his head upon a blocke, and the fellowe immediately cut off his head. Their beleef is in God the father and Mortus Aleey, and they hould Mahomet to be a greate prophett, they have churches, and verie fayre church yards, which they keepe verie cleane, with a pulpitt in the middell of the church yard, and likewise a fountaine which they likewise use to wash them in before they goe to prayer; they have also, as they terme the holy men, which they call Saintones, whom they putt much trust unto, that they can tell them what shall happen to them, if they take a journey in hand. These men go naked without shirts, onely they have a felt gowne of blewe; and every yeare, on that daye that Mortus Aleey dyed, they will slash themselves all over their armes and brests with knives, in most piteous maner, that sometimes they dye with it; their priests goe aparelled in white, and preach everie Fryday, for that day is their saboth; they pray with greate devotion, for I myselfe have seen them at their prayers with such zeal that they have fallen into a sound; they keepe their lent much about the time that we doe here in England, and they call it their Bairum; it lasteth twenty-eight dayes, and all the daye they eat not meat untill the south starr doe apeare and then they go to their victuales, and then will they sport themselves all night; the better sort of them doe never at this or anie other time drinke wine except they have a license from the Kinge, and sometime the Kinge in his humer will cause a proclamation to be made that for three dayes anie man may drinke wine att his pleasure; then sometimes you shall see them drinke and then will the Kinge take greate delight to walk up and downe the cittie to see them; but he that is found drunke when those three dayes are expired shall presently lose his head. All Christianes are allowed to drinke wine, and all the Kinge's servants; the countrey is verie well furnished with all kinds of fruit; they have great store of wheat, soe that bread is verye cheap, and vituales at a verye good rate; the most of their feedinge is rice, dressed divers kind of ways; the Kinge will goe in private to their markets to see what order they keepe. For two yeares before our cominge into the countrey, the Kinge had bene in the market at Ispahane, and fallinge in talke with a fellowe that sold milke, he asked him how the governor of that place where he dwelt did behave himselfe; why, sayed the fellowe, beinge of a bould spiritte, if I was in his place I would bringe the Kinge a dozen heads a weeke of villaines that rob up and downe the countrey, soe that we can scarce goe a stone's cast from our houses but we shall be robbed, and the governor doth beare with them, and takes money of them to lett them live in that fashion; the Kinge hearinge this, liked the fellowe well, desiringe him to come to the court next morninge, and he would shew him the Kinge's house, bidinge him when he came to aske some of the Kinge's gard for one Abbas, the fellowe sayed he would; soe when the Kinge came to the court he gave order with his guard when such a fellow came to speake with one Abbas the next morninge they should bringe him to him; well, the next morninge the man came accordinge to his promise, who demanded of some of the gard for one Abbas, soe they brought him presently to the Kinge's bed chamber; when the King heard that he was come, he caused him to be brought in unto him; when the man did perceave that it was the Kinge, he fell downe on his knees, asking him forgivenes; the Kinge comanded him to stand up, and sent for aperele for him, and gave him the comand of fifty men, charginge him first to bring the governor to him, which he did within three dayes after, who presently lost his head; then the Kinge charged him to bringe him twelve heads of those villaines which robbed in the countrey the next weeke followinge, or else he should lose his owne. Soe he tooke his leave of the Kinge for that time, and within foure days after he brought the Kinge twenty heads; when the Kinge sawe that, he gave him the command of fifty men more, and made him governor of that place, and he behaved himselfe soe well that he brought the countrey in one monthe's space to such quietnesse, that a man might walke with a rod in his hand without hurt; the Kinge, after a small time, did take such a likinge of him, that he made him captaine of his guard, and gave him the comand of a thousand men to keepe the boarders of his countrey.

"It happened upon a time, that the Kinge beinge in progresse, for this is his custome, he doth never trouble his countrey with carrages, but hath carrages of his owne for that purpose, and all his nobilitie; the Kinge in the waye did overtake some carrages of this newe made governor, whereof were six moyles laden; the middle moyle havinge his carrage covered with a carpitt wrought with silke and gould; he demandinge of the men whose carrage it was; one made answere that it was the Lord Mustriffa's captaine of his gard, for soe the Kinge had created him; the Kinge that night did lodge in his tents; this new made lord came to the court somewhat late, but when the Kinge did heare of his cominge he presently did calle for him, and tould him that he did overtake his carrages, whereof there was one moyle that was covered with a gould carpitt, which ladinge, sayde the Kinge, I must have; he presantly did fale on his knees, and intreated the Kinge to take all the reste; for that was all the wealth he had, the Kinge presantly was in greatt rage against him, and caused him to be laden with irones, and went presantly where his carrage was; there findinge it to be a chest, he caused it to be broken open, and there he found nothinge but his ould cloeths and his milke-payles, which he used to sell his milke with; when the Kinge sawe it he presantly wept, because he had done him soe much wronge; then he asked him why he did keepe those soe safe; he answered, that the favors of princes sometimes are lost for a small falt, and his fortune may in time proove soe bad, in regard there weare manie in the court which did envie his honor and fortunes he had receaved, which made me reserve those if such a chance should happen to gett me my livinge; the Kinge presantly caused them to be burnt, and created him a duke, addinge four thousand tommannes a year to his livinge, which is eight thousand pounds English, and at oure beinge there he was most in favoure with the kinge; was absolutely a man of the bravest courage in the court, and did use Sir Anthony verie kindly and all his company, but espetially myselfe, for I did receive manie kindnesses from him, and in this fashion hath this Kinge exalted manie poore men to honoure since his cominge to the crowne; the Kinge's disposition is noted by his aparell which he wears that day, for that daye which he weareth blacke he is comonly melancoly and civell; if he weare white or greene, yellowe, or any other light color, he is comonly merrie; but when he weareth red, then all the court is afrayed of him, for he will be shure to kill some bodie that day, I have offtimes noted it; they have marshall lawe in the countrey; for if a man be found to steele the worthe of sixpence, he is presantly hanged at the next tree, by order of the governor of that place wherein he is taken; for everie little town or village hath his governor, or as they call them, cadees, and comonly where the Kinge is he will give justice himselfe; the Kinge doth ever ride with a greate trayne, to the number of five or six hundred men in his companie; they are verie expert in their peeces of musketts; for although there are some who have writtan now of latte, that they had not the use of peeces untill our cominge into the countrey, thus much I must wright to their prayse; that I did never see better barralles of musketts than I did see there; and the Kinge hath hard by his court at Ispahane about two hundred men att worke only makinge of peeces, bowes and arrowes, swords and targetts; and thus concerninge the fashion, manner, and custome of the Persians.

"Now to the former matter; I shewed you before howe the Kinge sent us fourteen horses att Casbeene, with other provision to attend him from thence to Ispahane, leavinge the rest of our companie behind us under the conduct of Mr. Abell Pinson, who was then steward to Sir Anthony, which were to the number of twenty-four persones, English, French, Greekes, and Pertians, who were gallantly furnished by the viceroy of the whole kingdome, everie man his horse and furniture accordinge to his vocation, and were conducted by one of his owne gentlemen from Casbeene to Ispahane, where after their cominge to us we stayed there six months, without anie remove, spendinge our time in hauckinge, huntinge, and other sports; in the which time the Kinge was resolved to send Mr. Robert Sherley to the Queene of England with a verie rich present, only to shew how much he honored her, but Sir Anthony altered the Kinge's mind, perswadinge him to send all the princes in Christendome, which he was assured the Queene would like well of, and to be in league with them all, and he would undertake to accomplish the embassage, and moreover that he would maintaine wars against the Turke, on that side of him, and he would worke soe with the Christian Princes, that they should maintaine warrs on the other side, and soe by that meanes overthrowe him; to which matter the Kinge was exceedinge glad of, givinge Sir Anthony manie thankes for his good invention, and presently he sent away the Turke's ambassador, who was come thither to renewe the league betweene the greate Turke and the Kinge of Persia, commandinge him to tell his master that he would never reste untill he were in the field against him; at which answeare of the Kinge, the Persians did much rejoyce, for there was an ould proverb in Persia, that there should come a Christian from farr into their countrey, by whose advise they should gaine all their right from the greate Turke, which the Persians in former times had lost; yet after all this was concluded upon, the Kinge was verie loth to part from Sir Anthony. and offered him to be lieutenant-generall of all his forces against the Turke; which offer Sir Anthony did highly imbrace, yet in regard he was a man of greater note than his brother was, did make choyce to goe of this embasseye, and to returne againe with as much speede as he possible could; but (male fortuna) did happen on him by the waye. Then Sir Anthony did request the kinge to send a Persian alonge with him, some man of account, to witness with him how much the kinge did imbrace the love of the Christiane princes; the kinge did verie well like of his motion, and made choice of one which had followed him longe whose name was Seane Olibege;* the kinge created him a lord, and allowed him sixteen men to attend on him; moreover, the kinge promised Sir Anthony that he would send presents to everie prince of a greate vallue. Well, after all these matters were concluded on, there came to us a Franciscan frier to Ispahane, and tould sir Anthony in regard he was a Christian he was the more boulder to come to him, and tould him moreover that there was another frier cominge, a Dominican frier, who was bishop of Antioch, a Portingall born, and he was goinge of greate busines to the Kinge of Spaine: his request was this, that Sir Anthony would gett him that favore from the kinge that he might goe aparelled in his owne weed or habit, which favore Sir Anthony did obtaine of the kinge, and the next day Sir Anthony did goe and meete him four miles forth of Ispahane, with one hundred horse to attend him, and soe he brought him into the cittie and lodged him in his owne house: the next day after he brought him to the kinge, who received him for Sir Anthony's sake verie royally, and the kinge gave him a crucifix of gould sette with diamonds, turkes, and rubies, which crucifix was sent the kinge from Presbiter Jhan, as the kinge himselfe did shewe unto us. The kinge asked the frier where he had travelled—the frier answeared, that he was sent from the Pope, as his deputie, into those parts amongst the Christians; the Pope! saide the kinge, what is he? allthough he did know verre well what he was, yett did he make as though he had never heard of him; the frier made answeare that the Pope was Christ's vicar upon earth to pardon and forgive sinnes: then, quothe the kinge, he must needs be a verie ould man if he have beene here on earth ever since Christ was crucified by the Jewes: nay, said the frier, there hath beene manie popes since that time, for when one dieth another cometh into his place: what, saide the kinge, are they earthly men born in Italie or in Rome? yes, saide the frier: but have they att anie time talked with Christ or God the father, sayd the kinge; no, quothe the frier: then the kinge made this answeare;—I doe not believe that anie man on earth can pardon or forgive sines but God the father; and for Christe, said the kinge, I doe hould him to be a greate prophete, yea, the greatest that ever was, and I doe thinke verily that if anie man could forgive sins it was hee; for I have read that he did greate miracles when he was upon the earth: he was born of a woman, but as I have read the angel of God came to her and breathed on her, and soe was he conceived. I have read, likewise, of his crucifying by the Jewes, which doth make me hate them, for to this houre there is none suffered to live in my countrey. The frier was stricken mute, and we all did wonder to heare the kinge reason soe exceeding well, in regard he was a heathen; but he tould Sir Anthony he was allmoste a Christian in heart since his cominge unto him. Soe after we had stayd there two weekes longer the kinge's letteres were readie to all the Christiane princes, which Sir Anthony received from the kinge; soe we tooke our leave of Ispahane, and the kinge brought us two dayes journey, and did take his leave of Sir Anthony verie sorrowfull; and did take his brother Mr. Robert Sherley by the hand, whom we left behind us, and the kinge saide to Sir Anthony that he would use him as his owne sone, and that he should never want soe longe as he was kinge of Persia. Then he gave Sir Anthony a seale of gould, and saide, Brother, whatsoever thou dost seale unto, be it to the worth of my kingdome and I will see it paide: soe the kinge kissed Sir Anthony three or four times, and kissed us all, and saide that if we did returne againe we should receive greate honore. Soe we departed from the kinge accompanied by the false frier, who in the end, as you shall heare hereafter, would have betrayed us with his villainie; but Seane Olibeg, that was to come along with us, stayed behind for the presents, because theye were not ready, and he was to come to us at [ ] where we were to take shippinge: and soe much for that part."

Here Manwaring's narrative breaks off, and we can discover no traces of his having afterwards resumed it. Sir Anthony Sherley's relation, also, concludes at the same period. We regret exceedingly that we are unable to give any farther account of the particular circumstances attending this unexampled mission, unless any reliance can be placed on the play to which the romantic adventures of the three brothers gave birth, entitled, *The three English Brothers—Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, and Mr. Robert Sherley*; London, 1607: written by John Day, William Rowley, and George Wilkins. The authors, indeed, in the prologue, profess to have adhered to the facts—

> Clothing our truth within an argument,
> Fitting the stage and your attention,
> Yet not so hid but that she may appear
> To be herself, even Truth.—

It is manifest, however, that they have, for the sake of the drama, mixed a considerable degree of fiction with actual fact. In some particulars, however, the play is probably more accurate. It represents Sir Anthony as having arrived at the court of Russia, and being imprisoned through the machinations of his colleague, and afterwards released, and the latter disgraced; that he next went to Rome, and was well received by the Pope, and thence proceeded to Venice, but, in every place, was thwarted and impeded by Cuchin Allibi. The failure of the embassage is attributed, by Sherley, to this person; and he also obscurely hints at the injury done him by the ungrateful friar, mentioned in the text.

Sir Anthony's subsequent movements are enveloped in considerable obscurity; but there is reason to believe, that, feeling acutely the unfortunate result of his embassy, he never ventured to return to Persia. It appears from *Wadsworth's English and Spanish Pilgrim*, that, amongst the English resident at the court of Spain, about the year 1625, "the first and foremost is Sir Anthony Sherley, who stiles himselfe Earle of the sacred Roman Empire,* and hath, from his Catholic majesty, a pension of 2000 duckets per annum, all which, in respect of his prodigality, is as much as nothing. This Sir Anthony Sherley is a great plotter and projector in matters of state, and undertakes, by sea-stratagems, to invade and ruinate his native country a just treatise of whose passages would take up a whole volume."* The King of Spain, also, made him admiral of the Levant.

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* Cuchin Allibi.—*Sherley*.

* There is some difficulty in ascertaining whether Sir Anthony or Robert Sherley, or both, were created Counts of the Roman Empire. Baker states, that Sir Robert Sherley was made an Earl of the Empire

The honors thus showered upon a subject excited the displeasure or jealousy of James the 1st, who ordered him to return to England, a mandate which Sherley did not think fit to obey. According to Grainger, he died in Spain, in the year 1630.

These are all the particulars we have been able to collect of the life of this heroic gentleman, Sir Anthony Sherley, whose adventures have more the air of an Arabian story or oriental fiction, than that of real life. Born at a period when the spirit of chivalry yet lingered in the land, he united daring enterprise with political knowledge and statesman-like acquirements. He belonged to that glorious race of men, who seem to have been raised up but to dazzle the world with their brightness for a few years, and to make it regret that they have left no descendants.

Sir Anthony was of a grave and imposing exterior, and of a dignified and commanding deportment. Elevated in sentiment, noble in heart, and undaunted in resolution, he had a singular power of attracting the attention, and securing the affections of men. He was bold in the conception, and prompt in the execution, of what he undertook; and whatever was connected with it—whatever was likely to contribute to its success, he seized with eagerness, and improved with diligence and caution. As a traveller, he did not, like some of a different sort, exercise his judgment on the superficial appearances of things, and tell of the wonders which he saw; but he looked into the perfections and defects of governments, and investigated the forms of states.

We have only space to say a few words of his two brothers. When Sir Anthony was about to depart from Persia, the king requested, in a very complimentary style, that his brother, Robert might stay behind. The wish of Shah-Abbas was no sooner expressed, than Robert, with great frankness and alacrity, acceded to it, and he accordingly remained at the Persian court with five of his companions. Two years having elapsed, and no tidings received of this important embassy, the king began to regard Robert more unfavourably than he had hitherto done, but he soon found means to regain the royal favour. He obtained freedom of conscience throughout the Persian dominions for all Christians; and the king, as a still greater token of his affection, bestowed his niece* upon him in marriage. Three successive Persian ambassadors were afterwards despatched to the princes of Christendom; and lastly, Robert Sherley himself, who came as ambassador to James the First in 1612, with the offer of a free commerce with Persia. He was accompanied by his wife, Teresia, who, during her residence in England, brought him a son, to whom the queen stood godmother, and Prince Henry godfather. He left his child in England, and set out with his lady on his return to Persia, and Fuller says, died on the voyage.† Sir Anthony draws a fine character of his brother, Robert, which we should have introduced, but for the reason before-mentioned.

Sir Thomas Sherley was knighted in 1589, and "being ashamed," says Fuller, "to see the trophies and achievements of his two younger brothers worn like flowers in the breasts of princes, while he himself withered upon the stalk he grew on, left his aged father, and, it is said, a fair inheritance in Sussex, and forthwith undertook several voyages into foreign parts, to the great honor of his nation, but small enrichment of himself."

Although this article has extended to an unusual length, we close it with reluctance, obliged, as we are, to omit, for want of room, many things which might have assisted the reader in estimating the true motives of the enterprize above related, as well as the character of this illustrious fraternity.

From the Nickleby Papers.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Throws some light upon Nicholas's love; but whether for good or evil the reader must determine.

After an anxious consideration of the painful and embarrassing position in which he was placed, Nicholas decided that he ought to lose no time in frankly stating it to the kind brothers. Availing himself of the first opportunity of being alone with Mr. Charles Cheeryble at the close of the next day, he accordingly related Smike's little history, and modestly but firmly expressed his hope that the good old gentleman would, under such circumstances as he described, hold him justified in adopting the extreme course of interfering between parent and child, and upholding the latter in his disobedience; even though his horror and dread of his father might seem, and would doubtless be represented as, a thing so repulsive and unnatural, as to render those who countenanced him in it, fit objects of general detestation and abhorrence.

"So deeply-rooted does this horror of this man ap-

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by Rodolphus, the Roman Emperor. Wadsworth, although of less authority than Baker, was himself, in 1623, at Madrid, where he lived for two years: and he asserts, that Sir Anthony assumed this title. Baker, on the other hand, would hardly state a fact of this kind without some foundation; and that he meant Sir Robert, is evident from what follows.—*Baker's Chronicles*, 412. The late Lord Orford meant to have cleared up these mistakes respecting the two brothers, and had made many notes on the subject.—*Aiken's Biog. Dict. Art. Sherley.*

* Wadsworth's English and Spanish Pilgrim, Lond. 1630.

* Carte says, she was sister to one of the king's sultanas.

† The Preacher's Travels, Lond. 1611—Baker's Chronicles—Fuller's Worthies.

pear to be," said Nicholas, "that I can hardly believe he really is his son. Nature does not seem to have implanted in his breast one lingering feeling of affection for hm, and surely she can never err."

"My dear sir," replied brother Charles, "you fall into the very common mistake of charging upon Nature, matters with which she has not the smallest connexion, and for which she is in no way responsible. Men talk of nature as an abstract thing, and lose sight of what is natural while they do so. Here is a poor lad who has never felt a parent's care, who has scarcely known anything all his life but suffering and sorrow, presented to a man who he is told is his father, and whose first act is to signify his intention of putting an end to his short term of happiness: of consigning him to his old fate, and taking him from the only friend he has ever had—which is yourself. If nature, in such a case, put into that lad's breast but one secret prompting which urged him towards his father and away from you, she would be a liar and an idiot."

Nicholas was delighted to find that the old gentleman spoke so warmly, and in the hope that he might say something more to the same purpose made no reply.

"The same mistake presents itself to me, in one shape or other, at every turn," said brother Charles. "Parents who never showed their love, complain of want of natural affection in their children—children who never showed their duty, complain of want of natural feeling in their parents—law-makers who find both so miserable that their affections have never had enough of life's sun to develop them, are loud in their moralizings over parents and children too, and cry that the very ties of nature are disregarded. Natural affections and instincts, my dear sir, are the most beautiful of the Almighty's works, but like other beautiful works of His, they must be reared and fostered, or it is as natural that they should be wholly obscured, and that new feelings should usurp their place, as it is that the sweetest productions of the earth left untended, should be choked with weeds and briars. I wish we could be brought to consider this, and remembering natural obligations a little more at the right time, talk about them a little less at the wrong one."

After this, brother Charles, who had talked himself into a great heat, stopped to cool a little, and then continued:—

"I dare say you are surprised, my dear sir, that I have listened to your recital with so little astonishment. That is easily explained—your uncle has been here this morning."

Nicholas coloured, and drew back a step or two.

"Yes," said the old gentleman, tapping his desk emphatically, "here—in this room. He would listen neither to reason, feeling, nor justice. But brother Ned was hard upon him—brother Ned, sir, might have melted a paving-stone."

"He came to——" said Nicholas.

"To complain of you," returned brother Charles, "to poison our ears with calumnies and falsehoods; but he came on a fruitless errand, and went away with some wholesome truths in his ear besides. Brother Ned, my dear Mr. Nickleby—brother Ned, sir, is a perfect lion. So is Tim Linkinwater—Tim is quite a lion. We had Tim in to face him at first, and Tim was at him, sir, before you could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

"How can I ever thank you, for all the deep obligations you impose upon me every day?" said Nicholas.

"By keeping silence upon the subject, my dear sir," returned brother Charles. "You shall be righted. At least you shall not be wronged. Nobody belonging to you shall be wronged. They shall not hurt a hair of your head, or the boy's head, or your mother's head, or your sister's head. I have said it, brother Ned has said it, Tim Linkinwater has said it. We have all said it, and we'll all do it. I have seen the father—if he is the father—and I suppose he must be. He is a barbarian and a hypocrite, Mr. Nickleby. I told him, 'You are a barbarian, sir.' I did. I said, "You're a barbarian, sir.' And I'm glad of it—I am *very* glad I told him he was a barbarian—very glad, indeed!"

By this time brother Charles was in such a very warm state of indignation, that Nicholas thought he might venture to put in a word, but the moment he essayed to do so, Mr. Cheeryble laid his hand softly upon his arm, and pointed to a chair.

"The subject is at an end for the present," said the old gentleman, wiping his face. "Don't revive it by a single word. I am going to speak upon another subject—a confidential subject, Mr. Nickleby.' We must be cool again, we must be cool."

After two or three turns across the room he resumed his seat, and drawing his chair nearer to that on which Nicholas was seated, said——

"I am about to employ you, my dear sir, on a confidential and delicate mission."

"You might employ many a more able messenger, sir," said Nicholas, "but a more trustworthy or zealous one, I may be bold to say, you could not find."

"Of that I am well assured," returned brother Charles, "well assured. You will give me credit for thinking so, when I tell you, that the object of this mission is a young lady."

"A young lady, sir!" cried Nicholas, quite trembling for the moment with his eagerness to hear more.

"A very beautiful young lady," said Mr. Cheeryble, gravely.

"Pray go on, sir," returned Nicholas.

"I am thinking how to do so," said brother Charles—sadly, as it seemed to his young friend, and with an expression allied to pain. "You accidentally saw a young lady in this room one morning, my dear sir, in a fainting fit. Do you remember! Perhaps you have forgotten——"

"Oh no," replied Nicholas, hurriedly. "I—I—remember it very well indeed."

"*She* is the lady I speak of," said brother Charles. Like the famous parrot, Nicholas thought a great deal, but was unable to utter a word.

"She is the daughter," said Mr. Cheeryble, "of a lady who, when she was a beautiful girl herself, and I was very many years younger, I—it seems a strange word for me to utter now—I loved very dearly. You will smile, perhaps, to hear a grey-headed man talk about such things: you will not offend me, for when I was as young as you, I dare say I should have done the same."

"I have no such inclination, indeed," said Nicholas.

"My dear brother Ned," continued Mr. Cheeryble, "was to have married her sister, but she died. She is dead too now, and has been for many years. She married—her choice; and I wish I could add that her after-life was as happy, as God knows I ever prayed it might be!"

A short silence intervened, which Nicholas made no effort to break.

"If trial and calamity had fallen as lightly on his head, as in the deepest truth of my own heart I ever hoped (for her sake) it would, his life would have been one of peace and happiness," said the old gentleman, calmly. "It will be enough to say that this was not the case—that she was not happy—that they fell into complicated distresses and difficulties—that she came, twelve months before her death, to appeal to my old friendship; sadly changed, sadly altered, broken-spirited from suffering and ill-usage, and almost broken-hearted. He readily availed himself of the money which, to give her but one hour's peace of mind, I would have poured out as freely as water—nay, he often sent her back for more—and yet even while he squandered it, he made the very success of these, her applications to me, the ground-work of cruel taunts and jeers, protesting that he knew she thought with bitter remorse of the choice she had made, that she had married him from motives of interest and vanity, (he was a gay young man with great friends about him when she chose him for her husband,) and venting in short upon her, by every unjust and unkind means, the bitterness of that ruin and disappointment which had been brought about by his profligacy alone. In those times this young lady was a mere child. I never saw her again until that morning when you saw her also, but my nephew, Frank———"

Nicholas started, and indistinctly apolgizing for the interruption, begged his patron to proceed.

"My nephew, Frank, I say," resumed Mr. Cheeryble, "encountered her by accident, and lost sight of her almost in a minute afterwards, within two days after he returned to England. Her father lay in some secret place to avoid his creditors, reduced, between sickness and poverty, to the verge of death, and she, a child,—we might almost think, if we did not know the wisdom of all Heaven's decrees—who should have blessed a better man, was steadily braving privation, degradation, and every thing most terrible to such a young and delicate creature's heart, for the purpose of supporting him. She was attended, sir," said brother Charles, "in these reverses, by one faithful creature, who had been, in old times, a poor kitchen wench in the family, who was then their solitary servant, but who might have been, for the truth and fidelity of her heart—who might have been—ah! the wife of Tim Linkinwater himself, sir!"

Pursuing this econium upon the poor follower with such energy and relish as no words can describe, brother Charles leant back in his chair, and delivered the remainder of his relation with greater composure.

It was in substance this:—That proudly resisting all offers of permanent aid and support from her late mother's friends, because they were made conditional upon her quitting the wretched man, her father, who had no friends left, and shrinking with instinctive delicacy from appealing in their behalf to that true and noble heart which he hated, and had, through its greatest and purest goodness, deeply wronged by misconstruction and ill report, this young girl had struggled alone and unassisted to maintain him by the labour of her hands. That through the utmost depths of poverty and affliction she had toiled, never turning aside for an instant from her task, never wearied by the petulant gloom of a sick man sustained by no consoling recollections of the past or hopes of the future; never repining for the comforts she had rejected, or bewailing the hard lot she had voluntarily incurred. That every little accomplishment she had acquired in happier days had been put into requisition for this purpose, and directed to this one end. That for two long years, toiling by day and often too by night, working at the needle, the pencil, and the pen, and submitting, as a daily governess, to such caprices and indignities as women (with daughters too) too often love to inflict upon their own sex when they serve in such capacities, as though in jealousy of their superior intelligence which they are necessitated to employ,—indignities, in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, heaped upon persons immeasurably and incalculably their betters, but outweighing in comparison any that the most heartless blackleg would put upon his groom—that for two long years by dint of labouring in all these capacities and wearying in none, she had not succeeded in the sole aim and object of her life, but that overwhelmed by accumulated difficulties and disappointments, she had been compelled to seek out her mother's old friend, and, with a bursting heart, to confide in him at last.

"If I had been poor," said brother Charles, with sparkling eyes; "If I had been poor, Mr. Nickleby, my dear sir, which, thank God I am not, I would have denied myself—of course any body would under such circumstances—the commonest necessaries of life, to help her. As it is, the task is a difficult one. If her father were dead, nothing could be easier, for then she should share and cheer the happiest home that brother Ned and I could have, as if she were our child or sister. But he is still alive. Nobody can help him—that has been tried a thousand times; he was not abandoned by all without good cause, I know."

"Cannot she be persuaded to———" Nicholas hesitated when he had got thus far.

"To leave him?" said brother Charles. "Who could entreat a child to desert her parent? Such entreaties, limited to her seeing him occasionally, have been been urged upon her—not by me—but always with the same result."

"Is he kind to her?" said Nicholas. "Does he requite her affection?"

"True kindness, considerate self-denying kindness, is not in his nature," returned Mr. Cheeryble. "Such kindness as he knows, he regards her with, I believe. The mother was a gentle, loving, confiding creature, and although he wounded her from their marriage till her death as cruelly and wantonly as ever man did, she never ceased to love him. She commended him on her death-bed to her child's care. Her child has never forgotten it, and never will."

"Have you no influence over him?" asked Nicholas.

"I, my dear sir! The last man in the world. Such is his jealousy and hatred of me, that if he knew his daughter had opened her heart to me, he would render her life miserable with his reproaches; although this is the inconsistency and selfishness of his character—although if he knew that every penny she had came from me, he would not relinquish one personal desire that the most reckless expenditure of her scanty stock could gratify."

"An unnatural scoundrel!" said Nicholas indignantly.

"We will use no harsh terms," said brother Charles, in a gentle voice; "but accommodate ourselves to the circumstances in which this young lady is placed. Such assistance as I have prevailed upon her to accept, I have been obliged, at her own earnest request, to dole out in the smallest portions, lest he, finding how easily money was procured, should squander it even more lightly than he is accustomed to do. She has come to and fro, to and fro, secretly and by night, to take even this; and I cannot bear that things should go on in this way, Mr. Nickleby—I really cannot bear it."

Then it came out by little and little, how that the twins had been revolving in their good old heads manifold plans and schemes for helping this young lady in the most delicate and considerate way, and so that her father should not suspect the source whence the aid was derived; and how they had at last come to the conclusion, that the best course would be to make a feint of purchasing her little drawings and ornamental work at a high price, and keeping up a constant demand for the same. For the furtherance of which end and object it was necessary that somebody should represent the dealer in such commodities, and after great deliberation they had pitched upon Nicholas to support this character.

"He knows me," said brother Charles, "and he knows my brother Ned. Neither of us would do. Frank is a very good fellow—a very fine fellow—but we are afraid that he might be a little flighty and thoughtless in such a delicate matter, and that he might, perhaps—that he might, in short be too susceptible (for she is a beautiful creature, Sir; just what her poor mother was,) and falling in love with her before he well knew his own mind, carry pain and sorrow into that innocent breast, which we would be the humble instruments of gradually making happy. He took an extraordinary interest in her fortunes when he first happened to encounter her; and we gather from the inquiries we have made of him that it was she in whose behalf he made that turmoil which led to you first acquarintance."

Nicholas stammered out that he had before suspected the possibility of such a thing; and in explanation of its having occurred to him, described when and where he had seen the young lady himself.

"Well; then you see," continued brother Charles, "that *he* wouldn't do. Tim Linkinwater is out of the question; for Tim, Sir, is such a tremendous fellow, that he could never contain himself, but would go to loggerheads with the father before he had been in the place five minutes. You don't know what Tim is; Sir, when he is roused by anything that appeals to his feelings very strongly—then he is terrific, Sir, is Tim Linkinwater—absolutely terrific. Now, in you we can repose the strictest confidence; in you we have seen—or at least *I* have seen, and that's the same thing, for there's no difference between me and my brother Ned, except that he is the finest creature that ever lived, and that there is not, and never will be, any body like him in all the world—in you we have seen domestic virtues and affections, and delicacy of feeling, which exactly qualify you for such an office. And you are the man, Sir."

"The young lady, Sir," said Nicholas, who felt so embarrassed that he had no small difficulty in saying anything at all—"Does—is—is she a party to this innocent deceit?"

"Yes, yes," returned Mr. Cheeryble; "at least she knows you come from us; she does *not* know, however, but that we shall dispose of these little productions that you'll purchase from time to time; and perhaps, if you did it very well (that is, *very* well indeed,) perhaps she might be brought to believe that we—that we made a profit of them. Eh!—Eh?"

In this guileless and most kind simplicity, brother Charles was so happy, and in this possibility of the young lady being led to think that she was under no obligation to him, he evidently felt so sanguine and had so much delight, that Nicholas would not breathe a doubt upon the subject.

All this time, however, there hovered upon the tip of his tongue a confession that the very same objections which Mr. Cheeryble had stated to the employment of his nephew in this commission applied with at least equal force and validity to himself, and a hundred times had he been upon the point of avowing the real state of his feelings, and entreating to be released from it. But as often, treading upon the heels of this impulse, came another which urged him to refrain, and to keep his secret to his own breast. "Why should I," thought Nicholas, "why should I throw difficulties in the way of this benevolent and high-minded design? What if I do love and reverence this good and lovely creature—should I not appear a most arrogant and shallow coxcomb if I gravely represented that there was any danger of her falling in love with me? Besides, have I no confidence in myself? Am I not now bound in honour to repress these thoughts? Has not this excellent man a right to my best and heartiest services, and should any considerations of self deter me from rendering them?"

Asking himself such questions as these Nicholas mentally answered with great emphasis "No!" and persuading himself that he was a most conscientious and glorious martyr, nobly resolved to do what, if he had examined his own heart a little more carefully, he would have found, he could not resist. Such is the sleight of hand by which we juggle with ourselves, and change our very weaknesses into staunch and most magnanimous virtues!

Mr. Cheeryble, being of course wholly unsuspicious that such reflections were presenting themselves to his young friend, proceeded to give him the needful credentials and directions for his first visit, which was to be made next morning; and all preliminaries being arranged, and the strictest secrecy enjoined, Nicholas walked home for the night very thoughtfully indeed.

The place to which Mr. Cheeryble had directed him was a row of mean and not over-cleanly houses, situated within "the rules" of the King's Bench Prison, and not many hundred paces distant from the obelisk in Saint George's Fields. The Rules are a certain liberty adjoining the prison, and comprising some dozen streets in which debtors who can raise money to pay large fees, from which their creditors do *not* derive any benefit, are permitted to reside by the wise provisions of the same enlightened laws which leave the debtor who can raise no money to starve in jail, without the food, clothing, lodging, or warmth, which are provided for felons convicted of the most atrocious crimes that can disgrace humanity. There are many pleasant fictions of the law in constant operation, but there is not one so pleasant or practically humorous as that which supposes every man to be of equal value in its impartial eye, and the benefits of all laws to be equally attainable by all men, without the smallest reference to the furniture of their pockets.

To the row of houses indicated to him by Mr. Charles Cheeryble, Nicholas directed his steps, without much troubling his head with such matters as these; and at this row of houses—after traversing a very dirty and dusty suburb, of which minor theatricals, shell-fish, ginger-beer, spring vans, greengrocery, and brokers' shops, appeared to compose the main and most prominent features—he at length arrived with a palpitating heart. There were small gardens in front which, being wholly neglected in all other respects, served as little pens for the dust to collect in, until the wind came round the corner and blew it down the road. Opening the rickety gate which, dangling on its broken hinges before one of these, half admitted and half repulsed the visiter, Nicholas knocked at the street-door with a faltering hand.

It was in truth a shabby house outside, with very dim parlour windows and very small show of blinds, and very dirty muslin curtains dangling across the lower panes on very loose and limp strings. Neither, when the door was opened, did the inside appear to belie the outward promise, as there was faded carpeting on the stairs and faded oil-cloth in the passage; in addition to which discomforts a gentleman Ruler was smoking hard in the front parlour (though it was not yet noon,) while the lady of the house was busily engaged in turpentining the disjointed fragments of a tent-bedstead at the door of the back-parlour, as if in preparation for the reception of some new lodger who had been fortunate enough to engage it.

Nicholas had ample time to make these observations while the little boy, who went on errands for the lodgers, clattered down the kitchen stairs and was heard to scream, as in some remote cellar, for Miss Bray's servant, who, presently appearing and requesting him to follow her, caused him to evince greater symptoms of nervousness and disorder than so natural a consequence of his having inquired for that young lady would seem calculated to occasion.

Up-stairs he went however, and into a front room he was shown, and there, seated at a little table by the window, on which were drawing materials with which she was occupied, sat the beautiful girl who had so engrossed his thoughts, and who, surrounded by all the new and strong interest which Nicholas attached to her story, seemed now, in his eyes, a thousand times more beautiful than he had ever yet supposed her.

But how the graces and elegancies which she had dispersed about the poorly-furnished room, went to the heart of Nicholas! Flowers, plants, birds, the harp, the old piano whose notes had sounded so much sweeter in bygone times—how many struggles had it cost her to keep these two links of that broken chain which bound her yet to home! With every slender ornament, the occupation of her leisure hours, replete with that graceful charm which lingers in every little tasteful work of woman's hands, how much patient endurance and how many gentle affections were entwined! He felt as though the smile of Heaven were on the little chamber; as though the beautiful devotion of so young and weak a creature, had shed a ray of its own on the inanimate things around and made them beautiful as itself; as though the halo with which old painters surround the bright angels of a sinless world played about a being akin in spirit to them, and its light were visibly before him.

And yet Nicholas was in the rules of the King's Bench Prison! If he had been in Italy indeed, and the time had been sunset, and the scene a stately terrace;—but, there is one broad sky over all the world, and whether it be blue or cloudy, the same heaven beyond it, so, perhaps he had no need of compunction for thinking as he did.

It is not to be supposed that he took in everything at one glance, for he had as yet been unconscious of the presence of a sick man propped up with pillows in an easy-chair, who, moving restlessly and impatiently in his seat, attracted his attention.

He was scarce fifty, perhaps, but so emaciated as to appear much older. His features presented the remains of a handsome countenance, but one in which the embers of strong and impetuous passions were easier to be traced than any expression which would have rendered a far plainer face much more prepossessing. His looks were very haggard, and his limbs and body literally worn to the bone, but there was something of the old fire in the large sunken eye notwithstanding, and it seemed to kindle afresh as he struck a thick stick, with which he seemed to have supported himself in his seat, impatiently on the floor twice or thrice, and called his daughter by her name.

"Madeline, who is this—what does any body want here—who told a stranger we could be seen? What is it?"

"I believe——" the young lady began, as she inclined her head with an air of some confusion, in reply to the salutation of Nicholas.

"You always believe," returned her father petulantly. "What is it!"

By this time Nicholas had recovered sufficient presence of mind to speak for himself, so he said (as it had been agreed he should say) that he had called about a pair of hand-screens, and some painted velvet for an ottoman, both of which were required to be of the most elegant design possible, neither time nor expense being of the smallest consideration. He had also to pay for the two drawings, with many thanks, and, advancing to the little table, he laid upon it a bank-note, folded in an envelope and sealed.

"See that the money is right, Madeline," said the father, "open the paper, my dear."

"It's quite right, papa, I am sure."

"Here!" said Mr. Bray, putting out his hand, and opening and shutting his bony fingers with irritable impatience. "Let me see. What are you talking about, Madeline—you're sure—how can you be sure of any such thing—five pounds—well, is *that* right?"

"Quite," said Madeline, bending over him. She was so busily employed in arranging the pillows that Nicholas could not see her face, but as she stooped he thought he saw a tear fall.

"Ring the bell, ring the bell," said the sick man, with the same nervous eagerness, and motioning towards it with such a quivering hand that the bank-note rustled in the air. "Tell her to get it changed—to get me a newspaper—to buy me some grapes—another bottle of the wine that I had last week—and—and—I forget half I want just now, but she can go out again. Let her get those first—those first. Now, Madeline my love, quick, quick! Good God, how slow you are!"

"He remembers nothing that *she* wants!" thought Nicholas. Perhaps something of what he thought was expressed in his countenance, for the sick man turning towards him with great asperity, demanded to know if he waited for a receipt.

"It is no matter at all," said Nicholas.

"No matter! what do you mean, sir?" was the tart rejoinder. "No matter! Do you think you bring your paltry money here as a favour or a gift; or as a matter of business, and in return for value received? D—n you, sir, because you can't appreciate the time and taste which are bestowed upon the goods you deal in, do you think you give your money away? Do you know that you are talking to a gentleman, sir, who at one time could have bought up fifty such men as you and all you have? What do you mean?"

"I merely mean that as I shall have many dealings with this lady, if she will kindly allow me, I will not trouble her with such forms," said Nicholas.

"Then *I* mean, if you please, that we'll have as many forms as we can," returned the father. "My daughter, sir, requires no kindness from you or anybody else. Have the goodness to confine your dealings strictly to trade and business, and not to travel beyond it. Every petty tradesman is to begin to pity her now, is he? Upon my soul! Very pretty. Madeline, my dear, give him a receipt; and mind you always do so."

While she was feigning to write it, and Nicholas was ruminating upon the extraordinary, but by no means uncommon character thus presented to his observation, the invalid, who appeared at times to suffer great bodily pain, sank back in his chair and moaned out a feeble complaint that the girl had been gone an hour, and that every-body conspired to goad him.

"When," said Nicholas, as he took the piece of paper, "when shall I—call again?"

This was addressed to the daughter, but the father answered immediately—

"When you're requested to call sir, and not before. Don't worry and persecute. Madeline, my dear, when is this person to call again?"

"Oh, not for a long time—not for three or four weeks—it is not necessary, indeed—I can do without," said the young lady; with great eagerness.

"Why, how are we to do without?" urged her father, not speaking above his breath. "Three or four weeks, Madeline! Three or four weeks!"

"Then sooner—sooner, if you please," said the young lady, turning to Nicholas.

"Three or four weeks!" muttered the father. "Madeline, what on earth—do nothing for three or four weeks!"

"It is a long time, ma'am," said Nicholas.

"*You* think so, do you!" retorted the father, angrily. "If I chose to beg, sir, and stoop to ask assistance from people I despise, three or four months would not be a long time—three or four years would not be a long time. Understand, sir, that is if I chose to be dependent: but as I don't, you may call in a week."

Nicholas bowed low to the young lady and retired, pondering upon Mr. Bray's ideas of independence, and devoutly hoping that there might be few such independent spirits as he mingling with the baser clay of humanity.

He heard a light foostep above him as he descended the stairs, and looking round saw that the young lady was standing there, and glancing timidly towards him, seemed to hesitate whether she should call him back or no. The best way of settling the question was to turn back at once, which Nicholas did.

"I don't know whether I do right in asking you, sir," said Madeline, hurriedly, "but pray—pray—do not mention to my poor mother's dear friends what has passed here to-day. He has suffered much, and is worse this morning. I beg you, sir, as a boon, a favour to myself."

"You have but to hint a wish," returned Nicholas fervently, "and I would hazard my life to gratify it."

"You speak hastily, sir."

"Truly and sincerely," rejoined Nicholas, his lips trembling as he formed the words, "if ever man spoke truly yet. I am not skilled in disguising my feelings, and if I were, I could not hide my heart from you. Dear madam, as I know your history, and feel as men and angels must who hear and see such things, I do entreat you to believe that I would die to serve you."

The young lady turned away her head, and was plainly weeping.

"Forgive me," said Nicholas, with respectful earnestness, "if I seem to say too much, or to presume upon the confidence which has been intrusted to me. But I could not leave you as if my interest and sympathy expired with the commission of the day. I am your faithful servant, humbly devoted to you from this hour—devoted in strict truth and honour to him who sent me here, and in pure integrity of heart, and distant respect for you. If I meant more or less than this, I should be unworthy his regard, and false to the very nature that prompts the honest words I utter."

She waved her hand, entreating him to be gone, but answered not a word. Nicholas could say no more, and silently withdrew. And thus ended his first interview with Madeline Bray.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Mr. Ralph Nickleby has some confidential intercourse with another old friend. They concert between them a project which promises well for both.

"THERE go the three quarters past!" muttered Newman Noggs, listening to the chimes of some neighbouring church, "and my dinner time's two. He does it on purpose. He makes a point of it. It's just like him."

It was in his own little den of an office and on the top of his official stool that Newman thus soliloquised; and the soliloquy referred, as Newman's grumbling soliloquies usually did, to Ralph Nickleby.

"I don't believe he ever had an appetite," said Newman, "except for pounds, shillings, and pence, and with them he's as greedy as a wolf. I should like to have him compelled to swallow one of every English coin. The penny would be an awkward morsel—but the crown—ha! ha!"

His good humour being in some degree restored by the vision of Ralph Nickleby swallowing, perforce, a five-shilling-piece, Newman slowly brought forth from his desk one of those portable bottles, currently known as pocket pistols, and shaking the same close to his ear so as to produce a rippling sound very cool and pleasant to listen to, suffered his features to relax, and took a gurgling drink, which relaxed them still more. Replacing the cork he smacked his lips twice or thrice with an air of great relish, and, the taste of the liquor having by this time evaporated, recurred to his grievances again.

"Five minutes to three," growled Newman, "it can't want more by this time; and I had my breakfast at eight o'clock, and such a breakfast! and my right dinner time two! And I might have a nice little bit of hot roast meat spoiling at home all this time—how does *he* know I haven't! "Don't go till I come back, don't go till I come back,' day after day. What do you always go out at my dinner time for then—eh! Don't you know it's nothing but aggravation—eh!"

These words, though uttered in a very loud key, were addressed to nothing but empty air. The recital of his wrongs, however, seemed to have the effect of making Newman Noggs desperate; for he flattened his old hat upon his head, and drawing on the everlasting gloves, declared with great vehemence, that come what might, he would go to dinner that very minute.

Carrying this resolution into instant effect, he had advanced as far as the passage, when the sound of the latch-key in the street door caused him to make a precipitate retreat into his own office again.

"Here he is," growled Newman, "and somebody with him. Now it'll be 'Stop till this gentleman's gone.' But I wont—that's flat."

So saying, Newman slipped into a tall empty closet which opened with two half doors, and shut himself up: intending to slip out directly after Ralph was safe inside of his own room.

"Noggs," cried Ralph, "where is that fellow—Noggs."

But not a word said Newman.

"The dog has gone to his dinner, though I told him not," muttered Ralph, looking into the office and pulling out his watch. "Humph! You had better come in here, Gride. My man's out, and the sun is hot upon my room. This is cool and in the shade, if you don't mind roughing it."

"Not at all, Mr. Nickleby, oh not at all. All places are alike to me sir. Ah! very nice indeed. Oh! very nice!"

The person who made this reply was a little old man of about seventy or seventy-five years of age, of a very lean figure, much bent, and slightly twisted. He wore a great-coat with a very narrow collar, an old-fashioned waistcoat of ribbed black silk, and such scanty trowsers as displayed his shrunken spindle-shanks in their full ugliness. The only articles of display or ornament in his dress, were a steel watch-chain to which were attached some large gold seals; and a black ribbon into which, in compliance with an old fashion scarcely ever observed in these days, his grey hair was gathered behind. His nose and chin were sharp and prominent, his jaws had fallen inwards from loss of teeth, his face was shrivelled and yellow, save where the cheeks were streaked with the colour of a dry winter apple: and where his beard had been, there lingered yet a few grey tufts which seemed, like the ragged eyebrows, to denote the badness of the soil from which they sprung. The whole air and attitude of the form, was one of stealthy cat-like obsequiousness; the whole expression of the face was concentrated into a wrinkled leer, compounded of cunning, lecherousness, slyness, and avarice.

Such was old Arthur Gride, in whose face there was not a wrinkle, in whose dress there was not one spare fold or plait, but expressed the most covetous and griping penury, and sufficiently indicated his belonging to that class of which Ralph Nickleby was a member. Such was old Arthur Gride, as he sat in a low chair looking up into the face of Ralph Nickleby, who, lounging upon the tall office stool, with his arms upon his knees, looked down into his,—a match for him on whatever errand he had come.

"And how have you been?" said Gride, feigning great interest in Ralph's state of health. "I haven't seen you for—oh! not for—"

"Not for a long time," said Ralph, with a peculiar smile, importing that he very well knew it was not on a mere visit of compliment that his friend had come. "It was a narrow chance that you saw me now, for I had only just come up to the door as you turned the corner."

"I am very lucky," observed Gride.

"So men say," replied Ralph, drily.

The older money-lender wagged his chin and smiled, but he originated no new remark, and they sat for some little time without speaking. Each was looking out to take the other at a disadvantage.

"Come, Gride," said Ralph, at length; "what's in the wind to-day?"

"Aha! you're a bold man, Mr. Nickleby," cried the other, apparently very much relieved by Ralph's leading the way to business. "Oh dear, dear, what a bold man your are."

"Why, you have a sleek and slinking way with you that makes me seem so by contrast," returned Ralph. "I don't know but that yours may answer better, but I want the patience for it."

"You were born a genius, Mr. Nickleby," said old Arthur. "Deep, deep, deep. Ah!"

"Deep enough," retorted Ralph, "to know that I shall need all the depth I have, when men like you begin to compliment. You know I have stood by when you fawned and flattered other people, and I remember pretty well what *that* always led to."

"Ha, ha, ha," rejoined Arthur, rubbing his hands. "So you do, so you do, no doubt. Not a man knows it better. Well, it's a pleasant thing now to think that you remember old times. Oh dear!"

"Now then," said Ralph, composedly; "what's in the wind, I ask again—what is it?"

"See that now!" cried the other. "He can't even keep from business while we're chatting over byegones! Oh dear, dear, what a man it is!"

"*Which* of the byegones do you want to revive?" said Ralph. "One of them, I know, or you wouldn't talk about them."

"He suspects even me!" cried old Arthur, holding up his hands. "Even me—oh dear, even me. What a man it is! Ha! ha! ha! What a man it is. Mr. Nickleby against all the world—there's nobody like him. A giant among pigmies—a giant—a giant!"

Ralph looked at the old dog with a quiet smile as he chuckled on in this strain, and Newman Noggs in the closet felt his heart sink within him as the prospect of dinner grew fainter and fainter.

"I must humour him though," cried old Arthur; "he must have his way—a wilful man, as the Scotch say—well, well, they're a wise people, the Scotch—he will talk about business, and won't give away his time for nothing. "He's very right. Time is money—time is money."

"He was one of us who made that saying, I should think," said Ralph. "Time is money, and very good money too, to those who reckon interest by it. Time *is* money! Yes, and time costs money—it's rather an expensive article to some people we could name, or I forget my trade."

In rejoinder to this sally, old Arthur again raised his hands, again chuckled, and again ejaculated, "What a man it is!" which done, he dragged the low chair a little nearer to Ralph's high stool, and looking upwards into his immoveable face, said,

"What would you say to me, if I was to tell you that I was—that I was—going to be married!"

"I should tell you," replied Ralph, looking coldly down upon him, "that for some purpose of your own you told a lie, and that it wasn't the first time, and wouldn't be the last; that I wasn't surprised, and wasn't to be taken in."

"Then I tell you seriously that I am," said old Arthur.

"And *I* tell you seriously," rejoined Ralph, "what I told you this minute. Stay. Let me look at you. There's a liquorish devilry in your face? what is this?"

"I wouldn't deceive *you*, you know," whined Arthur Gride; "I couldn't do it, I should be mad to try. I—I—to deceive Mr. Nickleby! The pigmy to impose upon the giant. I ask again—he, he, he!—what should you say to me if I was to tell you that I was going to be married?"

"To some old hag?" said Ralph.

"No, no," cried Arthur, interrupting him, and rubbing his hands in an ecstasy. "*Wrong*, wrong again. Mr. Nickleby for once at fault—out, quite out! To a young and beautiful girl; fresh, lovely, bewitching, and not nineteen. Dark eyes—long eyelashes—ripe and ruddy lips that to look at is to long to kiss—beautiful clustering hair that one's fingers itch to play with—such a waist as might make a man clasp the air involuntarily, thinking of twining his arm about it—little feet that tread so lightly they hardly seem to walk upon the ground—to marry all this, sir,—this—hey, hey!"

"This is something more than common drivelling," said Ralph, after listening with a curled lip to the old sinner's raptures. "The girl's name?"

"Oh, deep, deep! See now how deep that is!" exclaimed old Arthur. "He knows I want his help, he knows he can give it me, he knows it must all turn to his advantage, he sees the thing already. Her name—is there nobody within hearing?"

"Why, who the devil should there be?" retorted Ralph, testily.

"I didn't know but that perhaps somebody might be passing up or down the stairs," said Arthur Gride, after looking out at the door and carefully re-closing it; "or but that your man might have come back and might have been listening outside—clerks and servants have a trick of listening, and I should have been very uncomfortable if Mr. Noggs—"

"Curse Mr. Noggs," said Ralph, sharply, and go on with what you have to say."

"Curse Mr. Noggs, by all means," rejoined old Arthur; "I am sure I have not the least objection to that. Her name is—"

"Well," said Ralph, rendered very irritable by old Arthur's pausing again, "what is it?"

"Madeline Bray."

Whatever reasons there might have been—and Arthur Gride appeared to have anticipated some—for the mention of this name producing an effect upon Ralph, or whatever effect it really did produce upon him, he permitted none to manifest itself, but calmly repeated the name several times, as if reflecting when and where he had heard it before.

"Bray," said Ralph. "Bray—there was young Bray of—no, he never had a daughter."

"You remember Bray!" rejoined Arthur Gride.

"No," said Ralph, looking vacantly at him.

"Not Walter Bray! The dashing man, who used his handsome wife so ill?"

"If you seek to recall any particular dashing man to my recollection by such a trait as that," said Ralph, shrugging his shoulders, "I shall confound him with nine-tenths of the dashing men I have ever known."

"Tut, tut. That Bray who is now in the rules of the Bench," said old Arthur. "You can't have forgotten Bray. Both of us did business with him. Why, he owes you money—"

"Oh, *him!*" rejoined Ralph. "Ay, ay. Now you speak. Oh! It's *his* daughter, is it!"

Naturally as this was said, it was not said so naturally but that a kindred spirit like old Arthur Gride might have discerned a design upon the part of Ralph to lead him on to much more explicit statements and explanations than he would have volunteered, or than Ralph could in all likelihood have obtained by any other means. Old Arthur, however, was so intent upon his own designs, that he suffered himself to be over-reached, and had no suspicion but that his good friend was in earnest.

"I knew you couldn't forget him, when you came to think for a moment," he said.

"You were right," answered Ralph. "But old Arthur Gride and matrimony is a most anomalous conjunction of words; old Arthur Gride and dark eyes and eyelashes, and lips that to look at is to long to kiss, and clustering hair that he wants to play with, and waists that he wants to span, and little feet that don't tread upon anything—old Arthur Gride and such things as these is more monstrous still; but old Arthur Gride marrying the daughter of a ruined "dashing man" in the rules of the Bench, is the most monstrous and incredible of all. Plainly, friend Arthur Gride, if you want any help from me in this business (which of course you do, or you would not be here,) speak out, and to the purpose. And, above all, don't talk to me of its turning to my advantage, for I know it must turn to yours also, and to a good round tune too, or you would have no finger in such a pie as this."

There was enough acerbity and sarcasm not only in the matter of Ralph's speech, but in the tone of voice in which he uttered it, and the looks with which he eked it out, to have fired even the ancient usurer's cold blood and flushed even his withered cheek. But he gave vent to no demonstration of anger, contenting himself with exclaiming as before, "What a man it is!" and rolling his head from side to side, as if in unrestrained enjoyment of his freedom and drollery. Clearly observing, however, from the expression in Ralph's features, that he had best com to the point as speedily as might be, he composed himself for more serious business, and entered upon the pith and marrow of his negotiation.

First, he dwelt upon the fact that Madeline Bray was devoted to the support and maintenance, and was a slave to every wish, of her only parent, who had no other friend on earth; to which Ralph rejoined that he had heard something of the kind before, and that if she had known a little more of the world, she wouldn't have been such a fool.

Secondly, he enlarged upon the character of her father, arguing, that even taking it for granted that he loved her in return with the utmost affection of which he was capable, yet he loved himself a great deal better; which Ralph said it was quite unnecessary to say anything more about, as that was very natural, and probable enough.

And, thirdly, old Arthur premised that the girl was a delicate and beautiful creature, and that he had really a hankering to have her for his wife. To this Ralph deigned no other rejoinder than a harsh smile, and a glance at the shrivelled old creature before him, which were, however, sufficiently expressive.

"Now," said Gride, "for the little plan I have in my mind to bring this about; because, I have n't offered myself even to the father yet, I should have told you. But that you have gathered already? Ah! oh dear, oh dear, what an edged-tool you are!"

"Do n't play with me then," said Ralph, impatiently. "You know the proverb."

"A reply always on the tip of his tongue!" cried old Arthur, raising his hands and eyes in admiration. "He is always prepared! Oh dear, what a blessing to have such a ready wit, and so much ready money to back it!" Then, suddenly changing his tone, he went on:—"I have been backwards and forwards to Bray's lodgings several times within the last six months. It is just half a year since I first saw this delicate morsel, and oh dear, what a delicate morsel it is! But that is neither here nor there I am his detaining creditor for seventeen hundred pounds."

"You talk as if you were the only detaining creditor," said Ralph, pulling out his pocket-book. "I am another for nine hundred and seventy-five pounds, four and threepence."

"The only other, Mr. Nickleby," said old Arthur, eagerly. "The only other. Nobody else went to the expense of lodging a detainer, trusting to our holding him fast enough, I warrant you. We both fell into the same snare—oh, dear, what a pitfall it was; it almost ruined me! And lent him our money upon bills, with only one name beside his own, which to be sure everybody supposed to be a good one, and was as negotiable as money, but which turned out—you know how. Just as we should have come upon him, he died insolvent. Ah! it went very nigh to ruin me, that loss did!"

"Go on with your scheme," said Ralph. "It's of no use raising the cry of our trade just now; there's nobody to hear us."

It's always as well to talk that way," returned old Arthur, with a chuckle, "whether there's anybody to hear us or not. Practice makes perfect, you know. Now, if I offer myself to Bray as his son-in-law, upon one simple condition that the moment I am fast married he shall be quietly released, and have an allowance to live just t'other side the water like a gentleman (he can't live long, for I have asked his doctor, and he declares that his complaint is one of the heart and it is impossible,) and if all the advantages of this condition are properly stated and dwelt upon to him, do you think he could resist me? And if he could not resist *me*, do you think his daughter could resist *him?* Shouldn't I have her Mrs. Arthur Gride—pretty Mrs. Arthur Gride—a tit-bit—a dainty chick—shouldn't I have her Mrs. Arthur Gride in a week, a month, a day—any time I chose to name?"

"Go on," said Ralph, nodding his head deliberately, and speaking in a tone whose studied coldness presented a strange contrast to the rapturous squeak to which his friend had gradually mounted. "Go on. You did n't come here to ask me that."

"Oh dear, how you talk!" cried old Arthur, edging himself closer still to Ralph. "Of course, I did n't—I do n't pretend I did! I came to ask what you would take from me, if I prospered with the father, for this debt of yours—five shillings in the pound—six and eightpence—ten shillings? I *would* go as far as ten for such a friend as you, we have always been on such good terms, but you won't be so hard upon me as that, I know. Now, will you?"

"There's something more to be told," said Ralph, as stony and immovable as ever.

"Yes, yes, there is, but you won't give me time." returned Arthur Gride. "I want a backer in this matter—one who can talk, and urge, and press a point, which you can do as no man can. I can't *do* that, for I am a poor, timid, nervous creature. Now, if you get a good composition for this debt, which you long ago gave up for lost, you'll stand my friend, and help me. *Won't* you?"

"There's something more," said Ralph.

"No, no, indeed," cried Arthur Gride.

"Yes, yes, indeed. I tell you yes," said Ralph.

"Oh!" returned old Arthur, feigning to be suddenly enlightened. "You mean something more, as concerns myself and my *intention*. Ay, surely, surely. Shall I *mention* that?"

"I think you had better," rejoined Ralph, drily.

"I did n't like to trouble you with that, because I supposed your interest would cease with your own concern in the affair," said Arthur Gride. "That's kind of you to ask. Oh dear, how very kind of you! Why, supposing I had a knowledge of some property—some little property—very little—to which this pretty chick was entitled; which nobody does or can know of at this time, but which her husband could sweep into his pouch, if he knew as much as I do, would that account for—"

"For the whole proceeding," rejoined Ralph, abruptly. "Now, let me turn this matter over, and consider what I ought to have if I should help you to success."

"But do n't he hard," cried old Arthur, raising his hands with an imploring gesture, and speaking in a tremulous voice. "Do n't be too hard upon me. It's a very small property, it is indeed. Say the ten shillings, and we'll close the bargain. It's more than I ought to give, but you're so kind—shall we say the ten? Do now, do."

Ralph took no notice of these supplications, but sat for three or four minutes in a brown study, looking thoughtfully at the person from whom they proceeded. After sufficient cogitation he broke silence, and it certainly could not be objected that he used any needless circumlocution, or failed to speak directly to the purpose.

"If you married this girl without me," said Ralph, "you must pay my debt in full, because you could n't set her father free otherwise. It's plain, then, that I must have the whole amount, clear of all deduction or incumbrance, or I should lose from being honoured with your confidence, instead of gaining by it. That's the first article of the treaty. For the second, I shall stipulate that for my trouble in negotiation and persuasion, and helping you to this fortune, I have five hundred pounds—that's very little, because you have the ripe lips, and the clustering hair, and what not, all to yourself. For the third and last article, I require that you execute a bond to me, this day binding yourself in the payment of these two sums, before noon of the day of your marriage with Madeline Bray. You have told me I can urge and press a point. I press this one, and will take nothing less than these terms. Accept them if you like. If not, marry her without me if you can. I shall still get my debt."

To all entreaties, protestations, and offers of compromise between his own proposals and those which Arthur Gride had first suggested, Ralph was, deaf as an adder. He would enter into no further discussion of the subject, and while old Arthur dilated upon the enormity of his demands and proposed modifications of them, approaching by degrees nearer and nearer to the terms he resisted, sat perfectly mute, looking with an air of quiet abstraction over the entries and papers in his pocket-book. Finding that it was impossible to make any impression upon his staunch friend, Arthur Gride, who had prepared himself for some such result before he came, consented with a heavy heart to the proposed treaty, and upon the spot filled up the bond required (Ralph kept such instruments handy,) after exacting the condition that Mr. Nickleby should accompany him to Bray's lodgings that very hour, and open the negotiation at once, should circumstances appear auspicious and favourable to their designs.

In pursuance of this last understanding the worthy gentlemen went out together shortly afterwards, and Newman Noggs emerged, bottle in hand, from the cupboard, out of the upper door of which, at the imminent risk of detection, he had more than once thrust his red nose when such parts of the subject were under discussion as interested him most.

"I have no appetite now," said Newman, putting the flask in his pocket. "I've had *my* dinner."

Having delivered this observation in a very grievous and doleful tone, Newman reached the door in one long limp, and came back again in another.

"I don't know who she may be, or what she may be," he said; "but I pity her with all my heart and soul; and I can't help her, nor can I any of the people against whom a hundred tricks—but none so vile as this—are plotted every day! Well, that adds to my pain, but not to theirs. The thing is no worse because I know it, and it tortures me as well as them. Gride and Nickleby! Good pair for a curricle—oh roguery! roguery! roguery!"

With these reflections, and a very hard knock on the crown of his unfortunate hat at each repetition of the last word, Newman Noggs, whose brain was a little muddled by so much of the contents of the pocket-pistol as had found their way there during his recent concealment, went forth to seek such consolation as might be derivable from the beef and greens of some cheap eating-house.

Meanwhile the two plotters had betaken themselves to the same house whither Nicholas had repaired for the first time but a few mornings before, and having obtained access to Mr. Bray, and found his daughter from home, had, by a train of the most masterly approaches that Ralph's utmost skill could frame, at length laid open the real object of their visit.

"There he sits, Mr. Bray," said Ralph, as the invalid, not yet recovered from his surprise, reclined in his chair, looking alternately at him and Arthur Gride. "What if he has had the ill fortune to be one cause of your detention in this place—I have been another; men must live; you are too much a man of the world not to see that in its true light. We offer the best reparation in our power. Reparation! Here is an offer of marriage, that many a titled father would leap at, for his child. Mr. Arthur Gride, with the fortune of a prince. Think what a haul it is!"

"My daughter, sir," returned Bray, haughtily, "as *I* have brought her up, would be a rich recompense for the largest fortune that a man could bestow in exchange for her hand."

"Precisely what I told you," said the artful Ralph, turning to his friend, old Arthur. "Precisely what made me consider the thing so fair and easy. There is no obligation on either side. You have money, and Miss Madeline has beauty and worth. She has youth, you have money. She has not money, you have not youth. Tit for tat—quits—a match of Heaven's own making!"

"Matches are made in Heaven, they say," added Arthur Gride, leering hideously at the father-in-law he wanted. "If we are married, it will be destiny, according to that."

"Then think, Mr. Bray," said Ralph, hastily substituting for this argument considerations more nearly allied to earth, "Think what a stake is involved in the acceptance or rejection of these proposals of my friend—"

"How can I accept or reject?" interrupted Mr. Bray, with an irritable consciousness that it really rested with him to decide. "It is for my daughter to accept or reject; it is for my daughter. You know that."

"True," said Ralph, emphatically; "but you have still the power to advise; to state the reasons for and against; to hint a wish."

"To hint a wish, sir!" returned the debtor, proud and mean by turns, and selfish at all times. "I am her father, am I not? Why should I hint, and beat about the bush? Do you suppose, like her mother's friends and my enemies—a curse upon them all—that there is anything in what she has done for me but duty, sir, but duty? Or do you think that my having been unfortunate is a sufficient reason why our relative positions should be changed, and that she should command and I should obey? Hint a wish, too! Perhaps you think because you see me in this place and scarcely able to leave this chair without assistance, that I am some broken-spirited dependent creature, without the courage or power to do what I may think best for my own child. Still the power to hint a wish! I hope so!"

"Pardon me," returned Ralph, who thoroughly knew his man, and had taken his ground accordingly; "you do not hear me out. I was about to say, that your hinting a wish—even hinting a wish—would surely be equivalent to commanding."

"Why, of course it would," retorted Mr. Bray, in an exasperated tone. "If you don't happen to have heard of the time, sir, I tell you that there was a time, when I carried every point in triumph against her mother's whole family, although they had power and wealth on their side—by my will alone."

"Still," rejoined Ralph, as mildly as his nature would allow him, "you have not heard me out. You are a man yet qualified to shine in society, with many years of life before you—that is, if you lived in freer air, and under brighter skies, and chose your own companions. Gaiety is your element, you have shone in it before. Fashion and freedom for you. France, and an annuity that would support you there in luxury, would give you a new lease of life—transfer to you a new existence. The town rang with your expensive pleasures once, and you could blaze upon a new scene again, profiting by experience, and living a little at other's cost, instead of letting others live at yours. What is there on the reverse side of the picture? What is there? I don't know which is the nearest church-yard, but a gravestone there, wherever it is, and a date—perhaps two years hence, perhaps twenty. That's all."

Mr. Bray rested his elbow on the arm of his chair, and shaded his face with his hand.

"I speak plainly," said Ralph, sitting down beside him, "because I feel strongly. It's my interest that you should marry your daughter to my friend Gride, because then he sees me paid—in part, that is. I don't disguise it. I acknowledge it openly. But what interest have you in recommending her to such a step? Keep that in view. She might object, remonstrate, shed tears, talk of his being too old, and plead that her life would be rendered miserable. But what is it now?"

Several slight gestures on the part of the invalid, showed that these arguments were no more lost upon him, than the smallest iota of his demeanour was upon Ralph.

"What is it now, I say," pursued the wily usurer, "or what has it a chance of being? If you died, indeed, the people you hate would make her happy. But can you bear the thought of that?"

"No!" returned Bray, urged by a vindictive impulse he could not repress.

"I should imagine not, indeed?" said Ralph quietly. "If she profits by anybody's death," this was said in a lower tone, "let it be by her husband's—don't let her have to look back to yours, as the event from which to date a happier life. Where is the objection? Let me hear it stated. What is it? That her suitor is an old man. Why, how often do men of family and fortune, who haven't your excuse, but have all the means and superfluities of life within their reach—how often do they marry their daughters to old men, or (worse still) to young men without heads or hearts, to tickle some idle vanity, strengthen some family interest, or secure some seat in parliament! Judge for her, sir, judge for her. You must know best, and she will live to thank you."

"Hush! hush!" cried Mr. Bray, suddenly starting up, and covering Ralph's mouth with his trembling hand. "I hear her at the door!

There was a gleam of conscience in the shame and terror of this hasty action, which, in one short moment, tore the thin covering of sophistry from the cruel design, and laid it bare in all its meanness and heartless deformity. The father fell into his chair pale and trembling; Arthur Gride plucked and fumbled at his hat, and durst not raise his eyes from the floor; even Ralph crouched for the moment like a beaten hound, cowed by the presence of one young innocent girl!

The effect was almost as brief as sudden. Ralph was the first to recover himself, and observing Madeline's looks of alarm, entreated the poor girl to be composed, assuring her that there was no cause for fear.

"A sudden spasm," said Ralph, glancing at Mr. Bray. "He is quite well now."

It might have moved a very hard and worldly heart to see the young and beautiful creature, whose certain misery they had been contriving but a minute before, throw her arms about her father's neck, and pour forth words of tender sympathy and love, the sweetest a father's ear can know, or child's lips form. But Ralph looked coldly on; and Arthur Gride, whose bleared eyes gloated only over the outward beauties, and were blind to the spirit which reigned within, evinced—a fantastic kind of warmth certainly, but not exactly that kind of warmth of feeling which the contemplation of virtue usually inspires.

"Madeline," said her father, gently disengaging himself, "it was nothing."

"But you had that spasm yesterday, and it is terrible to see you in such pain. Can I do nothing for you?"

"Nothing just now. Here are two gentlemen, Madeline, one of whom you have seen before. She used to say," added Mr. Bray, addressing Arthur Gride, "that the sight of you always made me worse. That was natural, knowing what she did, and only what she did, of our connexion and its results. Well, well. Perhaps she may change her mind on that point; girls have leave to change their minds, you know. You are very tired, my dear."

"I am not, indeed."

"Indeed you are. You do too much."

"I wish I could do more."

"I know you do, but you over-task your strength. This wretched life, my love, of daily labour and fatigue, is more than you can bear, I am sure it is. Poor Madeline!"

With these and many more kind words, Mr. Bray drew his daughter to him and kissed her cheek affectionately. Ralph, watching him sharply and closely in the mean time, made his way towards the door, and signed to Gride to follow him.

"You will communicate with us again?" said Ralph.

"Yes, yes," returned Mr. Bray, hastily thrusting his daughter aside. "In a week. Give me a week."

"One week," said Ralph, turning to his companion, "from to-day. Good morning. Miss Madeline, I kiss your hand."

"We will shake hands, Gride," said Mr. Bray, extending his, as old Arthur bowed. "You mean well, no doubt. I am bound to say so now. If I owed you money, that was not your fault. Madeline, my love—your hand here."

"Oh dear! If the young lady would condescend—only the tips of her fingers"—said Arthur, hesitating and and half retreating.

Madeline shrunk involuntarily from the goblin figure, but she placed the tips of her fingers in his hand and instantly withdrew them. After an ineffectual clutch, intending to detain and carry them to his lips, old Arthur gave his own fingers a mumbling kiss, and with many amorous distortions of visage went in pursuit of his friend, who was by this time in the street.

"What does he say, what does he say—what does the giant say to the pigmy?" inquired Arthur Gride, hobbling up to Ralph.

"What does the pigmy say to the giant?" rejoined Ralph, elevating his eyebrows and looking down upon his questioner.

"He doesn't know what to say," replied Authur Gride. "He hopes and fears. But is she not a dainty morsel?"

"I have no great taste for beauty," growled Ralph.

"But I have," rejoined Arthur, rubbing his hands. "Oh dear! How handsome her eyes looked when she was stooping over him—such long lashes—such delicate fringe! She—she—looked at me so soft."

"Not over-lovingly, I think?" said Ralph. "Did she?"

"No you think not?" replied old Arthur. "But don't you think it can be brought about—don't you think it can?"

Ralph looked at him with a contemptuous frown, and replied with a sneer, and between his teeth—

"Did you mark his telling her she was tired and did too much, and over-tasked her strength?"

"Ay, ay. What of it?"

"When do you think he ever told her that before? The life is more than she can bear. Yes, yes. He'll change it for her."

"D'ye think it's done?" inquired old Arthur, peering into his companion's face with half-closed eyes.

"I am sure it's done," said Ralph. "He is trying to deceive himself, even before our eyes, already—making believe that he thinks of her good and not his own—acting a virtuous part, and so considerate and affectionate, sir, that the daughter scarcely knew him. I saw a tear of surprise in her eye. There'll be a few more tears of surprise there before long, though of a different kind. Oh! we may wait with confidence for this day week.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Being for the benefit of Mr. Vincent Crummles and positively his last appearance on this stage.

It was with a very sad and heavy heart, oppressed by many painful ideas, that Nicholas retraced his steps eastward and betook himself to the counting-house of Cheeryble Brothers. Whatever the idle hopes he had suffered himself to entertain, whatever the pleasant visions which had sprung up in his mind and grouped themselves round the fair image of Madeline Bray, they were now dispelled, and not a vestige of their gaiety and brightness remained.

It would be a poor compliment to Nicholas's better nature, and one which he was very far from deserving, to insinuate that the solution, and such a solution, of the mystery which had seemed to surround Madeline Bray, when he was ignorant even of her name, had damped his ardour or cooled the fervour of his admiration. If he had regarded her before, with such a passion as young men attracted by mere beauty and elegance may entertain, he was now conscious of much deeper and stronger feelings. But, reverence for the truth and purity of her heart, respect for the helplessness and loneliness of her situation, sympathy with the trials of one so young and fair, and admiration of her great and noble spirit, all seemed to raise her far above his reach, and, while they imparted new depth and dignity to his love, to whisper that it was hopeless.

"I will keep my word, as I have pledged it to her," said Nicholas, manfully. "This is no common trust that I have to discharge, and I will perform the double duty that is imposed upon me most scrupulously and strictly. My secret feelings deserve no consideration in such a case as this, and they shall have none."

Still, there were the secret feelings in existence just the same, and in secret Nicholas rather encouraged them than otherwise; reasoning (if he reasoned at all) that there they could do no harm to anybody but himself, and that if he kept them to himself from a sense of duty, he had an additional right to entertain himself with them as a reward for his heroism.

All these thoughts, coupled with what he had seen that morning and the anticipation of his next visit, rendered him a very dull and abstracted companion; so much so, indeed, that Tim Linkinwater suspected he must have made the mistake of a figure somewhere, which was preying upon his mind, and seriously conjured him, if such were the case, to make a clean breast and scratch it out, rather than have his whole life embittered by the tortures of remorse.

But in reply to these considerate representations, and many others both from Tim and Mr. Frank, Nicholas could only be brought to state that he was never merrier in his life; and so went on all day, and so went towards home at night, still turning over and over again the same subjects, thinking over and over again the same things, and arriving over and over again at the same conclusions.

In this pensive, wayward, and uncertain state, people are apt to lounge and loiter without knowing why, to read placards on the walls with a great attention and without the smallest idea of one word of their contents, and to stare most earnestly through shop-windows at things which they don't see. It was thus that Nicholas found himself poring with the utmost interest over a large play-bill hanging outside a Minor Theatre which he had to pass on his way home, and reading a list of the actors and actresses who had promised to do honour to some approaching benefit, with as much gravity as if it had been a catalogue of the names of those ladies and gentlemen who stood highest upon the Book of Fate, and he had been looking anxiously for his own. He glanced at the top of the bill with a smile at his own dulness, as he prepared to resume his walk, and there saw announced, in large letters with a large space between each of them, "Fositively the last appearance of Mr. Vincent Crummles of Provincial Celebrity!!!"

"Nonsense!" said Nicholas, turning back again. "It can't be."

But there it was. In one line by itself was an announcement of the first night of a new melo-drama; in another line by itself was an announcement of the last six nights of an old one; a third line was devoted to the re-engagement of the unrivalled African Knife-swallower, who had kindly suffered himself to be prevailed upon to forego his country engagements for one week longer; a fourth line announced that Mr. Snittle Timberry, having recovered from his late severe indisposition, would have the honour of appearing that evening; a fifth line said that there were "Cheers, Tears, and Laughter!" every night; a sixth, that that was positively the last appearance of Mr. Vincent Crummles of Provincial Celebrity.

"Surely it must be the same man," thought Nicholas. "There can't be two Vincent Crummleses."

The better to settle this question he referred to the bill again, and finding that there was a Baron in the first piece, and that Roberto (his son) was enacted by one Master Crummles, and Spaletro (his nephew) by one Master Percy Crummles—*their* last appearances—and that, incidental to the piece, was a characteristic dance by the characters, and a castanet pas seul by the Infant Phenomenon—*her* last appearance—he no longer entertained any doubt; and presenting himself at the stage door, and sending in a scrap of paper with "Mr. Johnson" written thereon in pencil, was presently conducted by a Robber, with a very large belt and buckle round his waist, and very large leather gauntlets on his hands, into the presence of his former manager.

Mr. Crummles was unfeignedly glad to see him, and starting up from before a small dressing-glass, with one very bushy eye-brow stuck on crooked over his left eye, and the fellow eyebrow and the calf of one of his legs in his hand, embraced him cordially; at the same time observing, that it would do Mrs. Crummles's heart good to bid him good-bye before they went.

"You were always a favourite of hers, Johnson," said Crummles, "always were from the first. I was quite easy in my mind about you from that first day you dined with us. One that Mrs. Crummles took a fancy to, was sure to turn out right. Ah! Johnson, what a woman that is!"

"I am sincerely obliged to her for her kindness in this and all other respects," said Nicholas. "But where are you going, that you talk about bidding good-bye?"

"Haven't you seen it in the papers?" said Crummles with some dignity.

"No," replied Nicholas.

"I wonder at that," said the manager. "It was among the varieties. I had the paragraph here somewhere—but I don't know—oh, yes, here it is."

So saying, Mr. Crummles, after pretending that he thought he must have lost it, produced a square inch of newspaper from the pocket of the pantaloons he wore in private life (which, together with the plain clothes of several other gentlemen, lay scattered about on a kind of dresser in the room,) and gave it to Nicholas to read:—

"The talented Vincent Crummles, long favourably known to fame as a country manager and actor of no ordinary pretensions, is about to cross the Atlantic on a histrionic expedition. Crummles is to be accompanied, we hear, by his lady and gifted family. We know no man superior to Crummles in his particular line of character, or one who, whether as a public or private individual, could carry with him the best wishes of a larger circle of friends. Crummles is certain to succeed."

"Here's another bit" said Mr. Crummles, handing over a still smaller scrap. "This is from the notices to correspondents, this one."

Nicholas read it aloud. "Philo Dramaticus. Crummles, the country manager and actor, cannot be more than forty-three, or forty-four years of age. Crummles is NOT a Prussian, having been born at Chelsea.' Humph!" said Nicholas, "that's an odd paragraph."

"Very," returned Crummles, scratching the side of his nose, and looking at Nicholas with an assumption of great unconcern. "I can't think who puts these things in. *I* did'nt."

Still keeping his eye on Nicholas, Mr. Crummles shook his head twice or thrice with profound gravity, and remarking, that he could not for the life of him imagine how the newspapers found out the things they did, folded up the extracts and put them in his pocket again.

"I am astonished to hear this news," said Nicholas. "Going to America! You had no such thing in contemplation when I was with you?"

"No," replied Crummles, "I hadn't then. The fact is, that Mrs. Crummles, most extraordinary woman, Johnson"—here he broke off and whispered something in his ear.

"Oh!" said Nicholas, smiling. "The prospect of an addition to your family?"

"The seventh addition, Johnson," returned Mr. Crummles, solemnly. "I thought such a child as the Phenomenon must have been a closer; but it seems we are to have another. She is a very remarkable woman."

"I congratulate you," said Nicholas, "and I hope this may prove a phenomenon too."

"Why, it's pretty sure to be something uncommon, I suppose," rejoined Mr. Crummles. "The talent of the other three is principally in combat and serious pantomime. I should like this one to have a turn for juvenile tragedy; I understand they want something of that sort in America very much. However, we must take it as it comes. Perhaps it may have a genius for the tight-rope. It may have any sort of genius in short, if it takes after its mother, Johnson, for she is an universal genius; but, whatever its genius is, that genius shall be developed."

Expressing himself after these terms, Mr. Crummles put on his other eyebrow, and the calves of his legs, and then put on his legs, which were of a yellowish flesh-colour, and rather soiled about the knees, from frequent going down upon those joints, in curses, prayers, last struggles, and other strong passages.

While the ex-manager completed his toilet, he informed Nicholas that as he should have a fair start in America, from the proceeds of a tolerably good engagement which he had been fortunate enough to obtain, and as he and Mrs. Crummles could scarcely hope to act for ever—not being immortal, except in the breath of Fame and in a figurative sense—he had made up his mind to settle there permanently, in the hope of acquiring some land of his own which would support them in their old age, and which they could afterwards bequeath to their children. Nicholas having highly commended this resolution, Mr. Crummles went on to impart such further intelligence relating to their mutual friends as he thought might prove interesting; informing Nicholas, among other things, that Miss Snevellicci was happily married to an affluent young wax-chandler who had supplied the theatre with candles, and that Mr. Lillyvick didn't dare to say his soul was his own, such was the tyrannical sway of Mrs. Lillyvick, who reigned paramount and supreme.

Nicholas responded to this confidence on the part of Mr. Crummles, by confiding to him his own name. situation and prospects, and informing him in as few general words as he could, of the circumstances which had led to their first acquaintance. After congratulating him with great heartiness on the improved state of his fortunes, Mr. Crummles gave him to understand that next morning he and his were to start for Liverpool, where the vessel lay which was to carry them from the shores of England, and that if Nicholas wished to take a last adieu of Mrs. Crummles, he must repair with him that night to a farewell-supper, given in honour of the family at a neighbouring tavern, at which Mr. Snittle Timberry would preside, while the honours of the vice chair would be sustained by the African Swallower.

The room being by this time very warm and somewhat crowded, in consequence of the influx of four gentlemen, who had just killed each other in the piece under representation, Nicholas accepted the invitation, and promised to return at the conclusion of the performances; preferring the cool air and twilight out of doors to the mingled perfume of gas, orange-peel, and gun-powder, which pervaded the hot and glaring theatre.

He availed himself of this interval to buy a silver snuff-box—the best his funds would afford—as a token of remembrance for Mr. Crummles, and having purchased besides a pair of ear-rings for Mrs. Crummles, a necklace for the Phenomenon, and a flaming shirt-pin for each of the young gentlemen, he refreshed himself with a walk, and returning a little after the appointed time, found the lights out, the theatre empty, the curtain raised for the night, and Mr. Crummles walking up and down the stage expecting his arrival.

"Timberry won't be long," said Mr. Crummles. "He played the audience out to-night. He does a faithful black in the last piece, and it takes him a little longer to wash himself."

"A very unpleasant line of character, I should think?" said Nicholas.

"No, I don't know," replied Mr. Crummles; "it comes off easily enough, and there's only the face and neck.—We had a first-tragedy man in our company once, who, when he played Othello, used to black himself all over.—But that's feeling a part and going into it as if you meant it; it isn't usual—more's the pity."

Mr. Snittle Timberry now appeared, arm in arm with the African Swallower, and being introduced to Nicholas, raised his hat half-a-foot, and said he was proud to know him. The Swallower said the same, and looked and spoke remarkably like an Irishman.

"I see by the bills that you have been ill, sir," said Nicholas to Mr. Timberry. "I hope you are none the worse for your exertions to night?"

Mr. Timberry in reply, shook his head with a gloomy air, tapped his chest several times with great significancy, and drawing his cloak more closely about him, said, "But no matter—no matter. Come!"

It is observable that when people upon the stage are in any strait involving the very last extremity of weakness and exhaustion, they invariably perform feats of strength requiring great ingenuity and muscular power. Thus, a wounded prince or bandit-chief, who is bleeding to death and too faint to move, except to the softest music (and then only upon his hands and knees,) shall be seen to approach a cottage door for aid, in such a series of writhings and twistings, and with such curlings up of the legs, and such rollings over and over, and such gettings up and tumblings down again, as could never be achieved save by a very strong man skilled in posture-making. And so natural did this sort of performance come to Mr. Snittle Timberrry, that on their way out of the theatre and towards the tavern where the supper was to be holden, he testified the severity of his recent indisposition and its wasting upon the nervous system by a series of gymnastic performances, which were the admiration of all witnesses.

"Why this is indeed a joy I had not looked for!" said Mrs. Crummles, when Nicholas was presented.

"Nor I," replied Nicholas. "It is by a mere chance that I have this opportunity of seeing you, although I would have made a great exertion to have availed myself of it."

"Here is one whom you know," said Mrs. Crummles, thrusting forward the Phenomenon in a blue gauze frock, extensively flounced, and trousers of the same; "and here another—and another," presenting the Masters Crummleses. "And how is your friend, the faithful Digby!"

"Digby!" said Nicholas, forgetting at the instant that this had been Smike's theatrical name. "Oh yes. He's quite—what am I saying?—he is very far from well."

"How!" exclaimed Mrs. Crummles with a tragic recoil.

"I fear," said Nicholas, shaking his head, and making an attempt to smile, "that your better-half would be more struck with him now, than ever."

"What mean you?" rejoined Mrs. Crummles, in her most popular manner. "Whence comes this altered tone?"

"I mean that a dastardly enemy of mine has struck at me through him, and that while he thinks to torture me, he inflicts on him such agonies of terror and suspense as —— You will excuse me, I am sure, said Nicholas, checking himself. "I should never speak of this, and never do, except to those who know the facts, but for a moment I forgot myself."

With this hasty apology, Nicholas stooped down to salute the phenomenon, and changed the subject; inwardly cursing his precipitation, and very much wondering what Mrs. Crummles must think of so sudden an explosion.

That lady seemed to think very little about it, for the supper being by this time on the table, she gave her hand to Nicholas and repaired with a stately step to the left hand of Mr. Snittle Timberry. Nicholas had the honour to support her, and Mr. Crummles was placed upon the chairman's right; the Phenomenon and the Masters Crummleses sustained the vice.

The company amounted in number to some twenty-five or thirty, being composed of such members of the theatrical profession, then engaged or disengaged in London, as were numbered among the most intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. Crummles. The ladies and gentlemen were pretty equally balanced; the expenses of the entertainment being defrayed by the latter, each of whom had the privilege of inviting one of the former as his guest.

It was upon the whole a very distinguished party, for independently of the lesser theatrical lights who clustered on this occasion round Mr. Snittle Timberry, there was a literary gentleman present who had dramatised in his time two hundred and forty-seven novels as fast as they had come out, and some of them faster than they had come out—and *was* a literary gentleman in consequence.

This gentleman sat on the left hand of Nicholas, to whom he was introduced by his friend the African Swallower, from the bottom of the table, with a high eulogium upon his fame and reputation.

"I am happy to know a gentleman of such great distinction," said Nicholas, politely.

"Sir," replied the wit, "you're very welcome, I'm sure. The honour is reciprocal, sir, as I usually say when I dramatise a book. Did you ever hear a definition of fame, sir?"

"I have heard several," replied Nicholas, with a smile. "What is yours?"

"When I dramatise a book, sir," said the literary gentleman, "*that's* fame—for its author."

"Oh, indeed!" rejoined Nicholas.

"That's fame, sir," said the literary gentleman.

"So Richard Turpin, Tom King, and Jerry Abershaw have handed down to fame the names of those on whom they had committed their most impudent robberies?" said Nicholas.

"I don't know anything about that, sir," answered the literary gentleman.

"Shakspeare dramatised stories which had previously appeared in print, it is true," observed Nicholas.

"Meaning Bill, sir!" said the literary gentleman. "So he did. Bill was an adapter, certainly, so he was—and very well he adapted too———considering."

"I was about to say," rejoined Nicholas, "that Shakspeare derived some of his plots from old tales and legends in general circulation; but it seems to me, that some of the gentlemen of your craft at the present day, have shot very far beyond him—"

"You're quite right, sir," interrupted the literary gentleman, leaning back in his chair and exercising his tooth-pick. "Human intellect, sir, has progressed since his time—is progressing—will progress—"

"Shot beyond him, I mean," resumed Nicholas, "in quite another respect, for, whereas he brought within the magic circle of his genius, traditions peculiarly adapted for his purpose, and turned familiar things into constellations which should enlighten the world for ages, you drag within the magic circle of your dullness, subjects not at all adapted to the purposes of the stage, and debase as he exalted. For instance, you take the uncompleted books of living authors, fresh from their hands, wet from the press, cut, hack, and carve them to the powers and capacities of your actors, and the capability of your theatres, finish unfinished works, hastily and crudely vamp up ideas not yet worked out by their original projector, but which have doubtless cost him many thoughtful days and sleepless nights: by a comparison of incidents and dialogue, down to the very last word he may have written a fortnight before, do your utmost to anticipate his plot—all this without his permission, and against his will; and then, to crown the whole proceeding, publish in some mean pamphlet an unmeaning farrago of garbled extracts from his work, to which you put your name as author, with the honourable distinction annexed, of having perpetrated a hundred other outrages of the same description. Now, show me the distinction between such pilfering as this, and picking a man's pocket in the street: unless, indeed, it be, that the legislature has a regard for pocket-handkerchiefs, and leaves men's brains, except when they are knocked out by violence, to take care of themselves."

"Men must live, sir," said the literary gentleman shrugging his shoulders.

"That would be an equally fair plea in both cases," replied Nicholas; "but if you put it upon that ground, I have nothing more to say, than, that if I were a writer of books, and you a thirsty dramatist, I would rather pay your tavern score for six months—large as it might be—than have a niche in the Temple of Fame with you for the humblest corner of my pedestal, through six hundred generations."

The conversation threatened to take a somewhat angry tone when it had arrived thus far, but Mrs. Crummles opportunely interposed to prevent its leading to any violent outbreak, by making some inquiries of the literary gentleman relative to the plots of the six new pieces which he had written by contract to introduce the African Knife-swallower in his various unrivalled performances. This speedily engaged him in an animated conversation with that lady, in the interest of which, all recollection of his recent discussion with Nicholas very quickly evaporated.

The board being now clear of the more substantial articles of food, and punch, wine, and spirits being placed upon it and handed about, the guests, who had been previously conversing in little groups of three or four, gradually fell off into a dead silence, while the majority of those present, glanced from time to time at Mr. Snittle Timberry, and the bolder spirits did not even hesitate to strike the table with their knuckles, and plainly intimate their expectations, by uttering such encouragements as "Now, Tim," "Wake up, Mr. Chairman," "All charged, sir, and waiting for a toast," and so forth.

To these remonstrances, Mr. Timberry deigned no other rejoinder than striking his chest and gasping for breath, and giving many other indications of being still the victim of indisposition—for a man must not make himself too cheap either on the stage or off—while Mr. Crummles, who knew full well that he would be the subject of the forthcoming toast, sat gracefully in his chair with his arm thrown carelessly over the back, and now and then lifted his glass to his mouth and drank a little punch, with the same air with which he was accustomed to take long draughts of nothing, out of the pasteboard goblets in banquet scenes.

At length Mr. Snittle Timberry rose in the most approved attitude, with one hand in the breast of his waistcoat and the other on the nearest snuff-box, and having been received with great enthusiasm, proposed, with abundance of quotations, his friend Mr. Vincent Crummles: ending a pretty long speech by extending his right hand on one side and his left on the other, and severally calling upon Mr. and Mrs. Crummles to grasp the same. This done, Mr. Vincent Crummles returned thanks, and that done, the African Swallower proposed Mrs. Vincent Crummles, in affecting terms. Then were heard loud moans and sobs from Mrs. Crummles and the ladies, despite of which that heroic woman insisted upon returning thanks herself, which she did, in a manner and in a speech which has never been surpassed and seldom equalled. It then became the duty of Mr. Snittle Timberry to give the young Crummleses, which he did: after which Mr. Vincent Crummles, as their father, addressed the company in a supplementary speech, enlarging on their virtues, amiabilities, and excellences, and wishing that they were the sons and daughter of every lady and gentleman present. These solemnities having been succeeded by a decent interval, enlivened by musical and other entertainments, Mr. Crummles proposed that ornament of the profession, Mr. Snittle Timberry? and at a little later period of the evening, the health of that other ornament of the profession, the African Swallower—his very dear friend, if he would allow him to call him so; which liberty (there being no particular reason why he should not allow it) the African Swallower graciously permitted. The literary gentleman was then about to be drunk, but it being discovered that he had been drunk for some time in another acceptation of the term, and was then asleep on the stairs, the intention was abandoned, and the honour transferred to the ladies. Finally, after a very long sitting, Mr. Snittle Timberry vacated the chair, and the company with many adieus and embraces dispersed.

Nicholas waited to the last to give his little presents. When he had said good-bye all round and came to Mr. Crummles, he could not but mark the difference between their present separation and their parting at Portsmouth. Not a jot of his theatrical manner remained; he put out his hand with an air which, if he could have summoned it at will, would have made him the best actor of his day in homely parts, and when Nicholas shook it with the warmth he honestly felt, appeared thoroughly melted.

"We were a very happy little company, Johnson," said poor Crummles. "You and I never had a word. I shall be very glad to-morrow morning to think that I saw you again, but now I almost wish you hadn't come."

Nicholas was about to return a cheerful reply, when he was greatly disconcerted by the sudden apparition of Mrs. Grudden, who it seemed had declined to attend the supper in order that she might rise earlier in the morning, and who now burst out of an adjoining bed-room, habited in very extraordinary white robes: and throwing her arms about his neck, hugged him with great affection.

"What! are you going too?" said Nicholas, submitting with as good a grace as if she had been the finest young creature in the world.

"Going?" returned Mrs. Grudden.—"Lord ha' mercy what do you think they'd do without me?"

Nicholas submitted to another hug with even a better grace than before, if that were possible, and waving his hat as cheerfully as he could, took farewell of the Vincent Crummleses.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

JACK SHEPPARD.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "ROOKWOOD" AND "CRICHTON."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

EPOCH THE SECOND.—1715.

CHAPTER XVI.

Jonathan Wild's house in the Old Bailey.

Just as Saint Sepulchre's church struck one, on the eventful night of the 10th of June, (to which it will now be necessary to recur,) a horseman, mounted on a powerful charger, and followed at a respectful distance by an attendant, galloped into the open space fronting Newgate, and directed his course towards a house in the Old Bailey. Before he could draw in the rein, his steed—startled apparently by some object undistinguishable by the rider,—swerved with such suddenness as to unseat him, and precipitate him on the ground. The next moment, however, he was picked up, and set upon his feet by a person who, having witnessed the accident, flew across the road to his assistance.

"You're not hurt, I hope, Sir Rowland?" inquired this individual.

"Not materially, Mr. Wild," replied the other; "a little shaken, that's all. Curses light on the horse!" he added, seizing the bridle of his steed, who continued snorting and shivering, as if still under the influence of some unaccountable alarm; "what can ail him?"

"*I* know what ails him, your honour," rejoined the groom, riding up as he spoke; "he's seen somethin' not o' this world."

"Most likely," observed Jonathan, with a slight sneer; "the ghost of some highwayman who has just breathed his last in Newgate, no doubt."

"Maybe," returned the man gravely.

"Take him home, Saunders," said Sir Rowland, resigning his faulty steed to the attendant's care, "I shall not require you further. Strange!" he added, as the groom departed; "Bay Stuart has carried me through a hundred dangers, but never played me such a trick before."

"And never should again, were he mine," rejoined Jonathan. "If the best nag ever foaled were to throw me in this unlucky spot, I'd blow his brains out."

"What do you mean, sir," asked Trenchard.

"A fall against Newgate is accounted a sign of death by the halter," replied Wild, with ill-disguised malignity.

"Tush!" exclaimed Sir Rowland, angrily.

"From that door," continued the thieftaker, pointing to the gloomy portal of the prison opposite which they were standing, "the condemned are taken to Tyburn. It's a bad omen to be thrown near that door."

"I didn't suspect you of so much superstition, Mr. Wild," observed the knight, contemptuously.

"Facts convince the most incredulous," answered Jonathan, drily. "I've known several cases where the ignominious doom I've mentioned has been foretold by such an accident as has just befallen you. There was Major Price—you must recollect him, Sir Rowland,—he stumbled as he was getting out of his chair at that very gate. Well, *he* was executed for murder. Then there was Tom Jarrot, the hackney-coachman, who was pitched off the box against yonder curbstone, and broke his leg. It was a pity he didn't break his neck, for he was hanged within the year. Another instance was that of Toby Tanner——"

"No more of this," interrupted Trenchard; "where is the boy?"

"Not far hence," replied Wild. "After all our pains we were near losing him, Sir Rowland."

"How so?" asked the other, distrustfully.

"You shall hear," returned Jonathan. "With the help of his comrade, Jack Sheppard, the young rascal made a bold push to get out of the roundhouse, where my janizaries had lodged him, and would have succeeded too, if, by good luck,—for the devil never deserts so useful an agent as I am, Sir Rowland,—I hadn't arrived in time to prevent him. As it was, my oldest and trustiest setter, Abraham Mendez, received a blow on the head from one of the lads that will deprive me of his services for a week to come,—if, indeed, it doesn't disable him altogether. However, if I've lost one servant, I've gained another,—that's a comfort. Jack Sheppard is now wholly in my hands——"

"What is this to me, sir?" said Trenchard, cutting him short.

"Nothing whatever," rejoined the thieftaker, coldly. "But it is much to me. Jack Sheppard is to me what Thames Darrell is to you—an object of hatred. I owed his father a grudge: that I settled long ago. I owe his mother one, and will repay the debt, with interest, to her son. I could make away with him at once, as you are about to make away with your nephew, Sir Rowland,—but that wouldn't serve my turn. To be complete, my vengeance must be tardy. Certain of my prey, I can afford to wait for it. Besides, revenge is sweetened by delay; and I indulge too freely in the passion to rob it of any of its zest. I've watched this lad—this Sheppard—from infancy; and, though I have apparently concerned myself little about him, I have never lost sight of my purpose. I have suffered him to be brought up decently—honestly; because I would make his fall the greater, and deepen the wound I mean to inflict upon his mother. From this night I shall pursue a different course; from this night his ruin may be dated. He is in the care of those who will not leave the task assigned them—the utter perversion of his principles—half-finished. And when I have steeped him to the lips in vice and depravity; when I have led him to the commission of every crime; when there is neither retreat nor advance for him; when he has plundered his benefactor, and broken the heart of his mother—then—but not till then, I will consign him to the fate to which I consigned his father. This I have sworn to do—this I will do."

"Not unless your skull's bullet-proof," cried a voice at his elbow; and, as the words were uttered, a pistol was snapped at his head, which,—fortunately or unfortunately, as the reader pleases,—only burnt the priming. The blaze, however, was sufficient to reveal to the thieftaker the features of his intended assassin. They were those of the Irish watchman.

"Ah! Terry O'Flaherty!" vociferated Jonathan, in a tone that betrayed not the slightest discomposure. "Ah! Terry O'Flaherty!" he cried, shouting after the Irishman, who took to his heels as soon as he found his murderous attempt unsuccessful; "you may run, but you'll not get out of my reach. I'll put a brace of dogs on your track, who'll soon hunt you down. You shall swing for this after next sessions, or my name's not Jonathan Wild. I told you, Sir Rowland," he added, turning to the knight, and chuckling, "the devil never deserts me."

"Conduct me to your dwelling, sir, without further delay," said Trenchard, sternly,—"to the boy."

"The boy's not at my house," replied Wild.

"Where is he, then?" demanded the other, hastily.

"At a place we call the Dark House at Queenhithe," answered Jonathan, "a sort of underground tavern or night-cellar, close to the river-side, and frequented by the crew of the Dutch skipper, to whose care he's to be committed. You need have no apprehensions about him, Sir Rowland. He's safe enough now. I left him in charge of Quilt Arnold and Rykhart Van Galgebrok—the skipper I spoke of—with strict orders to shoot him if he made any further attempt at escape; and they're not lads—the latter especially—to be trifled with. I deemed it more prudent to send him to the Dark House than to bring him here, in case of any search after him by his adoptive father—the carpenter Wood. If you choose, you can see him put on board the Zeeslang yourself, Sir Rowland. But, perhaps, you'll first accompany me to my dwelling for a moment, that we may arrange our accounts before we start. I've a few necessary directions to leave with my people, to put 'em on their guard against the chance of a surprise. Suffer me to precede you. This way, Sir Rowland."

The thieftaker's residence was a large dismal-looking habitation, separated from the street by a flagged courtyard, and defended from general approach by an iron railing. Even in the daylight, it had a sombre and suspicious air, and seemed to slink back from the adjoining houses, as if afraid of their society. In the obscurity in which it was now seen, it looked like a prison, and, indeed, it was Jonathan's fancy to make it resemble one as much as possible. The windows were grated, the doors barred; each room had the name as well as the appearance of a cell; and the very porter who stood at the gate, habited like a gaoler, with his huge bunch of keys at his girdle, his forbidding countenance and surly demeanour seemed to be borrowed from Newgate. The clanking of chains, the grating of locks, and the rumbling of bolts must have been music in Jonathan's ears, so much pains did he take to subject himself to such sounds. The scanty furniture of the rooms corresponded with their dungeon-like aspect. The walls were bare, and painted in stone-colour; the floors, devoid of carpet; the beds, of hangings; the windows, of blinds; and, excepting in the thieftaker's own audience-chamber, there was not a chair or a table about the premises; the place of these conveniences being elsewhere supplied by benches, and deal-boards laid across joint-stools. Great stone staircases leading no one knew whither, and long gloomy passages, impressed the occasional visiter with the idea that he was traversing a building of vast extent; and, though this was not the case in reality, the deception was so cleverly contrived that it seldom failed of producing the intended effect. Scarcely any one entered Mr. Wild's dwelling without apprehension, or quitted it without satisfaction. More strange stories were told of it than of any other house in London. The garrets were said to be tenanted by coiners, and artists employed in altering watches and jewelry; the cellars to be used as a magazine for stolen goods. By some it was affirmed that a subterranean communication existed between the thief-taker's abode and Newgate, by means of which he was enabled to maintain a secret correspondence with the imprisoned felons: by others, that an underground passage led to extensive vaults, where such malefactors as he chose to screen from justice might lie concealed till the danger was blown over. Nothing, in short, was too extravagant to be related of it; and Jonathan, who delighted in investing himself and his residence with mystery, encouraged, and perhaps originated, these marvellous tales. However this may be, such was the ill report of the place that few passed along the Old Bailey without bestowing a glance of fearful curiosity at its dingy walls, and wondering what was going on inside them; while fewer still, of those who paused at the door, read, without some internal trepidation, the formidable name—inscribed in large letters on its bright brass-plate—of JONATHAN WILD.

Arrived at his habitation, Jonathan knocked in a peculiar manner at the door, which was instantly opened by the grim-visaged porter just alluded to. No sooner had Trenchard crossed the threshold than a fierce barking was heard at the farther extremity of the passage, and, the next moment, a couple of mastiffs of the largest size rushed furiously towards him. The knight stood upon his defence; but he would unquestionably have been torn in pieces by the savage hounds, if a shower of oaths, seconded by a vigorous application of kicks and blows from their master, had not driven them growling off. Apologizing to Sir Rowland for this unpleasant reception, and swearing lustily at his servant for occasioning it by leaving the dogs at liberty, Jonathan ordered the man to light them to the audience-room. The command was sullenly obeyed, for the fellow did not appear to relish the rating. Ascending the stairs, and conducting them along a sombre gallery, in which Trenchard noticed that every door was painted black, and numbered, he stopped at the entrance of a chamber; and, selecting a key from the bunch at his girdle, unlocked it. Following his guide, Sir Rowland found himself in a large and lofty apartment, the extent of which he could not entirely discern until lights were set upon the table. He then looked around him with some curiosity; and, as the thieftaker was occupied in giving directions to his attendant in an undertone, ample leisure was allowed him for investigation. At the first glance, he imagined he must have stumbled upon a museum of rarities, there were so many glass cases, so many open cabinets ranged against the walls; but the next convinced him that if Jonathan was a virtuoso, his tastes did not run in the ordinary channels. Trenchard was tempted to examine the contents of some of these cases, but a closer inspection made him recoil from them in disgust. In the one he approached was gathered together a vast assortment of weapons, each of which, as appeared from the ticket attached to it, had been used as an instrument of destruction. On this side was a razor with which a son had murdered his father; the blade notched, the haft crusted with blood: on that, a bar of iron, bent, and partly broken, with which a husband had beaten out his wife's brains. As it is not, however, our intention to furnish a complete catalogue of these curiosities, we shall merely mention that in front of them lay a large and sharp knife, once the property of the public executioner, and used by him to dissever the limbs of those condemned to death for high-treason; together with an immense two-pronged flesh-fork, likewise employed by the same terrible functionary to plunge the quarters of his victims in the caldrons of boiling tar and oil. Every gibbet at Tyburn and Hounslow appeared to have been plundered of its charnel spoil to enrich the adjoining cabinet, so well was it stored with skulls and bones, all purporting to be the relics of highwaymen famous in their day. Halters, each of which had fulfilled its destiny, formed the attraction of the next compartment; while a fourth was occupied by an array of implements of housebreaking almost innumerable, and utterly indescribable. All these interesting objects were carefully arranged, classed, and, as we have said, labelled by the thieftaker.

From this singular collection Trenchard turned to regard its possessor, who was standing at a little distance from him, still engaged in earnest discourse with his attendant, and, as he contemplated his ruthless countenance, on which duplicity and malignity had set their strongest seals, he could not help calling to mind all he had heard of Jonathan's perfidiousness to his employers, and deeply regretting that he had placed himself in the power of so unscrupulous a miscreant.

Jonathan Wild, at this time, was on the high-road to the greatness which he subsequently, and not long afterwards, obtained. He was fast rising to an eminence that no one of his nefarious profession ever reached before him, nor, it is to be hoped, will ever reach again. He was the Napoleon of knavery, and established an uncontrolled empire over all the practitioners of crime. This was no light conquest; nor was it a government easily maintained. Resolution, severity, subtlety, were required for it; and these were qualities which Jonathan possessed in an extraordinary degree. The danger or difficulty of an exploit never appalled him. What his head conceived his hand executed. Professing to stand between the robber and the robbed, he himself plundered both. He it was who formed the grand design of a rogue's corporation, of which he should be the sole head and director, with the right of delivering those who concealed their booty, or refused to share it with him, to the gallows. He divided London into districts, appointed a gang to each district, and a leader to each gang, whom he held responsible to himself. The country was partitioned in a similar manner. Those whom he retained about his person, or placed in offices of trust, were for the most part convicted felons, who, having returned from transportation before their term had expired, constituted in his opinion, the safest agents, inasmuch as they could neither be legal evidences against him, nor withhold any portion of the spoil of which he chose to deprive them. But the crowning glory of Jonathan, that which raised him above all his predecessors in iniquity, and clothed his name with undying notoriety—was to come. When in the plenitude of his power he commenced a terrible trade, till then unknown—namely, a traffic in human blood. This he carried on by procuring witnesses to swear away the lives of those persons who had incurred his displeasure, or whom it might be necessary to remove.

No wonder that Trenchard, as he gazed at this fearful being, should have some misgivings cross him.

Apparently, Jonathan perceived he was an object of scrutiny; for, hastily dismissing his attendant, he walked towards the knight.

"So, you're admiring my cabinet, Sir Rowland," he remarked, with a sinister smile; "it is generally admired; and, sometimes by parties who afterwards contribute to the collection themselves,—ha! ha! This skull," he added, pointing to a fragment of mortality in the case beside them, "once belonged to Tom Sheppard, the father of the lad I spoke of just now. In the next box hangs the rope by which he suffered. When I've placed another skull and another halter beside them, I shall be contented."

"To business, sir!" said the knight, with a look of abhorrence.

"Ay, to business," returned Jonathan, grinning, "the sooner the better."

"Here is the sum you bargained for," rejoined Trenchard, flinging a pocket-book on the table; "count it."

Jonathan's eyes glistened as he told over the notes.

"You 've given me more than the amount, Sir Rowland," he said, after he had twice counted them, "or I 've missed my reckoning. There's a hundred pounds too much."

"Keep it," said Trenchard, haughtily.

"I 'll place it to your account, Sir Rowland, answered the thieftaker, smiling significantly. "And now, shall we proceed to Queenhithe?"

"Stay!" cried the other, taking a chair, "a word with you, Mr. Wild."

"As many as you please, Sir Rowland," replied Jonathan, resuming his seat. "I 'm quite at your disposal."

"I have a question to propose to you," said Trenchard, "relating to ——" and he hesitated.

"Relating to the father of the boy—Thames Darrell," supplied Jonathan. "I guessed what was coming. You desire to know who he was, Sir Rowland. Well, you *shall* know."

"Without further fee?" inquired the knight.

"Not exactly," answered Jonathan, drily. "A secret is too valuable a commodity to be thrown away. But I said I wouldn't drive a hard bargain with you, and I won't. We are alone Sir Rowland," he added, snuffing the candles, glancing cautiously around, and lowering his tone, "and what you confide to me shall never transpire,—at least to your disadvantage."

"I am at a loss to understand you, sir," said Trenchard.

"I 'll make myself intelligible before I've done," rejoined Wild. "I need not remind you, Sir Rowland, that I am aware you are deeply implicated in the Jacobite plot which is now known to be hatching."

"Ha!" ejaculated the other.

"Of course, therefore," pursued Jonathan, "you are acquainted with all the leaders of the proposed insurrection,—nay, must be in correspondence with them."

"What right have you to suppose this, sir?" demanded Trenchard, sternly.

"Have a moment's patience, Sir Rowland," returned Wild; "and you shall hear. If you will furnish me with a list of these rebels, and with proofs of their treason, I will not only insure your safety, but will acquaint you with the real name and rank of your sister Aliva's husband, as well as with some particulars which will never otherwise reach your ears, concerning your lost sister, Constance."

"My sister Constance!" echoed the knight; "what of her?"

"You agree to my proposal, then?" said Jonathan.

"Do you take me for as great a villain as yourself, sir?" said the knight, rising.

"I took you for one who would'nt hesitate to avail himself of any advantage chance might throw in his way," returned the thieftaker, coldly. "I find I was in error. No matter. A time *may* come,—and that ere long,—when you will be glad to purchase my secrets, and your own safety, at a dearer price than the heads of your companions."

"Are you ready?" said Trenchard, striding towards the door.

"I am," replied Jonathan, following him, "and so," he added in an undertone, "are your captors."

A moment afterwards, they quitted the house.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Night-Cellar.

After a few minutes' rapid walking, during which neither party uttered a word, Jonathan Wild and his companion had passed St. Paul's, dived down a thoroughfare on the right, and reached Thames-street.

At the period of this history, the main streets of the metropolis were but imperfectly lighted, while the less-frequented avenues were left in total obscurity; but, even at the present time, the maze of courts and alleys into which Wild now plunged, would have perplexed any one, not familiar with their intricacies, to thread them on a dark night. Jonathan, however, was well acquainted with the road. Indeed, it was his boast that he could find his way through any part of London blindfolded; and by this time, it would seem, he had nearly arrived at his destination; for, grasping his companion's arm, he led him along a narrow entry which did not appear to have an outlet, and came to a halt. Cautioning the knight, if he valued his neck, to tread carefully, Jonathan then descended a steep flight of steps; and, having reached the bottom in safety, he pushed open a door, that swung back on its hinges as soon as it had admitted him; and, followed by Trenchard, entered the night-cellar.

The vault, in which Sir Rowland found himself, resembled in some measure the cabin of a ship. It was long and narrow, with a ceiling supported by huge uncovered rafters, and so low as scarcely to allow a tall man like himself to stand erect beneath it. Notwithstanding the heat of the season,—which was not, however, found particularly inconvenient in this subterranean region,—a large heaped-up fire blazed ruddily in one corner, and lighted up a circle of as villainous countenances as ever flame shone upon.

The guests congregated within the night-cellar were, in fact, little better than thieves; but thieves who confined their depredations almost exclusively to the vessels lying in the pool and docks of the river. They had as many designations as grades. There were game watermen and game lightermen, heavy horsemen, light horsemen, scuffle-hunters, and long-apron men, lumpers, journeymen coopers, mudlarks, badgers, and rat-catchers—a race of dangerous vermin recently, in a great measure, extirpated by the vigilance of the Thames Police, but at this period flourishing in vast numbers. Besides these plunderers, there were others with whom the disposal of their pillage necessarily brought them into contact, and who seldom failed to attend them during their hours of relaxation and festivity;—to wit, dealers in junk, old rags, and marine stores, purchasers of prize-money, crimps, and Jew receivers. The latter formed by far the most knavish-looking and unprepossessing portion of the assemblage. One or two of the tables were occupied by groups of fat frowzy women in flat caps, with rings on their thumbs, and baskets by their sides; and no one who had listened for a single moment to their coarse language and violent abuse of each other, would require to be told they were fish-wives from Billingsgate.

The presiding divinity of the cellar was a comely middle-aged dame, almost as stout, and quite as shrill-voiced, as the Billingsgate fish-wives above-mentioned. Mrs. Spurling, for so was she named, had a warm nut-brown complexion, almost as dark as a Creole; and a moustache on her upper lip, that would have done no discredit to the oldest dragoon in the King's service. This lady was singularly lucky in her matrimonial connexions. She had been married four times: three of her husbands died of hempen fevers; and the fourth, having been twice condemned, was saved from the noose by Jonathan Wild, who not only managed to bring him off, but to obtain for him the situation of under-turnkey in Newgate.

On the appearance of the thieftaker, Mrs. Spurling was standing near the fire superintending some culinary preparation; but she no sooner perceived him, than hastily quitting her occupation, she elbowed a way for him and the knight through the crowd, and ushered them, with much ceremony, into an inner room, where they found the objects of their search, Quilt Arnold and Rykhart Van Galgebrok, seated at a small table, quietly smoking. This service rendered, without waiting for any farther order, she withdrew.

Both the janizary and the skipper arose as the others entered the room.

"This is the gentleman," observed Jonathan, introducing Trenchard to the Hollander, "who is about to intrust his young relation to your care."

"De gentleman may rely on my showing his relation all de attention in my power," replied Van Galgebrok, bowing profoundly to the knight; "but if any unforseen accident—such as a slip overboard—should befall de jonker on de voyage, he mushn't lay de fault entirely on my shoulders—haw! haw!"

"Where is he?" asked Sir Rowland, glancing uneasily around. "I do not see him."

"De jonker. He's here," returned the skipper, pointing significantly downwards. "Bring him out, Quilt."

So saying, he pushed aside the table, and the janizary stooping down, undrew a bolt and opened a trap-door.

"Come out!" roared Quilt, looking into the aperture. "You're wanted."

But as no answer was returned, he thrust his arm up to the shoulder into the hole, and with some little difficulty and exertion of strength, drew forth Thames Darrell.

The poor boy, whose hands were pinioned behind him, looked very pale, but neither trembled, nor exhibited any other symptom of alarm.

"Why didn't you come out when I called you, you young dog?" cried Quilt, in a savage tone.

"Because I knew what you wanted me for," answered Thames firmly.

"Oh! you did, did you?" said the janizary. "And what do you suppose we mean to do with you, eh?"

"You mean to kill me," replied Thames, "by my cruel uncle's command. Ah! there he stands!" he exclaimed as his eye fell for the first time upon Sir Rowland. "Where is my mother?" he added, regarding the knight with a searching glance.

"Your mother is dead," interposed Wild, scowling.

"Dead!" echoed the boy. "Oh no—no! You say this to terrify me—to try me. But I will not believe you. Inhuman as he is, he would not kill her. Tell me, sir," he added, advancing towards the knight, "tell me this man has spoken falsely?—Tell me my mother is alive, and do what you please with me?"

"Tell him so, and have done with him, Sir Rowland," observed Jonathan coldly.

"Tell me the truth, I implore you," cried Thames. "Is she alive?"

"She is not," replied Trenchard, overcome by conflicting emotions, and unable to endure the boy's agonized look.

"Are you answered?" said Jonathan, with a grin worthy of a demon.

"My mother!—my poor mother!" ejaculated Thames, falling on his knees, and bursting into tears. "Shall I never see that sweet face again,—never feel the pressure of those kind hands more—nor listen to that gentle voice! Ah! yes, we shall meet again in heaven, where I shall speedily join you. Now then," he added more calmly, "I am ready to die. The only mercy you can show me is to kill me."

"Then we won't even show you that mercy," retorted the thieftaker brutally. "So get up, and leave off whimpering. Your time isn't come yet."

"Mr. Wild," said Trenchard, "I shall proceed no further in this business. Set the boy free."

"If I disobey you, Sir Rowland," replied the thieftaker, "you'll thank me for it hereafter. Gag him," he added, pushing Thames rudely towards Quilt Arnold, "and convey him to the boat."

"A word," cried the boy, as the janizary was preparing to obey his master's orders. "What has become of Jack Sheppard?"

"Devil knows!" answered Quilt; "but I believe he's in the hands of Blueskin, so there's no doubt he'll soon be on the high road to Tyburn."

"Poor Jack!" sighed Thames. "You needn't gag me," he added, "I'll not cry out."

"We won't trust you, my youngster," answered the janizary, and thrusting a piece of iron into his mouth, he forced him out of the room.

Sir Rowland witnessed these proceedings like one stupified. He neither attempted to prevent his nephew's departure, nor to follow him.

Jonathan kept his keen eye fixed upon him, as he addressed himself for a moment to the Hollander.

"Is the case of watches on board?" he asked in an under tone.

"Ja," replied the skipper.

"And the rings?"

"Ja."

"That's well. You must dispose of the goldsmith's note I gave you yesterday, as soon as you arrive at Rotterdam. It'll be advertised to-morrow."

"De duivel!" exclaimed Van Galgebrok. "Very well. It shall be done as you direct. But about dat jonker," he continued, lowering his voice; "Have you anything to add consarnin' him? Its almosht a pity to put him onder de water."

"Is the sloop ready to sail?" asked Wild, without noticing the skipper's remark.

"Ja," answered Van; "at a minnut's nodish."

"Here are your despatches," said Jonathan with a significant look, and giving him a sealed packet. "Open them when you get on board—not before, and act as they direct you."

"I ondershtand," replied the skipper, putting his finger to his nose; "it shall be done."

"Sir Rowland," said Jonathan, turning to the knight, "will it please you to remain here till I return, or will you accompany us?"

"I will go with you," answered Trenchard, who by this time, had regained his composure, and with it all his relentlessness of purpose.

"Come then," said Wild, marching towards the door, "we've no time to lose."

Quitting the night-cellar, the trio soon arrived at the riverside. Quilt Arnold was stationed at the stair-head, near which the boat containing the captive boy was moored. A few words passed between him and the thieftaker as the latter came up: after which, all the party—with the exception of Quilt, who was left on shore—embarked within the wherry, which was pushed from the strand and rowed swiftly along the stream—for the tide was in its favour—by a couple of watermen. Though scarcely two hours past midnight, it was now perfectly light. The moon had arisen and everything could be as plainly distinguished as during the day. A thin mist lay on the river, giving the few craft moving about in it a ghostly look. As they approached London Bridge the thieftaker whispered Van Galgebrok, who acted as steersman, to make for a particular arch—near the Surrey shore. The skipper obeyed, and in another moment they swept through the narrow lock. While the watermen were contending with the eddies occasioned by the fall below the bridge, Jonathan observed a perceptible shudder run through Trenchard's frame.

"You remember that starling, Sir Rowland," he said maliciously, "and what occurred on it, twelve years ago?"

"Too well," answered the knight, frowning. "Ah! what is that?" he cried, pointing to a dark object floating near them amid the boiling waves, and which presented a frightful resemblance to a human face.

"We'll see," returned the thieftaker. And stretching out his hand, he lifted the dark object from the flood.

It proved to be a human head, though with scarcely a vestige of the features remaining. Here and there, patches of flesh adhered to the bones, and the dank dripping hair hanging about what had once been the face, gave it a ghastly appearance.

"It's the skull of a *rebel*," said Jonathan with marked emphasis on the word, "blown by the wind from a spike on the bridge above us. I don't know whose brainless head it may be, but it'll do for my collection." And he tossed it carelessly into the bottom of the boat.

After this occurrence, not a word was exchanged between them until they came in sight of the sloop, which was lying at anchor off Wapping. Arrived at her side it was soon evident, from the throng of seamen in Dutch dresses that displayed themselves, that her crew were on the alert, and a rope having been thrown down to the skipper, he speedily hoisted himself on deck. Preparations were next made for taking Thames on board.—Raising him in his arms, Jonathan passed the rope round his body, and in this way the poor boy was drawn up without difficulty.

While he was swinging in mid air, Thames regarded his uncle with a stern look, and cried in a menacing voice, "We shall meet again."

"Not in this world," returned Jonathan. "Weigh anchor, Van!" he shouted to the skipper, "and consult your despatches."

"Ja—ja," returned the Hollander. And catching hold of Thames he quitted the deck.

Shortly afterwards, he re-appeared with the information that the captive was safe below; and giving the necessary directions to his crew, before many minutes had elapsed, the Zeeslang spread her canvas to the first breeze of morning.

By the thieftaker's command the boat was then rowed toward a muddy inlet, which has received in more recent times the name of Execution Dock. As soon as she reached this spot, Wild sprang ashore, and was joined by several persons,—among whom was Quilt Arnold, leading a horse by the bridle,—he hastened down the stairs to meet him. A coach was also in attendance, at a little distance.

Sir Rowland, who had continued absorbed in thought, with his eyes fixed upon the sloop as she made her way slowly down the river, disembarked more leisurely.

"At length I am my own master," murmured the knight, as his foot touched the strand.

"Not so, Sir Rowland," returned Jonathan; "you are my prisoner."

"How!" ejaculated Trenchard, starting back and drawing his sword.

"You are arrested for high treason," rejoined Wild, presenting a pistol at his head, while he drew forth a parchment,—"here is my warrant."

"Traitor!" cried Sir Rowland—"damned—double-dyed traitor!"

"Away with him," vociferated Jonathan to his myrmidons, who, having surrounded Trenchard, hurried him off to the coach before he could utter another word,—"first to Mr. Walpole, and then to Newgate. And now, Quilt," he continued, addressing the janizary, who approached him with the horse, "fly to St. Giles's roundhouse, and if, through the agency of that treacherous scoundrel, Terry O'Flaherty, whom I've put in my Black List, old Wood should have found his way there, and have been detained by Sharples as I directed, you may release him. I don't care how soon he learns that he has lost his adopted son. When I've escorted yon proud fool to his new quarters, I'll proceed to the Mint and look after Jack Sheppard."

With this, he mounted his steed and rode off.

CHAPTER XVIII.

How Jack Sheppard broke out of the cage at Willesden.

The heart-piercing scream uttered by Mrs. Sheppard after the commission of the robbery in Willesden church was productive of unfortunate consequences to her son. Luckily, she was bereft of consciousness, and was thus spared the additional misery of witnessing what afterwards befell him. Startled by the cry, as may be supposed, the attention of the whole congregation was drawn towards the quarter whence it proceeded. Amongst others, a person near the door, roused by the shriek, observed a man make his exit with the utmost precipitation. A boy attempted to follow; but as the suspicions of the lookers-on were aroused by the previous circumstance, the younger fugitive was seized and detained. Meanwhile, Mr. Kneebone, having been alarmed by something in the widow's look before her feelings found vent in the manner above described, thrust his hand instinctively into his coat in search of his pocket-book,—about the security of which, as it contained several letters and documents implicating himself and others in the Jacobite plot, he was, not unnaturally, solicitous,—and finding it gone, he felt certain he had been robbed. Turning quickly round, in the hope of discovering the thief, he was no less surprised than distressed—for in spite of his faults, the woollen-draper was a good-natured fellow—to perceive Jack Sheppard in custody. The truth at once flashed across his mind. This, then, was the cause of the widow's wild inexplicable look,—of her sudden shriek! Explaining his suspicions in a whisper to Jack's captor, who proved to be a churchwarden and constable, by name John Dump,—Mr. Kneebone begged him to take his prisoner into the churchyard. Dump instantly complied, and as soon as Jack was removed from the sacred edifice, his person was searched from head to foot—but without success. Jack submitted to this scrutiny with a very bad grace, and vehemently protested his innocence. In vain did the woollen-draper offer to set him free if he would restore the stolen article, or give up his associate, to whom it was supposed he might have handed it. He answered with the greatest assurance, that he knew nothing whatever of the matter—had seen no pocket-book, and had no associate to give up. Nor did he content himself with declaring his guiltlessness of the crime imputed to him, but began in his turn to menace his captor and accuser, loading the latter with the bitterest upbraidings. By this time, the churchyard was crowded with spectators, some of whom dispersed in different directions in quest of the other robber. But all that could be ascertained in the village was that a man had ridden off a short time before in the direction of London. Of this man Kneebone resolved to go in pursuit; and leaving Jack in charge of the constable, he proceeded to the small inn,—which bore then, as it bears now, the name of the Six Bells,—where, summoning the hostler, his steed was instantly brought him, and, springing on its back, he rode away at full speed.

Meanwhile, after a consultation between Mr. Dump and the village authorities, it was agreed to lock up the prisoner in the cage. As he was conveyed thither, an incident occurred that produced a considerable impression on the feelings of the youthful offender. Just as they reached the eastern outlet of the church-yard—where the tall elms cast a pleasant shade over the rustic graves—a momentary stoppage took place. At this gate two paths meet. Down that on the right the young culprit was dragged—along that on the left a fainting woman was borne in the arms of several females. It was his mother, and as he gazed on her pallid features and motionless frame, Jack's heart severely smote him. He urged his conductors to a quicker pace to get out of sight of the distressing spectacle, and even felt relieved when he was shut out from it, and the execrations of the mob by the walls of the little prison.

The cage at Willesden was, and is—for it is still standing—a small round building about eight feet high, with a pointed tiled roof, to which a number of boards, inscribed with the names of the parish officers, and charged with a multitude of admonitory notices to vagrants and other disorderly persons, are attached. Over these boards the two arms of a guide-post serve to direct the way-farer—on the right hand to the neighbouring villages of Neasdon and Kingsbury, and on the left to the Edgeware Road and the heathy heights of Hampstead. The cage has a strong door, with an iron grating at the top, and further secured by a stout bolt and padlock. It is picturesquely situated beneath a tree on the high road, not far from the little hostel before mentioned, and at no great distance from the church.

For some time after he was locked up in this prison Jack continued in a very dejected state. Deserted by his older companion in iniquity, and instigator to crime, he did not know what might become of him: nor, as we have observed, was the sad spectacle he had just witnessed, without effect. Though within the last two days he had committed several heinous offences, and one of a darker dye than any with which the reader has been made acquainted, his breast was not yet so callous as to be wholly insensible to the stings of conscience. Wearied at length with thinking on the past, and terrified by the prospect of the future, he threw himself on the straw with which the cage was littered, and endeavoured to compose himself to slumber. When he awoke, it was late in the day; but though he heard voices outside, and now and then caught a glimpse of a face peeping at him through the iron grating over the door, no one entered the prison, or held any communication with him. Feeling rather exhausted, it occurred to him that possibly some provisions might have been left by the constable: and, looking about, he perceived a pitcher of water and a small brown loaf on the floor. He ate of the bread with great appetite, and having drunk as much as he chose of the water, poured the rest on the floor. His hunger satisfied, his spirits began to revive, and with this change of mood all his natural audacity returned. And here he was first visited by that genius which, in his subsequent career, prompted him to so many bold and successful attempts. Glancing around his prison, he began to think it possible he might effect an escape from it. The door was too strong, and too well secured, to break open.—the walls too thick: but the ceiling,—if he could reach it—there, he doubted not, he could make an outlet. While he was meditating flight in his way, and tossing about on the straw, he chanced upon an old broken and rusty fork. Here was an instrument which might be of the greatest service to him in accomplishing his design. He put it carefully aside, resolved to defer the attempt till night. Time wore on somewhat slowly with the prisoner, who had to control his impatience in the best way he could; but as the shades of evening were darkening, the door was unlocked, and Mr. Dump popped his head into the cage. He brought another small loaf, and a can with which he replenished the pitcher, recommending Jack to be careful, as he would get nothing further till morning. To this Jack replied, that he should be perfectly contented, provided he might have a small allowance of gin. The latter request, though treated with supreme contempt by Mr. Dump, made an impression on some one outside; for not long after the constable departed, Jack heard a tap at the door, and getting up at the summons, he perceived the tube of a pipe inserted between the bars. At once divining the meaning of this ingenious device, he applied his mouth to the tube, and sucked away, while the person outside poured spirit into the bowl. Having drunk as much as he thought prudent and thanked his unknown friend for his attention, Jack again lay down on the straw, and indulged himself with another nap, intending to get up as soon as it was perfectly dark. The strong potation he had taken, combined with the fatigue and anxiety he had previously undergone, made him oversleep himself, and when he awoke it was just beginning to grow light. Cursing himself for his inertness, Jack soon shook off his drowsiness, and set to work in earnest. Availing himself of certain inequalities in the door, he soon managed to climb up to the roof; and securing his feet against a slight projection in the wall, began to use the fork with great effect. Before many minutes elapsed, he had picked a large hole in the plaster, which showered down in a cloud of dust; and breaking off several laths, caught hold of a beam, by which he held with one hand, until with the other he succeeded, not without some difficulty, in forcing out one of the tiles. The rest was easy. In a few minutes more he had made a breach in the roof wide enough to allow him to pass through. Emerging from this aperture, he was about to descend, when he was alarmed by hearing the tramp of horses' feet swiftly approaching, and had only time to hide himself behind one of the largest sign-boards before alluded to, when two horsemen rode up. Instead of passing on, as Jack expected, these persons stopped opposite the cage, where one of them as he judged from the sound, for he did not dare to look out of his hiding-place, dismounted. A noise was next heard, as if some instrument were applied to the door with the intent to force it open, and Jack's fears were at once dispelled. At first, he had imagined they were officers of justice, come to convey him to a stronger prison; but the voice of one of the parties, which he recognized, convinced him they were friends.

"Look quick, Blueskin, and be cursed to you!" was growled in the deep tones of Jonathan Wild. "We shall have the whole village upon us while you're striking the jigger. Use the gilt, man!"

"There's no need of picklock or crow-bar, here, Mr. Wild," cried Jack, placing his hat on the right arm of the guide-post, and leaning over the board, "I've done the trick myself."

"Why, what the devil's this?" vociferated Jonathan, looking up. "Have you broken out the cage, Jack?"

"Something like it," replied the lad carelessly.

"Bravo!" cried the thieftaker approvingly.

"Well, that beats all I ever heard of!" roared Blueskin. "But are you really there?"

"No, I'm here," answered Jack, leaping down. "I tell you what, Mr. Wild," he added, laughing, "it must be a stronger prison than Willesden cage that can hold me."

"Ay, ay," observed Jonathan, "you'll give the keepers of his Majesty's jails some trouble before you're many years older, I'll warrant you. But get up behind Blueskin. Some one may observe us."

"Come, jump up," cried Blueskin, mounting his steed, "and I'll soon whisk you to town. Edgeworth Bess and Poll Maggot are dying to see you. I thought Bess would have cried her pretty eyes out when she heard you was nabbed. You need give yourself no more concern about Kneebone. Mr. Wild has done his business."

"Ay—ay," laughed Jonathan. "The pocket-book you prigged contained the letters I wanted. He's now in spring-ankle warehouse with Sir Rowland Trenchard. So get up, and let's be off."

"Before I leave this place," said Jack, "I must see my mother."

"Nonsense," returned Jonathan gruffly. "Would you expose yourself to fresh risk? If it hadn't been for her you wouldn't have been placed in your late jeopardy."

"I don't care for that," replied Jack. "See her I *will*. Leave me behind: I'm not afraid. I'll be at the Cross Shovels in the course of the day."

"Nay, if you're bent upon this folly," observed Wild, who appeared to have his own reasons for humouring the lad, "I shan't hinder you. Blueskin will take care of the horses, and I'll go with you."

So saying, he dismounted; and flinging his bridle to his companion, and ordering him to ride off to a little distance, he followed Jack, who had quitted the main road, and struck into a narrow path opposite the cage. This path, bordered on each side by high privet hedges of the most beautiful green, soon brought them to a stile.

"There's the house," said Jack, pointing to a pretty cottage, the small wooden porch of which was covered with roses and creepers, with a little trim garden in front of it. "I'll be back in a minute."

"Don't hurry yourself," said Jonathan, "I'll wait for you here."

CHAPTER XIX.

Good and Evil.

As Jack opened the gate, and crossed the little garden, which exhibited in every part the neatness and attention of its owner, he almost trembled at the idea of further disturbing her peace of mind. Pausing with the intention of turning back, he glanced in the direction of the village church, the tower of which could just be seen through the trees. The rooks were cawing amid the boughs, and all nature appeared awaking to happiness. From this peaceful scene Jack's eye fell upon Jonathan, who, seated upon the stile, under the shade of an elder tree, was evidently watching him. A sarcastic smile seemed to play upon the thieftaker's lips; and, abashed at his own irresolution, the lad went on.

After knocking for some time at the door without effect, he tried the latch, and to his surprise found it open. He stepped in with a heavy foreboding of calamity. A cat came and rubbed herself against him as he entered the house, and seemed by her mewing to ask him for food. That was the only sound he heard.

Jack was almost afraid of speaking; but at length he summoned courage to call out "Mother!"

"Who's there?" asked a faint voice from the bed.

"Your son," answered the boy.

"Jack," exclaimed the widow, starting up and drawing back the curtain. "Is it indeed you, or am I dreaming?"

"You're not dreaming, mother," he answered. "I'm come to say good b'ye to you, and to assure you of my safety before I leave this place."

"Where are you going?" asked his mother.

"I hardly know," returned Jack; "but it's not safe for me to remain much longer here."

"True," replied the widow, upon whom all the terrible recollections of the day before crowded, "I know it isn't. I won't keep you long. But tell me how have you escaped from the confinement in which you were placed—come and sit by me—here—upon the bed—give me your hand—and tell me all about it."

Her son complied, and sat down upon the patch-work coverlet beside her.

"Jack," said Mrs. Sheppard, clasping him with a hand that burnt with fever, "I have been ill—dreadfully ill—I believe delirious—I thought I should have died last night—I won't tell you what agony you have caused me—I won't reproach you. Only promise me to amend—to quit your vile companions—and I will forgive you—will bless you. Oh! my dear, dear son, be warned in time. You are in the hands of a wicked, a terrible man, who will not stop till he has completed your destruction. Listen to your mother's prayers, and do not let her die broken-hearted."

"It is too late," returned Jack, sullenly; "I can't be honest, if I would."

"Oh! do not say so," replied his wretched parent. "It is never too late. I know you are in Jonathan Wild's power, for I saw him near you in the church; and, if ever the enemy of mankind was permitted to take human form, I beheld him then. Beware of him, my son! Beware of him! You know not what villainy he is capable of. Be honest, and you will be happy. You are yet a child; and though you have strayed from the right path, a stronger hand than your own has led you thence. Return I implore of you, to your master—to Mr. Wood.—Acknowledge your faults. He is all kindness, and will overlook them for your poor father's sake—for mine. Return to him, I say—"

"I can't," replied Jack, doggedly.

"Can't!" repeated his mother. "Why not?"

"*I'll* tell you," cried a deep voice from the back of the bed. And immediately afterwards the curtain was drawn aside, and disclosed the Satanic countenance of Jonathan Wild, who had crept into the house unperceived. "I'll tell you why he can't go back to his master," cried the thieftaker, with a malignant grin. "He has robbed him."

"Robbed him!" screamed the widow. "Jack!"

Her son averted his gaze.

"Ay, robbed him," reiterated Jonathan. "The night before last, Mr. Wood's house was broken into and plundered. Your son was seen by the carpenter's wife in company with the robbers. Here," he added, throwing a handbill on the bed, 'are the particulars of the burglary, with the reward for Jack's apprehension."

"Ah!" ejaculated the widow, hiding her face.

"Come," said Wild, turning authoritatively to Jack,—"you have overstayed your time."

"Do not go with him, Jack!" shrieked his mother.—"Do not—do not!"

"He *must*!" thundered Jonathan, "or he goes to gaol."

"If you must go to prison, I will go with you," cried Mrs. Sheppard: "but avoid that man as you would a serpent."

"Come along," thundered Jonathan.

"Hear me, Jack!" shrieked his mother. "You know not what you do. The wretch you confide in has sworn to hang you. As I hope for mercy, I speak the truth!—let him deny it if he can."

"Pshaw!" said Wild. "I could hang him now if I liked. But he may remain with you if he pleases: *I* shan't hinder him."

"You hear my son," said the widow eagerly. "Choose between good and evil;—between him and me. And mind your life,—more than your life,—hangs upon your choice."

"It does so," said Wild. "Choose Jack."

The lad made no answer, but left the room.

"He is gone!" cried Mrs. Sheppard despairingly.

"For ever!" said the thieftaker preparing to follow.

"Devil!" cried the widow, catching his arm, and gazing with frantic eagerness in the face, "how many years will you give my son before you execute your terrible threat?"

"SEVEN," answered Jonathan sternly.

END OF THE SECOND EPOCH.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Youth, thoughtless and inexperienced, sees in the oddities of a stranger nought but food for ridicule; but some little knowledge of the world and its vicissitudes teaches a man of feeling to regard with melancholy the eccentricities of old age. Sorrow often leaves fantastic traces of her fatal visits, and the peculiarities which excite mirth are frequently the indications of a bewildered mind, and of a broken heart, which has done with mirth for ever.

Having business to transact in the city, I once remained for a few days at the much-frequented hotel where the coach stopped which conveyed me to London. The old-fashioned coffee-room was still fitted up with those compartments of boxes, which, though expelled from hotels of more recent construction, secure to the traveller some little feeling of seclusion and independence; and I in mine, to the right of the fire-place, having finished my late dinner, sat endeavouring to take an interest in a newspaper, which I had already sifted to its last advertisement. On the opposite side of the fire, in the private box corresponding with mine, sat another solitary person. He was tall and meagre, his countenance pale, his hair thin and perfectly grey; his age I should have guessed to be between sixty and seventy. My attention was attracted towards him by the wild and painful expression of his large clear light-blue eyes.

His movements were so quick and eccentric, that it was with difficulty I could conceal my risibility; to restrain it was beyond my power. I had not then been taught the forbearance which I would now suggest to others.

I still held my newspaper before me, pretending to be occupied with its columns; but all the time I cast furtive glances at my neighbour, unable to account for his extraordinary gestures. For some minutes he would clasp his forehead with both hands, then he would start as if struck with a sudden recollection, and look round anxiously from side to side, until with a deep sigh he relapsed into his former position, or leant his brow disconsolately on the table before him; again he would look up, and with a stare of vacancy fix his eyes on me. I pretended to be unconscious of his scrutiny. Indeed, though his glance rested on my person, I doubt whether he was aware of my presence. Then something like a glimmering of intelligence passed over his wan countenance, and, half conscious that his manner had attracted observation, he assumed an attitude and demeanour of composure. Thoughtless as I then was, the effort of an insane person to conceal his malady was inexpressibly affecting. I had laughed at his eccentricities,—I could have wept at his ineffectual endeavour to conceal them.

Suddenly he exclaimed, "Lost—lost!" and commenced an eager search for something. He looked anxiously round the box in which his table was placed, and then rose, and with hurried steps paced the room, peering into every corner where it was at all likely anything could be concealed. At length his attention was turned to me, and approaching me in haste, he said, "Sir, I beg your pardon—I have lost—*myself.* Have you seen *me* anywhere? I am anxious—miserable—" and then he darted abruptly from me, looked under the seats and behind the curtains, shook his head despondingly after each disappointment, and finally left the room.

The waiter informed me that, though occasionally subject to wanderings similar to that I had witnessed, the gentleman was generally perfectly tranquil and in his right mind. He knew little of him, except that he had been a lieutenant in the navy. I soon retired to my own room, and am not ashamed to confess that the recollection of the stranger kept me long from slumber, and haunted my pillow when at length I fell asleep.

It was late before I entered the coffee-room the next morning, and I was somewhat startled at seeing the lieutenant sitting quietly at his breakfast. He offered me the newspaper he had been reading; and, making some remark on the weather, inquired whether I had been a traveller during the night. I believe it was with some embarrassment that I replied, that I had arrived on the afternoon of the preceding day, and had spent the evening in the coffee-room. His cheek became flushed, and he looked at me eagerly for a moment. He then seemed inclined to speak; but checking himself, he turned from me, and resumed his breakfast. Vexed with myself for the want of tact with which I had alluded to the preceding evening, I endeavoured to make amends by conversing on general subjects. His reserve gradually wore away, and we soon sat together talking more like old familiar friends, than strangers who had so recently met under circumstances so unpromising.

That night we were again the sole occupants of the coffee-room. Every trace of mental excitement had vanished from the countenance and deportment of the lieutenant; and, though still most melancholy, he evinced no disinclination to meet my social advances. On the contrary, we soon occupied the same box, sitting opposite to each other, and chatting with the frankness and familiarity of old companionship.

There are some men with whom on the instant we seem to get acquainted. An hour's accidental association in a stage-coach, a steam-packet, or a hotel, does more towards banishing reserve and restraint than many months of daily communication with beings less congenial. They seem to suit us—we part from them with regret, and long afterwards, when their names are forgotten, we remember a pleasant fellow and a happy hour. It is not then that friendships can be made; but we may learn from this the advantage of unpretending good humour and frank benevolence.

I already felt deeply interested for my unhappy companion, and I every instant dreaded inadvertently touching some chord which might arouse the terrors of his now slumbering malady; still I was fascinated by his singular manner, and at all risks prolonged the conversation.

"You are in the navy, sir?" said I, inquiringly.

"I have been a sailor," he replied.

"Have been?"

"Yes," said he, with a deep sigh, "I have been a lieutenant, not in the British service,—in a merchant ship, the China trade. I ought never to have been permitted to assume command of any kind. I was afflicted with a malady which ought to have prevented it."

At this allusion to a "malady" I looked down, and changed colour.

"The malady I speak of," he calmly continued, "is not that which I believe you last night witnessed; that is the dreadful result of my having been intrusted with power. The cause of all my misery,—the malady which ought to have precluded me from all such responsibilities,—was an absence of mind, to which from my very boyhood I have been subject."

I said nothing; but secretly I could not help surmising that the absence of mind which afflicted the boy, might have been the germ of that insanity which afterwards bowed down the spirit of the man.

"If you will have patience to listen to a sad story, I will tell you mine," said my companion.

"Do not agitate yourself unnecessarily," I replied, "by recalling the past."

"*Recalling* the past!" he mournfully exclaimed; "what an unmeaning phrase that is! To me, and to all who have so suffered, the past is ever present! Listen.—I was a lieutenant when I became acquainted with a young widow, who with one child, then two years old, resided at Brompton. My old malady had increased upon me, and a consciousness of my failing frequently occasioned me deep depression of spirits. The widow was kind to me,—I loved her and her infant boy,—and before a year was gone she became my wife; and the child, who had never known his father, learned to call me by that endearing name. No father ever loved a child as I did that sweet boy Frank. Whenever I returned from my voyage he was my pet, my constant companion; and never having been blessed with a child of my own, all my paternal affections were lavished upon him. As he grew bigger, he learned to watch me in my absent fits; and, dearly as my poor wife loved me, I do think that the boy's attachment to me was even greater.

"At length nothing would satisfy him but to be permitted to accompany me to sea. I heard the proposition with delight; and though his mother wept bitterly, she could not censure his very natural bias towards my profession. She gave her reluctant consent, and the boy went with me.

"Often when my malady oppressed me most heavily, his watchful care concealed my deficiencies from others; and that which I had neglected to do was done by him before the omission was detected. How I doted on that dear boy!—it is not to be told! You could scarcely credit it; yet when you hear the sequel, you'll say I must have hated him.

"His dear mother's health declined; and latterly, at the close of every voyage, she came on deck when we lay in the river to welcome us both, and to embrace and bless her child. She loved me,—but she idolised that Frank, spirited, amiable, beautiful boy!

"The last time we sailed away together, how wildly she clung to his neck at parting!—how earnestly she urged me to cherish and protect him! He was then sixteen years old,—a merry midshipman. There was not a handsomer fellow in the ship, nor a better heart in the world. My wife lay insensible when we were forced to leave her; the hope which on former occasions had sustained her seemed utterly to have forsaken her. Was it a misgiving?—did she suspect *me?* No—she would have roused herself to gaze once again on dear, dear Frank!

"The ship sailed, and we had a prosperous voyage. The captain, for reasons I forget, nor do they affect my story, was anxious at a particular period to make observations of the position of some island, respecting which, and indeed of its very existence, there was uncertainty.

"One bright and beautiful night the captain had gone to his rest, the watch was with me, and finding myself in the very latitude indicated by my orders, I gave directions for a boat to be manned, ordered Frank to take the command of her, and briefly intimated to him the observations which he was expected to make.

"Lightly he descended the ship's side, took his place in the boat, waved his hand to me, and away they went,—a merry boat's crew, commanded by a happy youth of sixteen.

"How beautifully calm was the sea! The huge vessel seemed to rest motionless on the tide, as if conscious that she was to await the return of that frail pinnace—a mother lingering for the coming of her infant! I never saw the deep blue sky so full of stars before! I gazed upwards, I know not how long, till a dreamy dizzy feeling oppressed my brain. I still leant over the side of the vessel, and my thoughts were of my wife, and the home where we had often been so happy!

Another rose to take my place—my night's watch was over. I left my orders with my successor, and with my weary fellow watchers I descended to my rest.

"He who succeeded me had not long been on deck when a fresh and fair breeze arose. We had gone on sluggishly for many days, often quite becalmed; and now that the wished-forimpetus was given, every white wing was quickly spread, and we flew over the foaming waters. The breeze increased almost to a gale, and for hours we had pursued our rapid course, when suddenly he who had the watch, the man who had taken my place, *missed the boat!*

"Inquiry instantly betrayed the truth! They came to me—to *me!*—the father of that boy—his sworn father—the man who loved him, and would have died for him—and they found me asleep! O the agony of returning recollection! In my brain's lethargy I had forgotten the departure of the boat!—I had neglected to note it in the orders left to my successor. I heard the rushing of the wind, and the dash of the waves against the ship's side, and though with all speed she was put about, and we went in search of those we had abandoned, I had no hope—I felt that I was a murderer! I know not how long we cruised about—it was in vain—we never saw them more! Oh! what a dreadful death! Prepared but for an absence of an hour—without food—without water! O God! what must that poor boy have suffered!

"I remember nothing after that until we anchored in the river, and then my wife came on board. Then they could no longer restrain me. I rushed to her, pale, feeble, helpless as she was, and briefly as words could tell it, I shouted in her ears the fate of her loved boy. I told her of his death; but I had not time to tell of my remorse, for she fell dead at my feet.

"You will not wonder now at what you saw last night. I left the ship,—but where was I to go? I had lost my poor wife, and my boy, my merry boy,—and now at times I lose myself. No wonder. Can you tell me where I am, sir? My senses—my brain—where can I be?"

The poor lieutenant took a candle, and, after anxiously searching every part of the room, he left me, and I saw him no more.

Kind reader, this is a *true* story.

From Sketches by Boz.

THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

We will be bold to say, that there is scarcely a man in the constant habit of walking, day after day, through any of the crowded throughfares of London, who cannot recollect among the people whom he "knows by sight," to use a familiar phrase, some being of abject and wretched appearance whom he remembers to have seen in a very different condition, whom he has observed sinking lower and lower by almost imperceptible degrees, and the shabbiness and utter destitution of whose appearance, at last, strike forcibly and painfully upon him, as he passes by. Is there any man who has mixed much with society, or whose avocations have caused him to mingle, at one time or other, with a great number of people, who cannot call to mind the time when some shabby, miserable wretch, in rags and filth, who shuffles past him now in all the squalor of disease and poverty, was a respectable tradesman, or a clerk, or a man following some thriving pursuit, with good prospects, and decent means;—or cannot any of our readers call to mind from among the list of their *quondam* acquaintance, some fallen and degraded man, who lingers about the pavement in hungry misery—from whom every one turns coldly away, and who preserves himself from sheer starvation, nobody knows how? Alas! such cases are of too frequent occurrence to be rare items in any man's experience; and but too often arise from one cause—drunkenness,—that fierce rage for the slow, sure poison, that oversteps every other consideration: that casts aside wife, children, friends, happiness, and station; and hurries its victims madly on to degradation and death.

Some of these men have been impelled by misfortune and misery, to the vice that has degraded them. The ruin of worldly expectations, the death of those they loved, the sorrow that slowly consumes, but will not break the heart, has driven them wild; and they present the hideous spectacle of madmen, slowly dying by their own hands. But, by far the greater part have wilfully, and with open eyes, plunged into the gulf from which the man who once enters it never rises more, but into which he sinks deeper and deeper down, until recovery is hopeless.

Such a man as this, once stood by the bed-side of his dying wife, while his children knelt around, and mingled low bursts of grief with their innocent prayers. The room was scantily and meanly furnished; and it needed but a glance at the pale form from which the light of life was fast passing away, to know that grief, and want, and anxious care, had been busy at the heart for many a weary year. An elderly female with her face bathed in tears, was supporting the head of the dying woman—her daughter—on her arm. But it was not towards her that the wan face turned; it was not her hand that the cold and trembling fingers clasped; they pressed the husband's arm; the eyes so soon to be closed in death, rested on his face; and the man shook beneath their gaze. His dress was slovenly and disordered, his face inflamed, his eyes blood-shot and heavy. He had been summoned from some wild debauch to the bed of sorrow and death.

A shaded lamp by the bed-side cast a dim light on the figures around, and left the remainder of the room in thick, deep shadow. The silence of night prevailed without the house, and the stillness of death was in the chamber. A watch hung over the mantel-shelf; its low ticking was the only sound that broke the profound quiet, but it was a solemn one, for well they knew, who heard it, that before it had recorded the passing of another hour, it would beat the knell of a departed spirit.

It is a dreadful thing to wait and watch for the approach of death; to know that hope is gone, and recovery impossible; and to sit and count the dreary hours through long, long nights—such nights as only watchers by the bed of sickness know. It chills the blood to hear the dearest secrets of the heart, the pent-up, hidden secrets of many years, poured forth by the unconscious helpless being before you; and to think how little the reserve, and cunning of a whole life will avail, when fever and delirium tear off the mask at last. Strange tales have been told in the wanderings of dying men; tales so full of guilt and crime, that those who stood by the sick person's couch have fled in horror and affright, lest they should be scared to madness by what they heard and saw; and many a wretch has died alone, raving of deeds, the very name of which, has driven the boldest man away.

But no such ravings were to be heard at the bed-side by which the children knelt. Their half-stifled sobs and moanings alone broke the silence of the lonely chamber. And when at last the mother's grasp relaxed; and turning one look from the children to their father, she vainly strove to speak, and fell backward on the pillow, all was so calm and tranquil that she seemed to sink to sleep. They leant over her; they called upon her name, softly at first, and then in the loud and piercing tones of desperation. But there was no reply. They listened for her breath, but no sound came. They felt for the palpitation of the heart, but no faint throb responded to the touch. That heart was broken, and she was dead!

The husband sunk into a chair by the bed-side, and clasped his hands upon his burning forehead. He gazed from child to child, but when a weeping eye met his, he quailed beneath its look. No word of comfort was whispered in his ear, no look of kindness lighted on his face. All shrunk from, and avoided him; and when at last he staggered from the room, no one sought to follow, or console the widower.

The time had been, when many a friend would have crowded round him in his affliction, and many heartfelt condolence would have met him in his rief. Where were they now? One by one, friends, elations, the commonest acquaintance even, had allen off from and deserted the drunkard. His wife lone had clung to him in good and evil, in sickness nd poverty; and how had he rewarded her? He ad reeled from the tavern to her bed-side, in time to ee her die.

He rushed from the house, and walked swiftly hrough the streets. Remorse, fear, shame, all rowded on his mind. Stupified with drink, and ewildered with the scene he had just witnessed, he e-entered the tavern he had quitted shortly before. Glass succeeded glass. His blood mounted, and his rain whirled round. Death! Every one must die, nd why not *she*. She was too good for him; her elations had often told him so. Curses on them! Had they not deserted her, and left her to whine away the time at home? Well; she was dead, and appy perhaps. It was better as it was. Another glass—one more! Hurrah! It was a merry life while it lasted; and he would make the most of it.

Time went on; the three children who were left to him, grew up, and were children no longer;—the father remained the same—poorer, shabbier, and more dissolute-looking, but the same confirmed and irreclaimable drunkard. The boys had, long ago, run wild in the streets, and left him; the girl alone remained, but she worked hard, and words or blows could always procure him something for the tavern. So he went on in the old course, and a merry life he led.

One night, as early as ten o'clock—for the girl had been sick for many days, and there was, consequently, little to spend at the public-house—he bent his steps homewards, bethinking himself that if he would have her able to earn money, it would be as well to apply to the parish surgeon, or, at all events, to take the trouble of inquiring what ailed her, which he had not yet thought it worth while to do. It was a wet December night; the wind blew piercing cold, and the rain poured heavily down. He begged a few half-pence from a passer-by, and having bought a small loaf (for it was his interest to keep the girl alive, if he could) he shuffled onwards, as fast as the wind and rain would let him.

At the back of Fleet street, and lying between it and the water-side, are several mean and narrow courts, which form a portion of Whitefriars; it was to one of these, that he directed his steps.

The alley into which he turned, might, for filth and misery, have competed with the darkest corner of this ancient sanctuary in its dirtiest and most lawless time. The houses, varying from two stories in height to four, were stained with every indescribable hue that long exposure to the weather, damp, and rottenness can impart to tenements composed originally of the roughest and coarsest materials. The windows were patched with paper, and stuffed with the foulest rags; the doors were falling from their hinges; poles with lines on which to dry clothes, projected from every casement, and sounds of quarrelling or drunkenness issued from every room.

The solitary oil lamp in the centre of the court had been blown out, either by the violence of the wind or the act of some inhabitant who had excellent reasons for objecting to his residence being rendered too conspicuous: and the only light which fell upon the broken and uneven pavement, was derived from the miserable candles that here and there twinkled in the rooms of such of the more fortunate residents as could afford to indulge in so expensive a luxury. A gutter ran down the centre of the alley—all the sluggish odours of which had been called forth by the rain: and as the wind whistled through the old houses, the doors and shutters creaked upon their hinges, and the windows shook in their frames, with a violence which every moment seemed to threaten the destruction of the whole place.

The man whom we have followed into this den, walked on in the darkness, sometimes stumbling into the main gutter, and at others into some branch repositories of garbage which had been formed by the rain, until he reached the last house in the court. The door, or rather what was left of it, stood ajar, for the convenience of the numerous lodgers; and he proceeded to grope his way up the old and broken stair, to the attic story.

He was within a step or two of his room door, when it opened, and a girl, whose miserable and emaciated appearance was only to be equalled by that of the candle which she shaded with her hand, peeped anxiously out.

"Is that you, father?" said the girl.

"Who else should it be?" replied the man gruffly, "What are you trembling at? It's little enough that I've had to drink to-day, for there's no drink without money, and no money without work. What the devil's the matter with the girl?"

"I am not well, father—not at all well," said the girl, bursting into tears.

"Ah!" replied the man, in the tone of a person who is compelled to admit a very unpleasant fact, to which he would rather remain blind, if he could, "You must get better somehow, for we must have money. You must go to the parish doctor, and make him give you some medicine. They're paid for it, damn 'em. What are you standing before the door, for? Let me come in, can't you?"

"Father," whispered the girl, shutting the door behind her, and placing herself before it, "William has come back."

"Who!" said the man, with a start.

"Hush," replied the girl, "William; brother William."

"And what does he want?" said the man, with an effort at composure—"money? meat? drink?" He's come to the wrong shop for that, if he does. Give me the candle—give me the candle, fool—I ain't going to hurt him." He snatched the candle from her hand, and walked into the room,

Sitting on an old box, with his head resting on his hand, and his eyes fixed on a wretched cinder fire that was smouldering on the hearth, was a young man of about two-and-twenty, miserably clad in an old coarse jacket and trowsers. He started up when his father entered.

"Fasten the door, Mary," said the young man hastily—"Fasten the door. You look as if you didn't know me, father. It's long enough, since you drove me from home: you may well forget me."

"And what do you want here, now?" said the father, seating himself on a stool, on the other side of the fireplace. "What do you want here now?"

"Shelter," replied the son, "I'm in trouble: that's enough. If I'm caught I shall swing: that's certain. Caught I shall be, unless I stop here: that's *as* certain. And there's an end of it."

"You mean to say, you've been robbing, or murdering, then?" said the father.

"Yes, I do," replied the son. "Does it surprise you, father?" He looked steadily in the man's face, but he withdrew his eyes, and bent them on the ground.

"Where's your brothers?" he said, after a long pause.

"Where they'll never trouble you," replied his son. "John's gone to America, and Henry's dead."

"Dead!" said the father, with a shudder, which even he could not repress.

"Dead," replied the young man. "He died in my arms—shot like a dog, by a game-keeper. He staggered back, I caught him, and his blood trickled down my hands. It poured out from his side like water. He was weak, and it blinded him, but he threw himself down on his knees, on the grass, and prayed to God, that if his mother was in Heaven, He would hear her prayers for pardon for her youngest son. 'I was her favourite boy, Will,' he said, 'and I am glad to think, now, that when she was dying, though I was a very young child then, and my little heart was almost bursting, I knelt down at the foot of the bed, and thanked God for having made me so fond of her as to have never once done any thing to bring the tears into her eyes. Oh, Will, why was she taken away, and father left!' There's his dying words, father," said the young man: "make the best you can of 'em. You struck him across the face, in a drunken fit, the morning we ran away; and here's the end of it."

The girl wept aloud; and the father sinking his head upon his knees rocked himself to and fro.

"If I am taken," said the young man, "I shall be carried back into the country, and hung for that man's murder. They cannot trace me here, without your assistance, father. For aught I know, you may give me up to justice; but unless you do, here I stop, until I can venture to escape abroad."

For two whole days, all three remained in the wretched room without stirring out. On the third evening, however, the girl was worse than she had been yet, and the few scraps of food they had were gone. It was indispensably necessary that somebody should go out; and as the girl was too weak and ill, the father went, just at nightfall.

He got some medicine for the girl, and a trifle in the way of pecuniary assistance. On his way back, he earned sixpence by holding a horse; and he turned homewards with enough money to supply their most pressing wants for two or three days to come. He had to pass the public house. He lingered for an instant, walked past it, turned back again, lingered once more, and finally slunk in. Two men whom he had not observed, were on the watch. They were on the point of giving up their search in despair, when his loitering attracted their attention; and when he entered the public house, they followed him.

"You'll drink with me, master," said one of them proffering him a glass of liquor.

"And me too," said the other, replenishing the glass as soon as it was drained of its contents.

The man thought of his hungry children, and his son's danger. But they were nothing to the drunkard. He *did* drink; and his reason left him.

"A wet night, Warden," whispered one of the men in his ear, as he at length turned to go away, after spending in liquor one-half of the money on which, perhaps, his daughter's life depended.

"The right sort of night for our friends in hiding, Master Warden," whispered the other.

"Sit down here," said the one who had spoken first, drawing him into a corner. "We have been looking arter the young un. We came to tell him, it's all right now, but we couldn't find him 'cause we hadn't got the precise direction. But that ai'nt strange, for I don't think he know'd it himself, when he come to London did he?"

"No he didn't," replied the father.

The two men exchanged glances.

"There's a vessel down at the docks, to sail at midnight, when it's high water," resumed the first speaker, "and we'll put him on board. His passage is taken in another name, and what's better than that, it's paid for. It's lucky we met you."

"Very," said the second.

"Capital luck," said the first with a wink to his companion.

"Great," replied the second, with a slight nod of intelligence.

"Another glass here; quick"—said the first speaker. And in five minutes more, the father had unconsciously yielded up his own son into the hangman's hands.

Slowly and heavily the time dragged along as the brother and sister, in their miserable hiding-place listened in anxious suspense to the slightest sound. At length, a heavy footstep was heard upon the stair; it approached nearer; it reached the landing; and the father staggered into the room.

The girl saw that he was intoxicated, and advanced with the candle in her hand to meet him; she stopped short, gave a loud scream, and fell senseless on the ground. She had caught sight of the shadow of a man reflected on the floor. They both rushed in, and in another instant the young man was a prisoner, and handcuffed.

"Very quietly done," said one of the men to his companion, "thanks to the old man. Lift up the girl, Tom—come, come, come, it's no use crying, young woman. It's all over now, and can't be helped."

The young man stooped for an instant over the girl, and then turned fiercely round upon his father, who had reeled against the wall, and was gazing on the group with drunken stupidity.

"Listen to me, father," he said, in a tone that made the drunkard's flesh creep. "My brother's blood, and mine, is on your head; I never had kind look, or word, or care, from you, and alive or dead, I never will forgive you. Die when you will, or how, I will be with you. I speak as a dead man now, and I warn you, father, that as surely as you must one day stand before your Maker, so surely shall your children be there, hand in hand, to cry for judgment against you." He raised his manacled hands in a threatening attitude, fixed his eyes on his shrinking parent, and slowly left the room; and neither father nor sister ever beheld him more, on this side of the grave.

When the dim and misty light of a winter's morning penetrated into the narrow court, and struggled through the begrimed window of the wretched room, Warden awoke from his heavy sleep, and found himself alone. He rose, and looked round him; the old flock mattrass on the floor was undisturbed; every thing was just as he remembered to have seen it last; and there were no signs of any one, save himself, having occupied the room during the night. He inquired of the other lodgers, and of the neighbours; but his daughter had not been seen or heard of. He rambled through the streets, and scrutinized each wretched face among the crowds that thronged them, with anxious eyes. But his search was fruitless, and he returned to his garret when night came on, desolate and weary.

For many days he occupied himself in the same manner, but no trace of his daughter did he meet with, and no word of her reached his ears. At length he gave up the pursuit as hopeless. He had long thought of the probability of her leaving him, and endeavouring to gain her bread in quiet, elsewhere. She had left him at last to starve alone. He ground his teeth, and cursed her!

He begged his bread from door to door. Every halfpenny he could wring from the pity or credulity of those to whom he addressed himself, was spent in the old way. A year passed over his head; the roof of a jail was the only one that had sheltered him for many months. He slept under archways, and in brick-fields—any where, where there was some warmth or shelter from the cold and rain. But in the last stage of poverty, disease, and houseless want, he was a drunkard still.

At last, one bitter night, he sunk down on a door-step faint and ill. The premature decay of vice and profligacy had worn him to the bone. His cheeks were hollow and livid; his eyes were sunken, and their sight was dim. His legs trembled beneath his weight, and a cold shiver ran through every limb.

And now the long-forgotten scenes of a mis-spent life crowded thick and fast upon him. He thought of the time when he had a home—a happy, cheerful home—and of those who peopled it, and flocked about him then, until the forms of his elder children seemed to rise from the grave, and stand about him—so plain, so clear, and so distinct they were that he could touch and feel them. Looks that he had long forgotten were fixed upon him once more; voices long since hushed in death sounded in his ears like the music of village bells. But it was only for an instant. The rain beat heavily upon him; and cold and hunger were gnawing at his heart again.

He rose, and dragged his feeble limbs a few paces further. The street was silent and empty; the few passengers who passed by, at that late hour, hurried quickly on, and his tremulous voice was lost in the violence of the storm. Again that heavy chill struck through his frame, and his blood seemed to stagnate beneath it. He coiled himself up in a projecting doorway, and tried to sleep.

But sleep had fled from his dull and glazed eyes. His mind wandered strangely, but he was awake, and conscious. The well known shout of drunken mirth sounded in his ear, the glass was at his lips, the board was covered with choice-rich food—they were before him: he could see them all, he had but to reach out his hand, and take them—and, though the illusion was reality itself, he knew that he was sitting alone in the deserted street, watching the rain-drops as they pattered on the stones; that death was coming upon him by inches—and that there were none to care for or help him.

Suddenly, he started up, in the extremity of terror. He had heard his own voice shouting in the night air, he knew not what, or why. Hark! A groan!—another! His senses were leaving him: half-formed and incoherent words burst from his lips; and his hands sought to tear and lacerate his flesh. He was going mad, and he shrieked for help till his voice failed him.

He raised his head, and looked up the long dismal street. He recollected that outcasts like himself, condemned to wander day and night in those dreadful streets, had sometimes gone distracted with their own loneliness. He remembered to have heard many years before that a homeless wretch had once been found in a solitary corner, sharpening a rusty knife to plunge into his own heart, preferring death to that endless, weary, wandering to and fro. In an instant his resolve was taken, his limbs received new life; he ran quickly from the spot, and paused not for breath until he reached the river-side.

He crept softly down the steep stone stairs that lead from the commencement of Waterloo Bridge, down to the water's level. He crouched into a corner, and held his breath, as the patrol passed. Never did prisoner's heart throb with the hope of liberty and life half so eagerly as did that of the wretched man at the prospect of death. The watch passed close to him, but he remained unobserved: and after waiting till the sound of footsteps had died away in the distance, he cautiously descended, and stood beneath the gloomy arch that forms the landing-place from the river.

The tide was in, and the water flowed at his feet. the rain had ceased, the wind was lulled, and all was, for the moment, still and quiet—so quiet that the slightest sound on the opposite bank, even the rippling of the water against the barges that were moored there, was distinctly audible to his ear. The stream stole languidly and sluggishly on. Strange and fantastic forms rose to the surface, and beckoned him to approach; dark gleaming eyes peered from the water, and seemed to mock his hesitation, while hollow murmurs from behind, urged him onwards. He retreated a few paces, took a short run, desperate leap, and plunged into the river.

Not five seconds had passed when he rose to the water's surface—but what a change had taken place in that short time, in all his thoughts and feelings! Life—life—in any form, poverty, misery, starvation—any thing but death. He fought and struggled with the water that closed over his head, and screamed in agonies of terror. The curse of his own son rang in his ears. The shore—but one foot of dry ground—he could almost touch the step. One hand's breadth nearer, and he was saved—but the tide bore him onward, under the dark arches of the bridge, and he sank to the bottom.

Again he rose, and struggled for life. For one instant—for one brief instant—the buildings on the river's banks, the lights on the bridge through which the current had borne him, the black water, and the fast flying clouds, were distinctly visible—once more he sunk, and once again he rose. Bright flames of fire shot up from earth to heaven, and reeled before his eyes, while the water thundered in his ears, and stunned him with its furious roar.

A week afterwards the body was washed ashore, some miles down the river, a swollen and disfigured mass. Unrecognised and unpitied, it was borne to the grave; and there it has long since mouldered away!

From the United Service Journal.

POPULAR ERRORS RESPECTING THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Some errors obtain such firm possession of people's minds, that it is extremely difficult to root them out, and, in consequence, they are sometimes transmitted from age to age as acknowledged truths. Of this kind are two or three respecting the battle of Waterloo; and though it took place so recently, and was so important as to engage universal attention,—though thousands are still living among us who were witnesses of it, and thousands more have since visited the field,—yet we have continually to endure the vexation of reading and hearing erroneous statements respecting it, though the means of ascertaining the truth are manifestly so abundant. The recent publication of the Waterloo Despatches has suggested to us the expediency of endeavouring, once more, to abate the prevalence of these errors.

One is, that the Duke of Wellington was *taken by surprise* at the opening of the campaign. This charge, so far as it implies a want of vigilance or sagacity, is entirely groundless. It is true that every commander, whose policy it is to act on the defensive, is liable to the disadvantage of being attacked without knowing the time or point of attack; and since the line of the allied armies was necessarily of great extent, in order to guard the different roads leading to Brussels, and also to obtain supplies for the troops, the utmost skill and watchfulness of the two commanders could not prevent Buonaparte from making, by a sudden movement, considerable progress before their troops could be concentrated to oppose him. But that they were inattentive and off their guard is contradicted, not only by their well-known character, but by abundant positive evidence contained in the last volume of the "Despatches." It appears that as early as the beginning of May they were daily expecting an attack, and had made every possible preparation to meet it; and though the expectation seems to have subsided a little before the middle of June, chiefly because their preparations were then so complete that they thought Buonaparte would not venture to attack them, yet their arrangements were fully settled, and the vigilance of the outposts was never remitted. The truth is, the whole imputation of *being taken by surprise*, derives its origin from a story about a ball at which the Duke and many officers were present at the time when the *second* message, confirming a former one, reached Brussels, that the enemy were certainly in motion. The first message arrived during the afternoon, but as it did not determine the extent or direction of the movement, it was necessary to wait for further intelligence before any movement could be made on our part. There are at least *three* high roads leading from the French frontier to Brussels, and it was impossible to know which of them the enemy would choose. But every possible arrangement was made *before* the Duke went to the ball; and, therefore, the proper question is, was the march of the troops in the least delayed by the circumstance of his being at the ball when the second message reached Brussels? Certainly not. They could not have moved sooner without running great risk of being sent in the wrong direction, which might have been fatal to the safety of Brussels. It is not necessary (as Sir Walter Scott expresses it) that a general should be always equipped, like a knight of romance, with his boots and spurs on, and a drawn sword in his hand; nor is his presence at a ball any proof of frivolity and carelessness, when there is not the least evidence that his duty was at all neglected, but quite the contrary.

Next, it is objected that the Duke would have been *defeated* at Waterloo IF the Prussians had not come up. This is possible, but so far as the objection implies a charge of rashness for fighting the battle, there is no more sense in it than in any other fanciful supposition. He would not have offered battle if he had not *known* that the Prussians would come up.—They did not come by a lucky accident. Blucher had *promised* that they should come, and he was not a man likely to break his promise, when he knew that he was expected on the field of battle. And what was there to hinder them from coming? They had only nine or ten miles to march, without any river or enemy between them and the field; and if an army under such a general as Blucher set out early in a summer's morning to march ten miles, we might confidentially expect that they would accomplish the task long before night, however bad the roads might be. They were, no doubt, much delayed by the bad state of the roads; nevertheless a considerable force, under Bulow, came into action as early as three or four o'clock, which greatly lightened the pressure of the attack on our position, and the remainder arrived gradually and successively; not the whole body at once as some accounts seem to represent. Hence, when people say, by way of depreciation, that the Duke would have been *defeated* if the Prussians had not come up, they might with as much reason say that he would have been defeated if his own cavalry or artillery had not come up. The enemy saw with dismay the certainty of their coming and made arrangements and exertions accordingly, which, however, were ineffectual.

A *third* objection is, that the position at Waterloo was weak and ill chosen. But the proper question is, whether it is not the best that can be found between Quatre Bras and Brussels; and secondly, whether it is not *good enough* to justify the Duke in risking a battle in it for the important object of saving Brussels. On both points there is little or no room for doubt. The country had been inspected, and that particular position chosen, by the Duke and some of his officers *the year before*, in the expectation that it might be made available, some time or other for the protection of Brussels; and as to its being *good enough*, the result supplies a conclusive answer.

And here we cannot but remark how frequently in war, as well as in other affairs, circumstances, which at first appear to be unfavourable, eventually conduce to the greatness of the success. The tardy arrival of the Prussians was thought, no doubt, during the battle, to be a misfortune; but it was this very circumstance which encouraged Buonaparte to prolong his attacks, till through the fatigue of his troops and night coming on, he became so far involved that he could not extricate them. In like manner, the weakness of the position tempted him to risk a direct attack upon it: if it had been much stronger, he would scarcely have ventured to do so, but would either have endeavoured to turn it, or (which is more probable under the circumstances) would have retreated into France, and changed the whole plan of the campaign. We know what the result was, but we do not know what it would have been, if made to depend upon a different train of contingencies.

A *fourth* error, very common among writers of lives and tours, is, that Wellington and Blucher met at the inn called La Belle Alliance, *i. e.*, close to the field of battle. They did not meet there. Blucher overtook Wellington on the road to *Genappe*, two miles, or more from the field of battle.[*] This error may seem trifling, but it is not entirely so; for the true account of the matter is a proof of the energy and decision of our great commander, which were not so abated by the fatigues of the day as to prevent him from availing himself, to the utmost, of the panic which had seized the enemy, and pursuing them (as his "Despatch" says) *long after dark.* From Genappe he returned to Waterloo, and the next day, the 19th, to Brussels. Where shall we find a parallel to such energy and promptitude? If we refer to the "Despatches," we shall find him writing letters at a very early hour in the morning of the 18th; then fighting the battle, and pursuing the enemy till near midnight; the next day writing a long despatch, besides private letters, and returning to Brussels.—"You will see," he says, "that I have not allowed the grass to grow under my feet."

Having corrected the above-mentioned errors, we beg to add a few remarks.

1st. A collection of good maps of the countries and fields of battle which were the scenes of the operations would be a valuable supplement to Colonel Gurwood's work; and we hope that he will immediately adopt measures for getting it made. Without maps it is impossible to understand properly the account of the operations.

2nd. What a monument are these despatches to the glory of Wellington! And many volumes are still wanting to make the work complete. What a model do they afford, not only to officers in the Army and Navy, but to all who are charged with any public duty, of justice, activity, and courage! Justice, the first of all the virtues! without which the possession of his other great qualities would only have him a tyrant, and the scourge instead of the benefactor of mankind; and courage, moral as well as personal, in the highest degree together with patience, forbearance, and command of temper, unparalleled—as, surely, was also the series of vexatious circumstances which gave to those qualities occasion for their display and exercise. The despatch written by him giving an account of the battle of Waterloo seems to us more wonderful than the battle itself. Written immediately after such tumultuous excitement, and the elation of such a victory, observe nevertheless its calmness, clearness, and simplicity: appearing as if he had put forth only half his strength, scarcely conscious of having done anything extraordinary, and capable, therefore, we are led to think, of achieving still higher triumphs.

3rd. Though the great merits of the Duke of Wellington are by few disputed, yet it is common to say that he has been also a very *fortunate* man. And certainly in his military operations it must be admitted that he was so; but in his political career, for which his qualities equally fitted him, he has been far otherwise. During the twelve years which immediately followed the war he was kept back from acting the prominent part which was due to him; and when at length he was raised to the station, which in our opinion, no one is entitled to dispute with him, he was soon displaced from it by an unfortunate concurrence of cirumstances, and by an unexampled exhibition of folly and madness, assailing him with the calumnious imputation that he was adverse to all reform, though no Minister had ever been so strenuous as himself in effecting a reform in every department of public business. It is true that he declared his determination to resist *Parliamentary Reform*, as it is called; and why should this be a greater offence in him than it had been in Mr. Canning, who was the champion of opposition to Parliamentary Reform, and yet was in the height of popularity only two or three years before? Of what value are the opinions of a people so capricious and unjust? One year admiring Mr. Canning's speeches against Parliamentary Reform; and another reviling the Duke of Wellington for briefly speaking to the same effect.

However, we confidently hope that he will triumph yet both over faction and intrigue, and that his country, which in the meridian of his glory and in the extremity of danger owed its safety to him, will honour the closing years of his life, and at the same time consult its own interest, by committing to him again the chief direction of its affairs.

From the United Service Journal.

WATERLOO AND THE WATERLOO MODEL.

Lieutenant Siborn's Model of the Battle of Waterloo is a work of art in a style in which the French have very long ago produced the most exquisite specimens; and it must be in the recollection of all who visited Paris at the period of its occupation by the Allied Armies, that one of the most attractive exhibitions of that gaudy capital was the beautiful display of the models of the French fortresses at the Hotel des Invalides.

There were some of their frontier passes, particularly those leading into Spain, that were as vivid in their representations of Nature as the pictures of a camera obscura. The Prussians carried off those of the fortresses that look on Germany; and nearly every invader of France removed from the collection the models that had reference to their respective frontiers. The English alone levied no contribution on this department of French ingenuity. The lordly fortresses of her frontier had stretched beyond her coast and borne her flag in triumph on the mountain wave of every sea. In the construction of models the artificers, in most cases officers of the engineer corps, were warmly patronised by the French Government.

The Waterloo model is unfavourably situated as regards the spectator, it stands too nearly on his own level; it might, with advantage, have been surrounded by a gallery, from whence the visitor might have taken a bird's-eye view of the field. The minuteness of the figures which represent the troops that lived, moved, and had their being on that eventful day, renders it difficult to discern between cavalry and infantry, and probably mere diagrams of suitably-coloured wood would have answered the object of military explanation as well and more distinctly; but it is in all respects a most meritorious labour, and too much cannot be said for the assiduity, skill, and information displayed in its construction. It stands an able and exact representation of Waterloo—"Thou first and last of fields! King-crowning victory!"

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[*] Sir Hussey Vivian states in his reply to Major Gawler, on the "Crisis of Waterloo" (U. S. Journal, July, 1833,) "that he found the Duke in front of Rossome, about a mile from La Belle Alliance, where the British were halted for the night. *Quære:* had he not *then* met Blucher? Major Gawler says they rode up *together* at Rossome.—Ed.

The Duke had not in this fight to resist the established routine of generalship which might have been studied in the annals of the olden warfare, but he was here the voluntary antagonist of a fiery and exhaustless genius. One that had not only overturned all the received opinions on statesmanship and on war, but who might on the field of Waterloo have thrown into the fight some new emanation of his dazzling talent—some meteor-flash of his military conception—some combination of strategy and attack so novel and confounding, as at once to overwhelm all the ordinary anticipations of defence. The Duke might with undiminished strategical reputation, probably, have avoided the combat, but the high ambition of the man forced him to its trial. In their remarks on the occurrences previous to the battle the two great leaders had betrayed their profound consciousness of each other's ability. "Some prisoners," writes the Duke on the evening of the 17th, "state that the French army, which followed us to-day, is commanded by Bonaparte in person, which however I am disinclined to believe, from our having been allowed to pass unmolested through the defile of Genappe."

On the morning of Waterloo, General Haxo, of the Engineers, returns from a reconnoissance of the British line, and informs the Emperor that the English have not entrenched their position, nor constructed a single redoubt. "The brave of the brave," Ney, arrives, and assures Napoleon that the English are in the instant preparing to retreat into the forest of Soignies. The Emperor replies—"No, the English are preparing for battle; Lord Wellington would not have lost last night in position had he intended to retreat."

The Model represents the culture of the ground at the period of the fight, that so strangely fertilized it. Hougoumont is in the fiery consummation of its celebrity—the Thermopylæ of the field. At a moment when the gates of its enclosure were forced open and the farm-yard entered by a mass of French, a party of the light infantry of the English guards cut off from the turret of the chateau, its only unburning portion, were forced to screen themselves within a low range of hog-styes that occupied one side of the farm-yard, but concealed, as they might have remained; for the French, amidst the bursting of shells and the blaze of the edifice, had not observed them; their bold spirit spurned such compromise with their duty; even from such a refuge, co-operating with the defenders of the turret, and from the air-holes of the styes, on the very level of the ground, and surrounded with straw, which a spark might have ignited and suffocated every man, they opened a musketry fire of great accuracy and constancy, and maintained it until the farm-yard was evacuated by the French.

In the campaigns of the Prince of Saxe Cobourgh, with whom the British Army under the late Duke of York had unfortunately to serve and confine its operations, a position was looked for in which to cover Brussels and fight a battle, and the field of Waterloo was blindly traversed, and its adaptation for resistance unobserved; but 1500 Hessians, left for the night in the hamlet of Mont St. Jean, were cut up at day-break by the active French; and 5000 Austrian cavalry, stabled and bivouacked for the same night in and round Braine la Leud, were defeated and dispersed ere sunrise. Jomini, in his observations on these campaigns, declares, that the Duke of York previously proposed a march of the British and Austrian cavalry on Paris; they amounted to 123 squadrons, and he says might have reached Paris in three days, that there was no force in their way that could have successfully resisted them, and that the Revolutionary Government must have been overturned, but that the Duke of York's opinion was overruled by a Council of War; and indeed General Jomini speaks favourably of the Duke of York's military proceedings, which has not been the acceptation in which they have been generally commented on in England.

There is an anecdote connected with this field of blood which, trivial as it may seem, ought not to be lost; it so marks the man and that good feeling which every new display of his career brings more and more prominently before the public. It is given, I think, by Miss Mitford, after a visit to Strathfieldsay:—"On returning in the night to Waterloo, as the Duke dismounted from his little charger 'Copenhagen,' whose untiring spirit and blood had carried himself and master from point to point of emergency of the battle-field for seventeen hours, he fondly patted the animal; but the caress was answered by a hearty kick, which his Grace was 'delighted' to observe (his own expression,) as showing that the horse was not done up by the tremendous work he had gone through."

We would recommend Lord Howick to visit the model, and to reflect that this great battle was gained by an army officered by gentlemen over an army officered from the ranks, and was in that light almost the triumph of mind over matter. The French had courage in abundance, and tactical skill, and hosts in mail, and lancers, which we had not, and double our force of artillery, and they were an army "*tout a fait Francaise,*" to the want of having been which they were fond of attributing their Peninsular defeats. And the best regiments of the English army, ever conquerors under the Duke, were away on other service, and their places at Waterloo were taken up by but young battalions, but having unbounded reliance on their leader, and confidence in, and respect for, their officers, for their courage in common with their own, and for their habits and education above their own.

Let us copy the French institutions when the French beat us. The great Generals who were not in the field, and the scientific writers of the continent have generally informed the British nation and the British army, that the Duke was twice beaten at Waterloo, yet the Duke made no one movement that indicated the most distant want of confidence of the most successful result.

Not one gun was removed to the rear, nor one battalion marched to a covering position of retreat; and early on the morning of the 18th of June, strong division under Sir Charles Colville had been marched far from the battle-field to guard a remote flanking road, and was not recalled to the fight; and beyond the British battle's extreme left Count Dornberg's and Vandeleur's cavalry brigades were posted in observation during the entire day, and were not brought into line until evening, when all possibility of the left wing being taken in reverse was removed by the Prussian advance. The Prussians, by the way, are generally considered to bear too prominent a share in the battle, as represented in this model.

The French, one and all, assert that the Duke had exhausted all his reserves, but, forgetting this assumption, ascribed at the time their inability to rally from the repulse of their last attack to the sudden apparition and charges of six fresh regiments of our cavalry, "*qui n'avaient pas encore donne.*"

The Prussian Bulletin says, "The English had, until evening, successfully repelled every attack, but it was impossible that such heroic efforts could be continued." As if the defence must necessarily have been of less pertinacity than the attack; and this is the feeling of most of the continental armies, and the style of their warfare; and the French, of course, always beat them. But why should not heroic efforts be enduring, is the English feeling, and is the secret of English victory? But while the French writers beat us so, remorselessly, their Emperor admitted that the tactic of his army had its defects on that memorable day. In the Imperial Bulletin the French people are told, that "if the battle had been prolonged to, or resumed on, the next day, their army would have won the victory, for that the French objects had been all attained, a day of false manœuvres had been rectified." Thus it appears that the battle was of a distinctive character from all others: it satisfied both parties. The French had all the triumph of science, the British the advantages of success. The writer of these observations questioned, at the time, officers of nearly every regiment of British that was in the battle, as to their own private opinions on the point of expected defeat so loudly assumed by our own and foreign writers. Many told him that at particular moments they expected to have been beaten. He put the inquiry, "Did you expect your own regiment to give way?" "Oh, no, certainly not my own corps, but I thought some other would." Such was the universal answer; and this is the true English feeling: this indignancy of being even supposed to be likely to be the first to give way before an enemy is the true harbinger of success, as it was on the occasion of that "gloriouse and well-foughtenne fielde," as the chroniclers named Agincourt.

This suggests the reflection, that England is the only nation possessing an army of magnitude that does not form camps of instruction, and that possibly she owes much of her success in great battles, in no small degree, to what appears, at first view, an impediment to success in war. Our regiments, accustomed to act and live alone, are not taught to dread the failures of adjoining corps in combined operations; they cannot yield readily to the belief, that the defeat of a corps in their neighbourhood can license themselves to flee: penetrate an English line, you have gained but a point; cut into a continental line, even a French one, and the *morale* of everything in view, and vicinity, is gone. The English regiment will not give way, because the English regiment of the same brigade has done so, but will mock the fugitive, and in all likelihood redouble its own exertions to restore the fight—a true bull-dog courage against all odds—if well led.

The Duke, in his lately published note to Lord Beresford, says, "I had at one time our infantry in squares, and the French cavalry rode up and down amongst them as if they had been our own;" but it is true that with all this familiar intrusion on our line they did not collectively or individually dash fully on a single square. The bayonet so decried of late has some merit at least in deterring close approach.

Moore, the poet, in one of his effusions, regretted that the battle could not be again fought, on the ground that the French had not foreseen in its loss the loss of their political freedom.

Lord Byron's splendid stanzas of surpassing and touching beauty would have done immortal honour to his name; but he, too, in another place, must out with wretched sneer and scoff at another's fame:—

"As Wellington was beat at Waterloo,
So say the French, the Prussians say so too."

But the man who named the conquerors of Albuera "blest hirelings and ambition's honoured fools" was himself undeserving of a soldier's fame, and died without it, though it was his last and most anxiously wished pursuit.

Waterloo was the listed field of old rivalry, and was contested by troops filled with all the determination of national hatred, and commanded by leaders of the most direct antipathies, each burning to stamp the other's name with defeat, and raise his own to the highest point of human fame.

General Gourgaud, who wrote under the Emperor's dictation, declares it "a victory of which all the glory devolved on the vanquished." The General and his supporters may assure themselves that no Englishman has ever envied them all the credit they can ever obtain by their exploits at Waterloo. Some of the French Generals of the present day have found out that the Emperor ordered the retreat too soon, "*Les absens ont toujours tort.*" The poor Emperor was blameless on this point; he had fulfilled all the duties of a General of the first order; he did not command the retreat, but the retreat commanded him. As a General he had gained no advantage over his antagonist; they were opponents so splendidly masters of their art, that near 2000 years had passed without their equals in war being confronted. Such cotemporaries may never be again opposed. The Emperor had neglected nothing to win success, but if his assault was determined and skilful, the defence was perfect, and his boastful army failed him.

The English kept their own ground while on the defensive, and took the enemy's in their attack. The French failed in their attack, and abandoned their position when the English assailed them on it. Such was Waterloo.

The talented constructor of the model might reap no small harvest by having miniature copies of it for sale. In the exhibition of Swiss models, some years ago, in London, those miniature copies of the larger models were very beautiful, and were bought up extensively. They were of the Simplon and valley of Bagnes, and of the lake of Geneva, &c., and the substituting a small coloured diagram for troops, instead of individual soldiers, would answer all purposes of recollection and information to "those who were there and those who were not."

When the labour, the research, the time and *expense* employed in the construction of this model are considered, we cannot resist the conviction, that its intelligent modeller deserves the most liberal patronage of the public, and the most marked notice of the chiefs of his profession.

In the note from General Foy, found in Napoleon's carriage, is the history of the combat, and the secret of its words are, or nearly, "The hour has come when an old soldier feels it his duty to remind your Majesty, that while the Duke of Wellington's position is one which he cannot contemplate for permanent occupation, you are now in front of an infantry which, during the whole of the Spanish war, I never saw give way." The most perfect arrangements on the part of their General and firmness in themselves, and unbounded confidence in him, gave the English the victory, and induced the generous French to present it to us.

From Tait's Magazine.

THE COVENANTERS.

Can Scotland's son, who uncontrolled may climb the heathery steep,
Gaze scornfully where guards the cairn her martyrs' blood-bought sleep;
And say, "A fanatic lies here;" and, with a pitying smile,
Descant on mad Enthusiasts—the ignorant, the vile?

Enthusiasts!—by the freeman's step, that treads on Scottish strand;
By the pure faith that sanctifies the altars of the land;
By hymns of praise, at morn and eve, unawed by fear or shame,
Poured from our peaceful hamlet-homes—still honoured be the name!

If on the plains where Wallace fought, the patriot's bosom swell,
And the bold Switzer drops a tear upon the grave of Tell,
Shall Scotland, with irreverent eye, behold the wild flowers wave
Above the mound, once stained with blood, her Covenant heroes' grave?

They sleep where, in a darker day, by dreary moss and fen,
Their blood bedewed the wild heath-flower, in many a Scottish glen:
When forced to flee their humble homes, for Scotland's Covenant Lord,
They grasped, to save their holiest rights, the Bible and the sword.

They rest in peace—the Enthusiasts! who unreluctant flung
To earth the proffered gold, and scorned the lures of courtly tongue.
They rest in peace, who knew no rest when with loud curses driven,
And hunted 'mid the wintry fells, and reft of all but heaven.

Enthusiasts!—would the proudly wise, who flings his scorn and sneer
On graves and names long hallowed by the patriot's love and tear—
Would he, when gleams in mount and vale the persecutor's brand,
To quench with blood the altar-fires of his own fatherland—

When all around are fainting hearts and falsehood's hollow smile,
The bloody foe, the traitorous friend, fierce war, and covert guile,
No hope on earth, unless he quit the banner of his God,
And crouch a slave upon the land where his free fathers trod—

Would he renounce all earth-born joys, and choose his wintry bed
On howling heath, with darkness round and tempest o'er his head;
And, trusting in no arm of flesh, undaunted face the fires,
The axe, the torture, and the sword, like Scotland's Covenant sires?

G. P.

From the Metropolitan.

HEBREW MELODY.

Violence no more shall be heard in thy land,
  In thy borders destruction nor wasting;
But thy walls in salvation for ever shall stand,
  And thy gates shall be praise everlasting.

No more shall the sun be the light of thy day,
  Nor the moon thy night's gloominess brighten:
But thy Lord and thy God, with ineffable ray,
  Thy darkness for ever shall lighten.

No more shall the sun of his presence grow dim,
  Nor the moon of his love be expended;
For life everlasting belongeth to Him,
  And the days of thy mourning are ended.

W. Browne.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

TO MY MELANCHOLY.

Come, thou sweet mistress of my evening hours,
  Companion of my walk, that otherwise
Were lonely,—let us wander 'neath the tow'rs
  Of this grey pile, and hear the fitful sighs
The mournful breeze heaves through its wasting walls!
  Hark! 'tis the surge of Time's unweary billow
That on the ear so sad and solemn falls!
  They hear it not, the sleepers; they, whose pillow
Dreamless and cold lies deep beneath the soil!
  Would we were with them, pale-ey'd Melancholy!
Free from the weight, the burthen of Life's toil;
  Far from deceit, from insult, and from folly;
Bonded no more by e'en affection's chain;
Reckless of all, as of the wind and rain!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE ROCK OF THE BETRAYED.

A BALLAD.

By the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

It was a highland chieftain's son
Gazed sadly from the hill:
And they saw him shrink from the autumn wind,
As its blast came keen and chill.

His stately mother saw,—and spoke,
With the heartless voice of pride;
"'Tis well I have a stouter son,
The border wars to ride."

His jealous brother saw, and stood,
Red-haired, and fierce, and tall,
Muttering low words of fiendish hope,
That *he* might be lord of all.

But sickly Allan heard them not,
As he looked o'er land and lea,
He was thinking of the sunny climes
That lie beyond the sea.

He was thinking of the native land,
Whose breeze he could not bear;
Whose wild free beauty he must leave,
To breathe a warmer air.

He was dreaming of his childhood's haunts,
And his gray-haired father's praise;
And the chance of death which hung so near,
And darkened his young days.

So he turned and bade them both farewell,
With a calm and mournful smile;
And he spoke of a dwelling far away,
But only for a while.

And if a pang of bitter grief
Shot wildly through his heart,
No man heard Allan Douglass sigh,
Nor saw the tear-drop start.

For he left in Scotland none who cared
If e'er he should return;
In castle hall, or cottage low,
By river or by burn.

Only upon the heather brae,
His quivering lip he press'd;
And clasped the senseless birchen tree,
And strained it to his breast;

Because the human heart is full
Of love that must be given,
However checked, estranged, and chilled,
To something under heaven.

And these things had been friends to him,
Thro' a life of lonely hours—
The blue lake, and the waving birch,
And the low broom's scented flowers.

* * * * *

Twice had the snow been on the hills,
And twice the soft spring rain,
When Allan Douglass bent his way
To his native land again.

More healthful glowed his hollow cheek,
His step was firm and free,
And he brought a fair Italian girl,
His bonny bride to be.

But darkly sneered his brother cold,
When he saw that maiden fair,
"Is a foreign minion come to wed
The Highland's chieftain's heir?"

And darkly gloomed the mother's brow,
As she said, "Am I so old,
That a stranger must so soon come here,
The Castle keys to hold?"

Then spoke the young Italian girl
With a sweet and modest grace,
As she lifted up her soft black eyes
And looked them in the face:

"A stranger and an orphan comes
To Allan's native land,
And she needs the mother's welcome smile,
And the brother's friendly hand.

"Be thine! oh! stately lady—thine—
The rule that thou dost crave,
For Allan's love is all I earned,
And all I seek to have.

"And trust me, brother, tho' my words
With foreign accents fall,
The *heart* is of no country born,
And my heart will love you *all*."

But vain the music of her tongue
Against the hate they bore;
And when a babe her love had blest,
They hated her the more.

They hated her the more, because
That babe must be the heir,
And his dark and lovely eyes at times,
His mother's look would wear.

But lo! the keen cold winter came
With many a bitter blast:
It pierced thro' sickly Allan's frame,—
He drooped and died at last.

Oh! mournfully at early morn
That young wife sat and wept,—
And mournfully, when day was done,
To her widowed couch she crept,—

And mournfully at noon she rocked
The Baby on her knee;
"There is no pity in their hearts
My child, for thee and me.

"There was no pity in their hearts
For him who is at rest:
How should they feel for his young son
Who slumbers at my breast?"

The red-haired brother saw her tears,
And said, "Nay, cease thy moan—
Come forth into the morning air,
And weep no more alone!"

The proud step-mother chid her woe;—
"Even for thy infant's sake,
Go forth into the morning air,
And sail upon the lake!"

There seemed some feeling for her state;
Their words were fair and mild;
Yet she shuddered as she whispered low,
"God shield me and my child!"

"Come!" said dead Allan's brother stern,
"Why dost thou tremble so?
"Come!"—and with doubt and fear perplexed,
The lady rose to go.

They glided over the glassy lake,
'Till its lulling murmur smote,
With a death-like omen, to and fro'
Against the heaving boat.

And no one spoke;—that brother still
His face averted kept,
And the lady's tears, fell fast and free
O'er her infant as it slept.

The cold faint evening breeze sprang up
And found them floating on;—
They glided o'er the glassy lake
Till the day's last streak was gone—

Till the day's last streak had dyed away
From the chill and purple strand,
And a mist was on the water's face
And a damp dew on the land;

Till you could not trace the living hue
Of lip, or cheek, or eye,
But the outline of each countenance
Drawn dark against the sky.

And all things had a ghastly look
An aspect, strange and drear;—
The lady looked to the distant shore
And her heart beat wild with fear.

* * * * *

There is a rock whose jutting height
Stands frowning o'er that lake,
Where the faintest call of the bugle horn
The echo's voice will wake;

And there, the water lifts no wave,
To the breeze, so fresh and cool,
But lies within the dark rock's curve,
Like a black and gloomy pool,

Its depth is great,—a stone thrown in
Hath a dull descending sound,
The plummet hath not there been cast
Which resting-place hath found.

And scattered firs and birch trees grow
On the summit, here and there,
Lonely and joylessly they wave,
Like an old man's thin gray hair.

But not to nature's hand it owes
Its mournfulness alone,
For vague tradition gives the spot
A horror of its own;

The boatman doffs his cap beneath
Its dark o'er-hanging shade,
And whispers low its Gaelic name;—
"THE ROCK OF THE BETRAYED."

And when the wind, which never curls
That pool, goes sweeping by,
Bending the firs and birchen trees
With a low and moaning sigh,—

He'll tell you that the sound which comes,
So strange and faint and dim,
Is only heard at one set hour,
And called,—"THE LADY'S HYMN."

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science and Art.

AUGUST, 1839.

From the Quarterly Review.

THE EXILES OF ZILLERTHAL.

1. *Die Evangelischen Zillerthaler in Schlesien.* Von Dr. Rheinwald. Vierte Auflage. Berlin, 1838. *The Protestant Zillerdalers in Silesia.* 4th edition.
2. *Auserlesene Erzahlungen aus der Christenwelt.* Berlin, 1837. (*Select Narratives from the Christian World.*)

Besides all the other sects, parties, sections of parties, and sub-divisions of sects, with which our church and nation are troubled at present, there are two classes of, we doubt not, well meaning persons, who add much to the confusion—the one by crying down sound and genuine Anglicanism as Popery—the other by misrepresenting the true and legitimate principles of the Reformation as Ultra-protestanism; both professing to be alarmed at the progress of *ultraism*, though in opposite directions. It would be very easy to show that all such alarm is unfounded—that the present is not the age of ultraism on any subject, but of compromise upon all—that the grand distinctive marks in politics have melted away already, and that these parties themselves, the one by suppressing the difference between us and Romanists and the other by breaking down the wall that separates from Dissent, give cause for apprehension that the landmarks of religion may also be sacrificed to the compromising spirit of the times. The plain matter of fact is, that there is good reason for vigilance and preparation both against Popery and Antichurchism, and that the principles of the Church of England, as asserted by Jewel and Hooker, Laud and Bramball, can alone qualify for effectual resistance to either. The projects of Dissent have been for some years before the public unmasked. The intrigues, efforts, and open operations of Popery show that it is still the same subtle, faithless, persecuting, and relentless enemy with which our fathers had to contend. It is needless now to make any allusion to the atrocities of the 16th century, or to the narrative of Huguenot suffering in the 17th, or to the sad story of the Saltzburg exiles in the 18th. The accounts before us, of the expulsion of the Zillerdale Protestants from Austria, present to us the popery of the 19th century, and afford a very clear idea of the nature of the system, and of the effect which it produces upon crowned heads, and statesmen subject to its influence. The accounts themselves come from unquestionable authority. Dr. Rheinwald visited the Zillerdalers in their native land, and formed his notions of their doctrine, their habits, and their conduct, from actual observation. Besides the printed tracts, the kindness of a friend, intimately acquainted with all the facts of the case, has furnished us with manuscript documents equally curious, as we think, and important. But indeed enemies themselves do not deny the fact that more than four hundred harmless inhabitants of the Tyrol have been forcibly expelled from their homes and their possessions—simply because they refused to remain in the Communion of Rome; and to the consideration of this one fact we request the reader's attention.

In going from Saltzburg to Innsbruck, after advancing more than two-thirds of the way, not far from Rattenberg and Schwartz, the traveller sees spread out before him, between two majestic masses of rock, a wide and lovely valley. It is watered by a clear and abundant stream, which issuing from the southern Alps, falls into the Inn a little below Strass, and gives the valley its name. Very nearly in the middle is situated the town of Zell, the seat of a Landgericht and the residence of a Dean. The vale presents alternately rich meadow and heavy arable land, and is dotted over at small intervals with villages of handsome white cottages, farm-houses, manors, chapels, and churches with lofty towers and spires—everything to make it dear to its children,—an earthly paradise, that might have been the abode of bliss and peace, if the demon of religious falsehood had not found his way into it and taught persecution.—The population, amounting from 15,000 to 16,000 souls, and distributed into fourteen pastoral stations or districts, get their living chiefly by agriculture and the breeding of cattle. The poorer class go in summer to Styra and Carinthia, where they are employed in felling trees, and some labour in the works and manufactories of the Lower Inthal; but this periodical migration, though convenient, is not necessary, as they could all find a living without quitting their own valley. Extreme poverty is nowhere to be seen, and a common beggar is a rarity. In comparison with other valleys land is dear; 'a farm of three cows,' barely yielding corn enough for the consumption of the proprietor, fetches 3000 florins; whereas, in the Upper and Lower Pintzgau, a farm of ten or twelve cows, with a proportionate complement of arable land, might be had for the same money. The people themselves are strong, healthy, and well made, though not remarkable for beauty. Good nature and honest simplicity are expressed both in their countenances and in the hearty salutation with which they greet the traveller; and a more intimate acquaintance confirms the correctness of the first impression. Their religion, was until a few years ago, without any exception, Roman Catholic, and the ecclesiastical jurisdiction divided between the Bishops of Brixen and Saltzburg—the Ziller forming the boundary of the two dioceses.

In this valley, and amongst this population, it was that Protestanism, without any act of external aggression, and without any outbreak of individual zeal or internal heat, suddenly appeared, as the prophet says of righteousness, to spring out of the ground, and, almost before it was noticed, had attained a vigorous maturity. Not a single protestant place of worship or protestant community was to be found in the whole region round about. A century before, the archbishop of Saltzburg, Count Firman, by the help of dragoons and gendarmes, had robbed the Protestants of their money, their landed property, their wives and children, and driven them half naked over the frontiers; and it seemed as if Protestanism in every form had been banished forever from the neighbourhood. But the Roman priest and his soldiers, in their haste to expel the heretics, had left them no time to take the cause of their heresy, their religious books with them. Copies of Luther's translation of the Scriptures, and sundry protestant devotional tracts, especially Schaitberger's Letter to his Countrymen,* remained behind, and in due time presented to the eyes of the astonished Romanists some hundred worthy successors of the Saltzburg exiles. Some of the old folio Bibles had bound up with them the Augsburg confession of faith. A great outcry is often made about the Bible, the Bible alone, without note or comment; but the history of the Zillerdalian conversion furnishes an additional proof of the wisdom of our church in giving along with the Bible the Prayer-book, to serve as a guide to the most important truths. Had they found only the Bible, the Zillerdalians would most probably have been split into a number of insignificant little parties, and exposed to speedy destruction. The possession of a distinct compendium of the Protestant doctrine gave them a uniform system, enabled them to be of one mind, and to give one clear answer to their enemies. When once the good leaven had begun to work, various circumstances accelerated and extended its influence. The Tyrolese are accustomed to travel—many visit Bavaria. There and elsewhere some formed acquaintance with Protestants—visited their churches and devotional meetings—read their books—conversed with them upon religious subjects and then returned into their native valley with their Prostestant impressions confirmed, and bringing back fresh supplies of Bibles and religious books, such as Arndt's True Christianity, Spangenberg's Sermons, Hiller's Treasury, &c. &c. On their return they conversed with their countrymen—their ideas of religion gradually developed and assumed a definite form—and a consiedrable number, scarcely conscious of the process by which the change was effected, found that their faith was no longer that of the modern church of Rome. Many felt scruples about assisting at the celebration of mass, taking part in the religious processions, or paying homage to the images of saints; others abstained from frequenting public worship; and at length some heads of families determined to take the legal steps for a public profession of Protestantism—the first of which was to send in their names as persons desirous to receive 'the six weeks' instruction.'

According to Austrian law, every person baptized within the pale of the Romish Church, who desires to join a Protestant communion, must first submit to be instructed in the Popish doctrines, during six weeks, from two to three hours every day, by a priest, that his change of religion may not be the result of ignorance. If the catechumen still persist in his intention, the priest gives a certificate of his attendance on this 'instruction,' with which he goes to the civil magistrate, who gives the so-called 'Meldezettel,' that is, a written permission to frequent Protestant worship. Without the priest's certificate the magistrate cannot grant the permission, and without this written permission no one bred a Roman Catholic dare be present at Protestant worship, or be received into a Protestant community. During the six weeks of instruction the law regards the catechumen as Roman Catholic, and in case of sickness it is the priest's office to administer the sacraments. Such is the Austrian idea of liberty of conscience, concerning which Romanists still make such a noise in this country. They would prove their sincerity much better by endeavouring to procure for Protestants such toleration in Rome, Spain, and Austria, as they themselves enjoy here.

The members of the Reformed Churches in Austria are still in a state of miserable oppression. The Roman emperors of the house of Austria observed the articles of the Westphalian peace with a true Roman veracity. These articles promised liberty of conscience, free toleration, public worship for Protestants; and yet in 1709 Charles VI. issued a law for Silesia, forbidding any one to become a Protestant on pain of banishment and confiscation of property; and up to 1781, in some parts of Austria, Protestant worship was forbidden, and a Protestant clergy unknown. The edicts of Joseph II. permitted public worship, a protestant clergy, churches, schools, consistories, and liberty of embracing any of the tolerated confessions,—that is, those of the Lutheran, the Calvinistic, and the Greek churches. This was no doubt a change greatly for the better, but the Protestants still have to bear with patience much that would, in this country, have produced open rebellion. It is unlawful to build Protestant churches with towers, bells, or an entrance from the street; in fact, with any appearance of a church. Protestants are obliged to pay the Roman priests not only the tithes, but the dues for baptism, marriage, and burial; and it is the Roman priest who keeps the official register of births, deaths, and marriages. The Roman clergy have the right of intruding into the chamber of the sick Protestant, but Protestants are not allowed to converse with their Popish fellow-subjects upon religious topics.[*] Unless there be 100 Protestant families, or 500 souls, the erection of a congregation is unlawful.

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* Schaitberger was one of the Saltzburg Lutherans, driven away by Count Firman's persecution;—Though only a miner, he addressed a letter of consolation to his brethren, the power of which is still felt in his native country.

Such is the Austrian law, and such the Popish idea of toleration *now*. But, miserable as it is, even this niggardly measure of religious liberty was most unjustly withholden from the Zillerdalians. The known, and written, and public law of Austria was basely violated, not by a tumultuous mob or a fanatic priesthood only, but by the hereditary and official guardians of the law.

In obedience to the law, nine men of irreproachable character, inhabitants of the villages of Ramsberg, Hollenzen, Maierhof, &c., applied in the summer of 1829 for the six weeks' instruction. Some of the priests, especially Gottsamer, then Dean of Zell, since dead, endeavoured at first, by fair and gentle means, to dissuade them from their purpose; others dealt more harshly; but, when it was evident that these persons had fully determined to renounce Popery, and the number of applicants for the six weeks' instructions continually increased, the clergy came to one common resolution to refuse it, until they should receive directions from their superiors at Innsbruck. The matter was accordingly communicated by the government to the two ordinaries, who approved the measure adopted by the clergy, and entered a formal protest against the erection of any Protestant worship in the district. The consequence was, that, a year after the application, the official of the local government gave, contrary to the law, a direct refusal to those who, according to the law, had sent in their names as candidates for the six-weeks' instruction. He said, 'That he had the Emperor's command to prevent the reception of any one for instruction until further orders arrived; and that until then he could not even receive a petition, as it was necessary that the Emperor should first consult with the bishops, and the bishops give their opinion.' Whether he spoke truth, and really had at the time the Emperor's command, may well be doubted; but certain it is, that, by whomsoever authorized, this refusal was a direct violation of the still-existing law. There was no permission necessary. Neither the clergy, nor the local government, nor the Emperor himself had any veto in the matter. The law prescribed the six weeks' instruction; and so long as this law remains in force—and to this day it has never been repealed—no man could, with a shadow of justice, refuse or prevent it. The Edict of Joseph makes the instruction dependent solely on the will of him who wishes to abjure Popery. These nine inhabitants of Zillerdale had made known their will in the mode by law prescribed; it was therefore a base and unworthy shuffle, a mere trick of might against right, to pretend that any new permission was necessary.

The shame and disgrace of this dastardly oppression *cannot*, however, rest solely upon the shoulders of the provincial magistrates. The whole affair was referred to the highest authorities in Vienna, and came before the Emperor himself; and yet, during the seven years that these poor people remained in Austria, they never got justice; never were allowed the benefit of the express letter of the law; but saw clergy and nobles, and even the sovereign himself, combined in an anomalous rebellion against the laws of the land, for the purpose of oppressing them.

This gross injustice, however, neither shook the resolution of the applicants—nor prevented an imitation of their example; for in 1832 the number of those who declared their determination to forsake Popery had increased from 9 to 240 persons—chiefly shepherds, artisans, labourers,—some few farmers and freeholders. At this time the late Emperor Francis arrived in the Tyrol, and had an opportunity of hearing the wrongs of the Zillerdalians from their own lips. They sent a deputation, consisting of three eminently respectable heads of families, to present a petition to his imperial majesty at Innsbruck. Their request was apparently too moderate to be denied. All they asked was to be associated as a filial-congregation to some already-existing Protestant community, and to be visited two or three times a year by a Protestant pastor. The deputies were admitted to an audience, and were received by the Emperor with his usual courtesy and condescension. After reading the petition the following conversation occurred:—

'*Emperor.* Who is it, then, that disturbs you in your religion? *Deputies.* The clergy.—*E.* What, then, is your belief? *D.* We believe the word of the Holy Scripture, according to the principles of the Augsburg Confession.—*E.* But surely you believe in Christ as well as I? In Italy there are people who do not even believe in Christ; that grieves me much. *D.* Yes, we believe in Christ as our Lord and Saviour, and only Redeemer; but the people in Zillerthal will not allow us to say so.—*E.* The Catholics have no right to trouble you, or use ill language to you, any more than you have to do so to them. Formerly the Lutherans were not suffered over there in Saltzburg; but things are altogether different now. I use religious compulsion towards none. But how did you come to your present opinions? *D.* We have Bibles amongst us, which are more than 200 years old. My grandfather, who lived to the age of ninety-eight, and died only three years ago, was accustomed to read the Bible from his childhood; my father likewise, and I too; and thus it has been with many. The doctrine was instilled by their parents.—*E.* Probably some remnant of the Saltzburgers was left behind. Were you Saltzburgers? *D.* Yes; we formed a part of the Saltzburg territory until sixteen years ago.—*E.* You are determined, then, not to remain in the Catholic church? *D.* Our conscience does not permit us without practising dissimulation.—*E.* That I do not wish. I will see what can be done for you.'

When the deputies, at parting, expressed their hope that he would not forget them, nor believe any slanderous reports concerning them, his Majesty made answer, 'I will not forget, neither will I believe anything bad of you.'

This conversation shows the view which the Emperor Francis took of the law of the case. He evidently thought that they had a perfect right to profess Protestantism, if they pleased, and was disposed to administer the law with equity. Pity that he was as weak as he was amiable, and that the keepers of his conscience were men who could prove that to keep no faith with heretics is the bounden duty of every true son of the church.

The anti-Protestants of the valley, meantime, were not idle. They sent counter-deputations, and presented counter-petitions, praying that no religious divisions might be permitted. In the Tyrol diet also, which was holden soon after, the matter was discussed. Some few, especially Dr. Maurer, burgomaster of the capital, spoke for toleration. But the clergy and the nobles carried a petition to the government, in which it was asserted that the toleration-edicts had not been *published* in those districts, and therefore could not be applied, *ex post facto*;—a pretence which could deceive no one at all acquainted with the facts of the case.

When the Emperor Joseph published his edicts, he sent them to the two sovereign-prelates, the Prince-Archbishop of Saltzburg and the Bishop of Brixen. It is true they quietly deposited them in the archives, but that does not at all alter the state of the case. The fact that the emperor sent them to these two prelates for publication and execution is quite sufficient to show that his imperial will was that they should serve as law in their respective dioceses; and more is not needful to prove that the Zillerdalians were entitled to the full enjoyment of all the liberty which they conferred. Indeed, it is a fact, that the anti-Protestant petitions from the Tyrol diet of 1834, and, again, of 1836, when presented to the different departments of the Austrian government for an opinion, were unfavourably received by all, not excepting even the Council of State. There was, however, an influence paramount to that of law and justice, which triumphed over both, and inflicted upon the Zillerdalians the grossest oppression. The refusal to grant them the six-weeks' instruction, and the withholding of an answer to their complaints, plunged them into the greatest difficulty, and exposed them to all sorts of petty vexations, as well as violation of their conscience. Not being allowed to separate, they were compelled to send their children to the parish churches to be baptized, and thus to lay upon their necks the yoke of Rome. It is nothing to the purpose to say that the Roman baptism is valid, and that this, therefore, is no great hardship. Let our Romanists and Dissenters say whether a law compelling them to send their children to the parish church to be baptized would, or would not, be a violation of the liberty of conscience. We confess our perfect persuasion that the Anabaptists are in grievous error, and rob their children of inestimable privileges and benefits, by with-holding them from baptism; but we should deprecate heartily all attempts at compulsory baptism, and regard it as un-Christian tyranny. The consequences were, however, in the case of the Zillerdalians, worse than the act itself. Once baptized in the Roman Church, they were considered to be Roman Catholics, and therefore, as soon as they were old enough, compelled to attend Roman Catholic schools, and to receive the religious instruction there communicated; and in some cases, as the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is there given to children of eight and nine years old, to receive the wafer, and thus join in an act which the parents considered contrary to Christ's institution—in that worship of the wafer which the book of Common Prayer pronounces to be 'idolatry, to be abhorred of all faithful Christians.' The attendance at the schools also was rendered as unpleasant as possible. Not only were the controversial points treated with great care and earnestness—(this was, in fact, nothing more than the duty of the Roman priests and schoolmasters)—but the heretics themselves were anathematised, and their persons so accurately described, that the school children could not help recognising a father, a brother, a friend, or a neighbour. The children of the Papists enjoyed the sport, and laughed at the confusion and grief of their Protestant playfellows—and after school ensued quarrels and fights; so that at last many of the latter refused to go to school, and then the parents were charged with disobedience to the constituted authorities. In one school the zealous master went so far as to divide the children into two classes,—Christian children and Devil's children; the latter, of course, containing none but the children of those inclined to Protestantism.

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[*] Rechberger I., §§ 294, 296, &c.

Another annoyance, which perhaps some may be more easily disposed to view in its due light, was the refusal to allow these people to marry. Not having been allowed to make a public profession of Protestantism, they were not permitted to celebrate marriage according to the Protestant rites; and, being considered as heretics, they were denied the nuptial benediction by the priests of Rome. How men professing to be Christian statesmen could prefer the risk of introducing immorality rather than grant the liberty which the laws of Austria guaranteed; but, above all, how any persons calling themselves ministers of Christ could wish to punish Christians with one of the worst features of savage life, is truly inconceivable. It is another sad evidence of the tendency of Popery to harden the heart against the dictates of morality as well as of humanity; and it is most ungenerous in the writers of Popish theological journals to charge the Zillerdalians with a disregard of the sanctity of marriage, when their own diabolical bigotry alone prevented them from entering into that holy state of wedlock; and highly creditable it is to the morality of Protestantism to be able to state that during the eight years of their oppression—not more than two or three cases occurred of persons living together without the priestly benediction. Had many yielded to the temptation, to *whom* must the sin and misery have been justly ascribed?

The priests, however, were not content even with these means of forcing the stray sheep back. Both in the pulpit and in the confessional they warned their flocks against holding any intercourse with the heretics, and forbade the poor to accept of them an alms or a night's lodging. Nay, they would not allow the dead even the semblance of a Christian burial. According to Austrian law, where Protestants have no burial-ground of their own, they are allowed a resting-place in that belonging to Roman Catholics, may have the nearest Protestant minister to accompany the funeral procession, have the bells tolled, and erect a tombstone—but to the Zillerdalers this was refused. When one of their community died, if he had land of his own, there he was buried; if he had not, a place was looked out for him in a neighbouring wood. In neither case were the mourners allowed to offer up a prayer or to sing a hymn at the grave; and in both, the policeman and his dog were the only officials in attendance. The poor people were particularly grieved and indignant at the presence of the dog, which seemed to refer to the *sepultura canina;* and the most ignorant and the dullest could perceive that a religion which adds insult to injustice is not the religion of the New Testament. The inability to pay respect to the dead was, however, forgotten in the keen sense of want of all means of edification for the living. They had no schools for their children, no temple for themselves. All religious meetings were strictly prohibited. Their bibles and their books were their only resource, and even of these the priests endeavoured to deprive them. They conscientiously endeavoured to instruct their children and their households as well as they could—but to such of them as were only labourers or artisans this was difficult. Three of the most learned, Heim, Fleidl, and Gruber, tried to compensate for this deficiency by diligently visiting the scattered Protestants, and communicating what they could in conversation. The want of the Eucharist was deeply felt by all, and could not be supplied; for to the honour of these poor people be it remembered, that, though for eight years deprived of public worship and the sacraments, not one amongst them ever manifested the slightest wish to usurp the office of the priesthood, either by public teaching or otherwise. They waited in humble patience until it should please God to give them a lawful ministry, and looked immediately to himself for a supply of that grace, the external channels of which were denied them. Some did at first visit the Roman churches rather than be altogether excluded from public worship;—but the furious and damnatory and personal addresses from the pulpit soon compelled them to stay away—and the same cause prevented the conferences which the priests held with them from being of any use. After a conference at Hüppach, which had lasted for several hours, and in which the people ably defended their faith from the word of God, the priest concluded with these words:—'I only wish that the Lord Jesus Christ himself might come into the room, that I might say to him, These are the people—make an end of them by casting them into hell-fire.'

It may be asked, how it is that the Austrians, who tolerate Protestantism in other parts of their dominions, did not suffer it in the valley of the Ziller. The simple answer is, that up to this time, there was no Protestant community in the whole neighbourhood, and the Romish clergy were afraid lest its appearance should be followed by the defection of most of the population; nor can we affect to doubt that they had good grounds for their fears. Had permission been given to open a church in the valley, many would have joined it who could not make up their minds to forsake houses and lands and friends for the sake of the Gospel. Their intense anxiety to prevent Protestantism from striking any root in the Tyrol appears, however, in the most distinct shape—*first*, from the imperial decree which they obtained, forbidding those who were inclined to the Reformation to purchase land or acquire any immoveable property in the country—and, *secondly*, from the final decree commanding them either to return to Romanism or to quit the Austrian dominions.

In the year 1834 they had received an answer from Vienna, dated April 2nd, informing them 'That the government saw no reason for acceding to their request; but that, if they wished to secede from the *Catholic* church, they might emigrate to some other province of the empire where a Protestant congregation already existed.' For such an emigration, however, the majority felt no inclination. They justly concluded that, if they must find a new home, it would be better to seek for one not darkened by tyranny. The necessity which compelled them to look out in quest of a new country taught them to prefer one where law not only exists, but is justly administered—where Christianity is not only professed, but proves its vitality by mercy and a meek instruction of the ignorant; they therefore applied for passports to leave the Austrian dominions, and, after a delay of seven months, received an answer, dated March 7th, 1835, which denied them even the privilege of a voluntary exile. The people were, however, not to be shaken. They now fully made up their minds to leave a country rendered so unhappy by unjust rulers, and in 1836 signified their resolution in due form to the magistrates, who reported it to Vienna. And now the Court, that two years before would not give them passports, commanded them to quit the Austrian dominions within four months. The particulars were communicated in the following letter of John Fleidl to some friends in Bavaria, early in 1837:—

Most worthy friends and brethren in the Lord.

'We your Protestant brethren in Zillerthal, inform you of the situation in which we are at present placed, and of which we were not aware when we sent to you Joseph Gruber. The matter stands thus: on the 12th of March the district-captain came to Zillerthal and summoned us all, the first on the 13th and the last on the 17th of March, to appear before him, and we did so with all due obedience. Thereupon he stood up, and said that to-day he appeared not as district-captain but as the Emperor himself, to declare to us the Imperial decision of January 11th, 1837, as to the following points:—

'1st. That we must return to the Roman Catholic Church or leave our Fatherland; that he will not tolerate any Protestant community in the Tyrol.

'2nd. That we might have the choice either to be translocated into Austrian provinces, where there are Protestant congregations, or to emigrate into foreign parts.

'3rd. That we must declare within fourteen days which we prefer.

'4th. That from the date of our declaration a term of four months should be granted us to prepare for translocation or emigration.

'5th. "If in four months ye are not ready for either one or the other, your freedom of choice will be at an end, the official authorities will summon you to move, and the Emperor will locate you where he pleases."

'Thereupon we requested passports that we might look about for some place to go to, to which the answer was,—"When you have made your declaration you shall have passports, but not before." We then considered from all that we knew of old, and that we had just heard, that our brethren in the faith suffer oppression in Austria. We thought also of the 30,000 Saltzburgers who, for religion's sake, were obliged to tread the same path, and how the King of Prussia graciously received them. We have heard that the present King too is a good and pious King, and a friend of the Protestant church, and so, excepting eight persons who go into Austria, we ventured, in dependence upon God and the good King, to declare for foreign parts. Many now declared of whom we knew nothing before; the number of those who have declared for emigration is between 400 and 500 souls, and we intended, as soon as we could get a passport, to send one of the number to Prussia to pray and secure a gracious reception for all. But now they refuse the passport, and we do not know what is to be the end of it.

'Now we remember the 5th point, which says, "If you are not ready within this term, the Emperor will locate you," and think that they delay with the passport that the time may pass away, and so the last state be worse than the first. We therefore pray you one and all, most worthy friends, to intercede for us with the King, and to inform him of our condition; and as soon as one of us can get a passport, he shall go himself to Prussia, and we will look for you to give us information: but, should it happen that they will not give us a passport to Prussia, inform the bearer whether he could not enter Prussia with his labourer's passport: he will return home at Whitsuntide. If it be possible for this man with his labourer's passport to get into Bavaria and Prussia, we should wish to send him. If we only knew that the King of Prussia would receive us, we would serve him faithfully and uprightly, as we have hitherto served the Emperor, who now persecutes us and drives us from our Fatherland.

'We greet you one and all, and pray for all things possible.

'JOHANN FLEIDL.'

The good King of Prussia had, however, heard already the tidings of this oppression in Austria; and another good King, our own late Sovereign, had heard also the tale of cruelty and injustice.

It is a deliberate falsehood of Popish agents which represents the religous movement in Austria as a Prussian machination against that power. It is true that Protestants in Bavaria sent reports of the Popish persecution to Berlin so early as 1834, but the Prussian Government meddled neither directly nor indirectly in the affair. They hoped that the patience and quiet demeanor of the Zillerdalers would ultimately procure them toleration. It was not until the overt act of the decree of January 11th, 1837, that any Protestant court took notice of the matter; and after that silence would have been unpardonable. The Tyrol and Saltzburg belong to the territory of the Germanic confederation; — and Austria, by signing the great fundamental compact of June 8th, 1815, had pledged herself to the solemn observance of its 16th Article, which says :—

'Difference of religious persuasion can, within the territory of the Germanic confederation, form no ground of difference in the enjoyment of civil and political rights.'

To the eternal honour of William IV. be it recorded that he was the first who moved in the matter. Again and again, in February and March, 1837, he called upon the King of Prussia to interfere. They had both been parties to the act of Confederation—they had both guranteed its observance: they could not see its provisions trampled under foot, to the oppression and ruin of the Protestants of the Tyrol—without sacrificing every principle of self-respect, humanity, veracity, honour, and religion. The King of England and Hanover found no want of sympathy on the part of his Prussian brother, a worthy descendant of those Sovereigns who opened their arms to receive the victims of Popery flying from France, from Saltzburg, and Bohemia. He was as determined as King William, but desired to act as gently as possible to the Emperor of Austria, and therefore, instead of adopting the form of diplomatic reclamation, which must have been attended with a public exposure of political delinquency and breach of faith, he quietly commissioned his chaplain, Dr. Strauss, who was going to Vienna, to intercede with Prince Metternich, that, to such families as preferred emigration into Prussia, permission and time for preparation might be granted, as he was willing to receive them all. A revocation or alteration of the decree of banishment was not asked for —for this reason amongst others, that a longer stay in the Tyrol under such circumstances could not have been desirable to the Protestants themselves. In fact immediately after the departure of the King's chaplain from Berlin, on the 23rd of May, 1837, the Zillerdalian deputy to the King of Prussia arrived to solicit a quiet habitation for the victims of intolerance; this was the already-mentioned Johann Fleidl. He presented to the King the following petition, drawn up almost entirely by himself:—

'Most Illustrious, most Mighty King,
'Most gracious King and Lord,

'In my own name and in the name of my brethren in the faith—whose number amounts to from 430 to 440, I venture to address a cry of distress to the magnanimity and grace of your Majesty, in your high character of Defender of the Gospel.* With my whole soul I desired to have advanced this prayer personally and orally, though I am content, too, if it be permitted to me to do so only in writing. After the lapse of an hundred years, another act of persecution and banishment is perpetrated in our Fatherland. Not for any crimes that we have committed, nor for any misdemeanors of ours, but because of our religion, we are compelled to forsake the land of our home, as the annexed certificate from the Landgericht Zell, dated the 11th of this month, will show. It is true we have the alternative of translocation into another Austrian province, or emigration; but, in order to spare ourselves and our children all further vexation, we prefer the latter. Once before, Prussia granted our forefathers an asylum in their time of need—we, too, put all our trust in God and the good King of Prussia. We shall find help and not be confounded.

'We therefore most humbly petition your Majesty for a condescending reception into your states, and kind assistance on the occasion of our settlement. We pray your Majesty to receive us paternally, that we may be able to live according to the Faith. Our Faith is built entirely upon the doctrine of Holy Scripture and the principles of the Augsburg Confession. We have read both with diligence, and have arrived at a full knowledge of the difference between the Divine Word and human addition. From this Faith we neither can nor will ever depart; for its sake we leave house and land, for its sake our native country. May your Majesty graciously permit us to remain together in one congregation—that will increase our mutual help and comfort. May your Majesty most graciously place us in a district whose circumstances have some resemblance to those of our own Alpine land. Our employments have been agriculture and the breeding of cattle. Two-thirds of us have property—one-third live by day-labour—only eighteen have trades, of whom thirteen are weavers. May it please your Majesty to give us a pastor faithful to his Lord, and a zealous schoolmaster; though at first we shall most probably not be able to contribute much towards their support. The journey will be expensive, and we do not know how much we shall bring to our new home, and we and our children have been for a long time deprived of the consolations of religion, and the benefit of school-instruction. If want, should anywhere make its appearance amongst us, especially amongst the labourers, and those who are better off be not able to give sufficient relief, inasmuch as here they have to begin life over again, may it please your Majesty to be a father to us all. May it especially please your Majesty to intercede that the allotted term of four months, from May 11th to September 11th, may be prolonged until next spring. The sale of our farms, which has already begun, but which cannot be ended in so short a time without loss—the approach of winter—the infirmity of the old people and the children—make this prolongation of the term highly desirable. May God repay to your Majesty any good that your Majesty does to us. Faithful, honest, and thankful, will we remain in Prussia, and not put off the good features in our Tyrolese nature. We shall only increase the number of your Majesty's brave subjects, and stand forth in history as an abiding monument, that misfortune, when it dwells near compassion, ceases to be misfortune, and that the Gospel, whenever it is obliged to fly from the Papacy, finds protection near the magnanimous King of Prussia.

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* Schutzherr.

'The Tyrolese of the Zillerthal, by their spokesman,

'JOHANN FLEIDL, from Zillerthal.'

'*Berlin*, *May 27th*, 1837.'

This letter speaks for itself: there is an heartiness and an openness about it which convince the reader at once of the truth of its statements: there is a tone of independence which spurns the idea of appearing as a begger, and at the same time an honest avowal of the real circumstances of the exiles. Two-thirds of them had by honest industry acquired property: they did not, therefore, issue forth as a horde of needy adventurers. Their renunciation of Popery was not a profitable speculation, but a measure involving certain loss for the present, and the risk of temporal ruin for the future. Some amongst them were poor, and might perhaps require the assistance of Christian charity; and this they present to the consideration of the Prussian monarch. It is needless to say that this petition met with the attention which it deserved. Whilst Fleidl was urging his suite at Berlin, Dr. Strauss was successfully advocating the cause at Vienna. The Austrian ministers, ashamed at the presence of a foreign Protestant, consented to everything that was proposed, and tried too late to wipe off from their religion the foul stigma of persecution, and from their statesmanship that of tyrannous oppression. Their mock repentance had, however, come too late. The history of eight years' perfidy and injustice was not to be effaced by a few words of tardy compliment, nor the deliberate cruelty of their policy to be atoned for by a short-lived and compulsory civility.

The Zillerdalers were delighted with the actual results, and set themselves vigorously to make preparations for their journey. The Prussian government behaved towards them with great consideration as well as good faith. Dr Strauss met deputies from Zillerthal at Kreuth, and communicated to them the ecclesiastical relations of Prussia; and a counsellor of state was commissioned to explain the civil duties to which they would, by settling in that kingdom, become liable. They were perfectly satisfied: the manner in which they had been trained had delivered them from all sectarian particularism, and led them to lay hold of the realities of the Protestant faith. Their religion taught them to submit to every ordinance of the civil magistrate: they therefore began with alacrity to build the carts and waggons for the journey, and to dispose of their houses, lands, and other effects: they soon found purchasers, and, contrary to expectation, were successful in disposing of them on favourable terms. It has been reported that the buyers were obliged to swear that they would never 'turn to the Bible'—but this is not true. The husbands, wives, children, relations, however, who wished to remain behind in their native land, were compelled to swear 'That they would never know anything more of the emigrants;'—a fact which shows that the Popery of the present day is just the same as it was an hundred years ago, when it imposed a similar oath upon the Saltzburg exiles, and that it is at all times devoid, not only of mercy, but of the common feelings of humanity. It is, however, but fair to add, that the Austrian government did not require the payment of the emigration-tax, and even furnished the poorest of the exiles with the pecuniary means of pursuing their journey.

Fourteen days before the expiration of the appointed term, the wanderers were ready, and the first division commenced their pilgrimage. The farewell to their homes and their friends was rendered still more trying by the last words of those who had been their enemies and persecutors. The bigots among the peasants now relented, and met them with every expression of regret; protested that they had no idea that their conduct would have led to a result so serious and so sad, and besought them to change their mind; urged upon them that their exile would bring disgrace upon the Tyrolese name, and made them tempting offers of temporal advantage if they would remain in 'the Church.' One poor family, with seven children, had their effects packed upon a small cart or truck, ready for departure the following morning, when a rich relation came and offered the father a handsome freehold farm, if he would adhere to Romanism. 'I am not going to sell my religion,' was the calm reply. Even the priests did something to direct public attention to the exiles, though it must be acknowledged they did it in their own way. On the boundaries of the valley of Kutzen, one took for the subject of his sermon 'The judgment of God upon the Lutherans;' in the course of which he showed the hardship of allowing them to carry away the sum of 200,000 imperial florins: 'But, my devout hearers,' said he, 'they will spend a great deal of it on the road, and soon get rid of the remainder. Prussia is a poor land, the necessaries of life are all dear there, and even mouse-flesh is sold for money.' This sermon shows, however, that the impression on their Romanist neighbours was not that want had compelled them to emigrate. The fact is, they brought into Prussia 50,000 reichs dollars, and about as much more remained due to them in their native valley.

According to the wish of the Austrian government, they took the route through the Imperial States, Saltzburg, the Archduchy, Moravia, Bohemia—and in several divisions. The first, consisting of 150 souls, passed through Linz on the 7th September. As soon as the Protestant congregation at Rutzenmoos heard that a second division was to follow, they sent deputies to them as far as Becklabrug to invite them to partake of their hospitality, and to attend the divine service on September 8th, the festival of the nativity of the Virgin Mary. Here the majority, for the first time entered a Protestant church. The pastor, Trautberger, preached upon the 23d Psalm; immediately after, the commissary of the march summoned them to proceed on their journey. This division was more numerous than the first, and amounted to 200 souls. To every two or three families belonged a common waggon drawn by horses. Many of the poor dragged along a small two-wheeled covered cart, containing their effects and their children. Amongst these was Johann Fleidl, upon whose cart sat his mother and four little children. On the Saturday they arrived in Sharten, the residence of a Lutheran Superintendent, where the inhabitants received them into their houses, but where they had to encounter the first manifestation of Popish unfriendliness. Even a priest participated in the guilt of this unkindness, and said, 'You are going to the place to which you properly belong, the desolate Riesengebirg: very few of you, however, will get so far; most will perish on the road through Bohemia.' 'That does not alarm us,' answered an artisan; 'if we live, we live to the Lord, if we die, we die unto the Lord.' A third and a fourth division speedily followed, and, passing through evil report and good report, kindness and unkindness, they came at last, at Michelsdorf, to the borders of that good land which the providence of God had opened to them, and which, if it did not flow with milk and honey, promised them the free enjoyment of that Word which to the Psalmist was 'sweeter than honey and the honey-comb.' The pastor, followed by a large portion of his flock, went forth to welcome them, and to say, "Come in, ye blessed of the Lord." It was a touching sight—at the head of the train advanced the fathers and mothers, tall and well-proportioned figures, wearing the well-known Tyrolese hat, and clothed in the costume of their country. It was easy to perceive that the clothes had all been newly provided for the journey. Saturday the 23rd, at noon, came the second division, weary and wet from the heavy rain which had continued for several days; on the 30th, the third: and a few days after, the last and the smallest train. Schmiedeberg was to have been their first halting-place and temporary home, until the intended settlement could be prepared for their reception; and here, on the 8th day of October, they observed a day of public thanksgiving to God for their safe arrival. The Tyrolese assembled on the great open Place before the church, at the doors of which stood the clergy to receive them. The hymn was sung—

> 'When Christ his Church defends,
> All hell may rage and riot.'

The church-doors were opened and the clergy led in the people, whilst another hymn was sung—

> 'Up, Christians, ye who trust in God,
> Nor let man's threats affrighten.'

The Exiles occupied the seats on the right and left, immediately before the altar. The service began with the hymn—

> 'In God my friend I put my trust,'

Then followed an address from the altar, and all concluded with the hymn—

> 'Now thank God, one and all.'

The church could hardly hold the crowds that streamed from all sides to take part in the solemnity. A few days after this, all the heads of families, as well as unmarried individuals, were summoned to the town-house, where they were presented with Bibles. The government at once made provision both for the schooling of the children and the instruction of the adults. A school-master from the Royal Seminary, in Buntzlau, was immediately appointed to the charge. From the hours of eight to twelve more than eighty Tyrolese children receive daily instruction, and from two to five, ninety adults. The instruction is stated to be in reading, writing, arithmetic, singing, and Bible history. From four to five, more than twenty old people, at their own request, are taught to read, that they may be able to read the Bible themselves.

On the 13th day of October, being the birth-day of their illustrious benefactress, the Princess Marianne of Prussia, the school was consecrated and the school-master inducted; after which, the President of the province, Dr. von Merckel, addressed a few words to the children, and, on their dismissal, to the adults, saluting them as the new subjects of his monarch. A more remarkable proof of the kindness and firmness of the King could not have been afforded, than the appearance of Dr. von Merckel on such an occasion—for this functionary had long been known as the implacable opposer of orthodox Christianity, and the especial enemy of the Augsburg confession of faith:—as one who, if his power had been equal to his will, would not have yielded the persecutor's palm to any Austrian Papist. The royal determination to protect these poor Lutheran confessors now compelled him to appear as their friend: and the fact furnishes a remarkable contrast to the conduct of the Emperor. The Austrian sovereign promised them every thing, granted them nothing. His humanity led him to pity them—his justice inclined him to secure to them the rights guaranteed by the laws of his country; but his religion was adverse to humanity and justice, and obtained the victory over his veracity. In the one case the piety of the monarch triumphed over the hostility of the local government—in the other, the intrigues of Popish zealots overruled the natural feelings of Imperial humanity. The people of Schmiedeberg, however, partook heartily of the feelings of their sovereign, gave the Zillerdalers a cordial welcome, and were zealous in every little act of kindness which the necessities of their guests required. The Dowager Countess von Reden was particularly active in attending to the more destitute. Their spiritual necessities, meanwhile, were provided for by the clergy of Schmiedeberg and the neighbouring parishes. The first care was to prepare them for their reception into the Protestant Church of Prussia. For this purpose they were instructed three or four times a week, from their arrival to the 12th of November, when 197 adults were publicly admitted to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Their confession of faith was previously read by Johann Fleidl, after which, the Prince William, brother to His Majesty, preceded the men, and the Princess William the women, of Zillerthal to the altar.

Soon after their arrival, nine members of the congregation went to their eternal rest. The cholera, which prevailed in the town at the time, carried off five; but even these had calmness in their last moments, and expressed humble thankfulness to God, who had permitted them to reach a land where they could be strengthened for their long journey by the body and blood of Christ, and look forward to a Christian sepulture for their remains. To attain this object was the only purpose for which some had left their native valley. Ignatius Hauser, an old man, and for three years previously crippled by paralysis, came with his will ready-made in his pocket. A feeble matron, who had passed her 81st year, continually urged her children during the journey, to make haste, lest she should die in the land of persecution and inhospitality. The prayers of both were heard, and within a few days after the close of their toilsome march, both were permitted to close their eyes in peace. One of the women gave birth to a child within an hour of the arrival. The family of the Count von Schulenberg hospitably received her into their mansion, and the noble host subsequently presented the child as sponsor at the font, where she received the name of Frederica Wilhelmina. Some marriages also soon followed. During the winter they were taken care of in Schmiedberg, and in summer entered upon their new possessions in the domains of Erdmannsdorf, where each obtained a house and farm suitable to his means and his former position in the Tyrol. The colony itself has received the name of their old home, Zillerthal. Reports have we know, been circulated, that the exiles are discontented, and already wish to emigrate again: but nothing could be more untrue. Those of the labouring class who were accustomed to leave the Tyrol annually in search of employment continue their periodic migrations, and are readily furnished by the Prussian government with passports for the purpose. The great majority, whom no such necessity compels, remain stationary; —all are happy, and thankful for the kindness with which they have been received, and the liberty of conscience which they enjoy.

Such is the simple narrative of this Austrian oppression, and of the happy deliverance of its victims. Prudence forbade the fires and massacres, the dragonades and confiscations of former centuries; but the denial of justice, the withholding of the religious liberty guaranteed by the law, the refusal of Christian burial, and the most barbarous and unnatural prohibition to enter into the marriage state, concluded at last by an expulsion from house and home, can be designated by no milder terms than that of persecution. When Protestants speak of the flames of

Smithfield, or the horrors of St. Bartholomew's night, they are told that these things are not to be imputed to the religion of Rome, but to the barbarism of the age. They then point to the unprincipled perfidy which suggested, and the wanton cruelty which accompanied the revocation of the edict of Nantes; but again the times are made to bear the blame. The Saltzburg persecution, conducted by a Romish archbishop, rises up in the Protestant mind as proof that in the eighteenth century the practice of Popery was still the same; but it is once more replied that the true principles of civilization and toleration were not understood till within the last forty years. The history of the Zillerdale exiles next comes to testify that even in the present age of supposed illumination the system of Rome remains unchanged—as intolerant, as tyrannical, as faithless, as it was in the darkest of the ages that have passed away.

Who that knows anything of the kind and amiable dispositions of the late or present Emperor of Austria would believe that any power on earth could have transformed them into the relentless oppressors of their loyal subjects, or induce them to break a distinct promise, and deliberately to violate the express articles of the most solemn treaties? It is beyond all doubt that no temporal power could have moved them to measures so repugnant to their nature and their honour; but Popery has blinded them to the perception of right and wrong, and made them insensible even to shame. There can be neither doubt nor mistake about the matter. The treaty of Westphalia, the Toleration-Edicts of Joseph II., and the Act of the Germanic Confederation, bound the Emperors of Austria to secure liberty of conscience to their subjects; and by their persecution of the Zillerdalers these solemn international engagements have all been violated; a fact not very creditable to the house of Hapsburg, but momentously instructive to Protestant nations and churches. They may learn that all Popish professions of liberality, or concern for liberty of conscience, are hypocritical; that if there be such a thing as religious liberty in the world, it is because God in his goodness has turned the scale of power and might in favour of Protestantism; and that if ever by our folly, or as a punishment for our sins, the Papists should became the strongest, that moment Europe will cease to breathe the free air of Christian freedom. Wherever Popery now possesses the power, liberty of conscience is unknown. The Pope suffers it not in his own dominions. He has of late compelled the benevolent King of Sardinia to abrogate almost all the old privileges of the Waldenses.* Bavaria returns to intolerance, and compels her Protestant soldiers to pay homage to the wafer. Austria contracts the little measure of freedom which her statutes had provided, and forcibly drives Protestantism out of the Tyrol. Popery is still the same in her dispositions, her aim, and her means, and therefore Protestant nations must still entertain the same distrust and exercise the same vigilance that they did two centuries ago. There can be no peace with Rome—nor any security for liberty of conscience—except in the continued existence of European Protestant ascendancy. It is a sad fact, of which this history reminds us, namely, that neither sovereigns nor churchmen of the Roman school can be bound by treaties or oaths; that fear is the only motive, and force the only argument, that can induce them to maintain a semblance of mercy and veracity. Thankful we may be that, by the fundamental law of the land, this system of cruelty and fraud is for ever excluded from the British throne.

It may, however, be a question whether the members of the Church of England can contemplate with sympathy this secession of the Zillerdalians from the Church of Rome, and their incorporation into the non-episcopal Church of Prussia. The conduct of our church in days past would certainly teach us to reply in the affirmative. Not now to refer to the early times of the Reformation, and to the support which the English Church and nation then uniformly accorded to continental protestants, we find a parallel case in the history of the Saltzburgers. When popish violence and faithlessness drove 30,000 of them from their properties and their homes, the Church of England did not look on in indifference. The venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, with the archbishops and bishops of our church at its head, immediately came forward to help and to comfort the poor exiles, and, where it was necessary, to provide them with a home and a temple. Their conduct and feelings are best described in the words of their own published report:—

'In the beginning of the year 1732, the Society, when they heard the melancholy account of the sufferings of the Protestants in Saltzburg (having first obtained his Majesty's leave) resolved upon doing all that lay in their power to raise collections for their persecuted brethren. To this end, in June the same year, they published *An Account of the Sufferings of the persecuted Protestants in the Archbishopric of Saltzburg*, and afterwards published a further account in 1733. These accounts being enforced by the generous example of many noble and honourable persons, as also by liberal contributions and earnest exhortations from the right reverend the bishops and their clergy, had, through God's blessing, so good an effect, that the Society (besides making many large remittances to Germany) have been enabled to send over to the English colony in Georgia in the years 1733, 1734, and 1735, three transports, consisting of more than one hundred and fifty Protestant emigrants, who, with two missionaries and a schoolmaster, are settled by themselves at Ebenezer.'*

Our church hailed these poor emigrants as brethren, and though doubtless such men as Wake, Gibson, and Potter, duly appreciated the apostolical institution of episcopacy, they did not deny the right hand of fellowship to those whose hard alternative it was to choose between defective ecclesiastical government with purity of doctrine, and episcopacy with superstition and idolatry. It is foul and wicked slander which charges the assertors of apostolical succession and the divine right of bishops with a leaning to Popery or a disinclination to Protestantism. Perception of the sinfulness of schism does not necessarily imply a love of idolatry—neither does a desire to retain the venerable appellation of *Catholic* compel us to renounce the equally sacred name of *Protestant*. It is possible to consider want of episcopacy as a defect of constitution deeply to be lamented, and wilful rejection of episcopal authority as schismatical; and yet to believe that neither is so bad as the accumulated guilt of schism, heresy and idolatry, with which our church and our best churchmen have charged the system of Rome.* A higher churchman than the great Archbishop Laud can hardly be named; and yet he was not ashamed to defend the name of Protestant, or to *protest* against the Popish calumny which represents Protestantism as a bare negation.

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* The recent history of the Waldenses is deserving of a separate article—and we purpose to treat of it in an early Number.

* An Account of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Lond. 1740, p. 7. See also a most interesting little publication entitled 'An extract of the Journals of Mr. Commissary von Reck, who conducted the first Transport of Saltzburgers to Georgia; and of the Rev. Mr. Bolzius, one of their Ministers, giving an Account of their Voyage and happy Settlement in that Province. Published by Direction of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1734.'

'The Protestants,' says he to Fisher, 'did not get that name by protesting against the Church of Rome, but by protesting—(and that when nothing else would serve)—against her *errors and superstitions*. Do you but remove *them* from the Church of Rome, and our protestation is ended, and the separation too. Nor is *protestation* itself such an un-heard-of thing in the very heart of religion. For the sacraments both of the Old and New Testament are called by your own school *Visible signs protesting the faith*. Now if the sacraments be *protestantia*, signs protesting, why may not men also, and without all offence, be called *Protestants*, since by receiving the true *sacraments*, and by refusing them which are corrupted, they do but protest the sincerity of their faith against that doctrinal corruption which hath invaded the great sacrament of the Eucharist and other parts of religion? Especially, since they are men which must protest their faith by these visible signs and sacraments.'—*Conference*, edit. 1639, p: 135.

And again, he says—

'A mere calumny it is, that we profess only a negative religion. True it is, and we must thank Rome for it, our confession must needs contain some negatives. For we cannot but deny that *images are to be adored*. Nor can we admit *maimed sacraments*. Nor grant *prayers in an unknown tongue*. And, in a corrupt time and place, it is as necessary in religion to *deny falsehood* as to assert and vindicate the truth. Indeed this latter can hardly be well and sufficiently done but by the former: an affirmative verity being ever included in the negative to a falsehood.'—*Ibid.* p. 155.

The Zillerdalers found their lot cast 'in a corrupt time and place,' and were therefore compelled to deny falsehood. Indeed they were members of a church, in which, as the same great prelate teaches, it was not possible to continue without peril of damnation:—

'He that lives in the Roman Church is presumed to believe as the church believes; and he that doth so, I will not say is as guilty, but guilty he is, more or less, of the schism which that Church first caused by her corruptions, and now continues by them and her power together; and of all her damnable opinions too, in point of misbelief . . . . and of all other sins also, which the doctrine and misbelief of that Church leads him into.'—*Ibid.* p. 296.

'There is a great peril of damnation for any man to live and die in the Roman persuasion; and you are not able to produce any one Protestant that ever said the contrary; and therefore is a most notorious slander, where you say, that they which affirm this peril of damnation are contradicted by their own more learned brethren.'—*Ibid.* p. 302.

On Laud's principles, therefore, the separation of the Zillerdalers was not only justifiable but necessary. Their misfortune it is that they cannot at the same time enjoy freedom from idolatry, and a perfect ecclesiastical constitution: but no member of the Church of England can doubt, that the Church which they have joined, whatever its imperfections, is better calculated for the edification of Christian men, and more pleasing in the sight of God, than the Church which they have left. It puts the word of God into the hands of its children—conducts his worship in a language which they understand—teaches them the creeds received in the Church Universal—and instructs them in the necessity of keeping faith and practising mercy even towards heretics. Indeed, what can be more repugnant to Christianity, or more displeasing in the sight of God, than the peculiarities of Romanism, a system of which the main features, as professed in its authorized standards and exemplified in its history, are perfidy, perjury, persecution, murder, treason, schism, heresy, and idolatry? For blots like these, no canonicity of orders can atone in the eyes of Him who says 'I will have mercy, not sacrifice.'

At the same time every Anglican Protestant must heartily deplore the existence of any imperfection in any of the Churches of the Reformation, and earnestly desire the restoration of all to apostolical order and uniformity. There is now no hope of any amendment in the Church of Rome, nor any possibility of reunion. At the time of the Reformation, the continental Bishops, with few exceptions, declared for Roman error; and yet, as long as a hope remained that they might repent, or that a general Council might correct abuses, it would have been wrong to erect new sees and appoint rival Bishops. The only *Catholic* course which the Reformed could have taken at the time, was the appointment of an interimistic administration. The wars which followed, the impenitence and unrelenting hatred of the Papal Church, and the continued turmoil of European politics, have all contributed to the perpetuation of a form of administration which, as arising out of the circumstances of the time, could not have been intended to be unchangeable. It is time therefore for the Protestants of Germany to think of ecclesiastical arrangements more agreeable to the model of Christian antiquity, more calculated to procure an universal acknowledgment of the validity of their orders—more suitable to secure communion with the Church Catholic throughout the world—and more likely to preserve the blessings of the Reformation. There can be no doubt about the fact that the want of Episcopacy is the weak point of German Protestantism. It induces some Protestants to go over to the Church of Rome—it deters many Romanists from embracing Protestantism—and it prevents the pastors of the reformed faith from rising to that station which the Ministers of Christ ought ever to hold in a Christian nation. It is true that the Apostles, with one exception, were unlearned men, and occupied but a low rank in the world's estimation of dignity; but German Protestants do not contend for an unlearned Ministry:—they acknowledge the power of learning—they must also appreciate the influence of station. All things can be sanctified and made useful in the great cause of truth. Protestantism has not fair play in Germany. Even in Protestant countries and under the sway of pious Kings, the Ministers of an idolatrous system, the Popish Bishops, take precedence of the highest functionary of the Protestant Church. What is this but to put a premium upon error, and to disparage and discountenance truth? The compliment is received and regarded by Romanists as an involuntary acknowledgment of the invalidity of Protestant orders and the inferiority of the Protestant religion. Public homage is rendered to the sacredness and dignity of the episcopal office, and thus an immense momentum of influence given to Popery and turned against Protestantism: the consequence is, that but few Germans of rank or wealth devote themselves to the work of the Protestant Ministry, and that the order itself is rather patronised than respected by the higher classes of society. This may be of little consequence to the devoted Minister who looks beyond this world for his reward, but it is of vast importance to the cause of Protestantism and the best interests of society. Christianity can never flourish where a large and influential class think themselves too good for the Christian Ministry.

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* 'He who forsakes the English Church for fear of schism, to join in a stricter communion with Rome, plungeth himself into greater and more real dangers, both of schisme, and idolatry, and heresie.'—Archbishop Bramhall's Works, Vol. i., Discourse iii., p. 152.

These evils, which can be remedied only by a legitimate episcopacy, are well deserving the attention of the Protestant sovereigns and divines of Germany. Protestant bishops holding their proper position in the Christian commonwealth will have a considerable influence in teaching the popish prelates to know their place—secure Protestant monarchs from those outbreaks of popish hierarchical insolence with which they are now troubled, and persuade the popish multitude that Protestants really have a church. A Protestant episcopacy would prove the great bulwark against the assaults of popery in Germany, as it does in England, and, above all, take away even the appearance of the evil of schism. Indeed it is most devoutly to be wished, if not hoped, that *all* the daughters of the Lutheran and Calvinist reformation may soon perceive that the corruptions of Rome, and the hard circumstances of the times, deprived the reformers of the benefits of an Apostolic institution, and be persuaded of the desirableness of restoring that form of government which prevailed in primitive times, and the want of which prevents communion with the largest portion of Christendom.

From the Quarterly Review.

FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.

History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic of Spain. By William H. Prescott. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1838.

In the southern aisle of the cathedral of Granada a sombre Gothic facade attracts the eye, amid that glaring pile of white-washed Corinthian architecture. The pomp and circumstance of heraldic emblazonry, mingled with emblems of devotion and humility, appropriately announce the portal to the sepulchral chapel of 'los Reyes Catolicos,' the Catholic Sovereigns, as Ferdinand and Isabella are always entitled by the historians of Spain.* The interior is in perfect character; an impressive silence reigns in this dimly lighted chamber of the dead, and accords with that tender and religious feeling which the solemn Gothic peculiarly inspires. On each side of the high altar kneel the effigies of the king and queen, 'armed at all points exactly *cap a pie*;' while the absorbing principles of their policy, for which they lived and died—the expulsion of the Moor, and the conversion of the Infidel—are depicted behind them in coloured basso-relievos of singular antiquarian interest.† In the middle of the chapel are placed their tombs, and those of their immediate successors. These are composed of a delicate alabaster, wrought at Genoa with the richest cinque-cento sculpture. Ferdinand and Isabella, clad in simple costume, slumber, 'life's fitful fever o'er,' side by side, in the peaceful attitude of their long and happy union;—contrasting—'the ruling passion strong in death'—with the averted countenances of Joanna, their weak daughter, and Philip, her handsome and worthless husband; while below, in a plain vault, alike shrunk into rude iron-girt coffins, the earthy remains of prudence, valour, and piety moulder with those of vice, imbecility, and despair. These sad relics of departed majesty, silent witnesses of long by-gone days, connect the spectator with the busy period, which, heightened by the present decay of Spain, appears in 'the dark backward and abyss of time' to be rather some abstract dream of romance than a chapter of history. Every thing at Granada, art and nature alike, the lonely Alhambra, the battle-field of the Vega below, the snowy Sierra towering above, more lofty and enduring than the pyramids, form common and the best monuments of the conquerors of the Moors, the true founders of the compact monarchy of Spain. These master-minds felt their real strength: it was then, in the words of an eye-witness, 'that Spain spread her wings over a wider sweep of empire, and extended her name of glory to the far antipodes;' that her flag was first unfurled in Italy and Africa to the wonder and terror of Europe; that a new world, boundless, richer than the dreams of avarice, was cast into her lap,—discovered at the very moment when the old was becoming too confined for the outgrowth of the awakened intellect and enterprise of mankind.

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* Mr. Prescott calls them simply 'the Catholic,' 'because, if translated *literally*, it would have a *whimsical* appearance' (ii. 378.) Why? if *king* be not an epicene noun—*sovereign* is.

† Mr. Owen Jones brought home casts of these basso-relievos, which he has had engraved for his splendid work on the Alhambra. Mr. Roberts has introduced into his Spanish sketches the portal and tombs, Nos. 1 and 16.

A specific history of Ferdinand and Isabella, the most distinguished of their distinguished order, during an age remarkable for great characters and great events, has hitherto been a *desideratum* in European literature—notwithstanding that no period ever offered more materials of contemporaneous information. Many circumstances have occasioned this apparent neglect in Spanish as well as foreign historians. The splendour of Charles V., his magnificent extravagance of ambition, which threatened the independence of Europe, presented a more attractive theme than the domestic policy of his cautious grandparents. King of Castile by name, he was the Emperor of Germany in heart. Spain was but his exchequer and his recruiting ground; he wasted on un-Spanish objects her wealth and population. The overweening self-estimation, the eagerness for grand undertakings disproportionate to their means (a dominant feature of Spanish character,) were flattered by captured kings and imperial pretensions: meanwhile, a fatal gangrene, generated in this efflorescency, was preying into the vitals of the national prosperity even at the moment of its apparent meridian; and, while the ears of Spaniards were tingling with ovations for foreign conquests, despotism stole upon them, and riveted on their hands those manacles which they thought they were forging for others. Their constitutional liberties, civil and religious, were trampled down. Spain became weak, and therefore fell. The bug-bear of Europe sunk into a laughing-stock—a thing

> ‘To point a moral and adorn a tale.’

But the intoxicating influence of this short-lived prosperity made an enduring impression on the mass of sanguine Spaniards, always, as now, infants in politics, and without vitality enough to be sensible of their own decay.[*] With more monks than soldiers, they have continued, and continue in their pitiable decrepitude, to talk with the same pomposity, as if the spirit of the mighty Charles still presided at their councils. From this, and because the political decline of almost every nation commences long before it is discovered by others, a fear of Spain, and an exaggerated idea of her wealth and power, for many years formed a settled opinion in European habits. The few Spaniards to whom the truth was evident were unwilling to reveal their humiliation to those over whom they could still assume their wonted tone of superiority. They felt that reputation, if not actual strength, is at least safety; they were all, and are always, disposed to slur over any present discomfiture, and to reconstruct a fabric of future glory on no better foundation than dreamy recollections, the solace of the effete.

But in fact no Spaniard of the following age could have dared to give an honest account of the enlightened policy, foreign and domestic, of the Catholic Sovereigns; such ungracious truths, the worst of libels to their corrupt successors, would have subjected the imprudent author to the criticism of the Inquisition. Liberty and free thought are to history what the air of heaven and the light of the sun are to the plant. Those unacquainted with the literature of Spain during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, can form no idea of the mechanical and moral difficulties of printing and publishing any book whatever, not only of their so-called histories, which Spaniards so much overrate, and which are little more than materials for others to write from, but even of their local annals, which, by chronicling the marvellous, pandered to the pride and prejudices of the powers of the day. Publication was fenced around with forms, licences, and delays. The argus eye of censors, who wielded the fatal shears, watched the escape of truth, and checked the least expression of a searching spirit of philosophical inquiry:[*]—hence the tenuity of thought, the molenism of Spanish literature. In this thanklessness, hazard, and difficulty of publication, thought, and the desire of recording thought, of leaving behind a something of the undying mind, the ‘χακοηθεια scribendi,’ the ‘non omnis moriar,’ which flickered in hall and convent, found a vent in the private composition of works which were never destined to see the day. The libraries of Spain teem with these still-born manuscripts, cast by their authors like bread upon the waters. These lovers of knowledge for its own pure sake, to whom the delivery of their inner soul was sufficient reward, wrote in silence, obscurity, and danger, uncheered by the honest hope of fame, unbribed by the sordid motive of profit; and in their secret out-pourings truth lies incumbered under that exuberant circumstantiality, which is peculiar to this semi-Moorish, unsocial people, who, separated from the world, arrive slowly at conclusions, while their stilty grandiloquent idiom, never hammered down by practical discussion, is better suited to romance than to philosophy.

A gleam of liberty began to dawn about the reign of Charles III., one of the best of Spanish kings, who, coming from Italy, and acquainted with the corruptions of Rome, opened his reign by banishing from court the inquisitor-general; public and private records began to be examined; such men as Flores, Capmany, Cabarrus, Jovellanos, Sempere, Marina. Clemencin, Conde, Navarete, and others, ventured to pry into the sealed book of constitutional history. The benefit of these pioneering labours, although retarded for a time, was ultimately extended by the invasion of the French, by whose plunder and dispersion of libraries many works, hitherto inaccessible to Europe, were scattered far and wide,—especially in England, *then* the asylum of the liberties of the world. and whose writers have done more than those of all other nations to illustrate the history of Spain. The French have acted with their characteristic dishonesty. Some of the happiest specimens of quiet and sound criticism are displayed by Mr. Prescott in his exposition of the ridiculous errors and gross contradictions of Duponet, Marsolier, Varillas, Flechier, Gaillard, and others—clever men, as all Frenchmen are, but no degree of cleverness can invent *real* dates and facts. His just critiques tell the more as coming from an author whose predilections are manifestly favourable to France. The Italian historians, far more philosophical than the French, took only an

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[*] ‘To boast of their strength has become a national disease.’ *Ipse dixit.* See Gurwood, vol. vii, p. 20.

[*] Schottius, Bib. Hisp. l. i. c. 3. assigns many other reasons which deterred publication: he did not dare give the real one.

Italian view: their leading principle of hatred and 'cacciare i Barbari d' Italia' induced them to touch on Spanish transactions rather as episodes than as subjects of themselves: while the Germans, who now justly take the lead in learning and research, had then no literature at all. The first of our own authors wrote under the greatest disadvantages. The suspicious policy of Philip II. against the foes to his faith and commerce, long prevailed among a people where, from non-intercourse with the world, prejudices have a tendency to become inveterate. So many obstacles to a right understanding were thrown in the way, that the distant and obscure periods preceding Charles V. were either abandoned to the poet, theatre, or tale, as events which hovered midway between truth and fiction, or were treated with the contempt of a *morgue litteraire*, as the rude polity of savage times, superseded by modern improvements, or as silly chronicles written when few wrote and fewer read. Even in our days, Roderick the last of the Goths, and the Cid, have been consigned to couplets; Granada and Gonzalo de Cordova have been bedewed with liquid odours under the Mantalini treatment of Florians, Chateaubriands, and the like. We protest against the romances to which the epithet historical has been misappended, especially in these days, when the ancient landmarks are removed, when we are called upon in our age to forget all we were taught to remember in our youth, when every blossom of the classics is pruned away by cold-blooded criticism: these pseudo-histories perplex the young student, who, unable to ascertain where romance ends and truth begins, is driven in despair into a literary scepticism. Subjects once monopolized by poets and novelists are with difficulty reclaimed by sober history; where fairies have danced their mystic rings, flowers may spring, but grass will never grow.

A new and better order of things is announced by the work now before us, which we hail as a valuable accession to the common literature of England and the United States, that indelible bond of union. The colonies of Tyre, when separated from her, kept up a connexion by their worship of a common tutelar deity. America will always cling to her common worship of Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, that glorious company of poets, philosophers, and historians, into whose communion it must be her highest ambition to be admitted. America must glory in such predecessors; all her hereditary yearnings turn, true as the needle to the pole, by the very condition of her relative position, which no charters of equality can repeal. England must always be the Eden from whence her fathers came forth. England is the holy soil where the bones of her ancestors repose. It is our 'imprematur' which alone stamps value on her authors, and we their arbiters rejoice like parents that our descendants should prove worthy of their sires, and of their birthright of freedom. We look with pride on the contrast presented by Spanish and English America:—the one a Frankenstein abortion of avarice; cruelty, and superstition; ignorant, poverty-stricken, turning its suicidal hand upon itself: the other, rich, powerful, free, and intelligent, giving birth to works which would do honour to the matured literature of England. Washington Irving and Prescott have repaid the debt long due to Columbus, to whose memory ungrateful Spain has never erected one poor pillar. That biography and this history of Isabella, who has justly been called the mother of America (for she was the patroness of the discoverer, and a true friend to the aboriginal natives), issue with peculiar grace from the pens of Americans. Mr. Prescott, coming the last in the field, has many advantages over his predecessors.—The archives of Simanacs and the South American documents of Seville, were denied to Robertson by the jealousy of the Spanish government, who knew their dark deeds could not stand the light. Simancas, even yet, has been imperfectly explored, and the mass of information which still lurks therein can only be compared to the unknown treasures which may lie concealed in the 'Aljamia' manuscripts of the Moriscos, or the Palimpsests of the middle ages. Already, however, the mysteries of the gloomy Escurial, and of the gloomier Inquisition, stand revealed in naked deformity.

We, in England, are too incurious, and perhaps too overwhelmed with our own unread tomes—'which come like shadows, so depart'—to be quite aware of the steadily-extending literature of our Transatlantic brethren. When we reflect on the character of their population, on the pressing demands for practical labour on every body and in every condition of life, they have done much and well. Nations, like individuals, must be placed beyond the depressing anxiety of want or danger, before they wander into the ungainful paths of speculative inquiry. The ages of Horace, Racine, Addison, came late in the existence of the empires of Rome, France, Great Britain. The untoward circumstances under which this work was composed are modestly mentioned in the Preface. Soon after the author commenced, in 1826, he was deprived of the use of his eyes for all purposes of writing and even reading, he was driven to depend on a reader unacquainted with Spanish, and thus worked his way through a mass of authorities, until he was enabled, by the unexpected recovery of his sight, to put the finishing touch to a ten years labour of unexampled difficulties and perseverance. It argued no common strength of mind to continue an undertaking, apparently so hopeless to a blind man; one requiring the mechanical office of the eye for references and collations.* Invention, wit, imagination, creative powers are at best but secondary merits in the judge and historian. A poet may be blind and fanciful by prescription.

Mr. Prescott, in the mechanical arrangement of his work, has not confined himself to a strict chronological narrative: he frequently breaks the chain of events to present a whole view of particular features. His chapters are concluded with critical remarks on the degrees of merit and credibility to which the authors whom he has quoted are entitled. His text is illustrated with copious notes, too copious indeed, for it often becomes a mere peg whereon they are hung.—

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* Mr. Prescott was furnished from Madrid with copies of rare manuscripts and, writing in Boston, had access to the excellent Spanish library of Mr. Ticknor, long a resident in Spain, now professor at Harvard University. We have heard that this accomplished scholar is occupied with a work on Spanish literature, which we hope will add another star to his country's flag, and supersede the undigested erudition of Andres, the loose apologies of Lampillas, and the imperfect sketches of Bouterweck and Sismondi.

We prefer notwithstanding this abuse, the modern system, adopted by Robertson and Gibbon, and sanctioned by the Germans, to the continuous unbroken text of classical composition. Notes are a side-path to history, a vehicle of collateral information, albeit Adam Smith contended that they distract attention, and indicate unskilfulness in composition. The difference between the ancient and modern system is, after all, a question between the ear and the eye. The world now reads for itself, instead of being lectured and read to, except in the pleasing exception of sermons.

Mr. Prescott is a young and inexperienced author —from whose now fledged pen we anticipate works of increased and increasing excellence.* Dolts may be dismissed with the *peine forte et dure* of silence: but the gentle castigation which we are about to bestow on our beloved pupil, will without doubt be gratefully received by him as an especial mark of our favour.—We have read, and carefully *re-read* his book,—which is something; and we honestly confess that we were better pleased with the first, than with the last perusal. We were hurried on by the absorbing interest of the subject, by the extent of curious information, by the general correctness of historical details, collected from voluminous, contradictory, and ill-arranged materials; we sympathised with the author, whose heart and soul are in his task; we admired his love for liberty, his fellow-feeling for suffering humanity, his abhorrence of all that is slavish, cruel, and mean, his modest, unassuming tone. Our attention was arrested to the substance of the text rather than to its style or the notes—to generals rather than particulars; and indeed this very effect is an evidence of the talent with which the author has handled a well-chosen and magnificent subject. We returned, however, to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies—to digest these literary delicacies with that sobriety which succeeds both to gastronomic and intellectual over-indulgences. Many of his notes, into which we then looked more closely, are extremely unsatisfactory. Of the accuracy of his quotations and references we cannot speak too highly; they stamp a guarantee on his narrative; they enable us to give a reason for our faith; they furnish means of questioning and correcting the author himself; they enable readers to follow up any particular subject suited to their own idiosyncracy,—for selections indicate rather the genius of the selector, than that of the work from which he draws. This research and fidelity appear to be the marked features of Mr. Prescott's talent, which is synthetical, not analytical. He can collect facts, arrange details, and present a faithful and agreeable picture of the shell and husk of history. He is less successful in his attempts to unravel the web, to separate causes from effects, to distinguish motives from pretexts—in a word, to catch a fixed definite insight into the spirit of the fifteenth century. He cannot abstract himself from America and 1838; he cannot pass his soul into the bosoms of the actors of his history, nor judge of their merits and demerits as they did those of their friends or foes. He consequently is often inconsistent, illogical, and self-contradictory, from a want of some settled standard: his pleasing work, lacking one dominant motive, too often resembles a melodious, but inartificial sonata: ever and anon we find him condemning as a vice what, when masked under another fashion, he has commended as a virtue. He will find, when he has got the key to the writing on the hearts of men, that the meaning is ever the same however the character or idiom may differ.

His style is too often sesquipedalion and ornate: the stilty, wordy false taste of Dr. Channing without his depth of thought; the sugar and sack of Washington Irving without the half-penny-worth of bread, without his grace and polish of pure grammatical careful Anglicism. We have many suspicions, indeed, from his ordinary quotations, from what he calls in others 'the cheap display of school-boy erudition,' and from sundry lurking sneers, that he has not drank deeply at the Pierian fountains, which taste the purer the higher we track them to their source. These, the only sure foundations of a pure and correct style, are absolutely necessary to our Transatlantic brethren, who are unfortunately deprived of the high standing example of an order of nobility, and of a metropolis, where local peculiarities evaporate. The elevated tone of the classics is the only corrective for their unhappy democracy. Moral feeling must of necessity be degraded wherever the multitude are the sole dispensers of power and honour. All candidates for the foul-breathed universal suffrage must lower their appeal to base understandings, and base motives. The authors of the United States, independently of the deteriorating influence of their institutions, can of all people the least afford to be negligent. Far severed from the original spring of English undefiled, they always run the risk of sinking into provincialisms, into Patavinity,—both positive, in the use of obsolete words, and the adoption of conventional village significations, which differ from those retained by us,—as well as negative, in the omission of those happy expressions which bear the fire-new stamp of the only authorised mint. Instances occur constantly in these volumes where the word is English, but English returned after many year's transportation. We do not wish to be hypercritical, nor to strain at gnats. If, however, the authors of the United States aspire to be admitted *ad eundem*, they must write the English of the 'old country,' which they will find it is much easier to forget and corrupt, than to improve. We cannot, however, afford space here for a *florilegium Yankyense*. A professor from New York, newly imported into England, and introduced into real *good* society, of which previously he can only have formed an abstract idea, is no bad illustration of Mr. Prescott's *over-done* text. Like the stranger in question, all is always on the best behaviour, prim, prudish, and stiff-necky, afraid of self-committal, ceremonies, remarkably dignified, supporting the honour of the United States, and monstrously afraid of being laughed at. Some of these travellers at last discover that bows and starch are not even the husk of a gentleman; and so, on re-crossing the Atlantic, their manner becomes like Mr. Prescott's *notes;* levity is mistaken for ease, an impertinent' familiarity for intimacy, second-rate low-toned 'jocularities' (which make no one laugh but the retailer) for the light, hair-trigger repartee, the brilliancy of high-bred pleasantry. Mr. Prescott emulates Dr. Channing in his text, Dr. Dunham* and Mr. Joseph Miller in his notes. Judging from the facetiæ which, by his commending them as 'good,' have furnished a gauge to measure his capacity for relishing humour, we are convinced that his non-perception of wit is so genuine as to be organic. It is perfectly allowable to rise occasionally from the ludicrous into the serious, but to descend from history to the bathos of balderdash is too bad—*risu inepto nihil ineptius.* Mr. Prescott will, we trust, live to learn that nothing is more difficult or dangerous than wit, causticity, and epigram: nothing requires more tact and temper; it must unite the sharpness *with* the polish of the lancet. Notes intended to enliven the somewhat unavoidable gravity of history must be neat, and terse: they should run by the side of the narrative like some mountain-streamlet, the cheerful fresh companion which borders the dry highway, where the sparkle of wit, like the sunbeam, may dance lightly on the crisping ripplets, gladdening but not overpowering.

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* While these sheets were going through the press we heard with pleasure that Mr. Prescott had undertaken the history of the conquests of Mexico and Peru.

Another serious objection which we desire to point out to Mr. Prescott is a tendency to sneer at monarchies, courts, chivalry, and all those nobler institutions, the lack of which (for their only aristocracy, joint-bankstocracy, is at a discount) forms the present weakness, and will eventually decide the problem of democracy now pending, in the United States. We lament that he should indulge in clap-trap diatribes which, at least in the old country, neither pass for novelties nor truths, about *royal* perfidy, *royal* dissimulation, *royal* despotism, '*royal* recompense of ingratitude,' &c. &c. &c. (iii. 498.) What the court of Washington may be we know not; but, without affirming that all European courts, just now, are the homes of all the cardinal virtues, we protest against the republican sneer which escapes Mr. Prescott almost as often as he introduces the word. We protest against this implied superiority of *the people*, and against that *passim* misapplied expression. We ourselves are part of the people, and so, thank God, are the court, the camp, the bar, the mart, the church, the plough, and the shop. The *people*, in the new-fangled phraseology of physical-strength philosophy, are but one and the lowest of the sections of the community: they are, as Mr. Prescott might *at least* have read, the most short-sighted, the most ungrateful, with wants more pressing, passions more inflamed, prejudices more inveterate, judgments less enlightened, impulses more monotonous and headstrong, than all the other sections put together; superior only in brute force, the credulous dupes with which cunninger men work their way into the palmy places of *patriotism*.

His sneers at 'court etiquette' (ii. 460) are not only misplaced but ungrounded; it was by upholding this royal state that the Catholic Sovereigns overshadowed and overpowered their rival aristocracy; but he is equally wrong, whenever *chivalry* comes into question. 'The age of chivalry,' said Burke, 'is gone! That of sophisters, economists, and *calculators* has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom.'—But we hope this is not quite true, even yet in *Europe!* Mr. Prescott is mistaken in supposing that *Rico-ombria* arose from wealth, and still more in imagining that a difference of rank existed between the *Rico omes;* there was no graduation of rank among grandees (i. 224); the very essence of that dignity consisted in their equality among each other, independently of title, whether duke or count, as well as of date of creation. He has read English history to little purpose if he thinks that knighthood was regarded with more especial honour in Spain than in other countries, or that 'the service to God and the ladies' was ever deemed in other parts of feudal Europe the 'extravagancies of the trouvere' (i. 40); or that the gentle passages of arms, 'los pasos honrosos, were at all peculiar to Spain. In our opinion, much of the generous polish of Spanish chivalry was borrowed from the Moorish court; and certainly the centre of the European system was in the court of Edward III. and of his son the Black Prince, the patron and mirror of knighthood. We differ entirely from Mr. P.'s view of the '*empty* decorations, the stars and garters of an order of nobility.' (i. 131.) Such *empty* decoration, which forgetting the tirade, he in another place most justly calls '*solid* (i. 265,) and in next page '*most grateful*,' appeal to that desire which is instinctive in the good—

> *Αιεν αριστευειν και υπειροχον εμμεναι αλλων.*

'A peerage or Westminster Abbey,'—'a crown or else a glorious tomb,' breathed life into the weak frame of Nelson. Napoleon's bit of ribbon led legions to seek 'the bubble reputation e'en in the cannon's mouth.' Mr. Prescott, who reads Virgil, will never find that the laurel wreath of the Olympic victors was gathered from the golden stock which bribed the calculating notions of Charon. What is the morbid greediness with which any nominal rank is coveted by all classes of United Staters, but the artificial substitute for the want of a higher order,—a craving to repeal their absurd theories of equality, which are contrary to the laws of society and experience?* Mr. Prescott mentions, in a *note*, that the '*sentimental* Bourgoin found it necessary to apologise to *his* republican brethren for noticing such important *trifles*' as Spanish genealogy; and with similar *sentiment*, he introduces in another *note* an extract from the 'lively Slidell,' which, by so doing, he adopts: 'the effigy of Ferdinand the Catholic at Madrid seems *snugly* seated on his war-horse, with a pair of *red velvet breeches!*' Our *rooster* sense of propriety is shocked at this inexpressible word. These pleasantries come with a bad grace from the son, as we learn from a full-length dedication, of 'the *Honour-*

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* Dr. Dunham does history for Dr. Dionysius Lardner. His 'Spain and Portugal,' Cab. Cycl., is a delectable specimen of modesty, knowledge, and good taste. Mr. Prescott (who cannot be consistent) lauds the said compilation in his preface, and seldom fails, in his work, to give the Doctor his due quietus. See vol. iii. pp. 283, 285, 342.

* The only *ladies* in the United States are the omnibuses—or rather, as Joseph Hume called them in his Bill, the *omnibi*. These, it seems, are all *Lady Washingtons*, *Lady Jacksons*, &c. &c. We hope our author's popularity is already indicated by the existence of a *Lady Prescott*.

able William Prescott, *LL. D.*' We really are ignorant of the exact value of this titular pot pourri, in a *soi-disant* land of equality, of these noble and academic plumes borrowed from the wing of a professedly despised monarchy. We calculate, as all is not gold that glitters, that plush is not velvet although it be red.

In our more pleasing duty of pointing out excellencies, we shall select—for the work must be read itself—only those points and characters which present the peculiar interest of parallels afforded in our own history.

The opening sections discuss the rise and nature of the Castilian and Arragonese constitutions; and here very many deficiencies of previous historians are supplied. The Gothic power fell from public and private degeneracy. Spain, like Capua, avenged herself on her conquerors by her seductions; they became luxurious and unwarlike; divided amongst themselves by the rival factions of claimants to the crown, they could not stand. The persecuted Jews carried into Africa the secret of their oppressors' weakness. The African descendants of those expelled from Spain by the Romans (like the modern Moors) never relinquished their hopes of reconquest. Mr. Prescott does not sufficiently advert to their repeated invasions,* which failed so long as the Goths were united, but succeeded at one blow when they were divided and discontented under the profligate Roderick. The Saracenic deluge, rolling from the deserts of Arabia, was checked only by the mountains of Asturias. This invasion, apparently fatal to free institutions, accelerated their growth: the fundamental principle of the nomad Teutonic system,—legislation by a national assembly, the *germ* of modern constitutional liberty,—was engrafted by the Visigoths on the free corporations, the civic *municipia* of the Romans. The reconstruction of the Gothic institutions by Pelayus could only be based on those which had preceded. Gothic society, in the common calamity, was reduced to the primitive elements; amid the survivors, when prince and peasant alike were poor and homeless, personal merit soon rose above hereditary distinctions. The Goths, whose only knowledge was war, fought their way inch by inch. The Moors, sinking in their turn into dissensions and indulgence, retired; their aggressive character was gone; they seldom attempted to recover their losses. At last they took up their stand, for very existence, behind the mountain-ramparts of Granada, with the sea open to their African allies. The war had been carried on by both sides with merciless extermination; the wide waste, 'eremi,' 'dehesas,' the depopulated villages, 'los despoblados,' truly Spanish words, attest the deep scars of past desolation. The frontiers were purposely ravaged;† an Edom of starvation, through which no invading army could pass and live, formed the defensive glacis. New settlers were induced to inhabit these exposed frontiers, by bribes of privilege and immunities. They became asylums to refugees of all religions and countries,—the many who were ill-used, the more who thought they were,—to serfs from distant provinces, who pass from the bitterness of feudal oppression into th personal security and dignity of the franklin. Armed for self-defence, protected by fortifications an the surer bulwark of civil rights, left to their ow government and to individual interests and industry, they became rich, populous, and powerful; they obtained charters, 'fueros,' before the merchant-cities of Italy, and preserved them longer: that of Leo was granted in 1020, and there can be no doubt, from the expressions used in the deed, that others must have preceded it. The burghers elected their own magistrates, and returned members to Cortes, the revival of the Gothic 'concilia.' Towns wer represented at Leon in 1188, which precedes by nearly a century the first English parliament, summoned by the Earl of Leicester. The members exclusively voted the supplies; taxes could be levied by their consent, and independently of the clergy and nobility, who, exempt themselves, did not foresee this real element of popular power. The Commons ratified the succession of the crown, deposed kings, set aside their testaments—watched over the violence of the aristocracy. Nobility, elsewhere a passport to privileges, was a civil disqualification: the nobles were long not permitted to reside within the walls, and when at last they were admitted into this theatre for the display of their rank and wealth, the citizens became the victims of their Guzman and Ponce de Leon, their Montagu and Capulet feuds. The citizens formed themselves into guilds according to their separate crafts; independent singly, they united into a Hanseatic league: this 'Hermandad' in 1315 included one hundred cities. In addition to these unions, certain districts of land formed independent 'imperia in imperio,' 'Behetrias.'* The power of the commons reached its zenith about 1393. Henry III. of Trastamara, during the civil war (the white and red roses of Spain,) was oblig to conciliate the people by new concessions; while battles and executions had grievously thinned the nobility.

The wealth of the ancient nobility was enormous; they monopolized the offices of state, the grand military masterships, &c.; their estates were provinces—the king was the king only of the highways; their castles became dens from whence they levied black mail; they administered irregular justice in their halls, coined money, an subject only to military service, formed the national forc one less fitted for a regular campaign than for a foray, and spent in its short-lived violence. The feudal system was that of an army in encampment; the *rico omes* were the captains, and cantoned in the provinces; they headed their clans of retainers, each of whom felt himself individually elevated in proportion as his chief was honour Clanship, a slender tie in cities, binds closely in the w hills. These lords dictated to their sovereign; in each con quest they went partners and claimed the lion's share;

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* From Antonninus (Jul. cap. 13), Severus (Ælian Spar. 64), to Wamba in 677. See Isadore Pac l. 3. St. Isadori Hist. Gothica, Æra 612.

† See for details—Sempere, ii. 256.

* 'Behetria, is derived by Mariana (xvi. 17) from th Greek ἑταιρείαι. They elected their own rulers an changed them at pleasure; they were exempt fro taxes, recognised no authority but their own, and ad ted no resident nobility. These little republics (a su of curious inquiry among Spanish antiquarians) w incorporated into the Crown by Don Pedro the C Covarrubias, and we think correctly, derives the na from *hetria*, which signified *disorder*.'

short, in the words of Alphonso III., there were as many kings as there were nobles. The Prince's revenues were scanty and precarious—his legislative, judicial, and executive powers limited; his only strength consisted in the disunion of his masters—his nobles and people.

The Church was in reality a church militant; nobly born clerks would not sink their birth in their calling; holders of military fiefs, they owed the service of their retainers, who followed them into battle, on the terms the most agreeable to Spaniards—war to the knife against the infidel, plunder and indulgence in this world, salvation in the next: this feeling was fed by the military orders—monks in profession, soldiers in practice, men to whom the blade of the sword was a weapon, the handle a crucifix. Hence that serious chivalry, that deep religious patriotism, that proud sense of personal merit which enduring as the swell after the storm has passed, still marks the character of the erect, high-minded peasantry of Castile, never effectually beaten down either by Austrian or Bourbon despotism. The clergy were the depositaries of learning and the real ministers of the crown; to the influence of spiritual rank they added wealth, which they dispensed with bounteous hand; few churches can boast of having produced more exemplary or beneficent prelates than Spain.[*] This wealth was always increasing and never alienated; royally endowed with a share of every conquest, they possessed a mine in absolution; they had access to the dying rich in their weakest moments of mind and body, when the sinners bartered to pious uses estates which in fact belonged to their heirs, in the hopes of purchasing in the next world the happiness which wealth had (or had not) procured for them in this.

Such were the powerful bodies against which the crown, weaker than any one singly, maintained a constant and at last a successful struggle. The cities (like those in England) did not foresee the value of sending members; although feelingly alive to the expense of supporting them; by throwing that burden on the crown in 1422, they offered a pretext for interference; many omitted, and in time lost the right of returning. The Cortes, by a suicidal jealousy, limited in 1506 the number of cities entitled to a vote to eighteen, whereas in 1390 forty-eight cities returned one hundred and twenty-eight members: these eighteen were soon gained over when the crown had learnt the secret of corrupting the sources of popular liberties. When too late the Commons made head against Charles V., they were deserted by the nobility, who stood aloof by their own order, and were unwilling to support the people, whose insolent independence they resented. The nobles thus strengthened the crown, eventually, against themselves; the Cortes dwindled away, and the government was handed over to the irresponsible ministers of an absolute master.[†]

Such was the condition of Castile. The institutions of Arragon were more popular and very peculiar. Numantia and Zaragoza attest the unchanged resistance of the Arragonese, who, according to the proverb, drive nails into walls with their heads: they have been rebels, from Hannibal down to Ferdinand VII. Their historians wrote with the same sturdy independence: an indefatigable research into their country's history formed their passion. They spoke with a spirit of freedom even under Philip II. They doggedly resisted the introduction of the Inquisition and the shackles on the press (Mendez, 52, 54.) All this Mr. Prescott must be aware of, and indeed admits (i. 102:) he states, notwithstanding, that the comparative indifference of the Castilians to *their* constitutional antiquities appears to him *inexplicable!* (i. 89.)

Arragon became a powerful kingdom by the acquisition of the province of Catalonia in 1150, through a royal marriage. This gave an outlet into the Mediterranean, and led to foreign conquest and commerce. Barcelona, one of the finest cities in the world became the cradle of the troubadour: her princely merchants rivalled those of the Low Countries and of Italy. Trade, which makes men rich and happy, for the pursuit is occupation and happiness, was never deemed a degradation in Catalonia; and, to this day, the traveller, on passing the frontier, sees, in the industry and prosperity, that he has quitted Castile, which a contempt of commerce has rendered the poorest, and most benighted of kingdoms. The Arragonese monarchy was most limited: the king at first was elected by twelve nobles, who, considering themselves his equals, professed allegiance only so long as he fulfilled the conditions of his election; they claimed a right, if aggrieved, of renouncing this qualified allegiance, without thereby incurrring the penalties of treason; they enlisted even under hostile sovereigns, and their king was obliged to take care of their families and estates during their contumacious absence. Ferdinand, who knew his countrymen well, said that it was as difficult to divide *his* nobles as to unite those of Castile. *They* had no Moorish enemy at their gates, no 'honourable foreign war to purify their bad blood at home;' they warred, *pour passer le temps*, against their king; at the cry of 'union,' they grasped the sword like our barons at Runnymede. Their common seal bore the significant impress of *armed men* kneeling before the king.

Their Parliament dated from 1133: it consisted of four branches, 'Brazos.' The Hidalgos constituted an intermediate order, between the nobles and commons. Their rules of parliamentary etiquette were very strict: they well knew how much substance is guarded by outward form. The sovereign opened the session with an address, which, disclosing nothing, appears to have been the model of our king's or queen's speeches; the house, having appointed different committees, divided itself into two parties, monarchial and popular; every individual member possessed a veto over every particular measure, and over the whole proceedings, by the exercise of which (a sort of motion for adjournment) the session could be terminated. Person and property were secured by a chief magistrate, to whom (though Mr. Hallam dissents) powers and duties *were* assigned which have no parallel in ancient or modern history. He was termed '*El* justicia;' the name of the abstract quality was given to the officer by a process analogous to our '*Mr.* Justice.' He stood between the crown and the people, chosen by the king from the intermediate order; he held his office for life, and could only be removed by the king and Cortes together; he was, *ex officio*, a privy councillor; he attended the king everywhere in the quality of his adviser and keeper of the royal conscience; he administered the oath at coronations—seated and covered himself while the king knelt bareheaded before him. He was responsible to the Cortes alone for the performance of his duties, and subject, in case of dereliction, to the penalty of death: a commission consisting of four members, one chosen from each of the four estates, sat every year at Zaragoza to investigate his conduct. He possessed a jurisdiction concurrent with the Cortes, and was equal to the law itself—to interpret the laws is, in fact, to re-make them. He could stay, as by injunction, any process before an inferior tribunal; he could remove any suit, even from the royal court, into his own, by his 'firma de direcho,' which may be compared to a mandamus or a writ of certiorari; he protected the personal liberty of the subject by his 'manifestacion,' the Arragonese habeas corpus act, by which any person, either imprisoned by any tribunal, or apprehending that he might be, could demand his intervention. This high office obtained an increased consideration from the bold, upright, and learned magistrates by whom it was held: 'while in the rest of Europe the law seemed only a web to ensnare the weak, the Arragonese historians exult in the reflection that the fearless administration of justice in their land protected the weak equally with the strong, the foreigner with the native; and well might their legislature assert, that the value of their liberties more than counterbalanced the poverty of the nation, and the sterility of the soil.'(i. 88.) In those ages, legal theories were not yet reduced to exact practice, and it cannot be denied that the violence of the nobility and the aggressions of powerful kings occasionally broke down these barriers; but if we meet with such violations more frequently in the records of Arragon than in those of Castile, it is because the jurists and historians of the north were less shackled. Everything rotten in the state of England is published as carefully as similar or worse affairs are hushed up in Russia. The Emasculated press of despotism deals only with the well-working and quiet of slaves, whose very chains are oiled and muffled. We are satisfied that, on the whole, a greater degree of liberty was secured and enjoyed in Arragon and Catalonia than in any other contemporary country in Europe—England certainly not excepted.

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[*] When the monarchichal power was fully established, there were never wanting advisers to suggest church spoliation to needy sovereigns. The Duke of Alva recommended to Charles V. those surplus appropriations which administered to the cupidity of Henry VIII. and the Russells of that day.—See Sempere, 'Considerations,' &c., i. 246.

[†] The inveterate weakness of Spaniards consists in their incapability of cohesion or amalgamation. 'They never would,' said Strado, 'put their shields together' (iii. 238). 'They never would act,' says Florus (ii. 17), 'except desultorily and disunited.'

We own that Mr. Prescott has disappointed us in his silence on the condition of the middling and lower classes of old Spain; his illuminated pages glitter with kings, conquerors, cardinals, and barons—vain are his efforts to mask the sad fact—these monopolize his stage,—while the *people*, 'huffed, cuffed, and disrespected' are either overlooked, or put into the worst place to see the show, which they were taxed to pay for. He has told us nothing of their moral or physical condition, their manners, habits, education, religion, hopes or fears, their food, costume, occupations, relaxations. We hear how the great lived, but he lets the 'people' die, 'obliti et obliviscendi;' he has not been their chronicler, nor elevated to them, of whom he *says* that he is one, any sepulchre of alabaster. This even to us, who affect no levelling nonsense, appears wrong and silly. The middling and lower classes, in these up-heaving times, cast their coming shadows over sceptres and crosiers. The day is far spent, when intelligent men could professedly despise them.* We need not inform Mr. Prescott what a mass of materials may be collected in the chronicles, local annals, novels (especially the picaresque,) and theatre; these 'rosæ inter spinas,' these unobserved, uncollected, traits of national character, are numerous as they are sweet. We earnestly recommend to Mr. Prescott this 'unbroken ground,' and sincerely trust that he will yet clear and cultivate it with perseverance and success.

The epoch of Ferdinand and Isabella was one pregnant with gigantic consequences. The latter part of the fifteenth century was one of those perilous climacterics, when signal changes take place in the social and political condition of mankind. The thrones of France, England, and Spain were filled by three extraordinary men, justly called by Bacon 'the three Magi of Kings:' they saw the coming effect of predisposing causes, and seized the opportunity when the people, weary of civil warfare, and ground to dust by feudal oppressions, turned from petty tyrants to the throne. It was an epoch of expanding intelligence—paper, giving wings to printing, emancipated knowledge from the cloister. The needle and astrolabe had weaned creeping commerce from the coward shores. The fleets of merchants returned freighted with the germs of peace, order, and civilization; gunpowder completed the triumph of intellect over brute force; the establishment of posts led to easy and constant interchange of ideas—to diplomacy, which, uniting Europe into one family, laid the foundations of the still existing balance of power. The royal authority was then, in the words of Louis XI., released from pupillage, 'mis hors de page.'

The three great kings understood each other at half a word; a community of interests, and many coincidences of character and position, cemented a mutual good understanding. Louis XI., a wanderer and exile in his youth, succeeded to a kingdom free for the first time, by the expulsion of the English, from internal weakness. Our Henry VII., born of an almost private family, was bred up to no royal notions. Bosworth, and his marriage with the heiress of the house of York, put an end to the desolating wars of the roses. Ferdinand succeeded unexpectedly to the sceptre of Arragon: his marriage with Isabella, who came equally unexpectedly to that of Castile, united the two kingdoms—and thus insured the final ruin of the Moors. All these monarchs had alike been schooled to wisdom by adversity; and each proceeded to reform domestic abuses, a task more difficult than foreign conquests. United with their people, they waged war against their aristocracy, whose assistance they no longer needed, and whom, formerly uncertain allies, they now dreaded as rivals and enemies. Louis XI., cruel by nature, 'hewed his way out with a bloody axe.' Henry VII., averse to bloodshed, spread, by penal laws, his 'king's nets,' a worse torture than the iron-cages of Louis. He broke down the entails of his nobles, as Ferdinand and Isabella did their castles. The latter resumed, moreover, all the grants which had been extorted from their predecessors. They annexed to the crown the grand-masterships; they abolished private jurisdictions; they instituted an armed police, 'La Santa Hermandad,' a civic and rural gendarmerie, obnoxious, indeed, to barons and banditti, but popular to all sons of commerce and peace. This safeguard of public order, cheaply bought at a small sacrifice of public liberty, always most difficult to establish either in an imperfectly or highly civilized condition of society, demonstrates equally wisdom and strength: deep-fanged prejudices cannot be extracted without a painful wrench. They next elevated the royal person to be the fountain of honour, the centre of a system round which their nobles, shining by a reflected light, should move mere satellites. Majesty, like a robe pontifical, was never seen but in worship. To be seated in the presence was an honour reserved to the conqueror of kingdoms and the discoverer of a new world. They thus established that magnificent etiquette of Spanish ceremonial, not from any personal pride, but from deeper policy;—in all their maintenance of state[*] there was nothing vain-glorious: in private life they were simple and unostentatious.

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* P. Martyr opens his sixth Epistle with 'de *populo*, quem semper floccicaciendum censui, nihil ad me.' Pietro Martire de Angleria was a learned Milanese, born at Arona: he followed the Spanish court; he was the intimate and faithful friend of both Ferdinand and Isabella; and his letters, from 1487 to 1525, detail to his correspondents, men of high rank and office, the actions and opinions of his masters. These private and confidential reports, written from day to day, and from the centre of affairs, form the most valuable source of information as to this period; yet Mr. Hallam scarcely alludes to them; the ever modest Dr. Dunham states *his* facts in opposition to P. Martyr's. Mr. Hallam in his Literature of Europe, iv. 81. (relying on some nameless authority), says that these letters were not written as they profess, but at one and a later period. They are full, however, of little accidental traits of the moment—'dum mensa preparatur,' &c. &c.: and Juan de Vergara, who dined with him, has recorded the extent and rapidity of these anteprandial epistles. By the bye, Martyr is not, as Mr. Prescott imagines, a patronymic. Pietro Martire became a common Milanese baptismal name from the martyrdom of Peter the Dominican, of which Titian has painted his finest picture; and De Angleria was *not* the name of the place where our friend was born, but that of his *noble* family.

The three kings alike excluded their nobles from political office; they would not add to the *prestige* of rank the real power of place. They choose rather to advance lawyers and clergymen, *la carriere ouverte aux talents:* the latter not from religious grounds, but because they were better men of business than ignorant courtiers or soldiers. In this feeling proud Buckingham complains that 'a beggar's *book* outweighs a noble's blood.' Such ministers, standing between the highest and lowest classes, and belonging to neither, clung of necessity to the crown, and became more subservient instruments to their maker and only support. 'This,' said Bacon, 'made more for the absoluteness than for the safety of kings.' Louis XI. employed menials,—Olivier Le Dain, &c.; Henry VII. his Mortons and Foxes; Ferdinand took even Jews and foreigners (hateful to Spanish prejudices;) and they all felt, in their hour of need, the resentment of their nobles. Louis XI. was perplexed by the 'ligue du bien public' put forward by well-born demagogues, who made the old cry of reform and the public good the old pretext for private tyranny and ambition: Henry VII. smarted under their support of pretenders: Ferdinand, at the death of Isabella, was rejected by his Castilian grandees, who went over to the Flemish husband of his daughter.

The 'Magi,' however, were their own prime ministers; business was their relaxation. Of high close minds, few were admitted into their secrets: observant, they spoke little, and then with openness of manner and flowing words which concealed thought;—the boast of Louis XI. was, 'porter son conseil dans sa tete;'—yet he, like the others, was outwardly affable and condescending—rare and winning qualities in those haughty times. Henry VII. and Ferdinand had a peculiar tact of ingratiating themselves, and of worming out secrets. The constant *success* (the vulgar test of merit) of all their undertakings extended their reputation at home and abroad: they were often unjustly suspected, and as often received credit for results, which they neither anticipated nor occasioned, and when, in truth, from overcunning, and from a fear of being duped by others, they had overreached themselves. The only education given to Charles VIII. by Louis XI. consisted in the essence of his kingcraft, 'qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare.' All were singularly anxious to obtain secret and early intelligence: all had a rare talent in the selection of their agents. Unlike the economists of this day, who theorise as if men were all machines and alike, they played the game of policy by selecting pieces for moves which suited their exact power, whether knights or bishops. Diplomacy was a series of plots and counter-plots: an ambassador was, Sir H. Wotton said afterwards, 'an honest man who *lied* abroad for the good of his country.' 'Ils vous mentent bien,' wrote Louis XI. to his envoys; 'mentez vous bien aussi.' To tell a lie, and find a truth, was, says Bacon, a Spanish proverb, in which is condensed the policy of that age. According to Bayle,[*] when Quintana told Ferdinand that Louis XII. complained that he had deceived him *twice*, the answer was,—'He lies, the drunkard; I have imposed upon him more than ten times!' We doubt the truth of this anecdote, not from discrediting the mendacity of Ferdinand, but from thinking him far too wise to commit such a blunder; in possession of the substance, he would have despised the triumph of an empty boast. In those days all men were liars, not in haste, but from well-considered malice prepense;[†] but the French have termed him *The Perfidious*, whereas the plain truth was, that Ferdinand, in an age of universal political dishonesty, played his game better than his opponents. In his youth he was frank to indiscreetness: he committed himself by saying that he was not to be put in leading-strings, like many of the kings of Castile. He, indeed, forgot this saying; but his nobles remembered it for ever. 'Let princes beware,' said a yet wiser man, 'of short speeches, which fly abroad like darts shot from their secret intentions: their long speeches are flat things, and not noted.'

We have extended these remarks because Mr. Prescott, having no clear fixed opinion, at one time sneers at Louis XI. for 'descending to trickery,' at another, commends his 'consummate policy;'—blames one prince here for what he condemns elsewhere in another;—and indeed is so in the dark as to the real state of things, that he seems to adopt the old absurdity of making Machiavelli the parent of political perfidy. Thucydides says of the Athenian Downing-street, '*τα μεν ηδεα καλα νομιζουσι, τα δε ξυμφεροντα δικαια*' (lib. v. 105.) Louis XI., who, at Peronne, could 'cry content to that which grieved his heart, and frame his face to all occasions,' was buried ere this 'inventor' of perfidy had left school. This 'pander to tyranny' was a foe to the emperor and the Medici: he was a republican and patriot not after the present degraded fashion, but a true lover of his country, for itself, not for himself. He wrote an *Italian* book, neither intending to invent nor to advocate anything unusual, immoral, or impracticable; nor was it ever thought to do so in his age. If he taught princes to become tyrants, he instructed the people how to destroy them. Borgia, Sforza, and their compeers, are dead; the book remains, and Machiavelli, 'tanto nomini nullum par eulogium,' is made the scapegoat of modern detesation for an odious obsolete policy. The great laws of right and wrong are indeed immutable; but, in the changeable customs and fashions of erring men, vices often assume the forms of virtues, and virtues of vice. To judge fairly of the actors of that period, we must try them before their peers—not according to modern notions, but by those codes which were then in force: how otherwise can due honour be rendered to Ximenes, Columbus, and, more than all, to Isabella?

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[*] Shakspeare, by one little trait, marks this habit of state, a second nature in their children. Catherine, divorced and dying, at peace with all, forgiving all, even Wolsey, forgot all, save that she was a queen, and daughter of a queen. Her Castilian blood boils at the omission of the usual ceremonial by the messenger: nor will any excuse appease her: 'But this fellow let me never see again.'—*Henry VIII.*, iv. 2.

[*] Art. Amelot.

[†] Charles V. and Francis I. bandied to each other that compliment. The latter, the model of French chevaliers, broke the solemn treaties of Madrid and Cambray with 'an artifice,' in the words of Robertson, 'unworthy of a king.' Yet this was the man who could 'prate unnecessarily' at Pavia about having lost all except honour. What that meant, beyond the *honour* of being soundly beaten, we know not. He was taken prisoner when the Waterloo *sauve qui peut* was out of his power.

Ferdinand, maddened by the popularity of Philip after the death of Isabella, and the torture to a proud mind of being rejected and outwitted, forgot her memory. This most politic of kings, in the folly of anger, would have married even her niece and rival, the 'Beltraneja.' The nation revolted at this indelicacy. He then allied himself to the *youthful* Germaine, a relation of Louis XII., the worst enemy of Spain; a double error. His death was hastened (as in the case of Louis XII.) by this misplaced union of age and youth: his health was destroyed by stimulants which he used in the vain hope of procuring an heir, who, by succeeding to Arragon and Naples, might have deprived his daughter's husband of those pearls in the compact crown of Spain which it had been the policy of his own life to secure. Patience and temper, as was foreseen by the cooler statesmen of the time, would have insured his complete influence over Philip. Henry VII., who affected Ferdinand (the enemy to France) as much as one king can love another, counselled the young prince to listen to his experienced father-in-law. Philip who hated business and loved pleasure, yet, with the vanity common to weak minds, dreaded the being thought to be managed. He would have sacrificed the substance for the shadow, and was willing, as he replied to Henry, 'if Ferdinand would permit him to govern Castile, to allow Ferdinand to govern him.' The declining days of Louis and Henry were also harassed by jealousy of their successors, hateful to kings. The parsimonious Henry trembled at the maternal and better title of his magnificent son. Louis XI. with Turkish precaution, reared Charles VIII. in ignorance, as if that could prevent rebellion; for what is so dangerous as a fool?

Poor Joanna La Loca, Crazy Jane, the heiress of Isabella, was born to vast dominions and slender intellect. Her cloying fondness for her handsome husband defeated itself; Philip had married for her kingdoms, not her personal charms, and (like her niece, our Mary) she was by nature melancholy and ungracious. He became wearied, neglectful, and, by insensible degrees, unfeeling: his undisguised infidelities alienated her affections, without destroying the abstract remembrance of her former love. She shed no tear at his untimely death; but sank into a moody imbecility. Soothed by music alone, all her occupations were merged in watching the remains of her husband. She had formed a vague idea, from some monkish tale, that he would be restored to life—and fed on a hope which, if realised, would have converted passive sorrow into active misery. She travelled by night, in order that no female eye might behold the coffin. On one occasion, having entered a monastery, as she supposed, upon finding it to be a nunnery, she hurried out into the open country, encamped, and during a storm, when the torches were extinguished, opened the coffin to verify the existence of the mouldering corpse—jealous as when, full of beauty, it was her life and joy—

'A sad remembrance fondly kept.'

She obstinately declined all state affairs, which were carried on in her name. She pined sullenly, and, never telling her grief, for forty-seven long years immured herself in a convent, dead to the world, watching from her window the coffin of her husband, which was purposely so placed in a chapel.

Ferdinand, restored to power by the sudden death of his young son-in-law, which baffled the calculations of trimming courtiers, forgave, as Regent of Castile, the resentment of the King of Arragon. He regained services if not hearts. Always on his guard, he had (like Bias) treated friends as likely to become foes, and then the worst, and foes as likely to become friends. It was our enemies, not our friends, said Cosmo Medici whom we were enjoined to forgive; but Ferdinand could not hate those whom he despised and had in his power—humiliation is sufficient punishment to the proud. He felt as Henry VII. did after his coronation that unsettled times relax all political principle—apostacy, by being universal, becomes more venial, and well-timed oblivion the best policy—*quidquid multis peccatum inultum.* If he was parsimonious, he was not, like Louis XI., a deviser of unjust taxes; nor had he, like our Henry VII., hands that took and never gave; whose early thrift grew old into avarice, into sordid miser love of gold for its bare sake. Ferdinand, taught the value of money by poverty in youth—how difficult to be obtained, how easy to be got rid of—esteemed it for its effects as the key to human hearts, the sinew of war. He knew the weakness of want, the innate strength of independence.

Dissimulation was common to all the three; they were all alike bent upon power, and intensely selfish; consequently their own worst enemies. Friends they had few (the common fate of kings). They had corteous, easy smiles at command—but not that frank cordiality which binds men's hearts; reserved themselves, they chilled others, who, abashed by superiority of rank, were still more depressed by the greater moral influence of superiority of intellect—an element of power rather than of popularity. Ferdinand, in passing through many varied stages of life, and consequent 'flux of company,' profited by such experience, rare to kings; but it had also its deteriorating influences. Mixed up from youth with intrigues, his heart was withered by poisonous, engrossing politics, and the unprincipled diplomacy of the day; he became suspicious, for he had been often deceived. He had been too much behind the scenes to value the profession of court or people—tinsel and fickle alike; and this detection of vice lurking under the mask of virtue, operates unfavourably on virtue itself: it generates a low opinion of human nature. The heart is illogical and draws general conclusions from particular premises—but in these times the premises were general. In judging Ferdinand we should bear in mind the dictum of Coke, 'that many things which are of the highest moral criminality, may be of the least disgrace,' and discriminate the shifting and transitory from the permanent, both in causes and pretexts.

These three great sovereigns, with all their domestic and foreign reputation, and the fulfilment in each case of the grand original scheme of ambition, were never happy. Their minds were perplexed with fear of change, with the dread of calamities which never happened. Henry VII., according to Bacon, 'though he never knew what disaster was, was always sad and serious, full of secret suspicions and apprehensions.' Louis XI., says Commines, endured continual misery, 'few days of joy and years of bitterness.' His only relaxation, and that he carried to weariness, was the chase, and he died the death of a wild beast in his lair, of which the inaccessibility marked his fears, the gibbets his cruelty. Unrestrained by religion during life, he clung to the quackery of superstition at his death. The latter days of Ferdinand have been described by P. Martyr (E. 565, 567): he, too, became irritable, fled from himself in violent hauntings, and at last sickened in a poor village—the monarch of so many kingdoms expired in the 'worst inn's worst room!' He was, however, occupied with state affairs up to the moment of his death, which was calm and resigned, untormented by the busy fiend of the distracted Louis, or the conscience-qualms of the griping Henry. P. Martyr, who had followed him through life, followed him to his grave as he had done by his gentle queen. The funeral pomp, winding slowly up the unchanged hill of the Alhambra, cast a gloom over the scarcely-forgotten triumphs of life, majesty, and victory.

In the nicer traits of character, Louis XI. was more repulsive and undignified; Henry VII. more learned, meaner, more pacific, not from want of courage, but from a greater spirit of the churchman and legislator. Ferdinand, less skilled in books, was more kingly, manly, and energetic than either: his was a mixed character of Italian shrewdness with Spanish chivalry. Machiavelli, biassed by political and private hostility, has called him 'avaro e taccagno;' Voltaire, with more justice, 'sage et prudent.' If we weigh him with his contemporaries, whether kings or subjects, and consider fully the conventional maxims of his age, we shall, taking him all in all, confirm the verdict delivered by Shakspeare.—He was

'The *wisest* king that ever ruled in Spain.'

However mankind may differ in striking the balance of virtues chequered with so many faults, all will unite in admiration of the brightest star of that brilliant period. Isabella, the Elizabeth of Spain, is perhaps the most faultless character of history, the purest sovereign who ever dignified a throne: in all her relations of queen or woman, she was, in the words of Bacon, 'an honour to her sex, and the corner-stone of the greatness of Spain.' P. Martyr, who watched her public and private virtues, during a long attendance and intimacy, in the affecting letter which he wrote on the day of her death, when few dare lie (Ep. 279,) sums up her character as one 'more divine than human.' She was brought up in privacy at Arevalo (like Elizabeth at Hatfield:) she grew up to be temperate in diet, hardy in body, honest in mind, and sound in heart; practical good sense was tempered with unaffected piety. A series of unexpected deaths opened to her a chance of succession. She became the head of the party opposed to the odious misrule of her brother, and was suspected and persecuted by him as Elizabeth was by Mary. She fled to Valladolid to escape an unworthy marriage, and was there met by Ferdinand, who, like Charles I., had flown to his infanta in disguise and through dangers. They exchanged eyes and hearts: the royal marriage, rich in their own and their country's happiness, was poorly celebrated with borrowed money. The sprightly Voltaire, unable to resist the temptation of an epigram, has asserted that 'the Catholic sovereigns did not live together like husband and wife, but rather like allied monarchs, without love or hatred, with little intercourse.' Of their early loves there can be no doubt. Their youth and beauty needed not the attaching tie of common misfortune. Mr. Prescott has drawn a correct picture of the royal couple (i. 216.) The amiable character of his talent never appears to greater advantage than in the pleasing delineations of the outside of history. Isabella was then most beautiful, and Ferdinand the most manly, gallant, and chivalrous in a court of chivalry. P. Martyr (Ep. 6,) writing to a friend in Italy, *eighteen years* after this marriage, (a tolerable test, backed by five living witnesses,) compares their union to 'that of two inspired deities of heaven, one soul in two bodies.' Ferdinand, there is no doubt, in an age of lax morality, when Moorish concubinage was almost tolerated under a different name, when illegitimacy was no bar to the inheritance of even the crown itself, was false to her—who remained to him a true and honourable wife, chaste to her grave; 'chastity itself,' says P. Martyr, (Ep. 278,) 'she hung through life like a rich jewel round his neck, never losing her lustre; she loved him with that excellence that angels love good men.' When he was wounded at Barcelona, she never, day or night, left his bed-side; she deemed no office mean; she ministered to him and saved him. Her jealousy, child of love, was tempered with tact—rare and conservative talent in wives—she *quietly* removed from court all females whom he admired. When on her death-bed, at which time he happened to be unwell, she thought only of him, and the harmony of her soul was breathed out in her dying injunctions. She dwells, in her last will,* on their long conjugal happiness; she leaves him her jewels, 'that by seeing them he might think on her, and on the *singular* love she bore him.' She named the lowly place of her burial, 'unless the king, her lord, be pleased to prefer another place'—then she desired 'to be laid by his side, that their life-union might continue after death.' We have dwelt on these historical facts, because the error of Voltaire has been repeated by the 'servum pecus,' who find it more convenient to let others think for them than to think for themselves. Conjugal love is a pearl of great price in the bosom of a queen: Elizabeth would not know it, Catharine could not. It is indeed most rare. It shrinks, like the sensitive flower, from a life of public representation; hateful in its eyes are lords of the bed-chamber, Cupids in court dresses. Kings who are, or suppose that they are, beloved by all, cannot understand the value of one love, more or less. The concentrated preciousness of a true wife's devotion, doubling joys and dividing sorrow, is the boon of their humbler and far happier subjects.†

Ferdinand and Isabella had of necessity some separate interests; the sectional jealousies of their distinct and rival subjects placed barriers between a political fusion. The proud Castilians ill brooked a master from inferior Arragon. Isabella, by never forgetting her duties to Castile in her love for her husband, by a firm maintenance of her prerogative as Queen-proprietrix (Reina *proprietaria*,) and by a kind word spoken in time, led with a straw her touchy subjects, who would never have been driven by the sword of Ferdinand; yet all this was done without clashing; for the marriage bond imperceptibly neutralized the political separation. The combined influence of sovereign and woman appealed to a loyal chivalry, who bowed to the Virgin as their goddess, to the Queen as their gentle mistress: their very obedience to her marked their independence of her husband. She could do no wrong; white hands neither injure nor affront; yet with all her gentleness, Isabella, (like Elizabeth) was jealous of her power, and upheld her prerogative with strong unbending arm; like her, she was in fact the *head* of her church; she made and could unfrock her prelates; like our haughty Bess, she feared neither Pope nor Spaniards, accomplishing the same ends by different means. The Spanish kings, having no territorial disputes with the popes, and being the leaders of the Moorish crusade, had long possessed great influence at Rome, which was increased by the conquest of Granada, became paramount after Charles V. had elevated his tutor to the tiara. Kings, however, had begun to discover the weakness of that ideal power. Henry VII. 'really religious,' said Bacon, 'could see through superstition, and was inclined to pare a little from the privileges of the clergy.' Ferdinand and Isabella did the same; they drew a distinction between the spiritual and temporal power, between the vices of Borgia and the position of Alexander VI., notwithstanding that it was he who first honoured them with their title of Catholic. They were excellent Roman Catholics, but indifferent Papists. Isabella in 1482 not only rejected the nephew of Sixtus IV., appointed by his uncle to the See of Cuenca, but ordered all Spaniards out of Rome, and refused to receive a legate: again in 1485 she rejected Borgia, named to Seville by Innocent VIII.; she punished all her clergy who dared to appeal from her to Rome; she abridged their civil authority; she nominated to all preferments, and selected, with few exceptions, men of piety and learning, who did honour to their patroness. In her civil government she was merciful, but just; she refused the life of a noble criminal, who offered as the price a sum equivalent to her annual revenue; she had no mawkish compassion for crime; she purchased not popularity by letting slip felons. 'It was a *good old custom*,' says Mr. Prescott (ii. 242,) 'long since fallen into desuetude, for the monarch to preside in the tribunals of justice at least once a week.' Isabella sat on the queen's bench at Seville: but this absurd custom was soon discontinued. Judge Story will inform his countryman that there cannot be a surer sign of bad laws, and of their being ill administered, than when sovereigns, like Charlemagne while dressing, or Saint Louis under an oak tree, decide on what they do not understand. This 'golden agė of justice' suits the golden age of nomade hunters. The *security* of person and property before a Moorish cadi, assisted by a bowstring and bastinado, instead of a bar and bench, explains the practical working. Isabella prepared the way for sounder jurisprudence and practice. She commenced a codification of the confused and clashing laws of Spain; her 'Ordinances reales' formed the base of the 'Nueva recopilacion' of Philip II.

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* Robertson doubts the existence of this will. Mr. Prescott could not learn where it was. We have held the original in our hand at Simancas.

† Henry VIII., in describing the virtues of the ill-fated Catherine, gives a true portrait of her mother—

'If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness, saintlike, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else could speak thee out,
The queen of earthly queens.'

Isabella possessed, in common with Elizabeth, a love for learning and learned men. Both appreciated and rewarded merit; Isabella with greater liberality. Both were remarkable for vigour, penetration, courage, and magnanimity. Our Elizabeth was more masculine—she inherited much of her father's violence and impetuosity; insincere, arrogant, incapable of forgiving injury—unworthy of her greatness in her petty jealousies, her love for finery and admiration, she had none of the graceful sensibilities, the warm-hearted, tender delicacy, of Isabella, who in her domestic character, the τὸ ἔνδον, the true province of woman, was most exemplary, as daughter, wife, and mother. A second Penelope, she superintended the education of her daughters; they were taught useful arts in addition to accomplishments; they were all married to kings—'the wall of brass' with which Henry VII. boasted that he had surrounded England. All those gentle faculties—which possibly lay dormant in Elizabeth, under the chilling weight of celibacy, and the possession of solitary power—did not however unman the spirit of Isabella; the soul of Cæsar was enshrined in the form of Lucretia: during a popular insurrection at Segovia, she advanced alone, and awed the multitude by the divinity of majesty. She braved hardships, long journeys on horseback; she hurried to the post of danger, regardless of weather or ill health; she cased her body in armour, which is still preserved a precious relic at Madrid; appeared at the head of her armies, and like Elizabeth, at Tilbury Fort, communicated to them her dauntless spirit. Ferdinand always consulted her in *emergencies;* she was too high principled, too great, to descend to dissimulation. She arrived in person, at critical moments, the harbinger of victory. The artillery was under her especial management; she perceived the power of this force, hitherto undervalued from being worked inefficiently: she was the soul and spirit of the campaign, by providing the finance and commissariat: 'Belli nervos pecuniam utpote atque alimenta.' (P. Martyr.) She pawned her jewels to pay the troops; she watched over their comforts; she first established military hospitals; she maintained a rigorous discipline; her camp resembled a republic of Plato's (P. Martyr;) need it be said that her armies were victorious? Spaniards have all the physical capabilities of forming the finest soldiery in the world; they have usually failed from want of food, clothing, and, in a word, from the misconduct of their superiors.

The capture of Granada was the zenith of Isabella's happiness—the noontide of her course of glory: disasters like evening clouds gathered thick around her setting; deaths, many and unforeseen, had opened her way to the crown; others now, one by one, wore away her heart; tenderness, her greatest charm, was the source of her greatest sufferings. She buried all her earthly hopes and joys in the grave of her only son, John: her prophetic eye too clearly saw, in that most calamitous event, the death-blow to the Spanish monarchy, doomed thereby to be placed in the hands of foreigners. This Prince was of most excellent promise, the Marcellus of his age.* The death of his sister Isabella, the mental aberration of Joanna, the misconduct of Philip, beat down the bruised reed: a settled melancholy came over her.—This hereditary taint, derived from her mother, was more marked in her children and descendants:—Catherine, her daughter, is described by Bacon as 'a sad, religious woman;' Charles V. and Philip II., according to Badoer, and Granvelle, were phlegmatic and melancholy; they shrouded their gloom in the congenial seclusion of St. Juste and the Escurial: Charles II., the last of the line, weak in body and mind from childhood, was a fit king for a decaying and effete monarchy.—Isabella's dying thoughts were for her people's good; her last acts for the protection and emancipation of her poor Indians. She expired gently, peaceably, and full of hope, on the 26th of November, 1504, in the fifty-fourth year of her age, and the thirtieth of her reign. Mr. Prescott, who has ably drawn a parallel between her and Elizabeth, dwells justly on the difference of their deaths. The body of Isabella, unembalmed, according to her orders, was borne to Granada by the faithful Martyr, who has described the misery of that journey. (Ep. 289.) Her value was proved by her loss: she was the good genius of Spain and of her husband; his Josephine—from the moment she departed, his star was on the wane; she had tempered his suspicions, warmed his parsimony, and checked his despotism. At her death a signal was given to intestine dissentions, misrule, and public injury; her wise ordinances were neglected; her errors only perpetuated and acted on.

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* The Prince died soon after his marriage, and was followed to the grave with a national grief, unparalleled save in the recent case of our Princess Charlotte.

The blot of her reign was the Inquisition. Mr. Prescott has scarcely, perhaps, done justice to her claims of exemption from the heavy responsibility (ii. 120); she was only an accessory to the fact; like all Spaniards of that age, she was over-righteous, and her zeal consumed her kingdom; yet those actions, which foreigners have condemned as her great and indeed only faults, were considered during her life, engraved on her tomb, and have been immortalized by every historian of Spain, as her brightest virtues. Heresy in Spain, involved feelings of peculiar horror. It had for ages been the cry in a war 'pro aris et focis;' not for mere dogmas, but for very existence. The cross was the banner of Spain; difference of creed was the sole, the sustaining excitement; enemy and dissent, infidel and renegade, were pitted against faith, religion and loyalty; all the strongest feelings of moral influence, each alone enough, were mixed up in the contest. Intolerance was patriotism; and Isabella, suckled in this frenzy, became the tool of Ximenes. She 'made a priest her book, wherein her soul recorded the history of all her secret thoughts.'

This man, most eminent as a churchman, a statesman, and a general, was born of a good but decayed family, and distinguished for early academical success. He completed his education at Rome: after proving his inflexible character by a six years' contest with the Archbishop of Toledo, he obtained, only to relinquish, preferment. He became a Franciscan monk; the usual mortifications of a conventual noviciate being insufficient to satiate his ascetic ambition, he fled into a forest, and vegetated in a den on herbs, the Bible his sole study and companion. In those days, when to renounce the world was thought the best school for statesmen, his sanctity procured him the important post of royal confessor. P. Martyr, who foresaw his greatness, as Fox did that of Wolsey (Ep. 107) describes his first appearance at court—his wan and wasted frame, barefoot, and clad in sack-cloth—yet erect, undazzled, and commanding respect. On the death of Mendoza, the great cardinal of Spain, the queen nominated him to the archbishopric of Toledo, which Ferdinand had in vain solicited for his natural son. Ximenes, now sixty years old, resisted for six months the acceptance of the primacy of Spain, and yielded at last; reluctantly, to the express command of the pope—a rare instance of sincere *nolo-archiepiscopari*. Magnificent and stately in upholding his dignity, he observed as an individual the strictest rules of his mendicant order: he wore no linen, slept on a hard pallet, which he concealed in his couch of state; practised the most austere abstinence, doubly difficult amid surrounding luxuries. He journeyed on foot, begged alms, and mended with his own hands his coarse frock; occupations fitted, indeed, to monastic idleness, but a waste of precious time in a public minister. He became an ecclesiastical reformer, and armed with good intentions, never forgiving himself, he never forgave others. His measures were so destructive to the comforts of holy men that thousands fled from reform into the land of the infidel. He was admonished in vain by Adrian VI. to relax: he persevered, and succeeded. After having reformed the church at his personal risk, he next proceeded against heresy, to the national cost. Granada was quiet and prosperous under the mild influence of the Archbishop of Talavera, a good and wise man, who preferred the gentle wisdom of St. Paul (Titus, iii. 10) to the fires of persecution. Ferdinand and Isabella had hitherto, in spite of popular pressure, honourably maintained their treaties with the Moors. It was this good faith which had induced so many cities to fly to their protection, and surrender without defence. Pulgar (ii. 55), who was by no means more bigoted than his contemporaries, always makes some apology for the *too* liberal terms granted and observed by his royal masters to the infidels. Ximenes, in an evil hour, undertook their conversion, first by bribes, then by threats, and at last of course, by violence. The Moors, sore from recent defeat, rose in rebellion; how great a matter a little fire kindleth! Ferdinand, who disliked him, and knew the value of his rich and peaceful subjects, in vain reproved his rashness: Ximenes, backed by the people, maintained that 'a tamer policy might suit temporal matters, but not those of the soul.' A servile war ensued: fertility was arrested; blood poured out like water; and a hatred deeper than hell engendered, by the mistaken zeal of a monk, the conducting-wire of popular prejudices. Ximenes now, with scholastic casuistry, proclaimed the Moors to be rebels, because they had resisted *his* infraction of treaties. 'God's enemies' were to be exterminated like wild beasts. This fatal innovation led, and justly, to the ruin of Spain: for let no rash statesman make changes in solemn settlements, in the vain hope that he will be able to check or regulate the consequences. To these Ximenes was either blind or indifferent: his stern character rose above the thoughts or weaknesses of human nature. He would have lost the whole world to have gained, as he thought, one soul. He was a monk, and fit, in the words of Bacon, to become a severe inquisitor. How can a monk be a philosopher or philanthropist? Discipline and implicit obedience are his noviciate; degrading offices of servitude wither his self-respect; he becomes a formalist, a slave to system, to unworthy notions of the Deity, which narrow heart and intellect, until mortification and interrupted sleep, breaking mind and body, stamp on the downcast unrepining countenance the triumph over humanity, the prescribed immutable submission of Egyptian sculpture. Irremissible punishments, executed without mercy, and familiarity with penance, deaden pity; their ears in the confessional are the sewers of human infirmities—a denial of human merit, their language in the pulpit. Enslaved, cowed, and beaten down in youth, they become despots when in power; the pharisaical pride of spiritual self-superiority assumes a dictatorial tone: obedience is better than sacrifice. They have renounced the beautiful world, to which they are dead, its social, its domestic joys. They know not the softening influence of father, husband, friend, of charity and good-will; unnatural celibacy, and the egotism of solitude, shut up their affections; miserable themselves, they scowl, like Satan, on the happiness of mankind. To such men, whose tenderness is never called into action, St. Dominick bequeathed the organising of the Inquisition; to men who, having nothing to do, made evil their good, and gave up time, thought, body, and soul, to the executing their remorseless commission. This is the blot of Isabella's reign: the dry-rot was introduced by the same hand which reared the fabric of Spanish prosperity.

The Inquisition, nursed in France under *Saint* Louis, slumbered for want of fuel after the extermination of the Albigenses. It was revived against the Jews, who, debarred from other professions, traded in money, and must have become sufficiently odious by their mere wealth to the poor and proud Spaniard. They had long been protected by the Spanish kings, who knew the value of capitalists in an age of poverty. Many, as persecution increased, were induced to become Christians, in order to save their ducats; but this availed them little. They were then accused, among other offences, of having tails; and if the people could believe that, like Lord Monboddo, they could believe anything. Debtors have, however, a well-grounded horror of their creditors (if they cannot pay them) without the dread of this Satanic appendage. 'Marrano, Christiano neuvo,' soon became synonymous with renegade, a being despised alike by those whom he deserts, as by those whom he joins. Thus Jewish conversion was stopped. The clamour of the *People* prevailed: their passions are seldom controlled; to the cry of bloodshed, fire, and pillage, once raised, they always respond. This *vox populi* was readily interpreted as *vox cœli*, when kings, cardinals, nobles, and commons, all alike longed for a share of the plunder; for the Jews were '*richer* than the Christians,' says P. Martyr (Ep. 92), thereby revealing the secret. The same pen which signed the capitulation of the Alhambra, the treaty with Columbus, executed the fatal edict for their expulsion. They in vain offered large sums of money to purchase toleration. Isabella was told that it would be re-selling her Saviour; Ferdinand was convinced by a more cogent argument—the advance, by the archbishop, of the proffered amount; and the Spanish historians eulogise this 'sublime sacrifice of temporal interests to religious principles, in which the Divine Justice was delighted.'

There is nothing the literature of Spain is more proud of than the Inquisition. Cities have contested with hot rivalry for the glorious distinction of having been the first seat of that *holy* tribunal. The great claim for the beatification of San Fernando, put forth by Philip III. in 1627, was, that he had carried, like a second Abraham, fire and fagots himself.* All travellers report that the *auto de fé*† was considered by far the most magnificent spectacle of Spain. The presence of majesty, elsewhere the harbinger of pardon, was there the signal of greater bloodshed. The Inquisition is dear even yet to Spanish hearts. The snake is scotched, not killed. Royalists and constitutionalists, differing wide as the poles asunder, agree only in religious persecution. Sir Charles Vaughan wrote in 1811 'that the Cortes were anxious to maintain the Inquisition *in all its forms*—the only branch of government to which they seemed disposed to communicate any energy.' The north of Spain was on the point of rising against its British defenders, solely from a report that they would put down the Inquisition, which the clear-sighted Duke had foreseen would be 'disagreeable to the clergy, and to *the great body of the people*.' (Gurwood, x. 474.) Carnicero—(*i. e.* Butcher—fit name!)—published at Madrid in 1816 a defence of its re-establishment. Llorente, who has shown all the hidden atrocities, 'found Roman Catholics in London who advocated this *bulwark of Romanism*.' (Preface, xxi.)

Ferdinand was delighted with this engine of finance and high police. Montanus,* writing in 1557, states that it was devised (like the penal statutes of Henry VII.) more to increase the exchequer than for the furtherance of religion. That idea was scouted at Rome by the infidel Leo X. If a few men, by perversion of judgment, have burnt their fellow-creatures for the love of God, hundreds have done so for the love of money. We cannot doubt the mistaken view of duty in Ximenes, and hope, in charity, that Torquemada, the incarnation of Moloch, was a monomaniac. Their integrity and blameless private lives stamp the sincerity of their Romanism. A true Roman Catholic must, of necessity, be a persecutor of heresy, through which, he believes, immortal souls are lost to all eternity: intolerance again is the support of papacy. When heretics are strong, they are consigned to God; when weak, to the fire. 'Quod ferrum non curat igne curatur.' Those Roman Catholics who act otherwise are either trimmers or hypocrites. We have extended these remarks in justification of Isabella, whose weak side was abused; for

> 'Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied.'

The crime has entailed on Spain a heavy and just retribution. She is almost blotted from the map of nations: she is poor, enslaved, ignorant and ferocious. The Inquisition destroyed the former manliness and independence of Spaniards, and fitted them for a despotism. A power of mystery brooded over the land; invisible spies, more terrible than soldiers, omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, aimed at every attribute of the Almighty save justice or mercy. The fear of this tribunal, from which no secrets were hid, locked up the heart; it generated mistrust and suspicion; soured the sweet charities of life; frank communication, which relieves and improves, was at an end—'adempto per *inquisitiones* et loquendi et audiendi commercio.' (Tacit. Agr. 2.) The nation quailed under the depressing influence, which hung like the sword of Damocles over body, soul, life, property, honour. It engendered the sickening necessity of flattering those the most feared and hated—habitual duplicity and hypocrisy—a devolution of oppression—the despot's and the bondsman's spirit—for they are never disunited—until the continual pressure of dead-weight broke down the social and intellectual spring.

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* Ipse vice famulorum ignem et ligna in eis comburendis administrabat.—Pineda. Memorial. 85. Mariana. xii., 12.

† We refer our readers to the official relation of a grand *auto de fé*, celebrated at Madrid before Charles II. in 1680, with engravings. It was drawn up, under authority, by Jose del Olmo, a familiar. The miserable kingling, alike weak in body and intellect, is compared, in the preface, to Jupiter with his lightnings at Crete, p4.

* A discovery and Playne Declaration of Sundry Subtill Practices of the Holy Inquisition of Spayne. London 1568.' See also Dr. M'Crie's excellent 'History of the Reformation in Spain.'

Among other results, this grand iniquity blighted the opening buds of national literature,[*] which had been ushered in under happy auspices. In no country was printing so welcomed. Mendez attests the number of volumes which issued forth in the fifteenth century, when not many less printing-presses were at work than under Ferdinand VII. Isabella was the patroness of scholars, who have repaid her with immortality. She encouraged the admission of books free of duty, because, in the words of the decree of 1484, they brought honour and profit to the kingdom by the facilities they offered for promoting knowledge. At that period the royal councils were directed by the great Cardinal Mendoza—'the king cardinal'—the 'third king of Spain.'[†] He was born of a family in which talent and patronage of talent were hereditary. He was brother to the Conde de Tendilla, the first and excellent governor of the Alhambra, by whose persuasion P. Martyr (the Politian and Ascham of Spain) was induced to leave Italy. P. Martyr was appointed tutor to Prince John: his schools were frequented by the sons of grandees, who then first began to 'think that letters might be no obstacle to the profession of arms.' Isabella encouraged this feeling. She employed the Spanish Erasmus, Antonio of Nebrixa, a pupil of Politian's, to translate his Grammar into Spanish, in order, as he states in the preface, 'that religious women and virgins dedicated to God might know something of Latin without the participation of men.'—Italy was to Spain what ancient Greece had been to Rome: Rome was the Athens to which they resorted: Rome provided learned men, and was the school of arts, taste, and literature to the rude and martial Spaniards. The allegories of Dante and sonnets of Petrarch were imitated by Juan de Mena and others. We have no room now for this wide and interesting subject, beyond the remark that the ballads, like native wild-flowers, are the original and real literature of Spain. Springing from the Moorish contest, they breathe the deep and serious thoughts of troubled times, the loyal military spirit of victory, or the plaintive lament of reverses: they are records of love, gallantry, and adventure: they are remarkable for the absence of the humour of the English, the venison pasties and flagons of Dian's foresters, and of the indecency and sensuality of the French, the gloomy spectres and horrors of the North, and even the fanciful genii of the Arabians. These distinctive peculiarities may be attributed to the censorship of ecclesiastics, the southern quality of the climate, the cheerful and temperate character of chivalrous troubadours.

The rapid progress of Spanish literature, under the patronage of Mendoza, is the best proof of its innate capabilities: the developement was nipped by Ximenes, his successor, who, while founding universities, cut at the roots of all real improvement. His object was to make knowledge the handmaid of error, the vehicle for the diffusion of fallacy, a means to force mankind to think, not as they themselves, but as *Rome* chose. In Granada alone, under the pretence of destroying the Koran, he burnt 80,000 volumes of Arabian literature. Conde[*] attributes to this modern Omar the existing ignorance of Moorish agriculture and manufactures. The distinction between sacred and profane learning, devised by far-sighted bigotry, has always spurred on the destructive energy of fanatics. The library of the Marquis de Villena, the good duke Humphrey, the first Mæcenas of Spain, was burnt as 'magical' by the monk Lope de Barrientos.[†] The records of Mexico were destroyed by another son of darkness, the mendicant Juan de Zummaraga; Torquemada burnt Hebrew Bibles at Seville; the bonfires of ignorance blazed far and wide—'in libros sævitum;' the impotent malice which provoked the magnificent indignation of a pagan philosopher—'scilicet *illo* igne vocem populi Romani et libertatem senatûs et *conscientiam* humani generis aboleri arbitrabantur.' (Tacitus, Agr. ii.)

The vigorous intellect of Ximenes, devoid of wit, fancy, taste, or imagination, was calculated only for legal or exact studies; his sole relaxation was monkish casuistry; his fame as an encourager of learning is based on his celebrated Polyglott Bible, which is generally called the Complutensian, from having been published at Alcala (Complutum). We conceive that, during his sojourn in the forest, to which he always recurred as the happiest period of his life, he must have taken St. Jerome, the great hermit of his age and the prototype of biblical translators, as his model. Ximenes, a blind instrument in the hand of Providence, was the first to circulate the Bible, the sure antidote to those fallacies which he hoped to bolster up by fire and persecution. Bonner, the Torquemada of Wolsey, did precisely the same thing. Ximenes had, however, no idea of propagating a translation of the Scriptures among the laity or unlearned—the 'vernacular' was fit only for godly treatises of pious men, legends and traditions. Thus when Talavera wished to translate them into Arabic for the Moors, he replied, 'That truth was a pearl too precious for swine, and that whenever the Bible should be rendered into the vulgar tongue, it would be pernicious to Christianity;' meaning, by that slight misnomer, the errors of Rome.[*] He contended (taking Pilate for his example !) that the three languages of the superscription on the cross were those only to be allowed: and he placed in the triple columns of his book the Latin version of St. Jerome *between* the Hebrew and the Septuagint, in order, as he states in the preface, that the version of the *Roman Church*, which represents *Christ* on earth, might occupy *his* position! Ximenes spared no expense in procuring learned men and ancient MSS. Leo X., to whom the book was dedicated, sent him many from the Vatican. It was began in 1502 and finished on the 10th of January, 1517; the last sheet was brought to Ximenes shortly before his death, when he thanked God that he had lived to see the completion of his greatest work. Leo X., who began to suspect the justice of Cardinal Pole's warning as to the danger of encouraging learning, and to forsee that the Bible would break up his monopoly of 'profitable error,' delayed the licence till 1520, the general publication till 1522; and the edition was limited to 600 copies. The original cost exceeded 50,000 ducats, a sum almost equivalent in present value to a quarter of a million sterling.[†] Biblical critics having differed with regard to the accuracy of the text, Professor Moldenhauer, in 1784, went to Alcala on purpose to examine the original MSS. He found that a librarian had (not at that time, as Mr. Prescott states, iii. 401, but), thirty-five years before, sold them as waste paper to a rocket-maker, who had worked them up in his vocation.[‡]

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[*] Mr. Prescott, in some very weak remarks, announces his surprise that the Inquisition should have been 'revived at the moment of the revival of knowledge.'—i. 378. It would have been very strange if the 'Mystery of Iniquity' had not suggested some diabolical machinery for counteracting, or at least checking, the easily-foreseen consequence of mental illumination.

[†] He was thus openly and *seriously* addressed, not '*pleasantly*,' as Mr. Prescott says (iii. 469), whose pleasantries are serious. P. Martyr writes to the cardinal,—'Hispaniarum primas—in quo orbe tu *tertius* es et *jure merito rex*—tota orbis terrarum gubernatio, si tuis humeris inhereret, collum tibi flectere vel *digitulum* vix sufficerit.'

[*] Conde Xerif. Aledris, pref. p. 8. The Arabian library in the Escurial is a creature of accident, not design. A ship freighted with 3000 volumes, not for the Spanish, but Moorish king, was taken in 1611 by the former. The Moor offered a ransom, which was accepted, but not concluded, owing to a civil war in Barbary. *Accident* has since greatly diminished the treasure thus acquired by *accident*; and in spite of the Escurial and all that it does hold, there is less of Arabic *lore* in Spain than in any other European country.

[†] Ferdinand Gomez, the king's physician, wrote to Juan de Mena (the Spanish Chaucer) to say, that 'this monk could no more read them than the Emperor of Morocco, nor understand them than the Dean of Ciudad Rodrigo.' (Nic. Ant. Bib. Vet. x. 3, 155.)

Ferdinand and Ximenes soon perceived the tendencies of a free press. Regulations were introduced in 1502 and concluded in 1558, when it was consigned entirely to the tender mercies of inquisitorial censorship under pain of death.[§] The suspicion against books was next transferred to those who read them—lean, hungry, Cassius-looking, dangerous men. The inexperienced student everywhere has a tendency to *become* a Radical. He is misled by the declamation of the slave-holding patriots of antiquity, until the practical guillotine and physical chartism come in as a corrective.

Printing the Bible necessarily produced the Reformation; the privileged pope and emperor took alarm and made common cause — though Charles V. warred against the Protestants, not because they were Protestants, but because their Saxon patrons stood up for the independence of Germany. Spain, which gave birth to St. Dominic, became the champion of popedom. Mark the retribution. The first discontent of Luther arose from the sale of papal indulgences having been taken away from his Augustine order and given to the Dominicans. Clement VII., siding with Charles V., refused, to Henry VIII. that divorce which Alexander VI. readily conceded to Louis XII.; thus, Protestant England was naturally brought into collision with Roman Catholic Spain, as leaders of antagonist creeds. Philip II. 'wasted marrow, bones, and all' on his braggadocio armada, invincible until beaten; then followed the tremendous reprisal, the sack of Cadiz, entailing bankruptcy on Spain, which never was, and never will be, superseded. The Inquisition, interfering with the commerce of Holland, led to its loss, after an expense which exhausted the mines of Mexico. By a singular contradiction Charles V. and Philip II., who were ruining themselves in the support of Romanism, were dragged into war and defeated by Clement VII. and Paul IV., who planned coalitions against the overgrown power of their most dutiful sons;—the eternal city was brutally sacked, and the pontiff made prisoner by the very armies that upheld the cause of Rome against the Lutherans of Germany.

Meanwhile, the fiery spirit of Ximenes grew younger and stronger as his body grew old and weak; civil and religious submission was his watch-word, and he lived to carry his point. Checked by the mild influence of Isabella, at her death he plunged into new *enterprise*—he lived for action. The magnificence of his plans endeared him to Spaniards. It has been the secret of the popularity of the Alberonis and Mendizabals, who have fattened by pandering to this besetting delusion. While the great Captain counted his beads, a hermit in disgrace, the sword-girt monk carried war into Africa: victory sat on his plumed mitre; his well-organised arrangements, unshrinking courage, and heroic decision did more to ensure success than the standing still of the sun on the day of attack, a celestial accommodation which escaped the observation of vulgar astronomers. Oran, Algiers, and Tunis became the fruits of an expedition planned, defrayed, and conducted by him. Disgusted by the discovery of the secret and hostile instructions of Ferdinand, he retired to Alcala, with an old man's love for the scenes of his boyhood; he declined a triumph for which he was too great; he passed (like Washington and Wellington) without effort or complaint, regret or remonstrance, into private life; the conqueror became merged in the diocesan and the founder of colleges. Although Ferdinand disliked him, and never forgave his holding the primacy of Spain to the exclusion of his bastard, yet, like Louis XIII. in regard to Richelieu, he fully knew his value; he appointed him regent by his will. The cardinal, nearly eighty years of age, was called, like Paul IV., into care-lined ermine at a moment when repose is graceful and decorous, when the lengthening shadows marking the silent flight of time announce the close of life; crosier, sceptre, or sword never trembled in his aged grasp. He assumed, during the absence of Charles, the whole government, with an unaffected simplicity and consciousness of power, ἀξιος ων, which neither offended nor surprised—such was his official experience and the invincible force of integrity, the magic of a master-mind, the fascination of constant success. He devoted himself with single-hearted energy to the performance of his duty to his king and church: he stood forward in the gap; he beat down a turbulent opposition by arms, the last argument of kings; he organised a civil force, strong in the people's support, and realised the dream of Machiavelli; he grappled with difficulties, and by so doing conquered them; he was not idiot enough to attempt to conciliate those who are not to be conciliated, nor to hope to disarm enemies by a fear of giving offence; he obtained peace by preparing for war; his iron arm kept down the discontent of Spaniards, which fired at the exactions of the Flemish favourites of Charles. Successful in all his plans, he was not enamoured with place or power. After his oft-repeated and most urgent entreaties, Charles came at last. The news of his long-wished-for arrival operated as a cordial on the death-stricken Ximenes: he advanced by slow stages, 'an old man broken with the storms of state,' to meet his king: but his silver hairs could not purchase the forbearance of the ravenous tribe who followed the royal stranger. They persuaded their young master to write a cold letter of thanks and of official dismissal. Ximenes, who had been too long in power to be surprised at ingratitude, indignant and lion-hearted to the last, attempted to scrawl an answer, fell back, 'gave his honours to the world, and slept in peace.' *

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[*] This, and the burnings, effectually checked the study of the Arabic language in Spain, and the diffusion of translations. When the devil interrupted Luther at his studies, the reformer threw his inkstand at his head. Holy water is not more hateful to the prince of lies than ink, one drop of which makes thousands, millions, think.

[†] It is now become very rare: a copy on vellum (of which three only were printed), and supposed to be the identical copy reserved by the cardinal, was sold in 1829 at the sale of Mr. Hibbert, who also possessed Luther's own copy of his own Bible. It produced the sum of 522*l.* and is now in the possession of Mr. F. H. Standish, a bibliographical treasure which would exalt the humblest and stamp dignity on the proudest collection in Europe.

[‡] Marsh. Michaelis, iv. 440, 2nd ed. 1802. The Gotho-Spaniard was beat by the liberal republicans of France. The archives of Simancas were thrown into the castle ditch for the sake of the string with which they were tied. The librarian there, who saw it done, told us this fact on the spot. The vellum MSS. of Las Cuevas, at Seville, were, as Laborde confesses, make up into Cartridges by Marshal Soult. Itin. d'Esp., iii. 265, ed. 1828.)

[§] Recopilacion, lib. i., tit. 7. Ley. 21, 23, 24.

Such was Ximenes, whose very errors were stamped with more than *Dantesque* character of power. A Mons. Richard has published a parallel between him and Cardinal Richelieu. Certainly both were cardinals, prime ministers, ambitious, and despotic, but all this was a resemblance rather of situation than of personal character. Richelieu was supported by the Crown, which was supported by Ximenes. Richelieu was devoid of religious sincerity. His faith was subservient to his policy; he oppressed Protestants in France, and upheld them in Germany. He was dishonest, sensual, ostentatious, fond of flattery, tremblingly alive to libel, unforgiving, cruel, devoid of real courage, a false crouching courtier, a nepotist, a mass of pure unmitigated selfishness. He founded hotels for himself, not colleges for others. He expended millions, not on the Bible, but on purple and fine linen. Insolent in life, hated in death, he was accompanied to his grave by the yells of the people, their dirges to tyrants; though, blinded by self-love, his last words were, that 'He had no enemies save those of the State.' This vain Frenchman resembled the false *clinquant*, the theatrical pretension of a picture by David, execrable alike whether armed with pallet or guillotine; the proud Spaniard awed mankind with the severe, almost appalling, grandeur of a prophet by Michael Angelo.

Our Wolsey appears to us to have proposed Ximenes to himself for a model; but he was his inferior in the quality of his virtues as well as vices. Both rose by their talents, both remembered their schools—Alcala, Ipswich. Both were patronised by the leading prelates of the day; one confessor to his queen, the other chaplain to his king. Wolsey was subtle and insinuating, full of personal feeling and *parvenu* arrogance; profligate in youth, and placed in the stocks for drunkenness, he contrasted with the ascetic mortifications of Ximenes;—one all private humility and sincere indifference to dignities, dying in honour, and entombed amidst the praises of friend and foe: the other, all pomp and pride, grasping at mitres, pandering to a sensual monarch, wallowing in wealth and self-indulgence, and, when stripped of all, bemoaning on his death-bed his neglected Maker.

Mr. Prescott modestly expresses his sorrow at finding himself anticipated by Mr. Irving in two of the most brilliant portions of his theme, the conquest of Granada, and the history of Columbus; and we fully enter into the natural feeling, 'pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerint.' But if he will correct certain blemishes of style, which are unworthy of his talents, amiable character, and literary perseverance, he has no cause to fear a competition with Mr. Irving. The world is wide enough for all. There is nothing new under the sun. 'Le beau est mon bien, et je le reprend ou je le retrouve.' The novelty consists in the fashion, the 'callida junctura' of the workman; 'à l'œuvre on connait l'artisan.'

As to the affair of Granada, the two authors have little in common beyond the subject. Irving, avowedly imitating Froissart, only professed to take a contemporary view, to describe effects, not causes, minute events, moving incidents, the interest of the day. His therefore is an account of sieges, costumes, and banners, Moors, 'Allah ackbar,' personal prowess and adventure—a sparkling sketch with not much in it, a vignette for an annual. Mr. Prescott's intention was to take a wider scope, like one that stands upon a promontory and spies afar. His book was destined for the study, not the drawing-room; a bill of fare less abounding in the pleasing trifles of sugared confectionary, than the substantial chines of Homeric heroes. His aim, of which, however, he too often loses sight, is to paint a grand historical subject, to discard common and trivial occurrences, and dwell upon those landmarks which affix character and identity to the scene; to paint with the broad effects of Rembrandt. The details of the conquest of Granada require no notice from us. The effects are less understood. This possession of the Moors, the apparent weakness of Castile, was, in fact the secret of Castilian strength. The struggle, like the breeze upon a lake, kept fresh the energies of the nation. While the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, which was thought by the infallible Pope to be a divine judgment, turned out to be a divine blessing by the dispersion of knowledge, the capture of Granada, which the same Pope pronounced to be a compensation for the infidel success, proved the cause of the ruin of Spain. It paved the way to the loss of all liberty, to apathy, stagnation, corruption, and decay.

Certainly Washington Irving had many qualifications for writing the life of Columbus—a real tale of sorrow and romance: nor can we too much praise the talent with which he has, on the whole, combined historical accuracy with poetic feeling; but still he is an advocate, and not seldom his zeal betrays him. Mr. Prescott, though heartily sympathising with the hero, has throughout endeavoured to maintain the impartial spirit of a judge. The life of Columbus is one magnificent tragedy; the plot, the discovery of a world; the moral, the vanity of human wishes—a good man struggling with undeserved misfortune. The drama opens with the splendid conception, not the child of accident, but of long-matured design; the progress is impeded by delays and difficulties, until the spurns of patient merit are succeeded by the triumph. Then comes a change of scene, envy, persecution, disappointment, and death. The portrait of this great Italian, prefixed to Mr. Prescott's third volume, is evidently by an Italian hand. The oval, somewhat lengthened face, the thoughtful, expressive eye, an eagle's in repose, the steady, open regard, the grave, modest, commanding dignity—self-respect tempered with respect for others—the mournful cast of countenance, prescient of ill-requited merit, the ample, intelligent brow, the small, determined mouth, the *recherche* of costume, the helm and battle-axe, laid aside but ready, contrasting with the medal in his hand—all combine to pourtray the man of taste and the soldier.

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* He was said to have been poisoned. The vulgar are disposed to ascribe the death of great men to foul means. Eighty-one years of age was surely sufficient, and at a period when life was less prolonged than at present. Few of his great contemporaries even reached the grand climacteric—the fatal sixty two. Mr. Prescott (iii. 498-505) subjoins in a note some poor and misplaced jests;—'*die* and endow a college or a cat.' &c. &c. Ximenes *lived* to do the former.

Columbus was born about 1435, of poor parents, near Genoa, which disowned, while unknown to fame, him who is now her greatest boast. He loved the sea from boyhood, with that irresistible instinctive yearning, that foresight of success, which marked the early career of our Captain Cook. Portugal was the England of that age, and took the lead in maritime discovery. Prince Henry, from his lone watch-tower at Sagres, anticipated the circumnavigation of Africa. Columbus, married to a sailor's daughter, had learnt amid the storms of Iceland that practical seamanship for which, like Cook, he was pre-eminently distinguished; that accurate observation of the elements and heavens which he so often turned to good account; that witchcraft of knowledge which appeared superhuman to superstitious and ignorant mariners. He supported himself, at first, by making charts. A vague idea, fed by vulgar credulity, and learned speculation, based on some poetic aspirations of the revived classics, was then generally prevalent, that a path of glory opened by the west to Asia, to Cathay, to the fairy-land of Prester John—a region of spice and pearls, barbaric pomp and gold. The prophetic eye of Columbus pierced through the twilight which broke on the long night of the dark ages: the train of his innate impulses was fired, and when he had carefully satisfied his mind, conjecture became conviction, to which he adhered with impliable tenacity. Mystical and religious, he considered himself an instrument in the hands of Providence, to carry, as the dove (Columbus) the olive-branch, the gospel to benighted worlds. This and his own honour were the pivots of his mind; never, even while a beggar, would he abate one jot of his lofty pretensions. He treated with kings as one who could confer kingdoms; and when his plans were rejected at Lisbon, he departed in disgust, the world before him.

There is a convent of Franciscans at St. Maria de Rabida, near Mouger—it still remains much as it was—an unknown stranger begs at the porter's lodge a crust of bread and a cup of water for his little boy. The Prior, passing by, is arrested by his striking appearance—that stranger is Columbus.—Juan Perez de Marchana, the Prior (an honour to his name and calling,) had been confessor to Isabella: he became a second father to the child, and a patron to the father. Furnished with a letter to the Queen, the foreigner arrives at court at the moment of the war against Granada, when every nerve was strained for a popular, practical and definite object. The Catholic Sovereigns have been reproached by writers influenced by feeling, and by a knowledge of subsequent events, with folly and inattention to his proposals. They could not have been expected to relinquish a substance for what then *must have* appeared a shadow; they did not, however, reject him—he was referred to a commission of divines at Salamanca, for religion was then mixed up in every thing. The beautiful convent of Dominicans where the conclave met has also escaped the destroying French: the traveller may still tread those halls where the arguments of Columbus were rebutted by texts from Saint Augustine; where the great man was silenced by college tutors, who accustomed to teach others, were not to be taught. He was thought an atheist, a reckless adventurer, a fool, by real fools, who despised what they could not understand; his plan was pronounced to be 'vain, impracticable, and unworthy of support.' To assert that the earth is round, or that the sun is stationary, was considered heresy in Spain until 1747!! Galileo, in Italy, retracted his errors on his knees. Columbus returned to court, rejected but not dejected; his earnest self-confidence, if it could not ensure conviction, obtained respect from Isabella; there was a sympathy in their kindred minds; she supplied him in the meantime with a home and maintenance. After seven long years of hope deferred, the good Prior comes in person to plead his cause. Isabella is convinced, while all around are incredulous—she pawns her jewels to defray the expedition.* We have stood upon that bridge at Pinos from whence Columbus, retiring for ever, was recalled. At the age of fifty-seven, and older than mere years, he prepares for the voyage; in these days of a north-western steam trip, we cannot understand what must have been the awful launching into the unknown deep, which no ship had traversed, from whence nought but tempest-wrecked fragments had drifted back. They embark in open-decked caravels; the desponding crew bid the living world farewell—they venture on the waste of waters; the trade-winds, which waft them rapidly from Europe, seem to oppose return; the needle, their only guide, varies; clouds assume the shape of headlands; the *mirage* of the deep mocks their land-sick eyes; they mutiny, when on the verge of the discovery, from intense nostalgia. Columbus had set his life upon the cast; another day of trial is granted. He keeps the night-watch, for he has forgotten sleep: when, sweeping the horizon, his anxious eye first catches the flicker of a light—'tis land. To him was reserved the first sight of *his* new world, the eternal monument of *his* fame. The great ocean secret was now solved; the rising sun revealed verdant isles sleeping in innocence and beauty on the crystal waters; the despised foreigner in one moment was worshipped by his mutinous crew as a demigod; they fell at his feet, now the dispenser of honour and fortune,

'And bless'd the wondrous man.'

Columbus, by gentle usage, conciliated the natives; they never forgot his kindness, which the Spaniards never remembered; his policy was marked by good faith, justice, and humanity; he was guided by sound views which were in advance of his age; he respected their women and their chiefs. A vein of poetry and religious gratitude breathes through his matchless account of this event; with true Italian perception of beauty, he is never weary of contemplating these blessed islands, in which the Spaniards, to whom profit was and is beauty, saw nothing. He establishes a government, and provides rules of conduct during his absence; his value was best tested by his loss; ere his departing ship was out of sight his councils were forgotten; then followed the fearful excesses of unbridled lust, and of remote, unquestioned, delegated power. Alas! for this paradise of the sea; an eternal spring, a bountiful, uncursed soil; a simple, naked, virtuous population; kind and hospitable men, groups of beautiful women, 'with ever-smiling faces, and songs, from morning till evening, came dancing forth from their palm-groves, like Dryads,' says P. Martyr, 'to welcome these supposed visitors from heaven;' fiends rather, who were soon to convert their innocence into guilt, their liberty into slavery. The poor, happy, ignorant Indians, called *savages*, forsooth, by these worthy descendants of the Goths, were subsequently handed over to the polluted dominion of galley-slaves, convicts who had cheated the gibbet, demons let loose from the Spanish prisons, and worse than the fallen angels, never having been good! Columbus returns to Spain without one reproach on his conscience, without one drop of blood on his hands; his frail bark, laden with the freight of the New World, encounters a hurricane; his thoughts at that moment are recorded in his journal—they turned to his poor boys at Cordova, his unfortunate crew, his own loss of glory. He lands in Spain like a spirit from another world; he visits the Catholic Sovereigns at Barcelona—his progress was one triumph; cities empty themselves to say 'This is he.' The sovereigns rise at his approach and seat him in their presence; his gray hairs and commanding aspect mark him as the hero of the pageant. To complete the picture of the times, Alexander VI., a disgrace to his order and to human nature, a feeble, profligate old man, by one dash of his pen confers on the Spanish crown the Empire of the New World—'the reward of heaven for the conquest of the Moors, and the expulsion of the Jews!' This happy month was the short and winged honey-moon of the life of Columbus—the sorrows of his youth and manhood formed the sad presage of his declining fate. On his return to San Salvador he found the country desolate; he became the butt of calumnies which were credited, because, as he says, he was 'absent, envied, and a foreigner.' He was persecuted by Fonseca,* a colonial incubus and over-secretary, a creature made up of schoolboy conceit,† petty spite, and official insolence, whose name is coupled with the ruin of America and the recall of Columbus. Bobadilla is sent out, a special commissioner, armed with dictatorial powers; but here we must quote Mr. Prescott (iii. 19):—'It is impossible now to determine what motive could have led to the selection of so incompetent an agent for an office of such high responsibility. He seems to have been a weak and arrogant man, swelled up with immeasurable insolence by the brief authority thus undeservedly bestowed on him.'

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* To Isabella is due the glory of having thus secured the first possession of the New World to Spain. But for her, Columbus would have gone to England, and Henry VII. listened readily to maritime speculation.

Columbus is sent home in chains by this silly violent minion; he refuses, with an uncomplaining, indignant sense of injustice, to have them taken off during the voyage; he lands at Cadiz in fetters, which are struck off by the first burst of popular indignation—the tribute of sympathy to undeserved persecution; Columbus preserves them, monuments of the reward of his services: they were

> 'Hung in his chamber, buried in his grave.'

Isabella, always his friend, soothes the pang which worth should never know; the venerable Admiral, who could withstand prison and disgrace, falls subdued in tears at her feet. Bobadilla, superseded, sinks into contempt and insignificance; the usual sequels of official rank unaccompanied by real talent, and founded either in fear (the basest of motives), or in the interested fawning of low followers and fortune-hunters. He embarks for Spain in spite of the warnings of his injured and forgiving victim; his crimes and ill-gotten treasures were buried in the deep by an avenging hurricane—only one small ship, which was freighted with the property of Columbus, escaped. The Admiral, after enduring all the miseries of repeated shipwrecks, destitution, mutiny, distress, and sickness, forgotten by his king and people, returns from his fourth and last voyage, buffeted and worn out, broken in mind and body: to fill up the cup of his afflictions, he finds his only friend, the Queen, on her death-bed. Ferdinand, who took no interest in his discoveries, beheld him as an unwelcome creditor, one whose claims were too just to be disregarded, too great to be allowed: thus left in his age, 'naked to his enemies,' he pleaded in vain that, 'having slaved for his sovereigns as if to gain a paradise, he was a homeless beggar after a service of twenty years.' He died at Valladolid (aged 70) on the 20th of May, 1506, with a full confidence in the justice of posterity: his death was calm and happy; he looked forward to a world 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' Yet his very bones were denied rest (the last prayer of Shakspeare): they were moved to Seville, to Santo Domingo, and finally in 1795 to the Havannah, with a pomp which marked the self-love of the Spanish authorities, rather than the respect due to the dust of him who died friendless and forlorn.* They now remain in that island, the first almost of his discoveries, and the last rag of the vast colonial empire of Spain.

The character of Columbus is best portrayed in his private journal, in which he recorded his secret sorrows and joys, the true barometer of his feelings. It is written in an artless, earnest style, and contains the soundest, most practical, and sagacious views, mixed with visions of a poetical and religious enthusiasm; the recovery of the holy sepulchre is never absent from his thoughts; it was the first provision contemplated when he first sailed, the last in his last will. This was not peculiar to him—it influenced the gentle Isabella, the hard-headed, hard-hearted Ximenes, the licentious, thoughtless Charles VIII. As with Isabella, the redemption of souls, not the acquisition of base lucre, was the paramount object of Columbus; his devotional character breaks out in the beautiful nomenclature given to his discoveries; he thereby recorded his faith, as Captain Cook did his friendship and patriotism. We are ashamed to add that San Salvador, the first-seen land, which saved him from the sea and dishonour, now bears the vulgar Brandywine appellation of Cat's Island!

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* Fonseca, the evil genius of Columbus, and for thirty years in office, was a jobber, a hypocrite, and a slave-holder. Spanish historians have never dared entirely to expose his iniquities; the censors protected one of their own order. His quarrel with Columbus arose about the number of the Admiral's footmen, not aid-de-camps. Father Boil, a missionary of Fonseca's, was another sore in the side of Columbus; his quarrel arose from the Admiral's putting him, in a time of scarcity, on short rations like the rest. The inflamed Boil returned to Spain bursting with the humours of discontent. By such dirty pulleys are the scenes of history raised or lowered.

† We believe it was Lord Melbourne who, on a recent occasion, concentrated the results of considerable experience and observation in this brief commentary on a Ministerial colleague's eulogy of a young political economist;—'He's clever enough; but I don't like those fellows that are always cock-sure of every thing.'

* Humboldt, the moral discoverer of the southern new world, indignantly remarks—'Wherever we traverse Spanish America, from Buenos Ayres to Monterey, from Trinidad to Puerto Rico, from Panama to Veraguas, we no where meet with a national monument erected by public gratitude to the glory of Christopher Columbus.'

Columbus was temperate—his mind, absorbed in his great cause, could not descend to low pleasures. Feeding constantly on lofty hopes, he acquired an exaltation of character which fools thought madness; but there was a method in that enthusiasm, that '*poco di matto,*' which Bacon thought essential to those who aspired to great things. It was this inspired monomania which sustained him through frustration of purpose, fond hopes disappointed, unexpected evils realized. He was a gentleman in mind and manner; there was nothing mean or grovelling in his eccentricity, nor did his peculiar views ever cloud his judgment on any other topic. He exhibited, in the highest degree, fitness for the great object which he accomplished; self-possession, fertility of expedient, presence of mind, professional skill, unremitting attention to the health and welfare of his crew, steady performance of duty, justice, humanity, discipline, personal intrepidity, truth to himself and to others. Columbus was the sport of seeming *accidents*, the term our blind ignorance applies to those events by which an inscrutable Providence brings about its own good purposes. Like Moses he was doomed to behold, but never enter the land of promise to which he had guided others: the golden will-o'-the-wisp flitting before his eyes continually eluded his grasp. On the 7th of October, in his first voyage, had he not changed his course to W. S. W., he must have made the Floridas, and have given a Spanish population to North America. Again, had he not on the 12th of November turned to E. S. E., he must have sailed into the Gulf of Mexico. He died ignorant of the real extent of his discoveries, but was spared from seeing his honour perpetuated on another's name—the fulfilment, nevertheless, of his own predictions!

Whether the discovery of the New World has been a blessing to the natives or to their discoverers is a wide question: we think not. That another awful event which occurred two years afterwards, and changed the face of Europe—the invasion of Italy by the French—was a source of misery to civilization, admits of little doubt.

Louis XI. transmitted the great and compact power of France to his uneducated son: Charles VIII., deformed in body and depraved in mind, thirsted for conquest; his dreams of Charlemagne were seconded by his restless people, who, deprived of their accustomed wars at home, sought a safety-valve in foreign aggression: Charles was a mere weed, carried forward on the waves. Lust for conquest has ever since been the business—war, the recreation of the French. This 'contest for glory' was the type of the flagitious invasion of Spain by Buonaparte, whom Mr. Prescott can compare to Gaston de Foix (iii. 417)—a simile of dissimilitude—while he can see no parallel between the Great Captain of Spain and the greater captain of England!

Naples was the prize—the pretext a claim to its crown, of which Mr. Prescott has clearly shown the groundlessness. The bastard branch of Arragon had reigned in quiet possession, recognised by popes and kings, for three successions, to the exclusion both of the house of Anjou and of Ferdinand the Catholic: the latter, notwithstanding, was always considered by the Spaniards to be the rightful heir, which he really was according to former treaties. The weapon by which Italy was to be destroyed was forged by one of her own children. Ludovico Sforza (the Moor) ruled at Milan during the minority of the young duke, a grandson of the king of Naples. He tempted Charles to revive the antiquated pretensions of the house of Anjou in the hopes that a war carried by the French into Naples would give such occupation to that power as to ensure the non-interruption of his own usurpations at Milan. Charles caught at the glittering bait, and secured, as he imagined, the connivance of Ferdinand, by the surrender of the mortgaged provinces of Roussillon and Cerdagne; a treaty of alliance was formed between them, into which was introduced the usual formula: '*the vicar of Christ excepted.*' Ferdinand, by extending this to include Naples as a fief of the church, defeated the whole object which his rival had in contemplation. He thus recovered the long-sought-for keys of his dominions, which the wily Louis XI. never would have given up; while Charles relinquished for a shadow, which he could never retain, a substance which never could have been taken from him.

Italy was then in her zenith: compared to the rest of Europe, she was a paradise, a garden of delight; protected by the Alps from the rude North, girt by the Mediterranean (the high-way of commerce), her valleys overflowed with milk and honey, her mountain-tops luxuriated with cultivation. She formed a world within herself, floating in an atmosphere of policy and refinement of her own, Yet, devoid alike of the charm of innocence, or of the strength of virtue, her gift of beauty was fatal. She was unarmed. The intellectual Italians were unwilling to disturb their polished ease and literary indulgence by 'noisy drums and villanous saltpetre.' Gentle as doves, yet wiser than serpents, the encounter of knowledge was their arena of honour. Wealth enabled them to hire others to do for them the work of fighting—and they had pride in directing from their quiet cabinet the brute machine: they ruled, like their spiritual head of the Vatican, by no force save that of opinion; laughed at the bubble of military glory as the fallacy of feudal barbarism; despised courage, which they held to be a thing of nerves, sinews, and digestion—not even a moral quality—common to good and bad alike—sometimes based in the bully's want of feeling for others—oftener the child of cowardice itself, a greater fear of being thought afraid. The condottieri, the leaders of these hireling legions, economised their men as their stock-in-trade, and, having no personal feeling in the dispute, and being liable, like advocates, to be retained in some future cause by their immediate opponents, they carried on a warfare which was defensive rather than offensive: no Death rode on their pale horses. A defunct enemy was no gain, whilst the loss of a comrade diminished their own pack. A live prisoner who would pay ransom was the real prize. This system of tactics was perfected by Sir John Hawkwood, an English condottier, and the real inventor of the modern art of war. Machiavelli relates, that at the important battle of Zagonara, in 1423, three men only were killed, and those by mud and heat. This 'pochissima uccisione' has passed into the chivalric paper achievements of the Spaniards, 'los muy valientes.' Quesada gained his celebrated victory at Veger, in 1831, with the loss of one hero killed, and two brave men bruised. The Italians, not cruel for cruelty's sake, reserved death for the poisoned cup and the assassin stab, as surer methods than the chance shot of a soldier. Hence, when the vials of wrath were emptied on the fair valleys, from a quarter whence no danger had been anticipated—

when the accustomed mutual forbearance of death was disregarded by these blood hounds—when the 'furia Francesca' broke down the sanctuaries, and defiled the holy places—Italy swooned away panic-struck and paralysed in horror. The deluge poured on unresisted and irresistible: the Vandal Gaul came again, with merely chalk in his hand, said the Pope, to mark his billets. Desolation marched in the van, famine and disease in the rear: the Italians then felt their weakness, the French found and abused their strength. Lust, impiety, plunder,* insolence, merry cruelty, did their worst. Then was first introduced the 'system of terror' by which France has desolated the earth, and which 'no other power in Europe ever had or ever can have recourse to.' (Gurwood, x. 367.) The first holocaust was the brutal and needless sack of St. Jean: that *Saint Jean* has been avenged! Afterwards in Capua, *during a parley*, 7000 citizens were butchered in cold blood. Peter Martyr predicted alike the havoc, the short-lived triumph, the destruction of the 'locusts,' and the irreparable injury to his country. (Ep. 124.)

While the French were wallowing in their sty at Naples, converting friends into foes by insolence and impolicy, Ferdinand set on foot the *first* armed coalition of Europe against the common enemy. Charles VIII., roused from the felicity of a dream, fled with half his army, and forced a passage through the allies at Fornovo. The French, irritated by the recoil of their own iniquities, rendered savage, like birds of prey, by having tasted blood, retired, hissing with spite, poisoning and blighting the soil, scarring the land in petty mischief. Those who escaped soon forgot, in the stews and flesh-pots of Paris, their deserted companions; their runaway leader rubbed his hands like Buonaparte over the fire—'Cela vaut mieux que Moscou.' The French who were left behind in Naples were commanded by Montpensier, a chief of a breed hardly yet extinct, who never could get up till noon. They were opposed by the Great Captain, the only *really* great captain Spain has ever produced. Her remarkable immemorial incapacity in that respect has been noticed by the ancients. (Justin, ii. 44.) It has pervaded all her annals, and is confirmed by him who knew them best: 'not even the struggle for independence could produce *one* man with *any* knowledge of the real situation of the country;' (Gurwood, ix. 524; vii. 48, 244)—there was throughout an entire 'and real dearth of men even of *common* capacity,' (ibid. v. 170)—enough of 'children in the art of war, doing nothing as it ought to be done, but running away.' (Ibid. ix. 366.)

Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordova, of the noble house of Aguilar, was born in 1453, in troubled times, the cradle of master-spirits. A younger brother (an element for making a name), he grew up in war to be active and robust, qualities always necessary in a general, and still more so in that age of personal prowess. Ever the first in attacks, the last in retreats—he was in courts the 'prince of cavaliers;' his costume was magnificent beyond his means: his elder brother (sicut mos illis) paid and reproached in vain. Gonzalo, though clad in brocade, rushed into the water, to carry Isabella from a boat; which gallantry, like the velvet cloak, was the stepping-stone to the good fortunes of this Spanish Raleigh. Gonzalo served at the conquest of Granada; he was selected, from his knowledge of Arabic and his diplomatic talents, to conduct with Zafra the negociation of the surrender. An estate near Granada was his reward; another, and near the same site, has been given to our captain,—the royal Soto de Roma, where we have spent pleasant hours, winged as sunbeams.

Isabella, although she took no part in the Naples campaign, which regarded Arragon, recommended her gallant pilot to Ferdinand. He was appointed to the command, over the heads of his seniors in rank. The queen was 'uniformly' his true friend, and supporter—his George IV.,—which was felt and gratefully acknowledged. (Gurwood, x. 81.) Gonzalo lands in Calabria; the King of Naples loses the battle of Seminara, which he fought in opposition to the advice of Gonzalo—(an Ocana—Gurwood, viii. 158)—who, after this, his only defeat, thought of the Italians as the Duke did of the Spaniards after Talavera. It apappears an idle tale of Florian's, when we read that Gonzalo placed his only strength in his *Spaniards!* on whose *courage*, *nerve*, *and discipline* he could *implicitly* rely!'—while he counted the Italians as nothing. How times are changed! Our Duke, a man not liable to fear '*trembled!*' when he thought of anything that depended on the Spaniards; 'a curse instead of a benefit to the nation which they are employed to defend, (Gurwood, vii. 256;) fortunate if they do not run away' (Gurwood, vii. 568); 'disgraced for constant and shameful misbehaviour before the enemy' (Gurwood, v. 80, 84).

Gonzala retires into Calabria, where he keeps up a Guerilla Moorish desultory warfare; he was left, like 'all Spanish armies, in absolute want of everything, and at the most critical moment' (Gurwood, xi. 85, 276). He then deeply felt the value of Isabella and her well-organised system of supplies. In these untoward circumstances he exhibited all the talents, both of a consummate partisan, and of an able general; quick to profit by the least errors of his opponents; secret to plan; rapid to execute; everywhere at the same time; neglecting nothing; reconnoitring and superintending everything; 'hitting his enemy as hard as he could, and in the most vulnerable place, (Gurwood, xi. 547); full of foresight, circumspection, and prudence, he gained ground inch by inch; pounced upon Laino (Ciudad Rodrigo); forced the French into a convention at Atella, where he was hailed by acclamation as the Great Captain; and he indeed is great who achieves great deeds with limited means. After the final expulsion of the French he proceeded to Ostia, and having routed a bandit horde, entered the eternal city in triumph. He was received by Alexander VI. as the 'Deliverer of Rome;' and, though decorated by him with the golden rose, reproved the Pontiff for his vices; or, as Mr. Prescott (ii. 432) expresses it, breathed an '*unsavoury rebuke*.' It was something in those days to have bearded the old man of the seven mountains in his own lair. The iron Alva, some years afterwards, trembled in the presence of Clement VII., even while his prisoner.

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* Mr. Prescott (ii. 392), 'gentle with these butchers, thus blandly records the first war waged against the fine arts. 'Charles *however, took care to secure* to himself some of the spoils of victory, in a manner which we have seen practiced on a *much larger scale* indeed by his countrymen in our days. He collected the various works of art with which Naples was adorned—everything which was capable of *transportation*.'

In the mean time Charles VIII. dies. Louis XII., who differed from him in everything except a greediness for Italy, agrees on a partition of Naples with Ferdinand, who wisely thought that it would be easier to reconquer the half than the whole of that kingdom. Gonzalo is again sent to Italy to take possession of the Spanish moiety: but, before he landed, he, in conjunction with the Venetians, captured St. George in Cephalonia from the Turks, with whom the king of Naples had allied himself, to the particular horror of the Most Christian and Catholic sovereigns, who forthwith professed to take up arms for the sake of religion.

Another French army is sent into Italy: in process of time the disputed and ill-defined boundary fires the train of their hatred to Spaniards. This had been so ill concealed, that their Massenas proclaimed that they were coming to 'drive them into the sea.' Gonzalo, overmatched in numbers, falls back on the Adriatic. He makes his great stand at Barleta, his Torres Vedras, the only spot unconquered by the French. He remained there caged up during many sad months of neglect and privation. The comparison between him and our Duke at Lesaca, and between the conduct of their governments at home, presents the most marvellous parallel afforded in the range of history. Gonzalo never in the darkest moments 'despaired, when ministers thought his case hopeless' (Gurwood, vi. 346); when left by *his* government to his own invention, as to money and other respects' (Gurwood, v. 569); 'not treated with the *common* confidence which he might have expected' from those *he was saving!* (Gurwood, x. 313). 'The service was stinted in every branch' (Gurwood, xi. 386); 'although he did everything in his power to point out wants and have them supplied' (Gurwood, xi. 154); although his necessities were perfectly well known at home, whether from wicked carelessness, official delay, poverty, false economy, despair in ultimate success, or from a mistaken policy that the war might support itself, nothing was done for him, nor for 'the brave army which struggled through its difficulties.' (Gurwood, xi. 628.) Yet he cheered up his men with the hopes of coming succours, and concealed the misconduct of his employers. He was too really great to resign in a pique. He was too real a patriot to sacrifice his country's interests to avenge himself of scurvy treatment from shabby friends. He continued to 'slave like a negro' (Gurwood, viii. 180); 'with more than he could do' (ibid., ix. 54); 'in the field and on the road all day' (ibid., xi. 123); 'going through what no other officer in the service could have endured' (ibid., viii. 277); 'not believed at home' (ibid., viii. 62); bearing every possible difficulty and neglect 'with patience, *great* patience' (ibid. viii. 76.)

His soldiers at length mutiny from absolute privations. 'No money had been paid for three months' (Gurwood. x. 125;) he '*shuddered*' when he wrote home so often and *in vain!* (ibid., xi.—*millies repetita*)—'want of pay was the true cause of all the misery and military misbehaviour' (ibid., ix. 466.) He quells the mutiny 'with an iron hand' (ibid., xi. 151;) he was not hampered by newspaper Solons, by 'no flogging' democrats, who 'make command before *the enemy* impossible;' he was afflicted with no king-acting, gaol-feverish vanity; no '*supposed* mercy—often [ay, always] extreme cruelty in the end, and the cause of the loss of life of valuable men. He was never cruel; and if a terror to evil-doers, he was a kind patron to the good. He rose under difficulties, which he beat back by grappling with them boldly, not by pitiful make-shift expedients. He kept his army together by his unbounded personal influence, 'mira auctoritas apud omnes.' (P. Mart. 486.) His men knew and trusted him, he knew and trusted them. He also knew their enemies; and like our Duke, and most unlike all Spaniards, never underrated their formidable military qualities. He foresaw that the 'furia Francesca' would waste itself against his Fabian tactics. He remained in his 'den' deriding their taunts; and, on their making an unguarded opening, dashed out and advanced to Cerignola, the ancient Cannæ. He formed his lines behind a ditch in a vineyard, which he saw was the true key of the position. The French advanced in 'the old style;' were checked by this unforeseen impediment and wavered; Gonzalo seized the moment,—'Up, guards! and at them!' Then followed the old 'Sauve qui peut!' just 'in the *old** style'—(Gurwood xii. 529;) an hour decided the complete rout; the French fled, leaving in his hands camp, baggage, colours, artillery, and a multitude of prisoners. Gonzalo used their officers kindly; the men he sent on board the galleys. He could place no confidence in French parole (ibid., viii. 62, *et passim*;) to have exchanged them would have been '*giving* them to the enemy' (ibid., xi. 105.) He entered Naples in triumph, to the *inexpressible joy* of the inhabitants; thus delivered from the licentious tyranny of the invaders.—Compare Salamanca (ibid., ix. 241) and Madrid (ibid., xi. 354.)

Gonzalo was soon summoned from his duties of peace into action; the French, 'always prodigal of their men' (Gurwood, xi. 93,) pour in another hornet swarm; previous defeats had not abated their vanity nor confidence: they thought, says P. Martyr, that no one understood the art of war but themselves. Tremouille, their leader, told the Spanish Ambassador that he would 'give 20,000 ducats to meet *his great captain!*' 'Your predecessor would have given double *not* to have met him at Cerignola' was the reply. So spake the exile at Elba of our captain—'Je n'ai pas encore frotte mes mains avec lui,' Waterloo settled that point. The opposing forces encamped on each side of the Garigliano, amid the marshes of the Minturnus, where Marius was concealed—for ancient histories are revived by the new interest shed by the deeds of Gonzalo over their time-honoured sites. The French got wearied with inactivity and became careless. Gonzalo again seized the right moment and crushed them at Garigliano—a Vittoria. The French were again stripped of everything but their skins—all was again lost save the honour of losing all. The conquerors, pushing on, found the French chief's supper prepared—with the same delicate anticipation which was shown at Oporto to our Duke by Soult, and again at Bruxelles by the Count de Merode. The miserable remnant of the French hosts, the finest army, says P. Martyr, which the sun ever beheld, crawled and limped back through Italy, scorned and hooted at, crippled, scarecrow, prodigal, husk-fed legionaries, the poor ill-requited victims of their leader's incompetence. The blood of murdered peasants rose in armed crops of avengers. The 'roads were strewed with carcases of Frenchmen put to death by the people.' (Gurwood, iv. 317: Oporto, Santarem, *et* Peninsula *passim*.') 'The worst evils which they suffered in their retreat were the fruits of those lessons of blood which they had taught.'

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* As old as Livy (x. 28)—'prima eorum prælia plus quam virorum, postrema minus quam fœminarum.'

They drank to the dregs the cup of bitterness, which they had mingled for others. They retained nothing of their conquests but the dishonour and disease.

> 'Parthenopes regnum simul olim, Galle, lucemque
> Cepisti ;—restat nunc tibi sola lues.'

Gonzala entered Naples triumphantly for the third and last time. Having sheathed for ever his victorious sword, he exhibited in his civil office of viceroy those talents which had distinguished him in the field—justice, fortitude, temperance, magnificence, magnanimity, liberality, gentleness, wisdom. He had learnt, like our Duke, how to defend, conquer, and govern kingdoms—both bred up in the school of service, not stunted in the narrowing circle of red-tape offices, they necessarily were financiers, judges, diplomatists, and governors, the component parts of true Great Captains.

Full of decorous gravity, stately without overbearing, Gonzala was indifferent to honours and advantages for himself, but most chary as regarded them for his comrades he gave up his own share of booty ; he impoverished his private fortune by paying those who were neglected by the king ; he carried the personal chivalry of the age to rashness, and to the last adventured his precious life in common forlorn hopes—the proper duty of a soldier of fortune, but an unjustifiable risk in the directing general-in-chief. Like Napoleon and Wellington, he never was wounded : chosen instruments in the hand of Providence for their great destinies, they bore a charmed life. Gonzalo's chief excellencies were 'prudence' and firmness,' qualities all but unknown to Spaniards (Gurwood, vii. 173) ; he was never boastful or 'eager to fight useless battles with disproportionate means' (ibid. viii. 411) ; he trusted in the victory of skill over brute force ; his beautiful armour (one of the relics of Madrid) is chased with his emblems, the cross-bow, and his motto, 'Ingenium superat vires.' The statues of Industry and Fortitude still decorate the exterior of his sepulchral chapel, with the deep-cut record. 'Gallorum ac Turcorum terrori,' which the French, from not understanding, omitted to deface, Gonzalo, unlike most of his countrymen, had no 'low intrigues' (ibid., v. 108 ; vii. 37;) neither did his golden mind stoop to contaminate his honour with the dross of peculation—*τιμη μαλλον η χρηματα.* His treatment of the 'quantities of papers and vouchers required by the auditors of accounts' (Gurwood, vi. 92) has passed into a proverb, 'Las Cuentas del Gran Capitan.'

Gonzalo continued to govern Naples, gaining the esteem of all parties, when the knell of Isabella's death—the fatal warrant to Columbus—struck heavily on his ear : she too knew and felt the irreparable loss. Ferdinand, who up to this moment had honoured and trusted him, now became alarmed at the popularity of his powerful viceroy. He suspected his allegiance, now that the strong tie was snapped. He hurried from Spain at the political crisis after the death of Philip, in order to dispossess Gonzalo of an imaginary sceptre, thereby risking the loss of one at home which was his own. Gonzalo anticipated his thoughts and his arrival ; he placed himself at once in the power of Ferdinand, who, having appointed his own grandson as viceroy, which gives a key to his motives, dissembled until his return to Spain, when his suspicions and neglect drove Gonzalo from his court.

He retired to Loja, where, in the bosom of his family, beloved by all, honoured by all, save his king, he died in 1515, at the fatal age of sixty-two ; his wife only survived him a few days. His ostensible malady was a quartan ague, the legacy of the marshes of Minturnus : it was at least hastened, however, by the pining under placeless disgrace, which no Spaniard can withstand. Even Gonzala lacked the imperturbable *μεγαλοψυχια* of the Duke of Wellington : he could not remain unmoved on the pedestal of his own greatness. It might well be expected that Ferdinand, who disliked Ximenes because raised by the Queen of Castile, and not by himself, would less affect one, the beauty of whose daily generosity made his parsimony appear more odious. Henry VII. hated Stanley, because he who could raise to kingdoms might dethrone. Ferdinand, whose whole policy had been to depress his aristocracy, could not be anxious to elevate one whose glory, talent, and popularity already overshadowed the crown, whose services had outstripped that convenient merit which reward can reach. The old Captain, however, had not been prepared for this ; he became querulous, and wrote and said sharp things, which he forgot and Ferdinand remembered ; he urged the fulfilment of inconvenient promises from the king when he was not in the giving vein—rejected all profered compromise—and, when Ferdinand relented, declined his invitation to court, and refused to give his only daughter to the king's grandson. He forgot that, with those born to title and wealth and spoilt from childhood, denial creates distaste, and a little leaven sours the whole lump of former merits : he forgot that those who serve kings or people must, when they cease to please, not only be cast away, but persecuted, for human nature hates those whom it injures—and the injuries inflicted by the great and aged are heavy, serious, and real, not easy to be forgiven and pitied like the angry spurts of the young and generous. Whatever were his causes of mistrust, they were buried by Ferdinand in the grave of Gonzalo.

The dying Captain repented of three things,* one of which, never revealed by himself, has been very generally interpreted to be his regret at not having declared himself King of Naples ; and the thing is no doubt *possible*. The avowed subjects of his contrition were his breaches of safe-conduct pledged to the Duke of Calabria and Cæsar Borgia. Robertson and all the world have re-echoed the note of reprobation ; which at all events proves that no other charge could be brought against his public or private character. Mr. Prescott† ascribes these sad errors to the 'laxity of the age ;' and undoubtedly the tissue of honor was coarsely woven, and men were more anxious about their interests than their reputations. 'A prudent prince,' wrote Machiavelli, 'will not observe his engagements when they would operate to his disadvantage, and when the causes no longer exist which induced him to make them.' We conceive however, that Gonzalo was far above the ordinary vices of his contemporaries. He acted, like Ximenes and Isabella, from higher though mistaken motives : he had gained nothing (we are ashamed to test him by this utilitarian touchstone) in detaining either of his prisoners. We trace his error to a mistaken chivalrous feeling of loyalty and military obedience; those who have read the early Spanish chronicles need not be told that the essence of the true hidalgo was this devotion to his king—the feeling that as *his* agent he could do no wrong. The royal firman, even were it a sentence of death, was obeyed promptly and respectfully by the Moro-Spanish knight:—the beautiful play of 'La Estrella de Sevilla,' turns on the hero having murdered, on a hint of the king, his bosom friend and the brother of his mistress. It was in this chivalrous sense of self-sacrifice, we conceive—on the principle of implicit obedience which the Soldier-Jesuit Loyola afterwards embodied into his Order—that Gonzalo, though he had pledged his word, felt compelled, on receiving the subsequent command from Ferdinand, to put his private feelings out of the question. We grieve that he should have done so; and it is well to know that he himself grieved for it on his death-bed. Borgia deserves no pity; he united in himself all the worst features of Italian cunning and treachery, of Spanish lust and avarice, of French insolence and cruelty. The young duke, heir to the crown of Naples, was surrendered to Ferdinand, his worst foe: he died in 1550, after a captivity of nearly half a century: we have often paced his castle prison at Xativa, and lamented the hard fate of an amiable and truly royal prince.

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* The grave Cato Major also repented him of three things—having left a day unoccupied ; having gone by sea, when he could have gone by land: and last, though not least, having confided a secret to a woman. (Plut. in vit s. xi.) This at least Gonzalo did not do either to wife or daughter.

† Bacon, who occasionally practised what he preached was of opinion that '*not* too much of the honest is a property conducing to *fortune*'—he does not say to *honour*. Mr. Prescott seems to favour this doctrine. 'It is not *too much* to say that such a treaty, depending for its observance on the good faith and forbearance of the stronger party, would not hold together a year in any country in Christendom, even at the present day, before some flaw or pretext would be devised to evade it.'—(Vol. ii. p. 558.) Nothing like the 'Maine' chance.

Such were the few errors and many virtues of the Great Captain. It was reserved for our greater, and the greatest the world has ever seen, to conquer India in his youth, to save Europe in his manhood, and in his green and vigorous age to rescue England from being untrue to herself. He has been spared to stay the plague, to lead back a wholesome reaction, after the temporary delirium of revolutionary phrenzy—*serus in cœlum redeat*. Gonzalo slumbered at Granada, in the convent of Hieronymites. The chapel was desecrated by the French, who insulted the dead lion, from whose roar their forefathers had fled. We have often gazed upon the slab which covers the vault: to that we must all come at last. We are not aware that his epitaph has ever been given in print; perhaps, while we now write it down, the very graven stone may have been torn up and smashed in the destructive impiety of the ungrateful, degraded Christinos:—

'Gonzali Fernandez de Cordova,
Qui propria virtute
Magni Ducis nomen
Proprium sibi fecit,
Ossa,
Perpetuæ tandem
Luci restituenda,
Hoc interea tumulo
Credita sunt;
Gloria minime consepulta.'

We must not conclude without offering some little apology to Mr. Prescott for having bestowed our space more on his subject than on his book. We repeat, however, that the book must be read—and we hope it may be read with some additional advantage, by those who shall have done us the honour to consider our remarks on several of its most important topics, and our attempts to supply some of its most obvious deficiencies. We must also repeat our opinion that, with all its errors and omissions of manner and matter, Mr. Prescott's is by much the first historical work which British America has as yet produced, and one that need hardly fear a comparison with any that has issued from the European press since this century began.

From the Atheneum.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

J. W. PARKER.

The object of this little work is one of the highest importance; it is designed to point out the importance and responsibility of the station occupied by women in civilized society, to explain their consequent duties, and suggest the means by which they may be most efficiently discharged. Though it is not so stated in the title-page, it is sufficiently manifest that the writer is a lady; the work is strongly marked by the best characteristics of female mind,—large sympathies, abiding affections, logic of the heart rather than of the understanding, the power of persuading rather than convincing. "Woman's mission," according to the authoress, is "to advance the moral regeneration of humanity by means of her social influence." That influence is first felt in childhood: the position of mothers, in reference not only to their daughters but their sons, is one of great responsibility.

"They, as the guardian angels of man's infancy, are charged with a mission—to them is committed the implanting that heavenly germ to which God must indeed give the increase; but for the early culture of which they are answerable. The importance of early impressions—of *home* impressions—is proved by the extreme difficulty of eradicating or counteracting them if bad. Conscientious teachers of youth can bear ample testimony to this fact. They have often occasion to lament with grief and humiliation, the powerlessness of their most devoted endeavours to remove early bad impressions—or to do anything more than just palliate the effects of unfavourable domestic influences—of an unhealthy domestic atmosphere. It is the mother who, as the source of moral influence, is the former of the moral atmosphere.

But it is not enough that mothers should attend to the moral training of their children; they must aim at preserving an intellectual superiority, else their influence cannot be lasting.

"The error, then, is a very lamentable one, into which some very conscientious women fall who, on entering life, allow themselves to be so engrossed by present duties as to forget other and more important duties which the maturity of their children will entail upon them. They forget that, though they are mothers of infants now, they will be mothers of men and women by-and-bye. High moral principle and devoted maternal love will make them safe and efficient guides for childhood, but they will possibly have to be the guides of early manhood—and here intelligence must aid devotedness. Mothers are apt to forget that not to advance is to retrograde, and many give up in early married life all continuance of intellectual cultivation; these find in after life, not only that they are inferior to what their duty and position require of them, but they often discover with grief and surprise that they are inferior to what they themselves were in their youth. The maternal influence, so valuable at all periods of life, and so especially valuable at this period, gradually loses its power; narrow views and sentiments hinder its operation, for the young have little indulgence for the frailties of others, though needing so much for their own."

Much has been written on the proper position of woman in society, and the influence which she has a right to exercise. That influence, in the opinion of our authoress, ought to be private and domestic; she deems that woman mistakes her station, and descends from her sphere, when she mingles in the contests of political strife, or displays herself in the arena of religious controversy.

"Participation in scenes of popular emotion has a natural tendency to warp conscience and overcome charity. Now conscience and charity (or love) are the very essence of woman's beneficial influence, therefore everything tending to blunt the one and sour the other is sedulously to be avoided by her. It is of the utmost importance to men to feel, in consulting a wife, a mother, or a sister, that they are appealing *from* their passions and prejudices, and not *to* them as embodied in a second self: nothing tends to give opinions such weight as the certainty, that the utterer of them is free from all petty or personal motives. The beneficial influence of woman is nullified if once her motives, or her personal character, come to be the subject of attack; and this fact alone ought to induce her patiently to acquiesce in the plan of seclusion from public affairs."

But in order that woman should fulfil her mission, occupy her proper station, and rightly use the influence at her command, she must be educated for that mission, trained to that station, and supplied with means for the exertion of that influence. But is female education conducted with a view to those objects? The authoress examines our two systems, the education of accomplishments and that of the mental powers:

"The ordinary lot of woman is to marry. Has any thing in these educations prepared her to make a wise choice in marriage? To be a mother! Have the duties of maternity,—the nature of moral influence,—been pointed out to her? Has she ever been enlightened as to the consequent unspeakable importance of personal character as the source of influence? In a word, have any means, direct or indirect, prepared her for her duties? No! but she is a linguist, a pianist, graceful, admired. What is that to the purpose? The grand evil of such an education, is the mistaking means for ends; a common error, and the source of half the moral confusion existing in the world. It is the substitution of the part for a whole. The time when young women enter upon life is the one point to which all plans of education tend, and at which they all terminate: and to prepare them for that point is the object of their training."

Having shown the evils of a system which ends with the introduction of woman on the stage of life, and supplies no guide for her conduct afterwards, it is necessary to seek for these evils, and suggest a better system:—

"The grand objects in the education of women ought to be the conscience, the heart, and the affections; the developement of those moral qualities, which Providence has so liberally bestowed upon them, doubtless with a wise and beneficent purpose. Originators of conscientiousness, how can they implant what they have never cultivated, nor brought to maturity in themselves; Sovereigns of the affections, how can they direct the kingdom whose laws they have not studied, the spring of whose government are concealed from them? The conscience and the affections being primarily enlightened, all other cultivation, as secondary, is most valuable. Intelligence, accomplishments, even external elegance, become objects of importance, as assisting the influence which women have, and exert too often for unworthy ends, but which in this case could not fail to be beneficial. Let the light of intellect, and the charm of accomplishments, be the willing handmaids of cultivated and enlightened conscience."

In all the present systems of female education, it has been deemed expedient to banish from the school-rooms everything which could inform the young that such a passion as love has existence. The writer of this little volume condemns this exclusion, as necessarily tending to prevent education from bearing on future duties:—

"Who would believe that this love, so denounced, so guarded against, so carefully banished from the minds of young women, is the one principle on which their future happiness may be founded or wrecked? It is sure to seek them, (most of them, at least,) like death in the fable, to find them unprepared,—too often to leave them wretched."

On the subject of marriage we find little said, and even that is not new; but the chapter devoted to Maternal Love opens a wide field of philosophic reflection. What considerations are suggested by the important distinction between maternal instinct and maternal affection!—

"The instinct induces a mother to bestow fondness and caresses on her child, to tend its sick couch, to watch over its health and comfort, regardless of her own. Beautiful manifestations of a beautiful and kind provision of Providence! But except that mother have the courage to deny her child's unreasonable desires, to thwart it, (even on the bed of sickness and in the hour of glee,) if its future moral interests require it, we must confine our admiration to the instinct, and withhold it from the individual. This is the true maternal affection, the true developement of that divine and holy love to man, which, regardless of inferior considerations, seeks only his moral and ultimate good."

One of the inferences deduced from this distinction is equally striking and true:—

"This may serve to account for a fact so well known as to be proverbial—but of which, as far as I know, no philosophical explanation has yet been attempted—viz., that spoiled children are always selfish, in other words, they receive the expression of passionate affection unconsciously and ungratefully, and give no affection in return. Now it is to be remarked that the effects produced by any influence respond exactly in *their* nature to the nature of that influence.—And this may account for the fact, that the passionate indulgence of instinctive fondness, unrestrained by moral principle in any of its manifestations, produces—not answering fondness—but coldness and indifference. Here the nature of the effects respond to the nature of the influence. The influence is an exhibition of selfishness—the effect is an exhibition of selfishness likewise—unthankfulness and insubordination. On the contrary, the exhibition of the moral principle is unselfish, for I suppose that none but a mother can know the self-sacrifice requisite for the exercise of it in repressing the instinct. The effect responds—it is the production of unselfishness likewise—obedience and gratitude."

The influence of what may be called Moral Maternity is examined at considerable length, but nowhere is its importance more forcibly shown than in its effects on the formation of character.

"The character of the mother influences the children more than that of the father, because it is more exposed to their daily, hourly, observations. It is difficult for these young, though acute observers, to comprehend the principles which regulate their father's political opinions; his vote in the senate; his conduct in political or commercial relations; but they can see,—yes! and they can estimate and imitate, the moral principles of the mother in her management of themselves, her treatment of her domestics, and the thousand petty details of the interior. These principles, whether lax or strict, low or high in moral tone become, by an insensible and imperceptible adoption, their principles; and are carried out by them into the duties and avocations of future life. It would be startling to many to know with what intelligence and accuracy motives are penetrated, inconsistencies remarked, and treasured up with retributive or imitative projects, as may best suit the purpose of the moment. Nothing but a more extensive knowledge of children than is usually possessed on entering life can awaken parents to the perception of this truth; and awakened perception may, perhaps, be only awakened misery."

Having explained the nature of personal influence, and the means by which it is to be secured, the writer directs attention to that which should be both the foundation and pervading principle of the whole,—religion of the heart. She dwells with great force on the peculiar applicability of Christianity to the female character, recording that women were "last at the cross and first at the sepulchre," because the pure, loving, and self denying doctrines of "the meek and lowly Jesus" found a ready echo in woman's heart.

"It seems to be particularly a part of woman's mission to exhibit Christianity in its beauty and purity, and to disseminate it by example and culture. They have the greatest advantages afforded to them for the fulfilment of this mission, and are under the greatest obligations to fulfil it. For woman never would, and never could have risen to her present station in the social system, had it not been for the dignity with which Christianity invested those qualities, peculiarly her own—no human eye could thus have seen into the deep things of God—no human penetration could have discovered the counsel of Him who has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the strong! No human wisdom could have discovered that pride is not strength, *nor* self-opinion greatness of soul—nor bravery, sublimity—nor glory, happiness—and that our highest honour, as creatures, is submission; as sinners, humility; as brethren, love."

We cannot close this little volume without expressing the gratification we have derived from its perusal. Too many moral reformers of the present day bring discredit on *their* cause by advocating a system of rigid asceticism, an isolation from the rest of mankind, equally selfish and unnatural, and a course of self-denying ordinances, which so far as pride is concerned, might become a course of self-gratifications. No such lessons are to be found in this work; it leaves us still mental and moral beauty to admire, physical and intellectual pleasures to enjoy, and all the sympathies of our nature to cherish: without prohibiting these sources of delight, it shows that they, as well as the nobler faculties, may be pleasantly and profitably devoted to the best of all purposes, the glory of God and the good of man.

RECORDS OF AN EXPEDITION UP THE QUORRA WITH LANDER.

BY COMMANDER WILLIAM ALLEN, R. N., F. R. G. S., &c.

In proportion to the success which has crowned the efforts of adventurers, the rage for African discovery appears to have subsided; and public curiosity has cooled, when, in fact, it ought to have acquired a stronger stimulus. If we compare the former with the present state of the question, we shall find much substantial knowledge, in place of the visionary ideas which sent so many enterprising travellers in search of a mysterious river, vaguely referred to in remote ages, and subsequently described in so contradictory a manner, that but for the perversity of our nature, which prompts us to seek for an imaginary, rather than a real good, it would never have called forth the spirit of enterprise. The same propensity has caused the object, when attained, to be no more thought of; and apathy has succeeded to excitement. The *prestige* even of the name is lost, since the mysterious Niger has merged in the unpretending and native appellation of Quorra. This may be accounted for, in some measure, by the failure, in a mercantile point of view, of the last spirited endeavour to explore and bring to light the hidden resources of the country. The attempt, however, may be productive of signal advantages, if properly followed up; and it is surprising that a fresh impulse, stronger than that which formerly prompted the search after a Niger, or a Prester John, has not been given by the new and easy access which has been obtained to the very centre as it were of mystery.

To the geographer, the politician, and the philanthropist, what an immense field is opened! Vast countries, of which the names even were but imperfectly known, are brought within the knowledge of the former; while the attention of the latter will be directed to the grandest and most important object that can be contemplated by a benevolent mind; namely, the means of rendering our knowledge profitable to the great cause of humanity, by introducing some portion, at least, of the civilization of which we boast into benighted Africa: thus making some reparation for the wrongs we have heaped upon her.

Although the public mind, like that of a spoiled child, being continually provided with fresh excitement, can hardly be expected to revert to subjects on which the established period for wondering has already been bestowed, I may yet hope for the sympathy of my brother officers, in both professions, who have all, more or less, been engaged in arduous enterprise; and since it was not in my power to give to the public at large my journal entire, I trust that a few sketches from it, which I propose to lay before them, will not, even after the lapse of so long a period, be found devoid of interest, especially when the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed are understood; and which I will briefly mention, in order to account for making my *debut* so late as an African traveller.

My gallant brethren are perhaps already aware that the expedition which I accompanied, as passenger, on the part of Government, was fitted out by some spirited merchants of Liverpool, with the sanguine hopes of its proving a profitable speculation. These hopes, however, from a variety of calamitous causes, were doomed to meet with disappointment. On the return of the surviving officers of the expedition, the Board of Admiralty thought that those who had been at the expense of fitting it out were entitled to priority in giving an account of it; and, in compliance with their Lordship's wishes, I withheld my journal from the press for a year; but at the end of that time the publishers, who well know the state of the public pulse, declared that the crisis was past, and that the two goodly octavos, of which I had cherished hopes of appearing as the author, were no longer marketable commodities. Incipient authors will understand and sympathise with my disappointment. But my readers will probably congratulate themselves on being spared the perusal of the dry parts of my narrative, while I present them with what I consider to be the best portions.

The origin of my connexion with this ill-fated enterprise, which was undertaken in consequence of the favourable reports of Messrs. Lander of the abundance of ivory, &c., and the desire of the natives to trade, was as follows:—On the first rumor of its being in preparation, Captain Beaufort, the distinguished officer at the head of the hydrographical department of the Admiralty, who himself contributes so much to science, and eagerly seizes every opportunity for the advancement of it, thought it would be advantageous that the expedition should be accompanied by an officer of the Navy, who, being wholly unconnected with the commercial part, would give his undivided attention to scientific observation. He did me the honor to confide this charge to me, with instructions to make such a survey of the river, as my limited and totally unaided means would allow. Previously to sailing I remained a month at Liverpool, where I received much kind attention from Mr. Laird, sen., and the gentlemen of the committee.

Our voyage out, though long, was unattended by any event of sufficient importance to come within the limits of an abstract. We arrived at the entrance of the river on the 20th of October, 1832, when the annual flood was beginning to subside, which dearly-bought experience afterwards taught us was the period for leaving it; and we felt the effects of that dreadful climate, on the threshold as it were of our enterprise, in the loss of Mr. Harris, the master of one of the steamers, and two seamen, who died of the fever which afterwards so fearfully thinned our ranks.

We very soon became acquainted with the sable potentates who reign over the neighbouring swamps, and who all assume the title of kings. There was old King Fourday with his three sons, King Jacket, King Gun, and King Boy. The latter has already acquired some renown by having ransomed the brothers of Lander, who, it will be remembered, were captured by the Ibu people in their voyage down the river. We found him on our arrival bargaining with the master of a palm-oil ship, for the sale of a promissory note which had been given him in payment of the ransom; and, in the course of the negociation, he received a hearty slap on his royal jaws for having given the lie direct. I mention this little incident in order to put my readers at once in possession of the kind of diplomacy which is practised by white traders at these courts.

Notwithstanding their high-sounding titles, these pseudo-kings are but petty traders, who have a few canoes and slaves, and, in consequence, possess a certain influence with their countrymen. Fourday is a benevolent-looking old man: he was quite delighted with a present of a scarlet uniform coat, and sat in it the whole day, drinking raw rum, and saying "Very well" to everything; which, I believe, is the amount of his knowledge of English, though he seemed to think it expressed volumes, if we might judge from the variety of tones in which he uttered it. His people did not appear to pay him much respect, for when he could contain no more rum they allowed him to stagger to his canoe, none of his slaves or attendants putting themselves in the slightest degree out of the way to assist him. Indeed he would have vacated the throne for a watery grave, but for the assistance of our sailors, who remarked, as they hoisted him over the side, that he "had very nearly lost the number of his mess." It is quite astonishing to witness the quantities of raw spirits which these people swallow. Boy had always a full decanter placed before him, which, with a very little assistance from his *mate*, or prime minister, he never failed to empty. Indeed, he sometimes called to have it replenished; when he used very little ceremony, merely saying "Bring rum." He is too good a judge of the *cratur* to allow it to be watered. The natives danced and sang half the night on the shore abreast of us, and shouted with a speaking trumpet, of which instrument they are very fond, the chief frequently using it to hail the man next to him in the canoe; but its principal application is in the invocations to the deity or Dju-dju: they are quite delighted with the supernatural tones of the echo, and deem these answers to be favourable, being neither discordant nor dissentient.

The Rio Nun, which we had entered, is a noble estuary, having on each side, for about three miles, firm banks with magnificent forest-trees. Above, are numerous branches intersecting the mangrove swamps. We were quite ignorant of the proper channel, and there was evidently a conspiracy to prevent our finding it; but the old chief seemed quite neuter, being satisfied at having found a channel for the rum. One of his boys or slaves, however, named Louis, who spoke a little English, French, and Spanish, besides Ibu and his native tongue, vehemently opposed them all, and told us, in a mixture of the first three, that Boy wanted to take us by the Brass creek, where he had assembled some men, in hopes the vessels might be wrecked, and he calculated on enriching himself by their plunder. Louis said he could not imagine why the negroes were so bent on the destruction of the white men, who, for his part, he thought must be great and good people, since every good thing came from them. He was determined not to allow any one to do us harm, if he could prevent it, and if for his devotion to our interest he should be banished his native land, or rather, swamps, for there is no dry land in Brass, our country should be his country. The poor fellow so won on us by his warm professions of attachment, that Lander engaged him as pilot as far as Ibu. In order, however, to avert the consequences of King Boy's indignation, we put him, at his own request, in irons, so that the chief interceded in his behalf, thinking he was an unwilling servant, and not having understood Louis's polyglot communications.

Boy had many reasons for being exceedingly averse to our going up the river. In the first place, knowing that Lander had threatened to oblige King Obi to make ample amends for the unjust attack which his people had made on him, he feared that, by appearing to assist us, he might lose the friendship and trade with the Ibu chief, as well as the supply of yams, for which the Brass people depend on him. Secondly, he apprehended, very justly, that if we could penetrate into the country of the Bushmen, others could do the same; and thus he would no longer be the medium of communication between the interior and the palm-oil ships. Finally, he believed that God Almighty had made the river for the sole use of the black men. We, however, kept him in tolerable good humour, by administering frequent potions of his favourite beverage; and after his men had danced and sung for our amusement, he must needs tread a graceful measure himself; so, starting up "full of the god;" he staggered and capered about with ludicrous agility, at the imminent risk of a ducking; as our little deck was neither wide enough nor sufficiently protected for such vagaries. We sent him and his royal papa away "quite fu';" they promising, however, to be with us early in the morning, to accompany us to Ibu, in order to settle the *palaver* with Obi.

Although Louis had plausibility on his side, it would not have been safe to have trusted him implicitly. I went accordingly with Mr. Hill to examine the creek, by which he said we could "catch big water," and abreast of which we were anchored in the Alburkah. We found he was correct. On returning we might easily have lost our way, if we had not kept in view a gap in the trees by which we had entered this labyrinth, as we were surrounded by forests of mangroves, and our only light was from the stars and three beautiful planets. It was a most delicious night, and I enjoyed boating among the swamps of the Quorra more than I could have imagined. All were in high spirits: the Krumen enlivened us with their cheerful song, and the woods echoed to a chorus in about half-a-dozen languages. Louis, who was a cripple, was struck with admiration at the strength of the Krumen's lungs and arms. He said, "For true, *di verite*, they savy pass all black men;" meaning that they are superior to all, which is a very just encomium, for they are a most invaluable acquisition to our ships on the coast, and have saved the lives of many whites, by the cheerfulness and alacrity with which they relieve them of all the work.

Sunday, 28*th Oct.*—The other steamer, the Quorra, came up to our anchorage, having been employed wooding, and we entered Louis' Creek at seven in the morning, losing sight of our other companion, the brig Columbine; and were thus cut off from the civilized world, seeking unknown lands and nations, strangers to our language and customs. I know not how my companions felt on this eventful occasion: my own feelings were of a very varied nature. The enthusiasm with which our interesting enterprise had inspired me was certainly mingled with some apprehension as to its result; since it was uncertain how long we might be cut off from our resources, and all those connexions which form the principal charms of existence. We had already fatally experienced the baneful nature of the climate on European constitutions. How few of us might return to show the effect produced by the novelty of the scenes, and the change of habit, we must necessarily experience! Volumes of thought crowded on me, and I dare say on others; but if any were depressed it was not apparent, and all seemed in excellent spirits. For my part, I felt proud of the service with which I was honoured, and commenced my duty full of high hopes.

As I have undertaken, perforce, to relate what I consider may be amusing parts of my narrative, I am obliged to give a mere abstract of my journal of the voyage up to Ibu, a distance of about 100 miles, which occupied ten days. From the appearance of this celebrated river at this part we could form no idea of its real magnitude. The whole of this distance is alluvial, and is, in fact, the delta of the Quorra, which begins a few miles above Ibu to throw off its branches, intersecting the low land by numerous creeks; a necessary consequence of the very little rise and fall of the sea-tide on the coast. The waters are finally discharged by twenty-two mouths, occupying an extent of about 180 miles of coast. Nothing is to be seen for the first seven or eight miles but mangrove trees, growing in the water, with no appearance of land. Above this some stunted palms and shrubs make their appearance, and at twelve miles the mangroves are no more seen: the banks become firm, with small patches cleared and cultivated with a few plantains. These become more frequent, and at twenty-three miles we saw the first little village: previously to this we perceived no signs of life, except, indeed, now and then a solitary crane standing at the water's edge, and myriads of mosquitoes. The banks soon became clothed with trees, of a magnificence such as those only who are acquainted with the vigour of tropical vegetation can conceive. Of the numberless valuable trees which here waste their youth and maturity, as far as man is concerned, one alone, the palm-tree, would be sufficient to raise the natives from among the lowest in the scale of nations to comparative opulence. They are so abundant that nature seems to have presented this heedless people with an inexhaustible source of wealth. Higher up, the villages become larger and more frequent: most of these received us in a friendly manner, and brought small presents of provisions. One, however, opposed our progress, which led to their destruction. As this has been already partly described, I shall merely say that I considered it as a very "untoward event," in which there was more valour and less discretion displayed than the occasion required. It is some consolation to know that the villagers were the aggressors, having seized our pilot.

At first the river is barely two hundred yards wide, and Louis' Creek, where we left the estuary, is not in one place more than forty. Of course, it increased in breadth above every deltoidal branch it throws off, and about Ibu it is not less than one thousand yards. The report of our approach preceded us: most likely a messenger had been despatched by Boy, although he disclaimed it. All the chiefs of the villages above that we had destroyed congratulated us on our arrival; in the same manner as Sir Murray Maxwell was complimented by the Chinese Admiral, after having silenced the forts and dispersed the fleets of junks with a broadside. We were, however, informed that we had done a good service to them, as our late enemies had always levied a tax on all canoes passing their village. As we came near to Ibu, we were met by the King's brother, with eight large war-canoes. He came as ambassador from Obi, but did not venture to approach us until we had sent old Pasco, the chief of the Messengers, to him. A treaty was easily negociated, by which it was stipulated that Obi should furnish us with two bullocks, ten sheep, and six hundred yams, all good of their kind; and, on our part, that the said Obi, autocrat of Ibu, should be admitted to our friendship, and all the privileges and advantages which we accord to the most favoured nations.

It was of importance that we should take advantage of the good disposition of the chief: we, therefore, prepared to pay him a visit immediately on our arrival; and in order to increase the effect by the magnificence of our appearance, Lander put on a General's uniform. I wore my own; and some of the officers of the expedition put on fancy coats of many colours, turbans, sashes, &c. We went in the large boat with a prodigious umbrella of all the colours of the rainbow over our heads. Pasco, the chief of the interpreters, with his subordinates, variously but gaily dressed, preceded us in the jolly-boat, having old Jowdie, a Doma slave, whom Lander had purchased on a former journey, seated in the bow, in the character of Saliki-n-Maïkidi, chief of drummers, the proudest of the proud. Not satisfied with having on a good drummer's jacket, he covered himself with ornaments of every kind he could lay his hands on, and which were more remarkable for variety than taste. He seemed, however, to think himself the most important personage in the entire *cortege*, as he exerted his strength upon the sheepskin with considerable effect; that is to say, with more noise than music, giving ample note of our approach. King Boy, who accompanied us with all his canoes, vainly attempted to marshal the procession, and clear a channel through the immense number of natives, who almost precluded the possibility of advance by paddling about in all directions with canoes of every dimension—from the large war jilligi, capable of holding thirty or forty *pullaboys*, besides warriors and passengers of all ages and both sexes, to a little frail thing, in which one person only could sit, with his legs projecting beyond the gunwale, as there was no room for them inboard: yet they paddled boldly, threading the openings between the larger craft with great swiftness and dexterity. Some canoes were paddled by eight or ten women. On we went, amidst the shouts and admiration of the natives; the numbers increasing, until there was scarcely room on the surface of the little creek to contain all the canoes, many of which got entangled and upset among the overflowed bushes, affording some ludicrous scenes. On the right bank, through every opening between the magnificent trees, and even among the branches, were innumerable heads piled one above another, all striving to catch a glimpse of the passing procession, which must have had more comparative splendour than the proudest pageant in the eyes of a civilised multitude. They were dazzled by a magnificence greater than the most glowing imagination among their poets (giving them credit for having such) could conceive, and they did not fail to testify their sense of it by the wildest and almost frantic gestures. After rowing about a mile and a half in this manner up the creek, we landed, and walked through green lanes, an immense concourse of people hurrying us along, so that I had little time for admiring some of the most picturesque and beautiful vistas I had ever beheld, with groups of trees, such as painters would delight in studying. We passed many square, or oblong houses, forming two sides of a court, the others being enclosed by palisades made of branches of the palm-tree. The gateways of these were filled with people gazing at us: the women, however, if observed, generally ran screaming away. Lander recognised his former hostess among them, and was quite glad of having an opportunity of showing his gratitude for her kindness to him, when in adversity and bondage, and when she could have had no hope of ever being rewarded. The poor creature was much pleased with the distinction shown to her, although at first she seemed to doubt whether the jetty hue of her hand would not be sullied by coming in contact with his, which, to her, must have been of a most unsightly and unnatural colour. A woman who stood at a gate, with a Kakanda hat on nearly two yards wide, was so enormously fat as to draw an involuntary exclamation from us all, which she seemed to take as homage to her charms, since she was very complacent on the subject, receiving our notice like one accustomed to think herself worthy of admiration.

Most of the women here wear leglets of ivory, some of which are so large and heavy, that, but for early habit, they must find them a great incumbrance and inconvenience. As they are put on in early youth, they have not even the advantage of acquiring this habit gradually; the burden is in inverse proportion to their strength, and the poor young creatures walk in evident pain, with a shuffling, shambling gait, like a horse with a clog on his leg. There were some, however, who, I suppose, having acquired a considerable callosity of the ankle, appeared to find them no impediment to their agility, and they made a famous clattering as they ran along. Many of these ornaments were, I think, five or six inches deep, and I must say, whatever may be thought of my taste, that, contrasted with their jetty, shining skins, they gave a very dressy appearance to the Ibu damsels, who had, indeed, little else with which to embellish their persons; not that they appeared to be vain of "beauty unadorned," as they assembled all sorts of incongruous ornaments. Glass-beads, were, of course, in great estimation, and they generally seemed to have devoted no small attention to the arrangement of their woolly *coiffure*.

We rolled on with the tide of men, through many green lanes covered with luxuriant grass. The houses became more frequent, but separated from each other by gardens of plaintains, cocoa-nuts, &c., all very neat and clean. At length, having walked about a mile through these interesting scenes, we arrived at a large open space or square, in the centre of which was a small shed. I thought this was the palaver-house, but it was evident ours was not to be held there, as no preparation had been made in it for our reception. It was probably the *Palais de Justice*. Long, low buildings, with thatched roofs, occupied two sides of this square; on the others were magnificent trees, which threw a delightful shade over the whole multitude. We were led to the building on the left side, which appeared to be the dwelling part of the palace, although there was little in its architecture indicative of a royal residence. The *vestibule*, however, was embellished by a rudely-carved figure in wood, which, after many conjectures, I conceived might have been intended to represent a woman; but although I was so slow in perceiving its merits, it was, no doubt, considered by the swarthy dilettanti to be a *chef d'œuvre* of the fine arts, and as worthy to be admired as she of Medicis. It was certainly held in high veneration, as was apparent from the votive offerings of red mud profusely plastered over it, to the utter concealment of all the anatomical skill which may have been displayed, thus rendering it a thing for conjecture. There was, however, no time for connoisseurship. We were quickly conducted through two long and empty court-yards, and barn-like apartments, to a smaller court, partly surrounded by a sort of portico or thatched verandah. Here we had leisure to recover ourselves, and get cool, if such a thing were possible, in so small an enclosure, filled to choking with black people, who are at all times a great obstruction to the passage of sweet air. Our dilemma being perceived, abundance of fans, made of bull's hide, were put immediately in motion; and I had a young prince on each side of me, restoring my almost suspended animation. In some extraordinary scenes, which I have witnessed in the course of my wanderings, I have frequently been startled by a mental flash of comparison between a present and a former parallel situation. Previous to my departure from England, which seemed but as yesterday in memory's glance, I paid homage to the greatest potentate of Europe, my own Sovereign. I was now about to be presented to the most powerful prince in this part of Africa; and before his Majesty entered, there was ample time to look round at the courtiers, borrow a hint of etiquette, and admire the decorations of the *presence*-chamber.

The floor and wall of the verandah were *tapisses couleur d'argil*; or, in Plain English, freshly plastered with clay for the occasion, which having been sudden, it was consequently wet, and very yielding; which latter quality was an ingenious substitute for cushions and ottomans: mats were spread on this for the most distinguished persons. The ample throne was of the same costly and plastic material, but of a more delicate colour, as also were the parts immediately adjacent. On it was placed a cushion covered with an enormous leopard's skin. In front, at the edge of the verandah on the right hand, was a grotesque figure carved in wood, about two feet high, holding in one hand, if hand could be discovered, a thing like a sword; in the other, a small elephant's tooth. On the left was also something; but what it was I lost myself in divining. I can only say, that it was like an immense, round, flattened basket pincushion; but I suppose it held a distinguished rank among the Penates, as it was completely blackened by the libations poured on it to Dju-dju. Near the entrance of this extraordinary throne-room I noticed a large copper vessel, in form very like a sarcophagus, which was so battered, and had acquired so many *relievos*, both *alto* and *basso*, in the hard service through which it appears to have gone in its previous capacity as a boiler, that it was quite refreshing to one's love of antiquities; and I was willing to persuade myself that this costly *dash* of a palm-oil captain, might be some undecipherable piece of ancient sculpture, in which had been embalmed the honoured remains of a by-gone mighty king of Ibu. The court was crowded with people, most likely of the first rank and fashion: this, however, as they seem here to despise the extraneous and invidious distinctions of dress, I could only surmise, from the great decorum and propriety of their conduct,—being, indeed, frequently helped thereunto, by sundry thwacks on their bare, shaven, shining heads, which looked and sounded like empty, polished cocoa-nuts, administered by the gentlemen-ushers, who bore wands, or rods, both black and white, very much resembling broom-sticks. Opposite to the place where I was sitting was an opening in the wall, filled with the heads of the king's wives, female slaves, and some half-dozen little royal niggers; the latter, insensible to the benefit of beholding us, were screaming most piteously, for they were almost squeezed to death. I cannot compare this doorcase of heads to a parterre of roses, "plates of strawberries and cream," or any other thing of acknowledged beauty, unto which we are wont to liken the dear women of favoured England, unless, indeed, I choose to brave the fate of punsters, by saying it was the most luxuriant growth of *tulips* I had ever seen. I looked, however, in this dark *quadro* in vain, with the hope of discovering some reason to admire the taste of his Majesty of Ibu. But, alas! they all seemed to have served rather as models for the Venus at the entrance, than to be the representation of anything absolutely and *bona fide* human, at least, according to the ordinary method which dame Nature has chosen for herself; as if some Ibu Pygmalion had attempted to rival her, and start a new idea of the human face divine. The women of this country are, however, said to be pretty negresses: in one walk I certainly saw many who, having the advantage of youth, had some pretensions to comeliness; and the fame of Adizetta, King Boy's Ibu wife, has been celebrated by the Landers. The attendants of this Chief had places of honour assigned to them; they wore the serjeant's swords which Lander had given to their master; some, moreover, displayed the vanities of dress, in coloured shirts, or Manchester cotton handkerchiefs, round their loins or heads. These being luxuries in which few of the Ibu nobles could indulge, those from the Brass country looked with great contempt on the poor *bush-men*.

When all had taken their places, and had become more quiescent, the animal heat generated by so many moving bodies, like that of a hive when the bees are thrown into a consternation, gave way to the more natural and wholesome heat of a vertical sun, darting his undiminished rays into the small enclosure. This was comparatively bearable, although we began seriously to contemplate the idea of making an escape, when King Obi entered by a small wicker door, with a quick, easy pace and manner. He saluted us all very cordially, and took his seat on the throne, placing Mr. Lander on one side, and Mr. Laird on the other. Boy, with some of our gentlemen, sat on a mat under the verandah. I preferred taking a station in the middle of the court-yard with Dr. Briggs, under the gay umbrella; whence I could see all, and had the advantage of fresh air; at all events, I had more than my share of it. His Majesty, King of Ibu, is not, I think, more than thirty-five years of age, rather tall and slightly made, with a countenance more prepossessing than otherwise; which, however, I could easily fancy might be changed, on any strong excitement, to a very savage expression. He was dressed in a coat and tight pantaloons made of scarlet flannel, garnished with silver tinsel lace and *keyhole plates*, besides divers other equally appropriate ornaments sewn on different parts, where chance—not usefulness, and still less taste—had guided the hand of the decorator. His royal brow was graced by the conical cap of which Lander spoke in his journal, made of strings of coral from the top to the bottom; around it were also bands of the same, but the little looking-glasses which whilome adorned it, holding as proud a place as the rubies, sapphires, &c., of other crowns, were wanting: perhaps they had purchased provinces. He had also many strings of coral around his neck and ankles; his feet were allowed to spread unconfined and un-Hoby'd by pump or Wellington. From the restlessness of his eye, it was evident that he was not free from fear; however, he was much pleased with our visit, and conversed freely by means of interpreters, with Landers, who showed considerable tact and knowledge of African diplomacy in managing the palaver. Obi readily agreed to the demands made on him, by way of compensation for the losses which he had caused the Messrs. Lander in his attack on them. In fact, there could not be any difficulty in the arrangement, since it was merely an exchange of presents,—of provisions on his part, and costly gifts on ours; so that he was absolutely a great gainer.

As it was excessively hot, I began to feel faint, and wish for a release, as the scene had ceased to interest me: when, on looking towards the wicker door, what was my astonishment on beholding the woman whose extraordinary dimensions had excited so much surprise and amusement among us on our way hither. I was at a loss to imagine in what manner she could have passed through a door which, instead of being as large as any *porte cochere*, seemed to be of ordinary dimensions, or only sufficiently large to admit the light easy form of King Obi. The wicker-work must, indeed, have been of the most yielding description, to have allowed passage to such a mass. She stood absolutely arrayed in fat! bobbing, and smirking, and smiling, with looks ineffably sweet, staring at our white faces and gay apparel. For herself, her garment was scanty, and sark she had none; indeed, she was very little indebted to foreign ornament for the heightening of her charms; even her large Kakanda-hat had been laid aside, it not being so compressible as her fat sides must have been in squeezing through the door. Women in Africa are old and not very fascinating at thirty; she might have been forty, and, though not fair, was fat enough in all conscience; for, besides her immense rotundity, into which her arms and legs were almost sunk, huge adipose flakes were hanging from all parts of her: in fact, she looked like a dropsical Diana of Ephesus. All my anticipations of the obesity of the charming widow Zuma of Wow-wow, who pined in hopeless love for Clapperton and Lander, were put to flight; and, if she was described as a walking tun of beauty, to what can we compare our new acquaintance but to the tun at Heidelberg? I shuddered, my heart sickened, and most likely I turned pale, at the bare idea of this spherical charmer fixing her amorous looks on me. To be doomed to be the object of such affections—to hear sighs drawn from such a bosom——to be overwhelmed by caresses in such volumes——gracious Cupid, *O, nume benefico*. Drown me rather in a puncheon of palm oil!

As our visit was merely complimentary, we took the first opportunity, consistently with a proper regard to etiquette, to ask permission to retire. The King not only most graciously considered the melting nature of our prayer, but, waiving all ceremony, he forthwith jumped up, and, seizing Lander by the arm, walked with him, in the most condescending manner, towards the boats. In one of the courts through which we passed, he showed two very fine bullocks that he had ordered to be caught for us, pursuant to the agreement. He now seemed to have laid aside all apprehension and distrust, and was truly delighted, walking with a sprightly, quick, and easy pace. Many of the people knelt as we passed. Although we went very fast, and there were crowds around and following us, I was not in the least incommoded, as they were kept off by the two young princes, who were exceedingly attentive, fanning me all the way, and helping me over the puddles and miry places. As I passed I distributed a great number of gay pewter rings, with which the women and children were much delighted. By the time we had arrived at the place where we disembarked, and where our boats were in waiting, some thousands of people were collected; and, as the ground was sloping and irregular, they were seen to advantage. The numberless black heads, piled, apparently, one above another, and all grinning and showing their white teeth, had a most singular effect. We gave our royal friend three cheers on leaving him, which was imitated by his assembled lieges. We returned to the Alburkah, very much fatigued, but pleased with our visit, and with a better opinion of the Ibu people than we had taken with us.

The houses of Ibu, or, as it has been written, Eboe, appear to be much scattered, and are so mingled with large trees and gardens, that it was impossible to form a just estimate of its extent; consequently it is difficult to imagine what population it might contain. It must, however, be considerable, judging from the crowds who were assembled to do honour to our arrival, in every avenue through which we passed. But, as they followed us, we frequently saw the same assemblage, and thus, probably, we might be led to form too high an estimate. If I were to hazard a conjecture, I should say that the population might be 8000, or 10,000. At all events, Obi must be a very powerful chief: he is said to possess fifty war-canoes,* each paddled by thirty or forty *pulla-boys*, and some have twenty or more fighting men. These men-of-war carry also a small cannon, which is generally honey-combed, and would be probably more dangerous to the gunners than the enemy——especially as they are not sparing of the powder, believing that a gun must do its duty more completely when loaded to the muzzle than with an ordinary charge. The piece, also, from being lashed in the bow, could not be formidable from the precision of its aim. It can only be fired point blank, and by pulling the canoe round to direct it, and, therefore, could only strike a low object at a short distance. The canoes are generally loaded till they are nearly down to the water's edge; and are so crowded, that in the event of hostilities, a vessel like ours would have no cause to fear an attack from any number of them. They would be easily run down by a steamer; and as they would, in advancing to the attack, keep close together, cannister-shot from one gun would commit shocking havoc among them. I hope, however, we shall not have another occasion for the display of our superiority in the arts of destruction. Indeed, I do not think they would await such an encounter. They never contemplate warfare of this nature: their force is only calculated for predatory excursions—for landing suddenly at a defenceless village, and carrying the unfortunate inhabitants into slavery. Man is the grand object of men's cupidity in this country. The richest individual is he who possesses the greatest number of his own species. It was in returning from the Kiri market, combined with an expedition of this nature, that Obi's people met Messrs. Lander, plundered them, and made them taste of slavery. The case was quite novel to the captors; and I believe Obi, of his own accord, would have released them, but for the arguments of some of his head men, and especially his *chief-mate*, or premier, a cross-grained, troublesome old fellow, who instigated his master to sell them as slaves. Richard Lander remembered that he was his chief enemy at the palaver held after the capture; he even suspected that he had suggested the propriety and piety of sacrificing them to the spirit of the river——a white man being a dainty not frequently to be procured for Dju-dju. It is said that Obi has since been reproached by the neighbouring chiefs with having committed the unheard-of enormity of selling white men; so that, doubtless, fear of vengeance was mingled with joy at finding his victim safe and restored to freedom; and, above all, when returning armed with great power, he was willing to compromise the affair on such easy terms as supplying a few provisions, which cost him nothing, but for which he would be paid an hundredfold.

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* He can also bring a very respectable land-force into the field, all armed with muskets and swords. When Lander subsequently took poor Hill to the sea-side in April, 1833, in a canoe, he stopped at Ibu; and was led, at a review of the army, through long lines of troops, to the amount, as he said, of 10,000! They all flourished their weapons over his head, as he passed down the ranks. Whether Obi made this warlike display out of compliment to his guest, or for the purpose of intimidating him, was not apparent. However, he succeeded in raising a more exalted idea of his power than had been previously entertained. Lander told me that he did not feel much flattered by such a reception, and he was very glad to get from under their wild caperings, not knowing whether their swords might descend in joke or in earnest upon his head.

Adizetta, the Ibu wife of King Boy, or, as he calls her, Adzeh, of whom we had heard so much, paid us a visit in the afternoon, accompanied by her mamma and sister. She is certainly a very fine woman, with a commanding figure, and a more pleasing expression of countenance than I had yet seen. Her bosom and fine shoulders are, however, much disfigured by large scars or seams of tatoes badly healed. Her hair was neatly dressed, and she wore enormous leglets of ivory, which quite spoiled an otherwise pretty foot and ankle. She recognised Lander in the most pleasing manner, and really appeared to be a gentle, interesting creature. The mamma was made perfectly happy by the present of a serjeant's coat, which her attendants devised all manner of expedients to get her into, before they succeeded. When once fairly encased, the feminine graces she might have had were no longer discernible, and she looked like a "warrior grim," or a "dashing *black* sergeant." While, however, she was undergoing the operation of robing, her patient suffering under all the screws and contortions she was forced into by her slaves, male and female, aided by a few of her *pulla-boys*, caused as much uneasiness and anxiety to them, as irresistible merriment to us. Her own grimaces and writhings were ludicrous enough; but, when they were reflected and multiplied by her faithful attendants, the strenuous efforts we made to preserve the decorum of gravity were completely upset. The splendour of her appearance, however, and the increase of consequence she must derive from it, will make ample amends for her sufferings; and so much was she delighted with the contemplation of her own person, that I think it is more than probable she will never take the coat off again, to have to undergo the same painful process, but leave it to time and dilapidation to unharness her. This is, indeed, no uncommon practice among the natives, judging from the dirty shreds I have seen hanging from many a shoulder, in such a state that it would be impossible to divine from the remnants, what manner of garment had originally graced the wearer.

The King, fearing, perhaps, that we might be disposed to exact harder conditions from him, promptly fulfilled his engagement, by sending off the bullocks, with some very fine goats and yams. From these specimens we augured well of the good cheer we might expect farther in the interior, where the people are said to be more civilised, and provisions abundant.

November 8.—As Obi had expressed a strong wish to visit us, we were very busy all the morning making preparations for his reception, in order that he might see our little vessel to the best advantage. After breakfast the pinnace, decorated with flags and the gay umbrella, with a white man, a guard of honour, and old Jowdie with his drum, was sent for him. He came very shortly, attended by numerous large canoes filled with people, who were all ordered to land abreast of us; for, besides the intolerable nuisance of the din of such a multitude of voices, we did not think it prudent to trust to their *punica fides*. But although we endeavoured to keep the decks as free as possible, his Majesty had many attendants absolutely necessary to his dignity; so that, notwithstanding the greatest efforts, we were soon crowded. He took his seat on the quarter-deck, with his principal wives at his feet, fanning him; his mates—that is to say, his cabinet council—his brothers, four sons, sisters, wives, favourite slaves, &c., all being strewed over the little deck, so that we found great difficulty in moving about, and were, in fact, almost dispossessed of the vessel.

At first Obi rolled his eyes about with the wildest expression of silent astonishment: every trifle they fell upon was an object of wonder, and he seemed so bewildered as to doubt the reality of the scene before him. At last he broke out with frequent extravagant exclamations and gestures, striking his head and snapping his fingers, in a manner peculiar to the country. When he had satisfied himself with a general *coup d'œil*, we led him round in order that he might examine everything in detail. He stood a considerable time admiring the motion of the paddle-wheels, which, being disconnected, were revolving with the current; and the great gun, which was slued round and pointed in every direction with perfect facility, excited in him a very becoming degree of respect. Boy, whose eyes, though not his understanding, had been accustomed to many of these wonders, seemed to share our enjoyment of his royal friend's delight and surprise. However, he looked very mean by the side of him, even in the smart Highland dress which had been sent to him by Mr. Laird, senior: he has not so much dignity of appearance as Obi—in fact, his whole soul is bent on gain and extortion. Having shown Obi all the strange things above board, he was taken into the cabin: this was a fresh matter of surprise, for he had no idea that the vessel had a "belly," as he called it. Here we entertained our royal guests at dinner, which, it may be imagined, was an operation not very coolly got through, when the smallness of the cabin, and the great number of *convives* who were stowed in it, are considered. There were, besides Messrs. Lander, Hill, Jordan, myself, and our servants, the two Chiefs, with their mates to attend them, and receive their masters' leavings—who were, indeed, very munificent in this way, sometimes giving their plates before they had half tasted them, fearing they might be neglected. Behind, and almost stowed in bulk, in order that there might be room for the viands to be brought in, were three or four of Obi's fattest, and consequently most favourite wives, almost gasping for breath—in fact we were all reeking together. Fans were of little use, for I found they did but change the heated atmosphere that surrounded me, for that of my dark neighbours; and I had no reason to be pleased with the exchange. Boy was very careful of his friend, calling his attention to everything which he knew would please him: he appeared to take great pains in explaining their use and mechanism, perchance *a tort et a travers*. After the cloth was removed the *dash* was laid on the table, consisting of a serjeant-major's coat, with sword, sash, and gorget, some scarlet cloth for trousers, with various other articles: all were presented in due form, and received with the greatest delight; but a drum made him break out in fresh extravagances in his expressions of joy. When he was equipped in these gay habiliments, he was exhibited with the drum suspended from the gorget, to his admiring subjects, who raised a tremendous shout when they recognised their glorious monarch. It was quite pleasing to see the grateful manner in which he accepted these things. They were far beyond his most sanguine expectations, and as he had not recovered from his amazement, he did not venture on the customary begging system. He, however, would soon be corrupted by the evil example of Boy, who is never satisfied, but asks for everything he sees. He begged very hard for my old black hat, after having had a splendid lancer's helmet given to him, besides gay worsted and cotton caps in great variety —one of these he usually wore under the helmet.

We sent Obi home to his mud palace, apparently much gratified with his visit; especially as he was saluted, both in coming and going, with seven guns, which I believe, pleased him more than anything, as the Africans are excessively fond of firing and noise. Two of the princes remained with us; they had arrived early in the morning, and seeing me prepare to wash my feet, both went on their knees and performed that office for me. We were very much amused by their alternate terror and delight, when anything new was shown them. They had before expressed their surprise at finding that the ship had a "belly," and when a little hatch in the cabin-deck was opened, and they found there was another, they were evidently much alarmed. I do not suppose their ideas went so far as the Antipodes, but they seemed to think they were looking into a profound and terrible abyss, and ran screaming away when invited to go down. Many trifles were given them, which were all deposited in a bag, and when about to leave us they were truly indignant, and drew themselves up in the most haughty and princely manner, when my faithful Kru servant, Jack Smoke, not knowing their rank, attempted to search the bag, suspecting they had been pilfering—a propensity for which the the Ibu people are notorious.

By dint of threats, promises, and by treating his demands and arguments, with the most perfect indifference, we had King Boy under such wholesome restraint, that in order to prevent his having any communication with Obi prejudicial to our interest, we did not allow him to remain at the town: but obliged him to bivouac on the bank abreast of us, where he rigged with mats, a temporary hut for our accommodation. It was surprising how soon it was completed. Of the numerous conditions, however that may be required of an architect, ours indeed fulfilled only one; but that was important: our newly raised edifice would at least afford good shelter, and thus it completely answered the purpose for which it was intended. The chief, with his wives and *pulla-boys*, slept in the the canoe, or were lying about on the bank, perfectly contented with the wide vault of heaven for a canopy, and whether it was of a deep azure ,and resplendent with its thousand luminaries, or blackened with the coming tornado, was equally unheeded by them: they generally sleep soundly, even while the thunder might wake all but the dead. They, however, provide against sleepless nights, by the exertions they make in paddling very hard during the whole of the day, and by dancing and singing half of the night. In these performances they have utterly banished, or rather have never conceived, the idea of grace and melody; as their dancing consists in shakings and contortions, which though generally hideous, have sometimes the merit of being very extraordinary and ridiculous. In these qualities, indeed, are their rules of perfection; for, some out-of-the-way feat, which made me constantly apprehend the dislocation of a member, never failed to excite a great deal of applause; and as the *artiste* was not shackled by abstract ideas of grace, he generally gave full scope to the exuberance of his fancy and the supleness of his limbs. The music was in parallel taste; being no other than a few monotonous sounds, shrieked out in utter defiance of all scales, diatonic or chromatic. This was their vocal: their instrumental was a shade better; for, having discovered that thin pieces of hard wood, of unequal length, being fastened at one end and stuck on the other, would emit varieties of tone, they have profited by this discovery, and have constructed the Bulafuh:

"Septem compacta cicutis fistula."

I must do them the justice to say, that they have displayed some skill in the arrangement, as the intervals are good and the sounds are sweet. A slave performed on this simple instrument with his thumbs, and executed a pleasing air, in waltz time, with rapidity; to which one of the others enacted a *capriccio*, or dance *ad libitum*. They were in this manner at high jinks the greater part of the night, and appeared to be the merriest fellows in the world. The bank is now eight or nine feet above the water's edge.—Lander averred that not only was this inundated at the time of his first visit, but the bushes also which are ten feet high, were submerged. The floods must be very irregular if this be correct, both as to the period and the volume of water, for he was here later in November; there were no marks of its having been so high this season, and it has already fallen very considerably. In corroboration, however, of his assertion, I observed a mark on the trunk of a tree, twenty or thirty yards from the river, which appeared as if made by some very high flood, and it was ten feet from the ground.

The weather was very fine but cloudy during our stay. Many canoes came alongside, filled with the principal inhabitants, who were all desirous of seeing us, and we were pestered to death from morning till night, especially by Obi's head mate; we could not get rid of this troublesome, cross old fellow by promises or threats. It is not only the annoyance of having our decks covered with people, all vociferating their admiration, and begging for every thing they see, and which they would not scruple to pilfer if they were not narrowly watched; but they come in large canoes, each containing twenty or thirty men: we are surrounded by them all day, and their noisy surprise and compliments are enough to distract one. Lander showed astonishing patience; in fact, he was admirably calculated by the evenness of his temper to deal with these people: he bears with them as I believe no other man could do.

November 9.—Having taken in as much fire-wood as we could stow, we prepared to continue our voyage. King Boy took charge of our despatches—the last communication we should be able to make, for we knew not how long. He took an affectionate leave of us, promising to forward any "books" (letters) with which he might be intrusted at the mouth of the river, through the medium of Obi, with whom he would be in constant communication; and that he would supply the crew of the brig Columbine with fresh provisions during our absence. He made many protestations of friendship and honourable intentions, pretending to be deeply affected, supplicating through his tears, in the most abject and ludicrous manner, even for shreds and rubbish; calculating, no doubt, that we should fall a prey to the savage Bushmen of the interior, and, this glorious chance of enriching himself once lost, he might never have such another: he therefore was determined not to spare importunity. He recommended us to be particularly careful of our precious selves, the ships, and all they contain, saying, that if any dire misfortune should happen, it would quite "broke him head." He intreated us not to give all the rum away to the Bushmen, to bring him a young wife from the interior, and to make him pass* (surpass) all kings: above all, he made a last and strenuous effort to obtain my old hat. I had already punched in it sundry holes, as it was condemned for wadding for my fowling-piece; these, however, he did not consider to be any detraction from its beauty or usefulness; perhaps he thought it might look as if they were shot-holes which had missed his head, by the interference of Dju-dju. However, he begged most piteously for it, saying—"What! me be king! me no habe hat all the same as white man's black hat? Suppose rain come, what King Boy do then? Oh! my friend, gi' me black hat, den King Boy be proper king for true." Louis† the pilot, who had served us so faithfully, promised that he would be at Ibu in three moons, to conduct us back, as Lander thought it probable we might not stay longer than that in the interior. He was well rewarded for his services; and parted from us highly gratified, swearing, in five or six languages, that no people under the sun were worthy to be called his masters but the white men, and that the white men's country should be his country.

We proceeded on our voyage at seven P. M.

From the Spectator.

SYDNEY SMITH'S WORKS.

The first and second volumes of this collection contain the author's articles in the Edinburgh Review: the third consists of miscellaneous pamphlets, a few sermons, and Peter Plymley's Letters, whose paternity is now acknowledged. A kind of autobiographical preface gives an account of the origin of the *Edinburgh*; touches, not untruly, or ungracefully, upon the depression and difficulties the author braved in maintaining his principles and independence; and quietly plants a blow upon some modern professing Liberals. From this, the newest and not the least interesting paper in the volumes, we shall draw freely.

HOW THE EDINBURGH REVIEW CAME TO BE ESTABLISHED.

When first I went into the Church, I had a curacy in the middle of Salisbury Plain. The squire of the parish took a fancy to me, and requested me to go with his son to reside at the University of Weimar; before he could get there, Germany became the seat of war, and in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years. The principles of the French Revolution were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of society. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted, were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray (late Lord Advocate for Scotland,) and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too Liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the Northern division of the island.

One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The motto I proposed for the Review was,

"*Tenui musam meditamur avena.*"
"We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal."

But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from *Publius Syrus*, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal.

THE ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF PLYMLEY.

I have printed in this collection the Letters of Peter Plymley. The Government of that day took great pains to find out the author; all that they *could* find was, that they were brought to Mr. Budd, the publisher, by the Earl of Lauderdale. Somehow or another, it came to be conjectured that I was that author. I have always denied it; but finding that I deny it in vain, I have thought it might be as well to include the letters in this collection. They had an immense circulation at the time, and I think above 20,000 copies were sold.

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* One of the chiefs on this coast, in order to secure to himself, beyond all question, such a proud pre-eminence, has assumed the title of King Pass All.

† This poor fellow was afterwards put to death for an intrigue with one of King Fourday's wives.

WHAT AN OLD WHIG HAD TO BEAR.

From the beginning of the century (about which time the Review began) to the death of Lord Liverpool, was an awful period for those who had the misfortune to entertain Liberal opinions, and who were too honest to sell them for the ermine of the judge or the lawn of the prelate;—a long and hopeless career in your profession, the chuckling grin of noodles, the sarcastic leer of the genuine political rogue—prebendaries, deans, and bishops made over your head—reverend renegadoes advanced to the highest dignities of the Church, for helping to rivet the fetters of Catholic and Protestant Dissenters, and no more chance of a Whig Administration than of a thaw in Zembla—these were the penalties exacted for liberality of opinion at that period; and not only was there no pay, but there were many stripes. It is always considered as a piece of impertinence in England, if a man of less than two or three thousand a year has any opinions at all upon important subjects; and in addition, he was sure at that time to be assailed with all the Billingsgate of the French Revolution—Jacobin, Leveller, Atheist, Deist, Socinian, Incendiary, Regicide, were the gentlest appellations used; and the man who breathed a syllable against the senseless bigotry of the two Georges, or hinted at the abominable tyranny and persecution exercised upon Catholic Ireland, was shunned as unfit for the relations of social life.

A JUST BOAST FOR HIMSELF AND A FAIR HIT AT OTHERS.

To set on foot such a journal in such times, to contribute towards it for many years, to bear patiently the reproach and poverty which it caused, and to look back and see that I have nothing to retract, and no intemperance and violence to reproach myself with, is a career of life which I must think to be extremely fortunate. Strange and ludicrous are the changes in human affairs. The Tories are now on the treadmill, and the well-paid Whigs are riding in chariots; with many faces, however, looking out of the windows (including that of our Prime Minister,) which I never remember to have seen in the days of the poverty and depression of Whiggism. Liberality is now a lucrative business. Whoever has any institution to destroy, may consider himself as a commissioner, and his fortune as made; and to my utter and never ending astonishment, I, as an old Edinburgh Reviewer, find myself fighting, in the year 1839, against the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London for the existence of the National Church.

To fill two volumes with a republication of between forty and fifty articles, written for a temporary purpose and frequently on temporary subjects, and spread over a period of years forty save three, is a bold undertaking, and in most cases would have been a fatal one. But it is not with Mr. Sydney Smith. His wit, his pregnant sense, his point—the thought which he has bestowed upon his subject, till he has stripped it of all incumbrances—and the care with which he has finished his style—render every thing pungent, or at the least readable. The strength with which he limns the lineaments of some weak, vain, or foolish person, who happens to have fallen in his way or thrust himself before him, renders many passages frequently amusing and striking to a high degree. But there is much more than these things. He has often chosen subjects which though occasional in their form, were general in their nature; the capital stock of society either for record or practice. Such is his exposition, from a long file of their own publications, of the grosser Methodism of that day with its "serious" Margate Hoy; such his exposure, on more than one occasion, of the Missions to Hindostan, and the ridiculous results in a religious—the frightful catastrophe in a political sense—they were likely to produce. Such, too, amongst others, are his articles on Education—on the education of the aristocracy at public schools; on female education; and on popular education, in a review of the well meaning Mrs. Trimmer's attack upon Lancaster. The world has not advanced so much in thirty years, but that all his articles on these subjects may be perused with advantage now. From the many excellent passages in these papers we can only spare room for one specimen.

PERMANENT VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.

One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge, is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years; they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart. If they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself is respected for what it once contained; but women (such is their unfortunate style of education) hazard every thing upon one cast of the die; when youth is gone, all is gone. No human creature gives his admiration for nothing: either the eye must be charmed or the understanding gratified. A woman must talk wisely or look well. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age. Neither is there the slightest commiseration for decayed accomplishments; no man mourns over the fragments of a dancer, or drops a tear on the relics of musical skill. They are flowers destined to perish; but the decay of great talents is always the subject of solemn pity; and even when their last memorial is over, their ruins and vestiges are regarded with pious affection.

Of some of the contents of the last volume we have lately had occasion to speak, at length, in noticing the republication of *Peter Plymley* and the *Letters to Archdeacon Singleton*. Of the four Sermons, that on the Accession of the Queen we think scarcely equal to the subject or the occasion; that on Christian Charity, preached at Bristol on the 5th November 1828, is broad in its charity, bold in its principles, and yet discreet in its management; the two preached before the Judges on Circuit are very rare specimens of pulpit composition—remarkable for their skilful adaption to the pursuits and professional character of the audience addressed. The pamphlet on *Ballot*, though not long since published, we happen to meet for the first time; and it undoubtedly says all that can be said against the Ballot in the most effective way; nor have its arguments been yet refuted, or all of them noticed. Now is not the time, nor is this the place, to try our hand upon the subject; but remarking that Mr. Sydney Smith confounds, as he often does, the power to do a thing with the right to do it—and that there is no analogy between the case of a representative voting for a measure and an elector voting for a representative—we will quote a passage or two as a specimen of his inimitable powers of statement.—See how the assertion that few farmers have political opinions is stamped in.

COERCION OF TENANTS EXAGGERATED.

All these practices are bad; but the facts and the consequences are exaggerated.

In the first place, the plough is not a political machine: the loom and the steam-engine are furiously political, but the plough is not. Nineteen tenants out of twenty care nothing about their votes, and pull off their opinions as easily to their landlords as they do their hats. As far as the great majority of tenants are concerned, these histories of persecution are mere declamatory nonsense: they have no more predilection for whom they vote than organ-pipes have for what tunes they are to play. A tenant dismissed for a fair and just cause often attributes his dismissal to political motives, and endeavours to make himself a martyr with the public: a man who ploughs badly, or who pays badly, says he is dismissed for his vote. No candidate is willing to allow that he lost his election by his demerits; and he seizes hold of these stories, and circulates them with the greatest avidity: they are stated in the House of Commons; John Russell and Spring Rice fall a crying; there is lamentation of Liberals in the land, and many groans for the territorial tyrants.

CHECK UPON 'CHANGE AND CHARACTER OF SHOPKEEPERS.

To part with tenants for political reasons always makes a landlord unpopular. The Constitutional, price 4*d*; the Cato, at 3½*d*; and the Lucius Junius Brutus, at 2*d*., all set upon the unhappy scutiger; and the squire, unused to be pointed at, and thinking that all Europe and part of Asia are thinking of him and his farmers, is driven to the brink of suicide and despair. That such things are done is not denied, that they are scandalous when they are done is equally true; but these are reasons why such acts are less frequent than they are commonly represented to be. In the same manner, there are instances of shopkeepers being materially injured in their business from the votes they have given; but the facts themselves, as well as the consequences, are grossly exaggerated. If shopkeepers lose Tory they gain Whig customers; and it is not always the vote which does the mischief, but the low vulgar impertinence, and the unbridled scurrility of a man, who thinks that by dividing to mankind their rations of butter and of cheese, he has qualified himself for legislation, and that he can hold the rod of empire because he has wielded the yard of mensuration. I detest all inquisition into political opinions, but I have very rarely seen a combination against any tradesman who modestly, quietly, and conscientiously took his own line in politics. But Brutus, and butterman, cheesemonger and Cato, do not harmonize well together; good taste is offended, the coxcomb loses his friends, and general disgust is mistaken for combined oppression. Shopkeepers, too, are very apt to cry out before they are hurt: a man who sees after an election one of his customers buying a pair of gloves on the opposite side of the way, roars out that his honesty will make him a bankrupt, and the county papers are filled with letters from Brutus, Publicola, Hampden, and Pym.

This kind of language seems strange in the founder of the *Edinburgh Review*—in the clergyman who was under the ban of his cloth, and considered as not a Christian if *not* an Atheist, and whose adherence to his principles barred the door of preferment against him. But it is perfectly consistent with himself at starting, and with the views of the old Whig party. As regards the man, let any reader turn to Vol. I. p. 188, and he will see less veneration for the people than is expressed in the last quotation; and the principle " not to respect the poor when they wish to step out of their province," was a true principle of Whiggery. Government *for* the people was their maxim: popular self-government was an abomination in their eyes. They advocated, perhaps because they were *out*, for they never did much being *in*, certain changes which the Tories opposed. They were professional politicians, or rather born statesmen. They would, according to their lights, govern the mass " for their good," just as a physician prescribes or a lawyer advises, to the best of his ability. But your true Whig would be taken as much aback if the people should presume to interpose in the measures concocted for them, as the solemn professional if a patient should discuss the composition of a draught, or a client criticize the drawing of a deed. "The people" were only " very well in their proper place."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

OLD MORGAN AT PANAMA.

In the hostel-room we were seated in gloom, old Morgan's trustiest crew;
No mirthful sound, no jest went round, as it erst was wont to do.
Wine we had none, and our girls were gone, for the last of our gold was spent;
And some swore an oath, and all were wroth, and stern o'er the table bent;
Till our chief on the board hurl'd down his sword, and spake with his stormy shout,
" Hell and the devil! an' this be revel, we had better arm and out.
Let us go and pillage old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!"

Straight at the word each girt on his sword, five hundred men and more;
And we clove the sea in our shallops free, till we reached the mainland shore.
For many a day overland was our way, and our hearts grew weary and low,
And many would back on their trodden track, rather than farther go;
But the wish was quell'd, though our hearts rebell'd, by old Morgan's stormy roar,—
" The way ye have sped is farther to tread, than the way which lies before."
So on we march'd upon Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

'Twas just sunset when our eyes first met the sight of the town of gold;
And down on the sod each knelt to his god, five hundred warriors bold;
Each bared his blade, and we fervent pray'd (for it might be our latest prayer,)
" Ransom from hell, if in fight we fell,—if we lived, for a booty rare!"

And each as he rose felt a deep repose, and a calm o'er all within;
For he knew right well, whatever befell, his soul was assoil'd from sin,
Then down we march'd on old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

The town arose to meet us as foes, and in order beheld us come;—
They were three to one, but warriors none,—traders, and such like scum,
Unused to wield either sword or shield; but they plied their new trade well.
I am not told how they bought and sold, but they fought like fiends of hell.
They fought in despair for their daughters fair, their wives, and their wealth, God wot!
And throughout the night made a gallant fight,—but it mattered not a jot.
For had we not sworn to take Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers?

O'er dying and dead the morn rose red, and o'er streets of a redder dye;
And in scatter'd spots stood men in knots, who would not yield or fly.
With souls of fire they bay'd our ire, and parry'd the hurl and thrust;
But ere the sun its noon had won they were mingled with the dust.
Half of our host in that night we lost,—but we little for that had care;
We knew right well that each that fell increased the survivor's share
Of the plunder we found in old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

We found bars of gold, and coin untold, and gems which to count were vain;
We had floods of wine, and girls divine, the dark-eyed girls of Spain.
They at first were coy, and baulk'd our joy, and seem'd with their fate downcast,
And wept and groan'd, and shriek'd and swoon'd; but 'twas all the same at last.
Our wooing was short, of the warrior's sort, and they thought it rough, no doubt;
But, truth to tell, the end was as well as had it been longer about.
And so we revell'd in Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

We lived in revel, sent care to the devil, for two or three weeks or so,
When a general thought within us wrought that 'twas getting time to go.
So we set to work with dagger and dirk to torture the burghers hoar,
And their gold conceal'd compell'd them to yield, and add to our common store.
And whenever a fool of the miser school declared he had ne'er a groat,
In charity due *we* melted a few, and pour'd them down his throat.
This drink we invented at Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

When the churls were eased, their bags well squeezed, we gave them our blessing full fain,
And we kiss'd our girls with the glossy curls, the dark-eyed girls of Spain;
Our booty we shared, and we all prepared for the way we had to roam,
When there rose a dispute as to taking our route by land or by water home.
So one half of the band chose to travel by land, the other to travel by sea:
Old Morgan's voice gave the sea the choice, and I follow'd his fortunes free,
And hasten'd our leaving old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

A bark we equipp'd, and our gold we shipp'd, and gat us ready for sea;
Seventy men, and a score and ten, mariners bold were we.
Our mates had took leave, on the yester-eve, their way o'er the hills to find,
When, as morning's light pierced through the night, we shook her sails to the wind.
With a fresh'ning breeze we walked the seas, and the land sunk low and lower;
A dreary dread o'er our hearts there sped we never should see land more—
And away we departed from Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

For a day or two we were busy enow in setting ourselves to rights,
In fixing each berth, our mess, and so forth, and the day's watch and the nights;
But when these were done, over every one came the lack of aught to do,
We listless talk'd, we listless walk'd, and we pined for excitement new.
Oh! how we did hail any shift in the gale, for it gave us a sail to trim!
We began to repent that we had not bent our steps with our comrades grim.
And thus we sail'd on from old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

Day after day we had stagger'd away, with a steady breeze abeam;
No shift in the gale; no trimming a sail; how dull we were, ye may deem!
We sung old songs till we wearied our lungs; we pushed the flagon about;
And told and re-told tales ever so old, till they fairly tired us out.
There was a shark in the wake of our bark took us three days to hook;
And when it was caught we wished it was not, for we missed the trouble it took.
And thus we sail'd on from old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

At last it befell, some tempter of hell put gambling in some one's head;
The devil's device, the cards and the dice, broke the stagnant life we led:
From morn till night, ay, till next morn's light, we plied the bones right well;
Day after day the rattle of play clattered through the caravel.
How the winners laugh'd, how the losers quaff'd! 'twas a madness, as it were.
It was a thing of shuddering to hark to the losers' swear.
And thus we sail'd on from old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

From morn till night, ay, till next morn's light, for weeks the play kept on:
'Twas fearful to see the winner's glee, and the losers haggard and wan;

You well might tell, by their features fell, they would ill brook to be crost;
And one morn there was one, who all night had won, jeer'd some who all night had lost.
He went to bed—at noon he was dead—I know not from what, nor reck;
But they spake of a mark, livid and dark, about the dead man's neck!
And thus we sail'd on from old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

This but begun: and those who had won lived a life of anxious dread;
Day after day there was bicker and fray; and a man now and then struck dead.
Old Morgan stern was laugh'd to scorn, and it worry'd his heart, I trow;
Five days of care, and his iron-grey hair was as white as the winter's snow:
The losers at last his patience o'erpast, for they drew their sword each one,
And cried, with a shout, "Hell take you! come out, and fight for the gold ye have won—
The gold that our blood bought at Panama:
We, the mighty Buccaneers!"

We never were slow at a word and a blow, so we cross'd our irons full fain;
And for death and life had begun the strife, when old Morgan stopt it amain,
And thunder'd out with his stormy shout,—"Dog's ye have had your day!
To your berths!" he roar'd. "Who sheaths not his sword, Heaven grant him its grace, I pray!
For I swear, by God, I will cleave him like wood!" There was one made an angry sign;
Old Morgan heard, and he kept his word; for he clove him to the chine.
So ended *his* exploits at Panama;
He, the mighty Buccaneer!

At this we quail'd, and we henceforth sail'd, in a smouldering sort of truce:
But our dark brows gloom'd, and we inward fumed for a pretext to give us loose:
When early one morn—"A strange sail astern!" we heard the lookout-man hail;
And old Morgan shout, "Put the ship about, and crowd every stitch of sail!"
And around went we, surging through the sea at our island wild buck's pace;
In wonderment what old Morgan meant, we near'd to the fated chase—
We, the pillagers of old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

She went right fast, but we took her at last. 'Twas a little brigantine thing;
With some four men for crew, and a boy or two—a bark built for trafficking;
Besides this crew were three women, too: her freight was salt-fish and oil:
For the men on board, they were put to the sword; the women we spared awhile.
And all was surmise what to do with the prize, when old Morgan, calling us aft,
Roar'd, "Ye who have fooled yourselves out of your gold take possession of yonder craft,
And go pillage some other Panama,
Ye, the mighty Buccaneers!

We were reckless and rude, we had been at feud till 'twas war to the very knife;
But it clove each heart when we came to part from comrades in many a strife:
Over one and all a gloom seemed to fall, and in silence they packed their gear,
Amid curses and sighs, and glistening eyes, and here and there a tear.
We gave brooches and things, for keepsakes and rings; and some trucked the weapons they wore:
This Spanish gun was a token from one who had fought me a week before,
While we diced for the spoils of old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

Their traps all pack'd, there was nothing lack'd, but sharing the women three:
The odd one's choice was left to the dice, and she fell to the rich so free;
When the losers' 'gan swear the dice were unfair, and brawl'd till our chief got wild,
And, without more ado, cut the woman in two, as Solomon shared the child.
Then each of each band shook each old mate's hand, and we parted with hearts full sore;
We all that day watch'd them lessen away. They were never heard of more!
We kept merrily on from old Panama,
We, the mighty Buccaneers!

Their sufferings none know, but ours, I trow, were very, oh! very sore;
We had storm and gale till our hearts 'gan fail, and then calms, which harassed us more;
Then many fell sick; and while all were weak, we rounded the fiery cape;
As I hope for bliss in the life after this, 'twas a miracle our escape!
Then a leak we sprung, and to lighten us, flung all our gold to the element:
Our perils are past, and we're here at last, but as penniless as we went.
And such was the pillage of Panama
By the mighty Buccaneers!

G. E. Inman.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

TO A LADY SINGING.

There is a light about those eyes,
Warm, rich, but tender, like the hue
That's left upon the vesper skies
When day has turn'd to misty blue:
A mild repose, as if the sun
Of joy had not been long departed;
And twilight thoughts had just begun
Half blissfully—half broken-hearted!
Oh! lady, look but thus,
And I could gaze for ever!

Within thy voice there is a tone,
Soft, sweet, and trembling, like the sighs
That night-birds through the valleys moan,
Thinking they sing gay melodies!
A tranquil sound, as if the tide,
The noisy tide of mirth and laughter,
Had fall'n adown youth's green hill side,
To flow in quiet ever after!
Oh! lady, sing but thus—
And I could hear for ever!

From the Monthly Chronicle.

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

The East has always been fertile in great men, in those grand and colossal figures whose energy appears superhuman. In our own time, if we are to seek a celebrity approaching to that of the genius who re-united, after a lapse of nine centuries, the scattered elements of the empire of Charlemagne, it must be confessed that it is towards the East we must turn,—to Egypt, where the diadem of the Pharaohs and Ptolemies encircles the brows of the octogenarian Mehemet Ali, who is to Napoleon what the vulture is to the eagle. Guizot, that great reflecter upon the revolutions of empires, is inclined to attribute to each state a period of decay proportionate to the term of its construction. M. Lamartine, on the contrary, having been an eyewitness of the state of the East, conjectures that the race of the Turkish empire is run, and that the hour of its dissolution is impending. The reasons for this opinion, which he gave in his luminous speech in the French Chamber of Deputies, correspond with those hazarded by us in a former disquisition, and may be summed up in the fact, that fanaticism formed the bond of union and the element of conquest of the Turks, and that fanaticism is weakened or no longer exists among them. The idea of an Arabian empire, founded on the ruins of the Ottoman, is also visionary, for the same reasons as are applicable to the society of the Turks. Neither can amalgamate with European communities or habits; and in both countries precocious civilization depends upon the accident of the lives of two men—Mahmoud and Mehemet Ali.—Anarchy must succeed their decease.

The singularity of the present position of the Egyptian satrap is this, that although innumerable pachas have attempted, at various periods of Turkish history, and with more or less prospects of success, to establish an independent kingdom, they have all hitherto succumbed in their ambitious projects, after a time, before the fortunes of the house of Othman. Even Mehemet Ali, notwithstanding he has succeeded through civilization in rendering himself physically more powerful than his sovereign, might finally have fallen before that moral or religious force which, in the opinion of the Faithful, assigns to the Sultan a sacred supremacy over every Mussulman; but the victory of Koniah, by laying open to the victorious Ibrahim the path to Constantinople, exacted, at the cost of Russian intervention and the cession of Syria, a sort of tacit admission of Egyptian independence which the relief from momentary difficulties, it was to be supposed, would instantly cancel.

Since the date of the French Egyptian expedition, however, a new element has intervened in the wars between Sultan and Pacha, and that element is European influence. It is the complication of Western with Eastern interests which has enabled Mehemet Ali to stand against his sovereign so long in virtual independence, and which now gives such important features to the present declaration of hostilities.

The attitude which the parties have assumed towards each other, though caused by events of a less recent date than the convention abolishing monopolies throughout the empire, is mainly to be attributed to it. The governor of Egypt, in fact, feels that its literal adoption would destroy the source of his revenue and strike the sword from his grasp; he is therefore urged to make a death struggle for supremacy or independence; whilst the Sultan, persuaded that the assistance of England and France will be accorded to the side of their commercial interests, anxiously seizes the opportunity to wreak his long-cherished revenge upon his rebellious satrap. The commercial convention was a secret means of avenging the humiliation of the convention of Kutayah; for so long as the Sultan's authority was recognised over every province of his dominions, the European powers could no object to its being carried into effect in Egypt, where Mehemet Ali's monopoly was thus pierced to the vitals. So true it is that it is the opposite of material interests of nations that bring them into collision, although minor causes are generally assigned for it. It would be vain to speculate upon the consequences of a battle between Ibrahim Pacha and Mahmoud both to western and eastern politics.

Of all the actions which mankind can commit, the most considerable are battles. They exceed all others as much by their peculiar greatness as by their results. No acts are more decisive, or introduce into the politics of the world more surprising novelties. They require but the space of a day, and their consequences are perpetual. Whether it be necessary to settle a question of interest between two nations, that one should extend itself or disappear by conquest, or lastly, that an end should be put to civil dissensions, the judgments which are there pronounced are supreme. It is true that very often the arms that were prostrated arise again, and appeal to another field of battle; but eminent battles possess this quality above all others, that their decrees are generally omnipotent, and there is no refuge for the vanquished from the laws which they impose. In all cases, notwithstanding the death and devastation caused, battles are facts which God holds in his own hand, and which deserve to be praised, since they tend to put an end to war and to recall the normal and ideal state of the human race, which is peace.

Another conflict like that of Koniah might dissolve the empire of Mahomet; but the difficulty still remains, what is to succeed to it? "*Mais que diable de faire de Constantinople?*" was the difficulty which the Emperor Joseph II. expressed when consulting with Catharine and her confederates on the partition of the Turkish empire. "Constantinople," said the Emperor Alexander, "is the key to my house." There is no longer any difficulty in disposing of that bone of contention according to the conference at Erfurth, and England must resign herself to behold the key of the Eastern and Western worlds, the trident of the ocean, transferred to the hands of Russia; while Egypt, the highway to Indian commerce by land, and the mistress of the Mediterranean, falls to the share of France, who eagerly covets its possession, and secretly proclaims the price at which she is willing to lend her co-operation. The interests of all parties being such, it is natural to suppose that France and Russia must view with feelings of pleasure the collision between Ibrahim and Hafiz Pacha, which will accelerate the desired consummation. England and Austria alone have a sincere interest in preserving the *status quo*. For what can Russia lose by the defeat of the Sultan, and what can France lose by the overthrow of Mehemet Ali? Evidently nothing. Russia acquires the right by the treaty of Unkiar Skelessi to occupy Constantinople and Asia Minor with troops from Sebastopol, and to protect the Sultan from the victorious Egyptians. France gains the opportunity to annex Egypt, with its vast resources, to her Algerine dependencies.

Casting our eye farther eastward we perceive a complication of difficulties still more grave and imminent. Our armies are entangled in the jungles and wilds of Affghanistan, surrounded by a hostile population, like the army of Crassus amid the Parthians—the Shah of Persia is reported to be advancing a second time upon Herat with

40,000 men—the Prince Kamran by no means grateful to his allies the English for their assistance—Dost Mohammed organizing by his influence conspiracies in Madras itself against our power, and the Muscovite eagle flapping his wings in the distance and scenting the coming prey. Let us consider for a moment the obstacles, moral and physical, which interpose in the path of Russia, and the contingencies which, by possibility, might prove favourable to her designs.

Since the report has reached us that Count Simonich has been appointed to a command in the Persian army at the recommendation of Russia, it cannot be surprising that we are disbelievers in the sincerity of the cabinet of St. Petersburgh, and in the assertion that her Eastern envoys intrigued against British power in India of their own accord and without the knowledge of their superiors.* It is not in a formal disavowal by Count Nessselrode, vague and void of meaning as it is, that a refutation of facts can be found, and of the prosecution of a course of policy which the history of a century confirms. We arise with this conviction from a perusal of a diligent summary of the heads of this great political problem, which is to be found in the third volume of the instructive and entertaining History of Russia, in Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia, in which the author's research has left little of importance to be gleaned by other writers. It was only in December, 1832, that the Moscow Gazette, the *official* organ of the Russian government, declared aloud to all civilized Europe its haughty defiance of England. "The Russian nation," says the official writer, "is indignant at the clandestine *proceedings* of England, or rather of her perfidious ministry, in regard to the troubles of Poland: but our turn is coming. We will tear off her mask. We will show the world how a people is really reduced to slavery. You shall soon have an opportunity of judging whether Lord Ponsonby spoke truth when he repeated to every body who would listen to him Russia is no longer of any account, henceforward Poland will prevent her from interfering in the affairs of Europe—her government is quite Asiatic" &c. How does this Albion, loaded with debt, and now imbued with the most perfidious principles, dare to rouse the bear (for so they call us) who devoured Napoleon, with the first army that ever invaded her territories, and marched to Paris to revenge their rashness. No: our turn must come; *and we shall soon have no need to make any treaty with this people but at Calcutta.* Her false policy has done its best. Let her go and make alliances with the African negroes, whom she wishes so well and for whom she has made Europe her dupe. The barbarians and slaves, as her papers call us, will teach her a lesson. Meanwhile let her go on.—It is all we want."

As the progress of our internal politics has not, however, verified the Calmuck's insinuation in the last paragraph, and as England still survives in spite of predicted anarchy and downfall, it may be possible for her to take courage and consider whether the Russian bear have the power of reaching Calcutta, and whether there be any *Ursa Major* born among their Cimmerian deserts with a genius capable of leading his brethren successfully to the conclusion of such an enterprise. The consideration of these chances will embrace that of the neutrality, hostility or friendship of France under Louis Philippe or a future republican government, should the contest between England and Russia be delayed or prolonged until that event arrive, and, finally, the genius of the Muscovite military commanders.

It must be remembered that the prestige of Russian military force has fatally declined ever since the date of her Turkish, Polish, and Circassian campaigns. In fact, all her victories have been won at an enormous waste of human life, without any exhibition of military science. Russia *never won an important battle* during the whole course of her long wars with France in spite of her boastings, and we defy her advocates to point out one. The battle of Novi was doubtful, and in those days she had a Suwarrow. It is a different order of talent from his, and a different kind of feeling from that which obliged the Russian officers placed in the rear to urge onward against the Polish legions at Ostrolenka their poor inanimate serfs at the point of their swords, which must lead to a prosperous end a descent upon India.

From the time that we have ceased to delude ourselves as to the danger with which our Indian empire is threatened from the quarter of Russia, we have imagined that it would tend to retard the fatal moment to represent this danger as chimerical, and the press has laboured to demonstrate that the fear of England's resentment would always suffice to prevent the designs of Russia, and her power to arrest her progress. But Russia has sufficiently shown how much these considerations prevail with her by her conduct in the East, where, for the last ten years, she has never ceased to pursue her projects, delaying, or at the most, disguising their execution, according to circumstances. England has arrived at that period in the existence of nations, when the idea which they have created of their power is an arm of which it is easier for them to avail themselves than of that power itself. England, by reason of the very height of her renown, cannot as the Duke of Wellington said, afford to make a little war; and to exert her whole power, the greatest consideration and the most vital risks would need to be self-evident. The science of political calculation, of which our former cabinets have made good use, has at length taught us, that we have been so miraculously favoured by fortune and skill throughout those long struggles when the French revolution placed our existence at stake, that we might have reason to count upon contrary results if we lighted up a war, which, by embracing the whole universe, would again put in jeopardy all that the past has solved in our favour. It seems nevertheless, that we cannot prevent Russia from daily approaching the object of her ambition, the path towards which seems to be prepared by the march of time itself,

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* If any proof were wanted that the intrigues in Persia were carried on under the cognizance of the Cabinet, and that the Cabinet, finding their schemes exposed by the vigilance of our intrepid agent, Sir Alexander Burnes, were determined to disavow their own dark plot, we have such a proof in the fate of the unfortunate Vickovitch, who played so conspicuous a part in the Persian conspiracy. Vickovitch had returned to St. Petersburgh, and had an interview with Nesselrode, the purport of which has not transpired, but there is no great difficulty in divining it from the issue. The wretched man went home, and on the following day shot himself, *after destroying all his papers.* His crime was failure. The minister found it convenient to disown his agent, and sacrifice him to a violent state necessity. The agent in despair, anticipated the executioner. Such is a brief epitome of the perjuries and sanguinary atrocities of Russian diplomacy.

What keeps Russia immovable in the path to India is neither respect for the abilities of our foreign secretary, the indirect menaces of our diplomacy, the wrath of the press, nor even the fear of our fleets and armies—it is circumstances which are wanting to Russia. We believe that she could, if necessary, send into the field simultaneously ten armies like that which would be necessary to invade British India, if she were not wanting in all the elements of that moral force without which so vast an enterprise could not be attempted.

The three most celebrated conquerors who have accomplished in former times the projects which Russia meditates at the present day, were, with the differences appertaining to the time and country in which they lived and in degrees which we cannot compare to each other, men of rare genius in war. Preceded by the fame of their exploits, which filled all Asia, they had already vanquished the lively imagination of its people and bound it to their ascendency, which was regarded by them as miraculous when they advanced towards Hindostan. Without that influence which their name and presence exercised, who can say that they would have triumphed by the mere force of arms over the resistance they encountered? Another less famous conqueror, Mahmoud of Ghizneh, who founded the first Mahommedan dynasty in India, was unavoidably borne to the summit of his hopes by the irresistible energy of that religious fanaticism which inspired the Arabs during the first centuries of the Hegira.

Whether it emanate from a single man or from an entire people, it is always the action of an exceptional genius which has assured the success of these great designs. Russia is in a condition wholly opposite to that which these different examples present. No national passion urges her towards India. The religious prejudices of the people of Asia, although much weakened, repel her by the force of their inertia. Since Peter the Great, not a single man of genius has arisen either upon the throne of the Czars or in the midst of their armies or councils. In order to send an army from the borders of the Caspian Sea to the mouths of the Ganges, to triumph over the resistance of the populations by repeated, rapid, and decisive victories, or to disarm them by the skilfulness and tact of negotiations which shall obtain their assistance or neutrality, something more is wanting than the ordinary merit of a general or field-marshal competent to chastise the rebellion of a few nomadic tribes, or to despoil Turkey or Persia of some additional province. The capricious preference of an autocrat could not justify itself by the example of Potemkin, in confiding to the first officer who happened to be a court favourite the mission of going to attempt a *coup de main* upon an empire of a hundred millions of men at the distance of a thousand leagues. Russia, since she has entered upon her career of aggrandisement, has used no other system to arrive at her ends than a crafty and obstinate pursuit. After having employed for a century the violence of war and the perfidy of politics to mine the Ottoman empire, she was forced during the last campaign to endure the loss of two years under the eyes of Europe, before passing the chain of the Balkan, beyond which Constantinople yet remained to be conquered. Provoked and endangered by the Polish insurrection, she saw the German Diebitch, her boasted conqueror of the Turks, condemned to await the attack of the mysterious malady which cut him off without having been able to lead his soldiers across the open plains to the city of Warsaw. Alone, divided, and betrayed, obtaining, instead of succour from the kings of Europe, only secret or declared vows for her ruin, Poland was enabled with a few thousand troops, animated by love of their country, to make head for more than a year against that Colossus with a hundred arms, which seemed able by a scornful gesture to crush it to atoms. How different is the slowness with which success generally declares itself for Russia from that thundering rapidity which a march upon the Indies would require! And nothing can be discovered in her capable of giving this enthusiasm. The race of its sovereigns has preserved the cunning of the Greeks of the Lower Empire, with the ferocity of the Tartar; but not his adventurous intrepidity.

The conqueror who shall mount his horse to point out to his soldiers the road to Calcutta, has not yet appeared in the family of Romanoff. We English may assure ourselves that it is not the prudent monarch Nicholas, who awaited at a respectful distance on board one of his vessels the result of the siege of Varna, who will renounce the glory of his reviews in the sure shelter of palaces where his politics perform their exploits, to go and present to the people of Asia the spectacle of another Macedonian Alexander. If the cruel disposition of the Czar, whose frown can move European diplomacy, causes his sleep to be troubled at times with the trophies of Timour, he may console himself for his inability to imitate those famous bloody pyramids invented by the Tartar conqueror, by his own reminiscences of the deserts of Siberia, and of the Polish women and orphans dragged at the tails of horses to his military colonies. Russian politics are, besides, charged with too many difficult and pressing affairs to dwell upon the gigantic project of an invasion of India otherwise than very remotely. Her present wish is for another portion of Europe. There is no human power which could lay hands at the same time upon Constantinople and Calcutta. This is the reason why Russia remains so long suspended between these two banquets which summon her—the one to the Bosphorus, the other to the Ganges. So long as the question of the destiny of Constantinople shall not be definitively solved, British India will be safe. War is neither our wish nor our interest. If the Russians triumphed, Constantinople, in their hands, would be too great a blow against our commerce and power for us to see in that event a fortunate diversion from India, the invasion of which would, in fact, only become easier thereby. In the contrary supposition that Russia, lowered by English ascendency, beheld the hope of inheriting the Ottoman empire in Europe vanish from her sight, her energy and activity turned, but not destroyed, would find no other vent but Asia, and thenceforth, directed to one single end, would be irresistibly forced to seek upon the Ganges amends for the cause lost upon the shores of the Bosphorus.

Assuredly Great Britain has no want of provocations if we had made up our minds to chastise Russian insolence and aggression. It needed not the recent events before Herat, and the formidable coalition organizing against her sway in India, to be added to the indignity of the Vixen's capture, or the contemptuous rejection of our mediation for Poland and Cracow, to justify, according to the *ancient* policy of England, a loftier tone towards the northern cabinets;—but other considerations intervene. *Could we but count on the neutrality* of France (to let alone counting upon her assistance either under the shuffling Louis Philippe, since his evasion of the Quadruple Alliance, or under an Anti-British republican government, should succeed him,) we might force the Dardanelles, paralyse, by the presence of a dozen fleets in the Black Sea, the operations of the Russians on its northern shore, and acting at the same time in the Baltic, frighten Cronstadt and Sebastopol with the chastisement formerly inflicted upon Copenhagen. But whilst the bombardment of Copenhagen left England only the powerless resentment of Denmark, the destruction of the Russian marine would awaken the formidable envy of a nation to whom would be afforded an opportunity of revenge. The antagonism of Russia and England arises at present only from the foresight of the moment when the interests of the two powers, become irreconcilable, shall appeal to arms. The two nations who have long been united to each other by a commerce mutually advantageous have not yet encountered each other as enemies on the field of battle, and have no humiliations to revenge upon each other. They have no Novi, no Zurich, no Marengo, no Borodino, no Moscow. This position is favourable for England: common sense may teach our statesmen that they ought to avoid increasing the forces of an enemy by bringing his passions into play. Every effort made by the British arms against the power of Russia by wounding the nation in its savage pride would make it a question of honour in its eyes to make an attempt upon India. It is then that the peril, having become pressing, could no longer be conjured away but by the doubtful success of a battle upon the Ganges; for the patriotic sentiment has always created among nations unlooked-for instruments of attack as well as of defence; and in default of a great warlike genius Russia might find in this feeling the enthusiastic resolution which is necessary for her to go and combat England at the extremity of Asia.* We may threaten, but it is more prudent at present, not to turn those menaces into declared hostilities: to erect a barrier power in Afghanistan is better; afterwards our fleets may concentrate themselves in the seas of Malta, or the Archipelago; and having so far subdued our chivalrous sympathy as to lose the admirable opportunity afforded for a moment by the victorious insurrection at Warsaw, we may perhaps give the signal to Europe of a crusade against this barbarous and inhuman power, at a less favourable moment than we otherwise should have done; but for the result we should have no fear, for Poland, Austria, Hungary, and Germany, with their armed myriads, would cordially join in stemming the deluge of barbarians, and driving back into their congenial deserts the hordes that now threaten to overwhelm Western civilization.

Ritter in his "Comparative Geography," has expressed in a word the interest with which Afghanistan inspires both England and Russia. It is, says he, the country of transition between eastern and western Asia, between India and Persia. It is there that we find all the passages that lead to the Indies; and an Indian proverb says, that no one can be King of India who is not King of Caboul—a proverb which expresses the importance attached by England and Russia to the events in Afghanistan. On a former occasion we have traced the route of the various conquerors who have made themselves masters of Hindostan proceeding from this great chain of mountains in Upper Asia, that divides Persia from India, where nature seems to have placed the keys of the Asiatic empire. Shah Shoojah is the son of Tymour Shah, the last Emperor of Afghanistan of the tribe of the Sadukzies; his nephew, Kam Ram, the Prince of Herat, is of the same tribe. The greater part of the principalities of Afghanistan have fallen under the power of the chiefs of the Barukzie tribe, and are Caboul, Ghiznez, Candahar, and Peshawer. The cities of Herat, Candahar, Ghizneh, Caboul, and Peshawer, form, as it were, a triangle on the map, which has its apex on the north-west, and its base on the south-east. At the apex of the triangle is Herat; at the base from west to east lie Candahar, Ghizneh, Caboul, and Peshawer. It is within this triangle that the destines of Asia are deciding, and these are the cities which have beheld passing from their walls so many of the great conquerors of the earth.

The cause of the change in Dost Mahomed's politics may be easily explained. This chief of Caboul, according to the accounts of our travellers, is very favourable to commerce, which is, indeed, but natural; for Caboul serves as a passage to the caravans in their way to and from India, and the custom-house of Caboul pays a considerable revenue to Dost Mahomed. Hence his liking for commerce, and his desire to see the Russians take part in the traffic of central Asia, and pay tribute to his treasury. The principles of free trade which Russia preaches against England have, therefore, found in him a warm partisan, and are undoubtedly the cause of his recent friendship for that power.

Sir Alexander Burnes doubted much if ever the ancient family could reascend the throne without foreign assistance. Whatever be the intestine divisions of the Barukzies, they are always ready to unite against a common enemy. During Sir Alexander's stay at Caboul, Dost Mahomed received advice from his brother at Candahar that a Persian ambassador had threatened him. "When the Persian shall have armed against you," replied the chief of Caboul, "send to me, and the same as I am now your foe, I shall then be your friend." If ever the different principalities of Afghanistan are to be reunited under one chief, it is under Dost Mahomed only that this union could be properly effected: for the hatred of tribe against tribe prevails over the private dissensions that divide the tribe within itself. They ally themselves with those whom they hate the least against those whom they hate the most—a sort of alliance which is quite common in politics. It would seem, therefore, considering the ascendancy of Dost Mahomed over his brothers, that it was a doubtful choice on the part of our government to have selected Shah Shoojah as the regenerator of the Afghan empire. It was to Dost Mahomed Khan that many people think this part ought to have been assigned. But as a cause for marching an army towards the head of the Indus, for the purpose of opening the navigation of that river, Shah Shoojah serves the purposes of England far better than any other pretender. In fact, the river Indus is the basis of the Indian army's operations, and the indispensable preliminary of the Afghan expedition; for without it the English army would be cut off from its communications with India, and commit a strategical fault. Hyderbad, Bakkar, and the strong places of the lower and middle Indus, have already fallen into our hands. Assured of the course of the Indus as the basis of its operations, our army may then defer, if necessary, the remainder of its operations until the following year.

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* It is impossible to appreciate too highly, in a political point of view, the magnificent scheme of Indian steam communication across the Isthmus of Panama, which, we have every reason to believe, will, ere long, be effected by the unwearied energy and patriotism of our greatest capitalists.

Let us briefly sum up the share which Afghanistan will take in the struggle between Russia and England. Afghanistan is not a possession which Russia and England dispute. It is a political and commercial position, which neither of the two powers wishes to abandon to the other. When Russia under the name of Persia, tries to lay hands upon Herat, England is irritated and uneasy, for Herat is the road to India. If England succeeded in the attempt to restore Shah Shoojah, and to maintain him by aid of the English army, Russia, in her turn becomes chafed, for if England reign at Caboul, Russia is henceforth excluded from central Asia. The two powers might consent for a moment to leave Afghanistan in the power of the Barukzies, who dispute it between themselves, but they will each seek from his own quarter to fortify their base of operations in central Asia—Russia to extend and consolidate its influence in Persia which will serve it as an advanced station against British India; and England, to avail herself of the course of the Indus, to the end that she may always be in a state of attack and defence upon her north-western frontiers. Once fortified in their bases in this manner, they will commence their struggle in Afghanistan, for Afghanistan is the country whose possession decides the balance of Asia: and in order to be King of Hindostan, according to the Indian proverb, one must be King of Caboul.

We now pass to the examination of the eastern question in Turkey and Egypt. It is there that we perceive the struggle between Russia and England approaching to Europe, where, for a time, the death of the Sultan Mahmoud appears to have referred to the decisions of diplomacy what we were on the point of seeing decided by the *ultima ratio*. The Sultan Mahmoud, whose name will occupy a prominent figure in the annals of his country, was assuredly one of those remarkable men to whom it is impossible to refuse the homage due to a great character. His life was a perpetual struggle, and he rose greater from every defeat, so admirable was his perseverance, so deep was the faith he had in himself, and in his cause:—a noble Mussulman figure—devout and resigned—enlightened by a ray of the genius of civilization. The history of the Ottoman empire does not record a period of thirty years marked by so many immense reforms and great catastrophes as that of his reign. He has the credit of originating whatever good was done within that period, and of opposing whatever evil resulted from circumstances over which no human power had any control. His death is an immense misfortune for the Ottoman empire. The great man who had introduced into it the true principles of civilization is no more; but on the other part, it has removed an obstacle to the reconciliation of the Turkish and Egyptian empires. The sultan neither could nor would pardon Mehemet Ali his rebellion, sometimes open—sometimes hidden under the appearance of submission, or disguised by the forms of diplomacy, but constant, permanent, ever active, ever encroaching. After the insurrection of Greece, the destruction of the Janissaries, and above all, after those attempts at reform which were in Turkey a sort of compensation for the dismemberment which weakened its power, Mehemet Ali thought always of ruining the power of the sultan. Between a sovereign thus wounded in his honour as well as his interests, and the powerful vassal who aspired to sovereignty, there might be moments of truce, but never peace. The first cause of the inferiority of Turkey to the nations of Europe was the absence of military institutions, and the absolute want of regular armies. The Sultan Selim, comprehending the necessity for a reform, had founded the *Nizzam Djeddi*, or new militia. That institution struck at the roots of the Janissaries' power, and Selim succumbed; but Mustapha IV., the Sultan created by them after the reign of a year, fell himself before Mustapha Barraictar the devoted servant of Selim, who opened the throne to Mahmoud, then twenty-three years of age. The Sultan received into his hands an authority nearly annihilated. All the provinces of the empire had become feudal sovereignties in the hands of pachas. Ali Pacha ruled in Epirus, and Mehemet Ali had commenced to raise himself in Egypt. Mahmoud himself allowed the terrible subject who had made him Sultan to govern in the divan; but the vengeance of the Janissaries soon relieved him from that control. It required all the strength of Mahmoud's mind to stand up against such omens, but he had been raised to the throne with the hatred of the Janissaries, and in the month of June, 1826, he executed the daring act which has no equal in history except the destruction of the Templars.

The massacre of the Janissaries lasted two months. The Sultan immediately commenced his reforms, organised a real conscription and formed regiments after the European fashion. But these projects could only be accomplished with the aid of peace, and the same year in which he had destroyed his only military force, he had to combat the insurrection in Greece. That war was fatal to him, not only because it dismembered his empire, but because it placed him at variance with the powers most naturally summoned to second and protect his plans of reform.—Scarcely recovered from the disaster of Navarino, he had to make war in 1828, against Russia, and sign at Adrianople the surrender of his northern provinces.

During this period of defeats arose, at the other end of his empire, the powerful vassal, who, in 1832 and 1833, forced the Sultan to place himself at the mercy of his most dangerous enemy, and sign with Russia the famous treaty of Unkiar Skelessi. Death arrested Mahmoud at the moment when his passion, more powerful than the injunction of diplomacy, and excited perhaps by the feeling of his approaching end, was about to cast him into the chance of a war, of which he seemed to cling to the idea. A few days before his death he had beheld his vessels leave the Bosphorus, and saluted them with his last looks. Sultan Mahmoud only needed to have been born amidst that civilization to which he so nobly aspired, to have been a great man. But educated himself in the manners of the seraglio, he never possessed the advantage of that cultivation, which would have elevated his ingence to the height of his will. He only executed incomplete reforms; he attacked customs more than institutions, and exercised immense energy in trifling affairs. He wished to impose at a stated hour, and with all the Oriental fatalism, the civilization which is born with time. It was also his misfortune to have effected his internal revolutions in the midst of foreign wars, and to have been obliged to war against the nations whose manners and institutions he sought to imitate. It is therefore the duty of the West to protect an empire which falls because it wished to resemble the West, and it is our civilization which ought to watch over the tutelage of his son, a youth of seventeen years, and gather together his weak and divided power, which the loss of the great battle with Ibrahim must have nearly annihilated.

From the Monthly Review.

MALCOM'S TRAVELS.

Travels in South-Eastern Asia, embracing Hindustan, Malaya, Siam, and China; with Notices of numerous Missionary Stations, and a full Account of the Burman Empire. By the REV. HOWARD MALCOM, of Boston, U. S. 2 Vols. London: Tilt. 1839.

THE Americans (the designation is sufficiently definite, so as at once to be precisely understood by every reader) are a long-sighted and a far-reaching people. They may be described as composing a grasping, as well as an acute nation. We do not use any of these terms in a bad sense at present; although were we obliged to defend the words, if taken as meaning what was questionable in commercial and political transactions, we feel we should find little difficulty in supporting the charge by a variety of illustrations. We might even succeed in discovering symptoms of religious and various professedly philanthropic or enlightened enterprises having been made, by associations established in the country of which we speak, and in some notable instances, the pretext, when mercantile profit, or political advancement were the main objects held in contemplation by the projectors, and not kept out of view by the nation at large, which might be boasting all the while of such championship in behalf of millions of the human race. Still, worldly gain may be realized justifiably, and national influence promoted and increased without a betrayal of the interests of civilization and true religion: only let not one end be principally contemplated, while another is professed. We admit also that the religious community of a nation may righteously proclaim the renown and honour due to it, on account of great, especially of unexampled exertions put forth in behalf of the dark places of the earth. The Americans have much to console themselves with on this ground. Very many thousands of that people have been and are now employing their best energies in philanthropic speculations and experiments. Their own immense territories have not formed a limit to their designs and their doings; for their purposes *grasp* the whole habitable globe, and every variety of good. The volumes before us furnish a striking proof of this far-stretching and energetic benevolence. We see nothing in the purposes and efforts of its author, or of those whose kindred views he strove to advance and satisfy, but noble and disinterested motives: we see nothing in the result of his labours, but grounds of hope, gratitude, and well-earned temporal renown.

Mr. Malcom was sent to the East as the deputy and representative of one of the great American Missionary Societies, in the year 1835, to examine into, and with the missionaries of that society adjust, many points not easily settled by correspondence; to compare the various modes of operation in different missions, and to gather all such details as he could reach, which seemed to bear any relation to the present condition and future prospects of the Board whose immediate servant he was. The Deputy being a good specimen of his countrymen as regards curiosity, perseverance, acuteness, and enlightened parts, not only presents a great deal of most valuable information and many suggestions upon the main object of his undertaking, but the bearings which the political and economical relations of the countries which he visited maintain upon the great cause, obtained his particular scrutiny and consideration.

To his countrymen generally, many of Mr. Malcom's statements and descriptions will present more novelty than to us or the British public, who have naturally taken a deep interest in all that regards our Eastern empire. But even in England, a reprint of his Travels will be cordially received and eagerly perused; not only because the range of those travels, as mentioned in the title-page, was unusually wide and diversified, but because we have the opinions of a most intelligent, and manifestly an honest foreign writer speaking upon a variety of points that concern the honour and the prosperity of the British people.

The business upon which our author was sent out, and the eminence of the mission, could not fail to secure for him much consideration from the Europeans with whom he had intercourse, and the civilized in the parts he visited: and he acknowledges that he every where met with marked courtesy and kindness from civilians and military gentlemen, as well as missionaries, wherever he found them. There is a passage, however, in his preface, which the reader will do well to bear in mind, not only when perusing these volumes, but any other work by foreigners in the East, which we shall quote, and which we like the writer the better for having volunteered. He says, "Honest intentions, diligent inquiries and fortunate opportunities, will not secure a traveller from errors, even in Europe or America, where in every place we meet with persons of veracity, and free to impart information. In the East the case is much worse. The foreigner, dreaded for his power, and abhorred for his religion, excites both civil and religious jealousy. His manners often displease, by the omission of forms of which he may be ignorant, or to which he cannot succumb. He is met with taciturnity, or wilful misrepresentation; and if he escape those, he will generally encounter ignorance. If he be so happy as to find both intelligence and communicativeness, the want of books, maps, charts, and statistics, renders the information of natives merely local, and often conflicting. Added to all, his interpreter may be unskilful, if he depends upon resident foreigners, their arrival may have been recent, or their opportunities small, or their inquiries negligent, or the statements of one may be flatly contradicted by those of another." Now, a traveller who perceives so clearly and explains so distinctly embarrassments which, he says, he has met by turns, so as frequently to have been obliged to lay aside the whole mass of his notes on important questions, in the utter inability to decide whom to believe, will naturally be expected to have been a searching, sifting, vigilant, and eager squirer, as well as a cautious and honest chronicler. At the same time it will occur to our readers, that his short stay in the East, and his hurried visit to each of the numerous stations he mentions, must render his work rather the repository of the testimony of the most competent witnesses he encountered and questioned, than of his own ripened observation. Having said this much in general terms of these Travels, it is proper that we dip into some of the chapters, for the sake of obtaining novel or corroborative information on points calculated to engage the attention of all.

Of course Mr. Malcom's great theme is that of the missionary cause. This, however, has so lately engaged us, that it will for the present form the least prominent place in our paper; while, for the sake of something like completeness and continuity, we shall confine most of our abstract, to certain descriptive and statistic notes on the Burman Empire, which are full of interest.

It is unnecessary to occupy any portion of our space with the history of this part of "Farther India." The late Burman war with the British must have frequently brought its political position, its magnitude, and the outline of its ascertained annals before the majority of our readers. Upon this branch of the subject, we shall only mention that Mr. Malcom gives it as the result of his investigations, that the kingdom has rather been advancing than otherwise, in civilization, intelligence, and prosperity, since the British taught the people some wholesome lessons, and lopped it of some of its fair proportions. He says, they are no longer at liberty to make war upon their neighbours, while its frontier is quiet and secure, for the first time. They are now better acquainted also with foreigners, and their ridiculous pride is abated, while beneficial innovations are less resisted: commerce is increased, and the government, though unaltered in its model, is in some respects better administered. English influence, it is declared, is, in a variety of ways, improving the condition of the people, especially in the provinces over which its protection extends,—justice, for example, being better administered than ever before, life secure, property sacred, and taxes, though heavy, equitably imposed. All this is gratifying to humanity, and flattering to the British. We proceed to quote some of the descriptive and statistical notices to which reference has already been made.

The prevailing external features of Burmah have been characterized by a former writer as being those of fertility, beauty, and grandeur of scenery; and in the variety, value, and elegance of its productions, such as are equalled by few countries. Mr. Malcom describes the mountainous and hilly parts as bearing extensive forests, comprising a great variety of excellent timber, while the valleys are jungle, cultivated in many places, and abounding in fruit trees. The coasts and water-courses are eminently fertile, and contain the chief part of the population; but by far the largest portion of the country is uninhabited. For the sake of readers of oriental travels, our author explains the precise difference between a forest and a jungle. The former is, as in America, land covered with large trees, growing thickly together, and almost uninhabited; while the latter is what is called in Scripture a wilderness; that is, a region of many trees, but scattered, with much undergrowth, and often thickly inhabited, though generally somewhat sparely, there being open spaces, near to which villages are planted, for the sake of the pasture to be had. We pass over a variety of particulars belonging to the mineral and the vegetable kingdoms, that we may find room for one or two notices regarding some of the Burman animals:—

"The breed of horses is small, but excellent, resembling in many points the Canadian pony. They are capable of enduring great fatigue, and never need shoeing, but are not used for draught. For this latter purpose the buffalo is principally employed.

"Dogs, breeding unrestrained, are so numerous in the villages as to be a sad nuisance, to foreigners at least. Receiving very little attention, they are compelled by hunger to eat every species of offal, and in this respect are of some service in a country where scavengers are unknown.

"The elephant must of course be named among domestic animals, as well as wild. All, wild and tame, are owned by the king; but great men keep more or less, as they are permitted or required. There are said to be two thousand of them in the empire, properly trained. Next to the white elephant those are most prized that have most flesh-colour about their ears, head, and trunk. This always appeared to me a blemish, and has a diseased, spotted appearance. The other points of beauty are to have the fore legs bow out much in front, and the crupper to droop very low.

"Burmans rarely use them for any other purpose than riding or war. Instead of preferring females, as do the more effeminate Hindus, because more docile, Burmans will scarcely use them. They are kept for breeding, and for decoys in capturing the wild animal. It has been often denied that the elephant will breed in a domestic state; but it is most certainly the fact in this country, and to a considerable extent. I have often seen them in the pastures with their young. The process of catching and taming elephants is too similar to that practised elsewhere in the East to need description here.

"The ornithology of Burmah has never yet been given, but is probably similar to that of Hindustan, on which splendid and extensive works are before the public.

The same thing may be said of Burman insects, no doubt, and *a fortiori*.

There has existed a diversity of estimates of the amount of the population of Burmah. Our author puts down the number of those to whom the Burman tongue is vernacular, at 3,000,000; and by taking in the subsidiary tribes, he brings up the total population of the kingdom to the estimate of Cox, who reduced what the old geographies stated to be 30,000,000 to 8,000,000. Concerning the physical characteristics of the Burmans, we read,—

"The people, though not so tall as Hindus, are more athletic. The average height of men is about five feet two inches, and of women four feet ten inches; that is to say, about four or five inches shorter than the average height of Europeans. Women have more slender limbs than men, but are universally square-shouldered. Corpulence is not more frequent than in this country. In features they are totally dissimilar to the Hindus, and rather resemble the Malays, especially in the prominence of cheek-bones, and squareness of the jaw. The nose is never prominent, but often flat, and the lips generally thick. The complexion of young children, and those who have not been exposed to the sun, is that of our brightest mulattoes. Few, except among the higher classes, retain this degree of fairness, but none ever become, by many shades, so black as Hindus. I saw few whose complexions were clear enough to discover a blush. The standard of beauty seems to be delicate yellow; and in full dress, a cosmetic is used by ladies and children which imparts this tint. It is remarkable that this hue should be admired not only here, but amongst the almost black natives of Hindustan, and the many-coloured inhabitants of the islands of the Indian Ocean.

"The hair of the head is very abundant, always black, rather coarse, and rendered glossy by frequent anointings. On the limbs and breasts there is none: strongly contrasting in this respect with Hindus, whose bodies are almost covered with hair. Their beard is abundant on the upper lip, but never extends over the cheeks, and is but scanty on the chin.

"Puberty does not occur much earlier than with us; women bear children to nearly as late a period. The average length of life seems not perceptibly different from that of Europe."

Their dwellings are far more tidy and comfortable than those of the people of Bengal, though by no means coming up to our notions of comfort and ingenuity, or showing that the builders' and inhabitants have a knowledge, or, at least, an inclination to take advantage of the capabilities and opportunities before and around them. Still, it is said, that their pagodas and temples exhibit noble specimens of architectural skill,—the turning of an arch, a piece of art which some have declared exceeds their ingenuity, being a feat that our author says has been frequently exemplified, even to the construction of fine curvatures of large span, evidently erected lately, and wholly by Burman masons.

The favourite food in Burmah, as throughout other regions of the East, is rice. Still the people of whom we are learning some things, appear to be wholesale and most accommodating eaters. It is said,—

"In the upper districts, where rice is dearer than below, wheat, maize, sweet potatoes, onions, peas, beans, and plantains, enter largely into the common diet. Indeed, a Burman seems almost literally omnivorous. A hundred sorts of leaves, suckers, blossoms, and roots, are daily gathered in the jungle, and a famine seems almost impossible. Snakes, lizards, grubs, ants' eggs, &c., are eaten without hesitation, and many are deemed delicacies. An animal which has died of itself, or the swollen carcass of game killed with poisoned arrows, is just as acceptable as other meat. Like the ancient Romans, the Burmans are very fond of certain wood-worms, particularly a very large species, found in the trunks of plantain-trees. I have seen several foreigners, who had adopted it as one of their delicacies.

"Though the law forbids the taking of life, no one scruples to eat what is already dead; and there are always sinners enough to keep the sanctimonious ones supplied with animal food. Indeed, very few scruple to take game or fish. Thousands of the natives are fishermen by profession. I asked some of these what they thought would become of them in the next state. They admitted that they must suffer myriads of years, for taking so many lives; but would generally add, 'What can we do? our wives and children must eat.'

"In eating, Burmans use their fingers only, always washing their hands before and after, and generally their mouths also. A large salver contains the plain boiled rice, and another the little dishes of various curries and sauces. One of these salvers, or lackered trays, is here delineated.

"They take huge mouthfuls, and chew the rice a good deal. Sometimes a handful is pressed in the palm, till it resembles an egg, and is in that form thrust into the mouth. The quantity taken at a meal is large, but scarcely half of that devoured by a Bengalee. Only the right hand is used in eating, the left being consigned to the more uncleanly acts.—They eat but twice a day, once about eight or nine o'clock, and again toward sunset. They avoid drinking before, or during eating, on the plea that they then could not eat so much: after eating, they take free draughts of pure water, and lie down to take a short nap."

Our author's general estimate of the character of the Burmans makes them to differ in many points from that of the Hindus and other East Indians. We quote, or glance at some of the features on each side of the picture:—

"They are more lively, active, and industrious, and, though fond of repose, are seldom idle when there is an inducement for exertion. When such inducement offers, they exhibit not only great strength, but courage and perseverance, and often accomplish what we should think scarcely possible. But these valuable traits are rendered nearly useless, by the want of a higher grade of civilization. The poorest classes, furnished by a happy climate with all necessaries, at the price of only occasional labour, and the few who are above that necessity, find no proper pursuits to fill up their leisure. Books are too scarce to enable them to improve by reading, and games grow wearisome. No one can indulge pride or taste in the display, or scarcely in the use, of wealth. By improving his lands or houses beyond his neighbours, a man exposes himself to extortion, and perhaps personal danger. The pleasures, and even the follies, of refined society, call forth talents, diffuse wealth, and stimulate business; but here are no such excitements. Folly and sensuality find gratification almost without effort, and without expenditure.—Sloth, then, must be the repose of the poor, and the business of the rich. From this they resort to the chase, the seine, or the athletic game; and from those relapse to quiescent indulgence. Thus life is wasted in the profitless alternation of sensual ease, rude drudgery, and active sport. No elements exist for the improvement of posterity, and successive generations pass, like the crops upon their fields.—Were there but a disposition to improve the mind, and distribute the benefits, what majesty of piety might we not hope to see in a country so favoured with the means of subsistence, and so cheap in its modes of living! Instead of the many objects of an American's ambition, and the unceasing anxiety to amass property, the Burman sets a limit to his desires, and when that is reached, gives himself to repose and enjoyment. Instead of wearing himself out in endeavors to equal or surpass his neighbor in dress, food, furniture, or house, he easily attains the customary standard, beyond which he seldom desires to go.

"When strangers come to their houses, they are hospitable and courteous; and a man may travel from one end of the kingdom to the other without money; feeding and lodging as well as the people. But otherwise they have little idea of aiding their neighbour. If a boat, or a waggon, &c., get into difficulty, no one stirs to assist, unless requested. The accommodation of strangers and travellers is particularly provided for by *zayats* or caravansaries, built in every village, and often found insulated on the highway. These serve at once for taverns, town-houses, and churches. Here travellers take up their abode even for weeks, if they choose; here public business is transacted, and here, if a pagoda be near, worship is performed. They are always as well built as the best houses, and often are among the most splendid structures in the kingdom. Though they furnish, however, no accommodations but a shelter, the traveller procures at the bazaar all he finds necessary, or receives, with the utmost promptitude, a full supply from the families around. A missionary may travel from one end of the country to the other, and receive, wherever he stops, all that the family can offer."

Temperance is universal; though the example of foreigners is not wanting to tempt to its breach. Gravity and reserve are habitual in all classes; caused probably by the despotic character of the government and the insecurity of every enjoyment. There is a remarkable reciprocity of affection between parents and children of both sexes; and women have their place assigned them, probably, as correctly as in any other nation. Their intercourse is open and unrestricted, not only with their countrymen, but with foreigners. Mr. M. never saw an immodest act or gesture in man or woman, while he was in Burmah. But not so circumspect in speech is the softer sex when irritated; for though they do not strike when venting their spleen, they utter frantically such obscene expressions as can scarcely be conceived. Such weapons of abuse come often in the stead of profane oaths, of which, it is said, their language is destitute.

Among the dark points, the want of gratitude is charged against the Burmans, Boodhism tending to suppress the feeling by keeping up the belief that any such act is done in order to obtain merit; so that something like an obligation is conferred by affording an opportunity to another to advance his interests. Theft is not so common as might be expected, considering the frail nature of their houses, and the inadequacy of the government to protect the people; but lying prevails among all classes, no one placing confidence in the word of another. Chicanery and intrigue are specified vices, nearly allied to falsehood; and divorces are shockingly common; another practice ranging in the same or a kindred category. On this last point we read,—

"If both parties agree on the measure, they have only to go before a magistrate, and declare their desire, when he grants the separation without any further ceremony than requiring them to eat pickled tea before him, as was done at their marriage. If one party seek to put away the other, more trouble and expense is requisite. A process of law must be commenced, and a regular trial had. It is therefore seldom attempted. Women may put away their husbands in the same manner and with the same facilities as husbands put away wives. Each party, in all divorces, is at liberty to marry again. According to the written law, when a man and wife separate by mutual consent, the household goods are equally divided, the father taking the sons, and the mother the daughters.

"Instead of the expensive mode of putting away a husband or wife which common law furnishes, a much easier is often resorted to with complete success. The party aggrieved merely turns priest, or nun, and the matrimonial bond is at once dissolved. They may return to secular life at any time, and marry another; but for appearances' sake, this is generally deferred some months.

"In the British provinces considerable effort has been made to check the frequency of divorces, but without much success."

Although lying, deceit, and intrigue be declared to be prevalent Burman vices, our author seems to intimate that regard is paid to the obligation imposed by an oath; and hence it may be that a Burman greatly dreads such a sanction, from the terror of its imprecations. We quote the form of a judicial appeal of the kind.

"It is as follows:—'I will speak the truth. If I speak not the truth, may it be through the influence of the laws of demerit, viz., passion, anger, folly, pride, false opinion, immodesty, hard-heartedness, and scepticism; so that when I and my relations are on land, land animals, as tigers, elephants, buffaloes, poisonous serpents, scorpions, &c., shall seize, crush, and bite us, so that we shall certainly die. Let the calamities occasioned by fire, water, rulers, thieves, and enemies, oppress and destroy us, till we perish and come to utter destruction. Let us be subject to all the calamities that are within the body, and all that are without the body. May we be seized with madness, dumbness, blindness, deafness, leprosy, and hydrophobia. May we be struck with thunderbolts and lightning, and come to sudden death. In the midst of not speaking truth, may I be taken with vomiting clotted black blood, and suddenly die before the assembled people. When I am going by water, may the aquatic genii assault me, the boat be upset, and the property lost; and may alligators, porpoises, sharks, or other sea monsters, seize and crush me to death; and when I change worlds, may I not arrive among men or nats, but suffer unmixed punishment and regret, in the utmost wretchedness among the four states of punishment, Hell, Prita, Beasts, and Athurakai.

"If I speak truth, may I and my relations, through the influence of the ten laws of merit, and on account of the efficacy of truth, be freed from all calamities within and without the body; and may evils which have not yet come, be warded far away. May the ten calamities and the five enemies also be kept far away. May the thunderbolts and lightning, the genii of waters, and all sea-animals, love me, that I may be safe from them. May my prosperity increase like the rising sun and the waxing moon; and may the seven possessions, the seven laws, the seven merits of the virtuous, be permanent in my person; and when I change worlds, may I not go to the four states of punishment, but attain the happiness of men and nats, and realise merit, reward, and annihilation."

But nothing is more characteristic of the nation than an offensive pride. We extract on this point some observations:—

"From the monarch, who adopts the most grandiloquent titles he can invent, to the pettiest officer, every man seems bloated with self-conceit. Accustomed to conquest under every king since Alompra, and holding all the adjacent tribes in vassalage, they carry themselves in a lordly manner. The meanest citizen seems to feel himself superior to the Peguans, Karens, Tongthoos, &c., around him. Gradations of rank are most minutely and tenaciously maintained, and are signified in everything. Houses, dress, betel-box, water-goblet, cap, umbrella, horse equipments, &c., are all adjusted by rule. To ride on an elephant is the privilege only of royalty and high office, though often granted as an indulgence to others. The king alone, and his immediate family, use a white umbrella: the next have them gilded, the next red or fringed, next green, &c. Subdivisions of these grades are marked by the number of umbrellas of each particular colour. Thus one has twenty, another ten, another eight, and so downward.

"The very language in which common actions are mentioned is made to minister to this nicety. Thus there are three or four ways to speak of everything, such as eating rice, walking out, sleeping, speaking, dying, one of which is always used of the king, another of priests, another of rulers, another of common persons. It would be an insult to use a lower phrase than the person is strictly entitled to, though a higher one is sometimes used as a sign of special respect. The same difference is made in the words for walking abroad, and many more.

"This haughtiness is manifested as grossly to foreign ambassadors as is done in China. They are treated as suppliants and tribute-bearers. It has generally been contrived to have them presented on the great 'beg-pardon day,' which occurs once in three months, when the nobles are allowed an audience with the king, and lay at his feet costly presents.

"Both their religion and government contribute to this pride. Holding it as certain that they have passed through infinite transmigrations, they are sure they must have been highly meritorious in former states of existence to entitle them to be human beings, who are but little lower than Nats, and stand the highest possible chance for heaven."

Mr. Malcom's observations on the language, education, literature, and civilization of the people of Burmah, are highly interesting. We quote at considerable length upon these subjects:

"The language is remarkably dissimilar to the other languages of the East. The character is beautifully simple, and is written with facility. The style of forming letters, whether in printing or writing, is precisely the same. There are eleven vowels and thirty-three consonants. About a thousand characters must be used in printing, in consequence of the numerous combinations.

"The structure of the language is natural, but very unlike the English. The pronunciation is difficult, owing partly to the gutturals, and partly to the extreme nicety of the difference in sound between words which mean very different things, and are often spelled precisely alike; and, on the whole, it is a difficult language to acquire. All pure Burman words are monosyllables; but there are numerous polysyllables, derived chiefly from the Pali. There being no inflections to any part of speech, greatly simplifies the grammar. Number, person, mood, and tense, are formed by suffixes. Negatives and adjectives are formed by prefixes to verbs. The fastidiousness respecting rank, introduces a perplexing variety of phrases to mean the same action in different persons, to which allusion has already been made. Even in regard to common actions, the verbs used are widely different; e. g. for our term to *wash*, are many words; one is used for washing the face, another for washing the hands, another for washing linen in mere water, another for washing it with soap, another for washing dishes, &c.

"Instead of a perplexing variety of spelling-books, they have a *Them-bong-gyee*, or spelling and reading book, of about forty-pages octavo, of great antiquity, and so perfect, as that no other has ever been deemed necessary by the missionaries. It is drawn up philosophically, and when learnt, the student is in possession of every possible sound in the language, except a few from some Pali words which have crept into common use.

"Books, as is generally known, are written usually on palmleaf, with an iron pen or style. The leaf is prepared with care, and of good books the edges are gilded. Some have the margins illuminated, and gilded with considerable elegance. The book is defended by thin slabs of wood, more or less ornamented. Sometimes thin leaves of ivory are used, and occasionally gilded sheet-iron. For common books, a thick black paper is used, which is written upon with a pencil of steatite. The writing may be removed with the hand, as from a slate; and such books, called *Tha-bike*, last a long time. They are in one piece, of several yards long, and folded like a fan. They can, of course, be used on both sides; and every portion may be sealed up by itself, thus furnishing a good idea of the book mentioned Rev. v. 1, which was 'written within and on the back side, sealed with seven seals.'

"The number of books is, of course, not large in a country where printing is unknown. All principal citizens, however, possess a few; and the royal library at Ava contains some thousand volumes, kept in large and elegant chests, assorted under different heads, such as law, history, medicine, poetry, painting, and music. The greater part of the literature is metrical, and consists of ballads, legends of Gaudama, histories of the kings, astronomy, and geography.

"The rudiments of education are widely diffused, and most men, even common labourers, learn to read and write a little. But few go beyond these attainments. Women of respectability generally can read, but comparatively few of those in humble life. There is no objection manifested to their learning; but as almost the only schools are the Kyoungs, where girls are not admitted, they are necessarily left untaught, except where the parents can afford to pay a schoolmaster. Boys begin to attend the Kyoung at eight or ten years, but do not assume the yellow cloth for several years after. They learn slowly, and, at the expiration of four or five years, have attained little more than, in a very bungling way, to read and write, and to add, subtract and divide. Those who take the yellow cloth, and live in the Kyoung, become able to understand a few books, and learn their system of the universe. If they continue priests, and aspire after literature, they go on to get a smattering of Pali and astrology, and if they mean to reach the summit of Parnassus, study the Then-gyo, or book of Metaphysics!

"It has been often said that the Burmans are 'a reading people.' They might more properly be called 'a people that can read.' The written and colloquial styles are so different, that few understand readily the sentiments of a book. The mass of the people being wholly without books or periodicals, their reading is confined to the short written instruments employed in the transaction of business. It is truly remarkable that so many children are taught to read, when it is foreseen so little use can ever be made of the acquisition. It certainly is a providential preparation for the diffusion of the word of truth, and ought to encourage the friends of missions in their design of distributing the Scriptures and scriptural tracts."

Properly speaking, there are no literary institutions in the country; and comparatively few are addicted to reading. The only branch cultivated with avidity is alchemy. But as to the elixir of immortality, which another class of dreamers at one time sought after in other lands, a Burman never cares a straw. His ideas about a future state forbid. But before inserting our author's summary remarks upon the religion of Boodhism, let us have his sketch and calculations regarding the civilization to which the Burmans have reached, or may soon attain:

"On the whole, the Burmans are fully entitled to be called a civilized people. A regular government, a written language, an established literature, a settled abode, foreign commerce, respectable architecture, good roads and bridges, competent manufactures, adequate dress, gradations of rank, and the condition of women, conspire to establish their claim to be so considered. Their exact *place* in the scale of civilization is not so easily settled. In intellect, morals, manners, and several of the points just named, they are not surpassed by any nation of the East, and are certainly superior to any natives of this peninsula. Prior to the recent entrance of Europeans, the degree of civilization, whatever it was, seemed to be fixed and complete. No change in laws, habits, manufactures, food, dwellings, poetry, painting, or indeed anything else, had been made for centuries; or if made, yet so slowly as to impart no excitement to the public mind. Now, the case is decidedly different. They not only have contact with many Europeans, but confess inferiority; and in some things are adopting our modes and manufacture. In the Tenasserim provinces, this is especially the case; and should England resign those possessions, the effects of her dominion on the population will remain and extend. If the present king should retain the views of state policy which he expressed to me while a subject, and which he is the fittest man in the kingdom to execute, Burmah must rapidly rise in political importance.

"The introduction of the art of printing would, probably, do more for this people than any other in India. Active, intelligent, and persevering, the whole community would feel the impulse of diffused knowledge. All would read, all would be quickened, all would contribute to the general improvement. It would bring with it that stupendous influence, which is the wonder of these latter days—the power of voluntary association. Men and women would form small communities for the accomplishment each of some favourite aim. Every improvement could be made general. Every useful project would find friends, and succeeding generations enjoy accumulating light.

"But in allowing myself these anticipations, I take for granted that missionary efforts will be hugely increased, and their effects fall upon the whole community. True religion can alone enable the press to produce its fullest blessings."

Boodhism, or the belief in *Boodh*, which is merely a general term for divinity, and not the name of any one particular and immortal god, (for there have been many Boodhs, who, as we understand the doctrines of the system, are now annihilated,) is the subject of some concluding remarks already alluded to, and which are as follows:—

"No false religion, ancient or modern, is comparable to this. Its philosophy is, indeed, not exceeded in folly by any other; but its doctrines and practical piety bear a strong resemblance to those of holy Scripture. There is scarcely a principle or precept in the Bedagat which is not found in the Bible. Did the people but act up to its principles of peace and love, oppression and injury would be known no more within their borders. Its deeds of merit are in all cases either really beneficial to mankind, or harmless. It has no mythology of obscene and ferocious deities; no sanguinary or impure observances; no self-inflicted tortures; no tyrannising priesthood; no confounding of right and wrong, by making certain iniquities laudable in worship. In its moral code, its descriptions of the purity and peace of the first ages, of the shortening of man's life because of his sins, &c., it seems to have followed genuine traditions. In almost every respect, it seems to be the best religion which man has ever invented.

"At the same time, we must regard Boodhism with unmeasured reprobation, if we compare it, not with other false religions, but with truth. Its entire base is false. It is built, not on love to God, nor even love to man, but on personal merit. It is a system of religion without a God. It is literally atheism. Instead of a heavenly Father, forgiving sin, and filial service from a pure heart, as the effect of love, it presents nothing to love, for its Deity is dead; nothing as the ultimate object of action but self; and nothing for man's highest and holiest ambition but annihilation.

"The system of merit corrupts and perverts to evil, the very precepts whose prototypes are found in the Bible; and causes an injurious effect on the heart, from the very duties which have a salutary effect on society. Thus to say nothing of its doctrines of eternal transmigration, and of uncontrollable fate, we may see, in this single doctrine of merit, the utter destruction of all excellence. It leaves no place for holiness; for everything is done for the single purpose of obtaining advantage.

"Sympathy, tenderness, and all benevolence, would become extinct under such a system, had not Jehovah planted their rudiments in the human constitution. If his neighbour's boat be upset, or his house on fire, why should the Boodhist assist? He supposes such events to be the unavoidable consequences of demerit in a former existence; and, if this suffering be averted, there must be another of equal magnitude. He even fears that by his interfering to prevent or assuage his neighbour's calamity, he is resisting established fate, and bringing evil on his own head!

"The same doctrine of merit destroys gratitude, either to God or man. If he is well off, it is because he deserves to be. If you do him a kindness, he cannot be persuaded that you have any other object or reason than to get merit; and feels that he compensates your generosity by furnishing the occasion. If the kindness be uncommon, he always suspects you of sinister designs. In asking a favour, at least of an equal, he does it peremptorily, and often haughtily, on the presumption that you will embrace the opportunity of getting merit; and, when his request is granted, retires without the slightest expression of gratitude. In fact, as has been already stated, there is no phrase in his language that corresponds with our 'I thank you.'

"The doctrine of fate is maintained with the obstinacy and devotedness of a Turk. While it accounts to them for every event, it creates doggedness under misfortune, and makes forethought useless.

"Boodhism allows evil to be balanced with good, by a scale which reduces sin to the shadow of a trifle. To sheeko to a pagoda, or offer a flower to the idol, or feed the priests, or set a pot of cool water by the wayside, is supposed to cancel a multitude of sins. The building of a kyoung, or pagoda, will outweigh enormous crimes, and secure prosperity for ages to come. Vice is thus robbed of its terrors; for it can be overbalanced by easy virtues. Instances are not rare of robbery, and even murder, being committed, to obtain the means of buying merit. All the terrors, therefore, with which hell is represented, do but serve to excite to the observance of frivolous rites. The making of an idol, an offering, or some such act, is substituted for repentance and reparation, for all inward excellence, and every outward charity.

"It ministers also to the most extravagant pride. The Boodhist presumes that incalculable merit, in previous incarnations, has been gained, to give him the honour of now wearing human nature. He considers his condition far superior to that of the inhabitants of the other islands in this system, and his chance of exaltation to be of the most animating character. Conceit, therefore, betrays itself in all his ways. The lowest man in society carries himself like the "twice-born" brahmin of Hindustan."

We fully agree with Mr. M. that there is in this system enough to move the sympathy of the Christian world. True, there may be no infants destroyed in the course of its rites, no widows immolated, and none of those monstrous and revolting spectacles that generally mark the inventions of men and nations when they strive to propitiate their gods. But certain it is that such a system of atheism, and fatalism, and cherished obduracy of feeling and principle, must be as irreconcileable to all the great views, purposes, and hopes identified with Christian faith and practice, as was the adoration of Moloch, with its bloody and unnatural sacrifices. It is indeed to be feared that anything like a lodgement of truth among the votaries of Boodhism, with its philosophic, cold, and intangible dogmas, will be a more difficult and tardy achievement than where the superstitions and practices of Pagans are more palpably gross and disastrous even in this life. Still, it appears to us, that there is wisdom in our author's suggestion, when he intimates that he would prefer engrafting science and religion on the condition of man in Burmah, to having them accompanied by our forms of society and social constitution. Indeed, it would be to act with Quixotic folly and to encounter unnecessary opposition and difficulties were the Missionaries of Christianity to seek to disturb political arrangements and national customs not essentially immoral in themselves, many of which may have their foundation in the physical constitution of the people, or the external influences to which they are subject. The religion of the New Testament seeks to do no such thing; it proceeds upon far more accommodating and reasonable principles; its doctrines, evidences, and modes of operation are of another character—a character, which we think Mr. M. has overlooked, or rather strangely misrepresented, when giving his reason for recommending the social condition of the Burman to be preserved intact, in any endeavours exerted for their conversion to the true faith. That reason is this, that in Burmah, "human wants have a definite limit, (*at present* we remark) easily reached, leaving ample leisure to almost every member of society for the pursuits of religion and science. With us," he continues, "it is scarcely possible for the great majority to fulfil the precepts of religion, or to cultivate by science their immortal powers." And the labouring man's case, in America or in England, is instanced first, as one in which the demands upon his time and exertions, for the support of himself and his family, preclude him from the pursuits of religion and science.

Now it is more than questionable whether the culture of science be necessary to every man; sure we are that hitherto, in the progress of civilization, it has become impossible that all can devote their days and the midnight oil to the study of abstruse branches of knowledge. The division of labour forbids the uniformity. But the main question is this, does religion consist in the undisturbed contemplations only of an anchorite,—in ceaseless acts of devotion, prayer, and thanksgiving? Why, we had thought that a man is never more in the way of his duty to God than when doing his part towards the welfare of society and of himself—as well as that, while his hands were toiling his soul might be soaring. Indeed, we may safely predict that should science with its best lights ever visit Burmah, and religion with its benevolent precepts, there will be far less idleness, indolence, and callousness than at present is complained of by Mr. Malcom; or, that if the plentifulness that nature has strewed around the Burmans should prolong their ease and a prevailing leisure, such advantages enjoyed on the part of the multitude, and not merely confined to the few, joined to a vast accumulation of knowledge and mental excitements, will issue in a far more deplorable state of error of practice and doctrine than can at present be complained of. The culture of science must ever create labour for the hands as well as occupation for the mind. Indeed were it to have no other use than to stimulate speculation that was to end only in airy theories, and had its cultivators no nobler purpose in their contemplation than the exercise of the subtleties of intellect and the sportings of imagination, it would be the vainest of philosophies, the most senseless of pastimes. Religion equally repudiates a stagnation of the activities of our powers; teaching and exemplifying that the highest temporal good and prosperity go hand in hand with the surest preparation for eternal felicity. It is not leisure from worldly business that is required for religion, but assiduity and honesty; which when most strictly and profitably observed to the furtherance of present good, leave and offer the finest and best occasions for spiritual advancement.

In the second volume Mr. Malcom continues the journalizings of his travels in Hindostan, Malaya, Siam, and China, directed to the main object kept in view in the first, and conducted in a similar manner; while to this part are appended certain Dissertations arising out of the facts and descriptions previously presented, containing his digested opinions upon a variety of matters relating closely to the prosperity and the enlargement of Missionary enterprize. He has been at much pains to arrive at a correct and full knowledge of every Christian effort that is making in behalf of the heathen throughout the regions he visited. In no other single publication, are we aware, that nearly so much information of the kind can be found.

In regard to the important questions, what good has been done already in Hindostan by Protestant Missionaries, and what prospects offer themselves, Mr. Malcom's accounts and opinions fully bear out what we so lately quoted from Dr. Bryce's book on the same subject. Our author while intimating that much less has been accomplished than was expected, frequently speaks of the positive advance made in the work of Christianizing considerable numbers, and of the satisfactory conversion of small numbers here and there. But his most pleasing testimony, we think, is when he repeats that Hinduism, in some of its strongest holds has been severely "shaken;" while the encouragements to greatly increase Missionary efforts are declared to be cheering and most exciting. We shall not now do more than insert a few isolated passages that have a close reference to the Great Cause. The first belongs to the time our Author spent in Calcutta.

"One of my first visits was to the school of the Scottish General Assembly, founded by the Rev. Mr. Duff, and now under the care of the Rev. Messrs. Mackay and Ewart. It occupies a large brick building, inclosing a quadrangular court formerly the residence of a wealthy Baboo, and standing in the midst of the native town. It has existed about six years, and now numbers about six hundred and thirty-four pupils; boys, mostly under fourteen years. They are all Bengalees and Hindus, generally of the higher castes, and many of them Brahmins. Many have been in the school from the commencement. They purchase their own school-books, and receive no support from the school; but the tuition is gratis. There are five ushers, besides twelve or fifteen of the more advanced scholars, who act as assistant teachers. The instruction is wholly in the English language. I examined several classes in ancient and modern history, mathematics, astronomy, and Christianity; and have never met classes showing a more thorough knowledge of the books they had studied. Nearly all of the two upper classes are convinced of the truth of the gospel, and went over the leading evidences in a manner that, I am sure, few professors of religion in our country can do. Some six or seven pupils have given evidence of a work of grace in their heart; a few of which have made a profession of religion.

A few weeks after, I had the pleasure of attending the public annual examination of this school, held in the town hall, a truly noble building. I never witnessed a better examination. The pupils were often led away from the direct subject, by gentlemen present, and in every case showed a good insight into the subject they had studied. Several excellent essays were read in English, wholly composed by the scholars, two of which were of special cleverness; one in favour of caste, the other against it. The former received some tokens of applause from the Europeans, for the talent it displayed; but not a native clapped. On the conclusion of that against caste, the whole mass of pupils burst out into thundering applause! This incident is worthy of note, as showing the waning influence of Brahma.

Our next extract conveys to us a clearer idea of the opinions and reformation of R. M. Roy, than we have anywhere else met with:—

"The conspicuousness of the late Ram Mohun Roy, and the eclat given for a time to the reformation which he was supposed to be effecting, called me to his meeting with feelings of no ordinary interest. The Rev. Mr. Lacroix, to whom the language is perfectly familiar, kindly took me to the *Brohma Sobha*, as the congregation is called, and interpreted for me the substance of the various exercises. We found the place to be a commodious hall in a respectable Hindu dwelling-house. There was no idol or idolatrous representation of any kind. On a small stage, raised about eighteen inches from the floor, handsomely carpeted, sat cross-legged two respectable-looking pundits. One side of the room was spread with clean cloths for the native attendants, who sat after the manner of the country; and on the other were chairs for the accommodation of strangers. In the centre, and opposite to the rostrum, lay some native musical instruments, and a violin. The room was well lighted, and the punkas of course waved overhead.

"One of the pundits opened the services by reading Sanscrit from a loose palm-leaf held in his hand, stopping at every two or three words to expound and enforce. The subject was knowledge—what it was and what it was not, &c. Abstract ethical questions were discussed, not unlike the fashion of the old scholastics; but no moral deductions were made, nor anything said to improve the hearers. The whole discourse must have been unintelligible to most of them.

"The other then read a discourse in Bengalee, consisting chiefly of explanations of their religious system, and encomiums on it. He particularly dwelt on its liberality; boasting that they quarrelled with no name or persuasion, and assuring us, that it was of no consequence whether we worshipped idols, Mahomet, Jesus Christ, or the Virgin Mary; that it was not possible to come to any certain knowledge respecting religious things; and that if any man believed his way to be right, that way was right for him. These discourses extended to about an hour; and the rest of the time, about another hour, was occupied with music. At the close of the preaching, professed musicians advanced to the instruments, and seating themselves on the mats, put them in tune, with the usual amount of discord. Two of them then sang several hymns, with instruments accompanying it. The themes were, the unity of the Divine Essence, and the various attributes of majesty and power. No one joined the strain, nor where there any books to enable them to do so. Nothing could be less reverent or devotional than the manner of the musicians. They looked about them with all possible self complacency, making unmeaning gestures, bowing and blinking to each other, and vociferating with such a nasal twang, that it was a relief when they had finished. I thought it was literally such music as the poet speaks of—intended 'to sooth savage breasts;' for certainly no other could well endure it.

"On their retiring, a very different singer took the place, and proceeded for half an hour, with great power of execution, and not a little taste. His voice was uncommonly fine. He accompanied himself skilfully on the native guitar. The violin had been well played from the beginning, and the music was now truly excellent, furnishing, I was informed, a fair specimen of the best Bengal art. The singer, as well as the violinist, is distinguished at the nautch entertainments of the city. The subject was still the attributes of God. The Bengalee language has, for this purpose, a noble advantage over ours, in numerous expressions derived from the Sanscrit, which utter in a *single word* what may be called the negative attributes, and which we cannot express with brevity: such as 'He that needs no refuge;' 'He that is never perplexed.' 'He that can never grow weary;' &c. The singer used these epithets with great majesty; using animated gestures, and with a countenance finally varying with the theme. At the close of this exercise the assembly broke up.

"No female was present, nor do any ever attend. Most of the congregation came in only in time to hear the music, and stood near the stair-case, not without disorder. The number of the regular attendants was not over twenty. I am informed thirty is the largest number ever present. The spectators were somewhat more numerous.

"Few of the professed adherents are so confident of their rectitude, as to detach themselves wholly from the common religious customs, though more negligent in these matters than their neighbours. The very pundits officiate, not because converts to these opinions (for they do not profess to be), but because regularly paid for their services. One of them in his discourse this evening, expressly told us that there was no impropriety in worshiping idols—a doctrine which R. Roy would not admit. The musicians also are paid, and perform here for the same reasons that they do at a nautch, so that the whole concern is sustained by the money of a few friends and descendants of R. Roy.

"Such is the boasted reformation of Ram Mohun Roy! Not another congregation of his followers is found in all India! Of his labours as a reformer this is the sum:—Fifty or a hundred persons rendered negligent of the national religion, or gathered here because they were so before, without being a whit the better in their private life or public influence; in some cases, adding the sins of Europeans to those of their countrymen; without being disentangled from the horrid system of the Shasters; without being ready, or without moral courage, to restore to their own wives and daughters the rights of human nature. With all the superiority to prejudice and custom, boasted by Ram Mohun Roy, he did nothing for the elevation of the sex.

"R. Roy was not a Unitarian Christian, but a Unitarian Hindu. He believed that there was such a person as Jesus Christ, and that he was the best moral teacher the world ever saw; but regarded his death as having no efficacy of atonement. His capacious mind, and extensive knowledge of the Shasters, impelled him to abhor the abominations of the Veda, and the monstrosities of thirty-three millions of gods. But he found in the Vedanta Sar (an exposition of the four Vedas) a sort of Unitarianism, which he endeavoured on all occasions to disseminate. The doctrine might as well be called pantheism; for it maintains the old Pythagorean doctrine, that God is the soul of the world, and that every animal, plant, or stone, is therefore part of Deity. It makes perfect religion to consist in knowledge alone, or the realising in everything the Supreme Being; and excludes ceremonies of all kinds."

While in Macao, and concerning another man often heard of in the religious world:—

"Mr. Gutzlaff welcomed me with all possible cordiality; and our previous correspondence paved the way for business, without circumlocution of formality. He is a Prussian, about thirty-four years of age, small, dark hair and eyes, in fine health, of great activity, and sprightly in all his motions. His office of interpreter to the superintendent of trade seldom makes demands on his time, while its ample salary furnishes him with means of much good. No man is more devoted to the cause of Christ, and few so laborious, as his *ten* voyages along the coast since his arrival in 1831 amply testify. His chief employment, at present, is the preparation of tracts, and of a new version of the Scriptures, with the help of Marshman's and Morrison's versions.

"I of course spent many hours with him, listening, note-book in hand, to his opinions, observations, difficulties, desires, and purposes; and his comments on mine. Without the least apparent reserve, and with exceeding earnestness and animation, he passed on from subject to subject, at the table, in the garden, and by the way side. All was of China; not an inquiry had he to make of where I had been, or what was doing elsewhere. Not a moment did commonplace matters come up. His mind, full of one grand theme, seemed to spill over spontaneously every moment. Though unable to adopt his judgment on many points, I could but admire his zeal, piety, diligence, and hope.

"His darling plan is the multiplication of voyages along the coast, for the distribution of tracts. He thinks he has in this way, himself, had access to 30 millions of people; and cherishes the most animated expectations from a large employment of this method. But after listening with deep attention to all his remarks on this important theme, I could not adopt his conclusions. The distribution of tracts can only be of use on a large scale, in preparing the way for living teachers. This has been done sufficiently, so far as regards the coast; and we must continue to do *occasionally* till teachers be admitted to residence. But to make it an end, instead of a means; to pour annually millions of tracts along the same line of coast, to go in face of prohibitory edicts; and only as protected by cannon; and to be at the expense of both tracts and voyage, while so many of the books are scarcely intelligible, is at best but a very imperfect mode of conducting a mission.

"Mrs. G. is an English lady, without children of her own, and has taken twenty little pagan girls into her house, where they receive every advantage, in school and out. They are allowed to come into the parlour, and are in all respects put upon the footing of pupils in our best boarding-schools. Among them are two little blind girls, of good parts. As I caressed the poor little orphans, heard their hymns and portions of Scripture, saw them read from the New England raised-letter books, and marked the deep and tender interest of Mrs. G. on their behalf, my heart rejoiced in God. O how blessed and bright would this dark world become, if only the spirit of our glorious Redeemer were diffused abroad! What sweet intercourse of sympathy, generosity, love, and gratitude, would gladden life's roughest passages!"

We return to Hindustan, and part with the author in that prodigious empire:—

"The number of slaves in the Carnatic, Mysore, and Malabar, is said to be greater than in the most other parts of India; and embraces nearly the whole of the Punchum Bundam caste. The whole number in British India has never been ascertained, but is supposed, by the best informed persons I was able to consult, to be, on an average, *at least* one in eight, that is about *ten millions*. Many consider them twice as numerous. The number is kept up not only by propagation, but the sale of children by their parents. Manumissions, however, are frequent among the opulent in the northern provinces. Forbes says, 'I believe most of the tribes of Pooleahs and Pariars in Malabar, are considered as slaves. The number of poor people who come down to Anjengo, and the other seaports, from the inland countries, during a famine, either to sell themselves, or dispose of their children as slaves, is astonishing. During the rainy season, even when there is no uncommon scarcity, many are weekly brought down from the mountains, to be sold on the coasts. They do not appear to think it so great a hardship as we imagine.'

"It is strange that the British public should be so slow to open their eyes to this great subject. For twenty years, appeals and pamphlets have frequently appeared. In 1828, a volume of 1000 pages of parliamentary documents, on East India slavery, was printed; and within four or five years, some strenuous efforts have been made to call attention to this enormity; but asyet nothing ,has been done to the purpose—Surely the zeal which has achieved the freedom of a few hundred thousand slaves in the West Indies, will now be exerted in behalf of *twenty-five times the number* in the East.

"The countenance and support given by government to the prevailing forms of religion, is a weighty subject, and calls for the solemn consideration of British Christians. I cannot but sympathise deeply with the missionaries in the trials and obstructions they meet on this account. They have little doubt but that the pernicious influence of the Brahmins would wither, and their system lose its power, if government did not render its aid, both by open countenance and direct taxation.

"An extreme fear of creating political disturbances, if efforts were made to convert the natives to Christianity, seems to have possessed the Company's government from the beginning. Hence the refusal, at first, to allow missionary effort. Hence Chamberlain, though in the service of her royal highness, the Begaum, was deemed pestilent for preaching at a fair, and her majesty was reluctantly obliged to send him down to Calcutta. Happily, the little band that found a refuge under the Danish flag at Serampore, lived to prove, practically, that such fears are groundless.

"But, though the government now permits and protects missionary effort, it has not wholly lost its early fears; and these, together with a desire to be strictly neutral, lead to measures directly favourable to idolatry. It levies and collects the revenues for supporting Brahmins and temples, as the former rulers did; thus virtually making idolatry and Mahometism the established religion of the country! The annual allowance from the public treasury, for the support of the temple of Juggernaut, is 56,000 rupees, and many other temples have allowances equally liberal. C. Buller, in his letter to the Court of Directors, on this subject, says 'Large pensions, in land and money, are allowed by our government, in all parts of the country, for keeping up the religious institutions both of Hindus and Mahometans.' Lord William Bentinck, governor-general of India, under date of August, 1835, speaking of the tax laid on pilgrims, which yields the Company a handsome revenue, says, 'As long as we maintain, most properly, in my opinion, the different establishments belonging to the Mahometan and Hindu religions, we need not much scruple about the tax in question.'

"In the district of Tinnevelly, an examination on this subject was made by Mr. T., who found 2783 temples, and 9799 petty kovils, of male and female deities. And some inferior religious stations; making a total of 14,851 places of idolatrous worship. The total charge of these on the government amounts to 30,000 pounds sterling, per annum!

"Beside this regular support, there are numerous other modes, in which the national systems are countenanced. Mr. Rhenius has stated, that, in 1831, government contributed forty thousand rupees toward the performance of a certain ceremony in the temple at Tinnevelly, and to repair the idol's car! At the principal festivals, guns are fired by national ships, and by the Company's troops, and the military bands of music are loaned to grace the occasions. Thus *Christian* soldiers are compelled to do honour to the false prophet and to dumb idols! A letter of the Rev. William Fyvie, dated Surat, September, 1, 1836, published in an English periodical, mentions one of those cases, which are constantly occurring in every part of India. It was the annual *cocoa-nut day*—a festival in which cocoa-nuts are thrown into the river as offerings. 'This Hindu festival was ushered in by a salute of guns from the Honourable Company's ship, lying in the river opposite to Surat. The castle guns fired a salute at the same time. About four P. M. after the brahmin had consecrated the cocoa-nut with prayers, the European magistrate presented the offering to the river, amidst the *poojas* (worship) of the brahmins and other Hindus present While this vain and *idle ceremony* was going forward the ship, before alluded to, first moved down and then up the river, displaying her colours, and firing salutes. The British flag was waving on Surat Castle all the day, in honour of the festival. In this way our rulers and their agents directly and publicly countenance idolatry and superstition in this place. The new moon, excepting twice in the year, when the Mussulmans are mourning, is regularly saluted by five guns, to please the Mahometans. Two thousand rupees are annually given to the same people by government, to assist them in the celebration of their Eeds (festivals). When shall these practices be brought to a perpetual end?

"Various idolatrous temples and gateways have been built or repaired by government. Vast sums have been spent on colleges and schools, for the inculcation of heathen and Mahometan doctrines and customs. By these same laws and customs, British judges and magistrates regulate their decisions, instead of the pure and equitable laws of their own land, and of the Christian Scriptures! When the cars of certain gods are to be drawn in public procession, there has been, for some years back, in various places, a deficiency of people. In such cases, the officers of government send out magistrates, and constables, or peons, who, with whips and ratans, beat the wretched people, and force them to quit their work and drag at the ropes! Mr. Pegg, formerly a Baptist missionary at Cuttack, has fully shown, in a pamphlet, published in England in 1835, on the pilgrim tax system, that the temple of Juggernaut, of which we hear so much, is wholly supported by the British government; and that a large premium is paid by government to 'pilgrim hunters,' who pass throughout the land, enticing persons to make a pilgrimage to the idol, and receive twenty per cent. of the tax laid upon them! In regard to these agents, 'The Friend of India' very forcibly observes, 'We have a body of *idol missionaries*, far exceeding in number all the Christian missionaries, perhaps, in the world, going forth from year to year, to propagate delusion, and proclaim (what, perhaps, not one of them believes) the transcendant efficacy of beholding a log of wood; and all this through a perversion of British humanity, and good faith paid from year to year, by the officers of a Christian and a British government.'

"Until lately, the appointment of native Christians to any office, however low, was wholly prohibited. That prohibition is now removed; but, as the local officers are not bound to employ them, and the general feeling is against it, they are still excluded. How impressively does this say to the natives, that their rulers do not want them to become Christians! I have heard several officers declare, that a man who would change his religion, is not worthy of confidence! After many inquiries, I could never find any one who knew of a Christian sepoy being ever raised above the ranks.

There are delicate points connected with the alleged support of idolatry above dwelt upon, which we think Mr. M. has not fully perceived; nor do we believe that he has had the facts he advances fairly, or at least fully, set before him. As to several of the evils, wrongs and grievances noticed in the extract, our readers, before this paper meets their eyes, will have gathered from the newspapers, that most promising and gratifying measures are in contemplation. We refer to what transpired at a great meeting held in London, nearly at the same time that Mr. Malcom's book was placed before us, when a noble and learned Lord presided, whose name is identified with the cause of the slaves torn from Africa, and with that of the oppressed throughout the world. We trust that the union of benevolence, intelligence and wealth, which is about to be established in Great Britain for the amelioration of the condition, and the enlightenment of a hundred million subjects, will speedily accomplish for them what our Government in India has never done, and is not likely of itself to be capable of ever performing. The volumes before us present encouragement as well as a stimulus to the proposed association to which we refer; and we are sure their author will ever be heartily recognized as a promoter and pillar of the grand scheme in the course of organization, were nothing more to be done by him than appears in them.

From the Spectator (Radical).

THE THRONE.

Since the death of the unfortunate lady who was made the victim of Court slander, we have abstained from entering further into the particulars of a history which has furnished its own moral only too impressively. There is, however, a general moral affecting the constitution and nature of Courts themselves, which all such particular histories appear to teach, and which is too important to be left to the accidents of individual interpretation. What that moral, rightly read, is, we shall not ourselves presume to lay down; but will rather be content to show what conclusions are likely to thrust themselves on the minds of the many, and what sort of remote consequences may be involved in transactions that, in our own time, if but three months old, seem already about to lapse into oblivion, but which in fact are then only scattering their seeds, to re-issue upon the surface of affairs in multiplied shapes when no one shall remain to trace them to their original stock. If it may, indeed, be affirmed of any action, however inconsiderable, that it has its visible or invisible bearing on the general mass of human conduct, with much more certainty may we declare that an important political proceeding, though forgotten perhaps by the public in half a year from the time of its taking place, operates powerfully and continually for good or evil on the future destinies of the country. All great political movements have been no more than a congeries of motive influences that had worked their way before, unseen and unconnected, till some whiff of fate drove them together. Revolutions are made of no other stuff. A thousand various impressions have been left by as many events on the general mind of society, which impressions tend all to one centre from different points—to a centre of disaffection, from points of injury, hatred, contempt, fear, revenge, &c.; these, on some fierce occasion uniting, explode—and make a revolution. If we would not have the explosion, we must cut off the train that fires the mass. But this is exactly what the world, unfortunately, has shown itself least able to do. The train that sets fire to the elements of revolution is made up by many hands; it is not the Court alone, nor the Legislature alone, nor this or that party in the state, which makes it, but each contributes its portion to the work; and because each contributor considers that his particular combustibles are insufficient to produce the explosion *per se*, (which they are,) so no one will consent to withdraw his own gunpowder; and the train, not suffered to be broken in any part, presently takes effect.

In the silent working machinery of revolutions there are few more powerful agents than Court scandal; by which we mean, scandalous proceedings at Court, or whatever tends to bring down the credit and dignity of the Throne within its own immediate province. As the private manners of each class in society bespeak the tone of its political character and influence, so the Court, as an epitome of the Monarchy, is naturally looked to in a jealous spirit both by those who desire the permanence of existing institutions, and by those who would destroy them. Time was (but cannot be again) when the proceedings of kings and courts were shrouded from the sight of those classes on whom the knowledge of them could produce impressions incompatible with devout loyalty. It mattered not if the Barons of England knew their King for a weak, dishonoured man, and "every inch a *fool*," while the swinish mass acknowledged a hero or a demigod; *they* too were kings at home, and needed for themselves the same flattering lights that gilded the King at Court. It mattered not, in fact, that pinchbeck knew pinchbeck—if *gold* was no wiser. But when first the panoply of forms and ceremonies that had veiled the moral proportions of kings and their knights began to give place, like the armour that magnified their persons, to lighter fashions and more transparent wear, then—that was an evil day for the great genius of *counterfeit!* *News* was the first grand enemy of courts—the first revolutionizer. (Who can wonder at the upholders of *counterfeit* regarding cheap postage with antipathy?) *News* came—that kings were not gods, nor courts heavens; and the faith of the multitude received its first shock. *Court Gazettes* have more lately proved their claims as Radical incendiaries: the twenty-four hours of Royalty are chronicled, and all the world is let in to see "quam parva sapientia regitur mundus!"

Such reflections may either be uttered in a spirit friendly to Monarchy, but duly provident of the dangers besetting it, or in one of bitter hostility to all its pretensions; but to suppress them, or to overpass the facts and phænomena which, when considered deeply, must give rise to them, is to manifest an apathy in regard to the welfare of our political system more culpable than the worst overt act of disloyalty. It is a plain matter to every mind that knows how to reason, that an authority that is not respected cannot long be obeyed. Monarchy has been respected in our country so far, on the whole, not because it was often respectable, but because it was either surrounded with factious aids to popular reverence, or that it inspired *fear*—an excellent provisional agent of respect. But Monarchy is not now dreaded, nor well stored with allusive accessories: it is a bare, naked institution, deserted of its old muniments; and it has hereafter, consequently, a perfectly new and most trying ordeal to go through. To be obeyed, it must still be respected; but to be respected, it must absolutely be *respectable*. Hard conditions! but to be endured for the love of peace, and to avoid harder.

The Minister, whoever he be, who may now chiefly possess the patient ear of our young queen, if he be not either a dullard—insensible to the meaning of events, past and present, or an arrant sycophant, incapable of the truth—will often impress on her Majesty's mind the extreme perils by which her throne is encompassed; will humbly represent to her Majesty, that those perils, so far as they are not referable to the Government of the day, have their springs within the precincts of her own Court; that she has upon her the eyes of thousands whom evil legislation has already made half Republicans at heart; that from her actions only, as they shall correspond with the exigencies of such a political conjuncture, can she hope for that security and repose which her ancestors sought from state juggles and the application of force. He will say that the part for the Sovereign to act becomes every day more clearly defined, but therefore more responsible—more arduous; that on that side lies revolution—on this long life and glory more than Elizabethan. He will tell her, that this is not a favourable æra for weakness, wilfulness, or caprice in a Sovereign; but for the display of a reasonable and modest, and yet withal firm bearing, and for setting, as it were, a new example to Monarchs—in meeting the movement of the People, and, by heading it herself, turning it easily to its best and most legitimate objects of pursuit. He will say that, although, by any other tenure, precarious and uninsurable, the Throne may thus be made strong *in the People* without difficulty—in a reign much more likely to be remarkable (if these principles are acknowledged) for struggles between the Few and the Many, than between the Many and the One. He will say——. But we waste our time: Queen VICTORIA has no friends at Court.

From the Spectator.

HILL COOLIES.

Lord Ellenborough, on 23d July, 1839, asked the Marquis of Normanby for information respecting the Hill Coolies who had been sent to Demerara—

In the *Times* of that morning, a statement of the most disastrous character appeared on the condition of the Hill Coolies that were imported from Bengal into Demerara. It appeared that a report had been presented to the Court of Policy in that colony, by a body with rather a singular designation, namely, the Immigrant Commission. He had not seen this report, but it was described as containing a fearful account of the condition of those unfortunate people; and the account of the ravages of disease amongst them was most lamentable. On one estate, Bellevue, not less than twenty of these poor creatures had died, and twenty-nine were described as lying in the hospital, in a state which the Commissioners reported was hardly to be described. The hospital itself would seem, from the nature of it, to be very much like a pest-house; and the manager of the estate, who was found labouring under fever, acquainted the Commissioners that he "got his attack by going into that hospital." The circumstances thus detailed had created considerable sensation and much exasperation among all the more respectable members of the community against the owners of the estate in question, where such cruel neglect could be permitted. It was hoped that the Governor would forthwith cancel the indentures under which the unfortunate Coolies had been engaged. He wished to know from the noble marquis whether he was in possession of this report? and if he was, whether he would object to laying it on the table?

The Marquis of Normanby said, he was not in possession of the report; but he had read the account alluded to, and thought the matter well worthy the attention of Government.

Lord Ellenborough said, that they who had been in any way connected—Lord Normanby was not one of those persons—with the framing of the Order in Council, had incurred a most fearful responsibility.

Lord Brougham reminded the House, that he had warned them on this subject last year, and induced them to put a stop to the importation of this unhappy people—

He had never seen any thing in this proceeding but the result which had now unhappily followed, and which indeed was the only one which he anticipated to follow from the detestable practice of slavery, although disguised under the name of apprenticeship; and he would remind the House that this was worse than African slavery, for the voyage extended much further, namely to the coast of Asia. In one instance the miserable and wretched condition of eighty of these persons was described, which was more than half imported in that cargo, for he found that only 130 were aboard. The large proportion of these were now dead, and the dire effects of disease in the pestilential marshes of Demerara spread from one to the other of this unhappy people. The survivors of them were no doubt in a state compared with which death itself would be a release to them from wretchedness—they who had survived the murderous passage from their peaceful home to the charnel-house in Demerara.

The greater extent of the voyage made the sufferings of the Hill Coolies greater than those endured by Negroes on the middle passage from Africa—

It would be found that the papers on their Lordships' table contained the astounding fact, that 20 per cent, in one vessel perished on a voyage in five weeks; between Asia and Mauritius 20 per cent died in one week, and also 30 in another week; being a degree of massacre which exceeded the African middle passage itself. It was painful to be obliged to recur to these matters; but the cases were of a very aggravated nature, and called for some explanation. There was another topic to which he wished to refer. It was said that two or three vessels had been seized on the Brazilian coast, which were engaged in the illegal slave traffic, and their wretched cargo (as they were called) of fourteen hundred slaves were, under the pretence of being liberated, apprenticed for a term of seven years, at a premium of 5*l.* per head. And where? In foreign slave countries, where there was no security that they would be treated even so well as they were in Guiana. And he wished to know whether it was the practice for the commanders of the cruisers to apprentice these unfortunate men in those countries where slavery still existed, instead of carrying them to our own colonies. He hoped he should receive an answer denying these statements, which were corroborated and confirmed by private letters he had received.

Lord Normanby did not believe that the facts were precisely as stated by Lord Brougham; but the subject belonged more to the Foreign Department than the Colonial Office. However, he would make inquiries.

From the Spectator (Radical.)

THE WAR IN INDIA.

The current number of the *Quarterly Review* has an elaborate paper on Russia, Persia, and India; distinguished by a tone of friendliness to the Government and its agents, and what is more, a substantial vindication of recent British policy and proceedings in Asia, which few would have expected at the hands of that staunch organ of the Opposition, even in charity. To us, indeed, it seems that the Reviewer is, for once, *too* charitable: for a pretty careful examination of the file of papers laid before Parliament in the passing session, leads us to conclusions considerably at variance with his; and at the same time it has confirmed some of our previous opinions and speculations, it enables us to correct or qualify others. In short, we rise from the perusal of the Eastern Correspondence with a persuasion, that our present war in India, or rather outside of India, is more questionable in its objects and suspicious in its pretexts, and likely to be more extensive and perilous, than any which the British Government of that country has ever yet waged with any Asiatic power.

An army of not less than fifty thousand men, including regulars, irregulars, and auxiliaries, with, probably, not less, according to Indian usage, than ten camp followers for every fighting man, is at the present moment in full march, through a country for the most part sterile, geographically almost unknown, yet sufficiently known to be inhabited by a robust, warlike, and independent race of men, and distant, by the route which the army pursues, at least fifteen hundred miles from the British frontier.

Let us begin by examining the pretext for the war. For thirty years and upwards, we have maintained, without interruption, an embassy at the Court of Persia, and paid in salaries, in subsidies and gifts, in arms and ammunition, between three and four millions sterling. The object of our Persian diplomacy was to secure India against French and Russian invasion. The upshot of our thirty years' expenditure of money, protocols, and despatches, is, that Persia, on our own admission, instead of being a bulwark against the aggression of an European power, has become a stepping-stone for Russia. In a word, by our own showing, all our Persian diplomacy has been worse than useless—it has been highly detrimental.

With the Shah of Persia we have three respective treaties, every one of which contains the following article—"If war should ensue between the Persian and Afghan Governments, the English Government shall take no part in it; nor shall it give assistance to either party, except as a mediator, at the solicitation of both parties, for the purpose of producing peace." Well, a war arises between the Persian King and the Afghans—as just, upon the part of the former, as any ever waged by an European government, and far juster than most of them. The Prince of Herat, the most westerly state of the Afghans, taking advantage of a moment of anarchy, invades a Persian province, burns its towns and villages, and carrying off twelve thousand of its inhabitants, sells them, man, woman, and child, as slaves. The King of Persia, naturally indignant at this outrage, marches an army to chastise the public robber, and invests Herat. According to the admission of the British Envoy, (a man of mark and talent,) twice repeated in the papers laid before Parliament, the King of Persia has right and justice on his side. Well, then, are the English Minister, the Envoy, and the Governor-General of India, neutral and quiescent, as in good faith became parties to the treaty we have just quoted? Quite the contrary. They are not only not asked to interfere as mediators *by both parties*, but one party expressly repudiates their interference; while the other does not solicit it, and only accepts it when it has been often obtruded; as we may see from the following curious passage of a letter from the Prime Minister of Herat to the British Envoy—"With regard to the coming of the Kujur (Persian) army to this country, I am not, and never shall be, in any way willing to give you trouble or annoyance. Should the Persian Government evince any great desire to come to Herat, do not prevent the advance of the army, or take any trouble in the matter. It is an affair of no consequence. Let them come, in order that they may prove what they are able to do. May it please God the merciful, by the grace and assistance of the Almighty, the steed of their wishes shall not accomplish the journey of their design." This is the polite Oriental fashion of saying "laissez nous faire" to a meddler; and the recent obstinate refusal of the Prince of Herat to accept a British subsidiary force for his protection, shows that our interpretation is the right one. The English Government is not only not neutral, it directly interferes, and without being asked. It is far from stopping even at the point of impertinent negotiation. A roving agent of the Governor-General of India, a skilful engineer, throws himself into the fortress of Herat, and assists in its defence against the Persians; a squadron of men of war is sent and takes possession of a portion of *our allies'* territory on the Persian Gulf; and a great army is marched to dethrone an Afghan chief *suspected* of preferring a Persian to an English alliance, (*some* alliance or other being indispensable, and *we* having expressly refused him ours except on terms intolerable,) for his protection against a fourth party, the Seiks, who had wrested from him, by a series of aggressions, a large portion of his dominions. In reference to this conduct, the Persian Minister for Foreign Affairs has the following pertinent remarks—"We are ignorant by what evidence the British Government considers our interference in the affairs of Afghanistan as a mark of hostility against itself. Besides the auspicious treaty, the observation of the stipulations of which is the foundation of the friendship of the two states, are there any other treaties or engagements between Persia and England relative to which any neglect or non-observance has proceeded from us? or did the plenipotentiaries of both states forget this point at the time of forming the treaty, that they omitted any allusion to it? or have new rules of friendship been instituted in this world, with which we are not acquainted? or does the party which considers itself strongest consider also that the observation or violation of treaties rest on its discretion?" Here is a *shocking* charge of Punic faith, made against the government of a civilized country by a people whom we have been accustomed to look upon as faithless barbarians; and the only reply we have made to it, virtually amounts to this, that our original intention in making the treaty was not accomplished,—that is, that Persia did not turn out to be the bulwark against Russian aggression which we mistakingly supposed it would. In short, we talk of the "spirit" of the treaty, carefully avoiding to say one word about its plain and obvious letter.

Against the faith of treaties then, we set up necessity and expediency. Now let this plea be looked into. Herat is declared to be the key to the British dominions in India—the key which is to open the door to the Russians and their allies, the Persians, to Hindostan. The supposed key, in this case, is surely at a vast distance from the door. Our own army has been already five months on its march from the frontier, backed by all the resources of India and without firing a single shot, unless at a few freebooters; and there is no trust-worthy intelligence that it has yet reached the first spot where there is any probability of its meeting with resistance, viz. Candahar; in the neighbourhood of which, by the way, it is proposed that we should canton for the whole summer,—by which (for Cabool, the main point, and a month's march through snowy mountains and narrow defiles, remains untouched) it is plainly pronounced that the affair is to cost us two campaigns. From Candahar to Herat, allowing for halting-days, and supposing no interruption from an enemy, is at least a month's march. Thus, therefore, without meeting an enemy—and, supposing the barren country which it had in its rear and along its line of march could afford it the same supply of food which fertile, populous, and peaceful India affords us—it would take a Russian army five months to march from Herat to the nearest British frontier, with many a "key" to get possession of, and many a door to unlock, between; and, after that, there is a march of at least fifteen hundred miles further to the chief seat of our power and resources, Lower Bengal and Calcutta; which would take at least four months more, supposing the climate, our armies, and our fortresses offered no resistance, and that John Bull (who in one half the whole time mentioned could send an army from the banks of the Thames) were to look on with his hands in his breeches-pocket doing nothing. But to reach India is not to conquer India, (never so powerful and united as under our own administration,) as any one who will take the pains to read, may learn from the history of its invaders from Alexander to Ahmed Shah. Most of them never penetrated much beyond the frontier, and the few who established themselves in the North-west, took not months or years, but from one to two centuries, to conquer the East and the South. The truth is, that a Russian invasion and conquest of India is but the dream of a troubled and uneasy conscience. No man in his waking moments and sober senses imagines the possibility of the thing, or fancies it even probable that any nation whatever, without the command of the sea and of immense pecuniary resources, would be mad enough even to make the attempt. "At the conclusion of your letter," says the Persian Prime Minister to one of our agents, "there are some remarks about alarm. I am in great astonishment at this declaration, considering the distance of four months' journey and the great friendship between the two states, which, during this length of time, has never been interrupted by a hair's breadth on either side. What cause is there for alarm, or for these remote speculations, which have never entered into the mind of any one, nor ever will?" It is clear, from these remarks of the Persian Vizier, that his Excellency had no personal acquaintance with Lord Auckland or Lord Palmerston, or he would not have expressed himself so rashly. What, after all, does the reader fancy has thrown the Indian Council Chamber and the Foreign Office into a turmoil? The Russian Envoy at the Court of Persia *is supposed*, contrary to his instructions, to have advised the Shah to attack Herat; and a Russian Lieutenant of Infantry goes on a commercial mission to an Afghan state; and this has sufficed to frighten the Foreign Secretary and the Governor-General from their propriety. At the very moment we are making this charge against Russia and Persia, our English officer of Engineers, being the agent of the Governor-General, is fighting in the ranks of the Herattees; and there is a diplomatic agent at Cabool, and another at Candahar, endeavouring to force treaties on the chiefs of those two places, by which they are to break off all connexion with Persia and Russia. Where is our sense of political justice?

There is not the least doubt but the very measures we are pursuing lead us into far greater difficulties than the actual invasion of the Persians and Russians themselves could produce. The war with the Burmese cost us fifteen millions. If we escape from the present more difficult contest with a penalty of double the amount, we may look upon ourselves as fortunate. This will add just one half to the national debt of India, and an annual interest of a million and a half will add a tithe to the taxes of the already over-taxed Hindoos. Is it not better to stay at home, administer justly, tax lightly, and thus gain the support of the conquered millions, than squander their money in so dangerous. extravagant, and Quixotic an enterprise? The very undertaking itself proves that we are ill at ease at home, conscious of the instability of our power, and suspicious that we have misgoverned India to the dissatisfaction of its inhabitants.

If our diplomatists and politicians would only keep their hands out of mischief, it is astonishing how perfect a bulwark nature and fortune have opposed to the possibility of a successful invasion of British India from the westward. The country lying between Persia and British India is one either of rugged mountains or of uncultivated and almost impassable sandy deserts. On the side of Persia, all but on one narrow quarter, it is a sandy desert two hundred miles broad. On the side of India, there is a far more extensive one, generally of double that breadth, except at one point also. Even at this last point there is, according to Mr. Elphinston, one hundred and sixty miles of "the strongest country" he had "ever seen." The people that an invading army would have to encounter, if not alienated by our ambition, is as formidable as their country is strong. They are estimated at fourteen millions; a fourth part of whom, probably, are in that shepherd or nomade state in which men have little to lose and much to gain by war. The ruling people exceeds four millions in number; and in their manners, habits, and customs, are rather Europeans of the middle ages than Asiatics. "An European," says Mr. Elphinston, "coming among them, would scarce fail to admire their martial and lofty spirit, their hospitality, and their bold and simple manners. He would admire their strong and active forms, their fair complexions, and European features; their industry and enterprise, the hospitality, sobriety, and contempt of pleasure. which appear in all their habits; and above all, the independence and energy of their character. The Afghans themselves (he adds) exult in the free spirit of their institutions. They endeavour to maintain that all Afghans are equal. I once strongly urged on a very intelligent old man, of the tribe of Meanshail, the superiority of a quiet and secure life, under a powerful monarch, to the discord, the alarms, and the blood which they owed to their present system. The old man replied with great warmth, and thus concluded an indignant harangue against arbitrary power—'We are content with discord, we are content with alarms, we are content with blood—but we will never be content with a master.'

Here is a broad hint, which, however, we have by no means taken; on the contrary, one of the main objects of our present expedition is *to restore* (ominous word!) a sovereign defeated and expelled by the Afghans just thirty years ago, and who has for many long years lived within our territories as our pensioner. Here is the character of the individual in question, drawn by the shrewd and intelligent Sir Alexander Burnes, at the present moment, by the accidents of position, the most active agent in his restoration; and the very same estimate of his qualities, it may be added, is given by Mr. Elphinston, in his authentic and excellent narrative, thirty years ago. "The fitness of Shah Soojah for the station of sovereign, seems ever to have been doubtful. His manners and address are highly polished, but his judgment does not rise above mediocrity." By the same hand, we have the character of the man we are proceeding to dethrone, in order to make way for our man of mediocrity. "The reputation of Dost Mahomed is made known to a traveller long before he enters his country; and no one better merits the high character he has obtained. He is unremitting in his attention to business; traders receive the greatest encouragement from him; one in forty, or 2½ per cent., is the only duty levied in his territory; and the merchant may travel without guard or protection from one frontier to another,—an unheard of circumstance in the time of the kings. This chief affords a constant theme of praise to all classes; the peasant rejoices at the absence of tyranny," &c. &c.

The man whom we purpose to dethrone has two millions of Afghan subjects, with a military force of twenty thousand horse, ten thousand foot, and fifty pieces of cannon. But the great danger to us, as invaders, is not from the power of this individual, but from what Mr. Elphinston calls "a number of organized and high-spirited republics ever ready to defend their rugged country against a tyrant." These are men who will, unquestionably, not bear a master in the person of our puppet, nor dictators in our own. There may, and probably will be, an apparent submission in the first moment, in the presence of a great army; but how is future insurrection to be guarded against, but by the *constant* presence of that engine of unbearable expense? The Afghans, in fact, have never had a master; but, on the contrary, have repeatedly given masters to their Persian and Indian neighbours. No foreign invader of India has ever passed through their country, from Alexander to Jenghis Khan, or from Timour to Nadir, without being attacked and harassed by them. In religion and manners they differ from the Persians, and cordially hate them. They differ still more from the Russians, and do not love them. They would, unquestionably, if not provoked and estranged by our ambitious and domineering policy, have attacked both, in the very remote event of an invasion. But have we any recent proof that the Afghans have not degenerated? The siege of Herat affords abundance. This one fortress was attacked by the whole disposable force of the Persian empire, with the King at its head, while the besiegers had a regiment of Russian deserters, the flower of the army. This is our own Envoy's statement of the attempt to storm—"The Persian troops are represented to have assaulted with gallantry, and to have planted their standards three several times in the breach; but they were unable to maintain their position. The Afghans attacked them sword in hand, with an energy and determination that are represented as having been irresistible, and drove them, with great slaughter, across the ditch. Of the killed and wounded in the Persian ranks, more than three-fourths are stated to have received sabre-wounds." These, it must be confessed, are ugly customers; and the matter is assuredly not mended when it is considered that the majority of our army consists of Sepoys—of a race, the idea of considering whom as soldiers, would, according to Mr. **Elphinston**, be "thought ludicrous" by the Afghans. The plain truth is, that we are breaking down, by our aggression, the most formidable portion of the bulwark that lies between us and invasion to the West. We are making, in fact, the false movement of a general, who, finding a broad marsh between himself and his opponent, wantonly crosses it, with great loss and inconvenience, posts himself on the opposite margin, and, cutting himself off from his supplies, affords his opponent, at the first favourable moment, an opportunity of driving him into the swamp, or starving him to death, or compelling him to surrender at discretion. Such is a fair view of our present adventure; nor can we see any termination, utter discomfiture excepted, to the course into which it leads, until it brings us to the very thing we deprecate—contiguity and collision with the power of Russia in Persia.

From the Examiner.

LORD CLARENDON'S SPEECH ON SPANISH AFFAIRS.

Lord Clarendon has delivered an admirable speech on the state and prospects of Spain, which we hope to see published and circulated as a pamphlet. The subject has for some time past been without interest, for this simple reason, that the public have for some time past ceased to understand it. Lord Clarendon's speech throws a light on it which will revive interest, and also the good hopes for the regeneration of Spain which were entertained upon the first struggles for constitutional government. Lord Clarendon shows that there is the foundation laid for popular government, that events are tending to the triumph of the good cause, and that the success of Carlos is now as impossible as it would be calamitous.

The following are statements which will be as generally satisfactory as unexpected:—

"Life and property were now in a state of security in Spain, greater than ever had been known before, and the revenue of the country was now one half more. An immense class of proprietors had been called into existence by the sale of the national property. Capital now flowed into more useful channels; and Spain was at this moment laying the foundation of a future prosperity, greater than she had ever known, even at the time when she had the misfortune to discover America. He (the Earl of Clarendon) might appear to be exaggerating the prospects of Spain; but he made this statement under all the responsibility that ought to attend him as having been so long a minister of the Crown in that country. The state of our commercial relations with Spain had been referred to the prevalence of monopolies which had been complained of. It should not be forgotten that any commercial arrangements between this country and Spain must be reciprocal. Spain was an agricultural country, and had nothing but agricultural produce to offer in exchange for any commodities she might import from this country. *While we still retained our corn laws, surely the noble marquis would give some further time to the Spaniards to determine the moment when the spirit of monopoly and private interest should yield to the public good.* How had the Spaniards already used the liberty which they had gained? That they were conscious of the advantages of a public opinion they had already shown. They were fully alive to the blessings of a representative government. The elections excited the greatest interest. All classes of men were represented in the Cortes; and all the public business was discussed there in a manner that would have done no discredit to their lordships' house. Those debates had been described as noisy and confused; but he (the Earl of Clarendon) had attended debates there, and had seldom seen more than one member speaking at the same time. (A laugh.) He had heard from the lips of Catholic prelates in that assembly sentiments of Christian charity as pure, and dictated by as entire a spirit of toleration as he had ever heard in their lordships' house. (Hear.) He had seen the government met there by a vigorous opposition such as there ought to be in the representative assembly of a free country; and, on the other hand, he had also seen that opposition in the season of danger rally round the government as one man in defence of the constitution and of the national interests. (Hear, hear.) For these reasons it was that he expressed his conviction that the Spaniards were imbued with that spirit of constitutional freedom which qualified them to exercise the powers exercised by them in a representative government.

From the Atheneum.

AURORA ISLANDS.

In our abstract of proceedings at the last meeting of the Geographical Society, we announced the rediscovery of the Aurora Islands, by Mr. Burrows, of New York, during a recent voyage to the South Atlantic. A letter from our United States Correspondent gives us some particulars of this expedition, which are romantic enough to deserve to be recorded. It appears, that some few years since a neighbour and friend of Mr. Burrows, a Capt. Johnson, after consulting with, and communicating to him his views and intentions, sailed from New York to the Antarctic Seas. Letters were received from Johnson when in a high latitude, and still sailing south, since which no information has been received either from or of him. These circumstances weighed upon the mind of Burrows, who thinking there was a possibility of rescuing his friend, resolved to follow the example of Capt. Back, and to proceed in search of him. Two small vessels were accordingly fitted out for the expedition. The success in the principal object has been but small, although the hazards run were great, and the labours most oppressive. When five days beyond the Falklands, they fell in with a field of icebergs twenty-five miles in length, the whole presenting the same uniform appearance as a sheet of new-made ice. They found large bays and good harbours around the iceberg, but no anchorage except by fastening to the ice. The outer edge was on all sides a perpendicular cliff about 300 feet high, and so similar to the appearance of many shores, particularly the chalky cliffs of England, that it could only be known as ice from the thermometer or by approaching very near to it. Subsequently Mr. Burrows, when exploring in his boat, was wrecked on an iceberg, but he was rescued by another boat driven by accident to the spot, where, for three days he and his crew had been without food. For six months he persevered, but without discovering any positive evidence of the fate of his friend. He found, indeed, clear traces of eight different wrecks, a house constructed from the wrecked vessels, and fitted up as a winter residence, several graves near it, and one body not interred. What a history "in little" is there in this last fact!

From the Spectator. (Radical.)

THE PRESENT SOCIAL DISTRACTIONS.

In considering the extraordinary multiplicity and consequent confusion of interests obtaining at the present day in our highly complicated social system, we can never go wrong if we take for a key to all the jostlings and perturbations which accompany it—the common principle of selfishness. The selfishness of classes is much greater than that of individuals—greater even than the proportion of the unit to the mass. Every member of a class brings to it, first, the heavy subscription of his own natural personal selfishness, and, over that, a sort of premium or entrance fee in the same precious coin, applicable to general purposes. As a class man, he has two sorts of selfishness—a private and a public one; he has a prayer for himself as a limb of the body, and another for the body—which includes himself. And this class selfishness, again, derives all the greater force from the specious covering that is to be had for it. That which Smith *segregarious* would be ashamed to arrogate to himself, Smith *corporate* makes it a boast to exact. All the difference in the world is to be found between "the agricultural interests" and "Smith's bread and butter;" but they mean the same thing with Smith. For a particular parson to hold forth as thus, "Rather than that I, the well-provided, comfortable parson of this ill-provided, comfortless parish, should incur so much as a risk, however imaginary, of losing any particle of my present influence and importance—any atom of an advantage I possess—I will see my parishioners starved in mind and body; and, though it is by no means probable that I should sustain the slightest inconvenience if the Education Bill were passed to-morrow, yet I prefer, for security that the British people should remain in profound ignorance and misery to the end of time,"—this would be held a monstrous iniquitous declaration: but to say, "I fight for the Church, I stand by my order," passes for a thing respectable, if not admirable. The spirit is the same, the very meaning is the same, but the speech is different. The gross worldliness, the horrible indifference to all feelings but his own, the beastly devotion to *self* which is implied in the postponement of the pressing wants of a whole people to some single imaginary interest of the speaker or the speaker's class—these are the same, be the speech moulded as it may. But in the one form they come forth in their true colours; in the other, they are elegantly merged in generalities and commonplace. Men may be as selfish at heart in their individual as in their corporate capacity, but in point of speech and action—in the amount of what they are prepared to do and to vindicate, it is undoubtedly in the latter relation that their selfish instincts come into the most unobstructed and shameless exercise.

Great allowances are to be made for conscientious Tories, who, tracing all present social disturbances to the encouragement given to popular claims, can find no words bad enough to apply to the first movers in such a course of policy. Certainly, if any man seriously believes that the people ought, not less for their own than for the common weal to remain ignorant and dependent—that knowledge and liberty are only fine names for misery and crime (opinions still represented, though not openly expressed perhaps, in the Legislature, especially in the Upper branch)—such thinker may in all consistency regard with horror the first instigators of that popular agitation which, seven years ago, led to the success of the Reform measure, and which is now knocking still louder at the gates of the constitution. These are your half-reasoners, who take so much of an argument as jumps with their passion, and leave the rest. If to their half-reasoning we could oppose such *whole* reasoning as might be happily drawn from the acts of a firm, vigorous, yet kindly Government, we should have nothing to lament beyond the fact that there remained any politicians unconvinced by so wise and exemplary a party. Unfortunately we have nothing of the kind to bless ourselves with. Half-reasoning looks over from the Tory benches and sees nothing to rebuke it; men "of one idea" are met by men of *another* idea; there is much differing, but small difference; all is but variety of littleness; the petulant pigmies will fight, but find nothing but cranes to engage withal. If popular government had for its patrons men of the right stamp, with high hands and whole hearts—men who could do and would do whatever the great experiment of political justice required—we should soon see the pugnacious pigmies dwarfed to their right proportions; their extinction might then be counted on. But, considering into what hands, by the evil destiny of the times, the cause of Reform has fallen, the only wonder is that it has not lost every supporter it ever numbered. If the enemies of popular government reason by halves, its nominal advocates keep them in countenance by the same practice, applied with a difference; thus opposing a perpetual bar to political truth. For half an argument will never carry conviction; any other half-argument will be as good and cogent. A part being blinked, the whole becomes equivocal; if your counsel refuse to call half his witnesses, who shall say but the missing evidence might have invalidated all the rest? Emboldened in their half-reasoning by the absence of any larger intelligence on the part of their ostensible adversaries—whom they find committed to a line of politics which, in word, they are incapable of justifying, and in action, seem for the most part irresolute to follow—the Tories have gone on steadily increasing their ranks, and, but for the Queen's politics, had long ere now returned to office; having shown themselves several times this session within a trifle of realizing that good fortune which the father of the

Reform Bill so generously planned for them, when he "scanned the general scope" of that great and final measure, and "calculated that the Tories would always have as fair a prospect as any other party of obtaining a position," &c.; and to which he must now, we presume, rather rejoice than otherwise to see them progressively attaining by nice minorities, "beautifully less," of 10, 5, and 2.

Amongst the symptoms of our present condition which the remissness of the Semi-liberals in the work of Reform has left to the Tories for a *cheval de bataille* in their half-reasoning warfare on popular rights, we may count it a sufficiently notable one—that the selfish instincts of every class of the people have been called forth, without any means being adopted to gratify, to moderate, or to use them. Government, by its encouragement of popular claims, first called round it, as it were, a legion of hungry mouths. What was the next step, in the name of common sense, imperative and presumable? To feed those mouths?—Nothing of the sort was done, or intended. A strong sense of hunger was excited, an appetite not easily satiated was aroused; and then those poor, open, watering mouths, were at once dismissed,—not without notice given, that for aught else besides that pleasant tantalizing sensation they had been permitted to feel, they might just narrow themselves a little and—whistle! The proclamation of Liberal principles in government was nothing less than an invitation to all injured classes of society to come to the doors of the Legislature and have their grievances redressed. "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," was the promise held forth. A mighty summons, truly; and a bold one, if we consider *by* whom *to* whom given—by the privileged to the non-privileged classes—by the oppressors to the oppressed! Such invitations may be given safely; may be fulfilled advantageously and honourably; but they can be broken through when given, only most dishonorably and most disastrously. It was an invitation to every class of the community to revise its social relations—to consider well if it were wronged or no—whether, peradventure, it might be bettered. It was a formal recognition of the great principles of political justice, heretofore in innumerable instances practically contravened; and therefore, whatever might be its professed or even its proposed limitations, it was in effect an advertisement to the country, that irresponsible government was at an end; that the rights of all classes would be considered now on their own merits, and without reference to partial objects; that justice, in future, and not expediency, was to be the rule. This was chalking out a course of government and legislation, which, when seen against the dark background of old Tory domination, showed fair indeed. Time has proved that a course of national policy, the greatest and noblest ever indicated, and needing for its agents the wisest, powerfullest, and most disinterested of mankind, has been destined to be connected in its beginnings with a set of men of whom the world never yet saw the parallel for shallowness, incapacity, and self-seeking.

Putting these things together, we may obtain a tolerable insight, not only into the nature, but into the causes of some of the present troubles. Every class of society is more or less conscious of wrongs and privations, suffered in a long course of misrule previous to the present æra. When redress seemed hopeless, those grievances were not less; but now that they have been taught to believe that their petitions are acceptable and that their claims ought to be attended to, they are roused; and meanwhile these grievances seem to them more intolerable than ever, from the very circumstance that they consider them more attentively, and because at the same moment they see very clearly that they are falsely dealt with, and that, after all, there exists no real desire on the part of the Government or of the Legislature to lighten them of any part of their load. The same policy, or impolicy, which has operated to this effect on the feelings of the various subordinate classes, (much disunited even amongst themselves from the same causes,) has strung up into redoubled selfishness and a fiercer and more disgusting attitude of illiberality, the higher or privileged classes. These, in this mischievous suspense of opposite political principles, have their worst passions most powerfully worked upon; for, on the one hand, they vastly exaggerate, through fear, the disadvantages to themselves to be involved in any concession to classes below them, and, on the other hand, the irresolution of the Government and the weakness of the so-called Liberal party giving them a fair chance of triumph, sufficient exertions being made in the old spirit, they are wonderfully excited to coöperation, and do not refrain from the hope that they may be able to crush altogether the rising hopes of those classes, and refix the foot of despotism once more firmly on their necks. Any Government simply gifted with common sense, would have perceived that under these circumstances, *created by itself*, the two things needful, not merely to secure proposed political advantages, but to avert evils more serious than any it came to correct, were consistency and promptitude; that any concession once agreed on ought to have been forthwith substantiated; that it was as much a matter of political necessity, in that case, to realize the *despair* of the class obstructing the concession, so resolved upon, as to realize the *hope* of the expectant class. The Melbourne Ministry in its wisdom pursued another course; *without effecting a single organic change*, it has contrived to throw every class of society into a state of enmity, jealousy, and alarm—such as no actual change, how signal soever, could have produced. It has evoked the whole of the selfishness in society to the surface, and, without even a tangible bone to contend about, has plunged all opposite interests into confliction and madness.

From the Spectator.

THE PORTUGUESE SLAVE-TRADE.

PORTUGAL, we believe, is not a dependency of Great Britain. We are under a strong impression that there exists in Portugal, at the present time, a Government *de facto* and *de jure*—a Sovereign recognized by Queen VICTORIA. If this is correct, the Portuguese owe the Crown of England no allegiance, and the acts of the British Parliament are no laws for them. Nevertheless, our Foreign Secretary is carrying a bill through the House of Commons which virtually sets aside the authority of the Portuguese Queen and Cortes. This measure, which passes through its various stages without remark, if not unprecedented, is most extraordinary in its character. It is entitled "A Bill for the Suppression of the Portuguese Slave-trade;" and is based upon the refusal or the inability of the Portuguese Government to fulfil the conditions of several treaties with this country regulating that traffic. The main part of the bill consists of a preamble of five pages, in which the various violations of engagements entered into by the Portuguese Government are stated; and then follow six enacting-clauses, authorizing her Majesty's cruisers to detain and seize Portuguese slavers, or such vessels as seem fitted and prepared for the slave trade; those vessels to be taken for the use of the English Navy, or broken up, and the materials sold, after trial and condemnation in the High Court of Admiralty in England.

Now, it may be asked, by what right is this power exercised by the British Parliament? The old fashion of compelling fulfilment of engagements by a recusant party to a treaty, was to attack him by open warfare, but not to supersede his authority over his own subjects, in the way proposed by the bill in question. And were Portugal powerful instead of weak, it would be utter madness to enforce the principle of this measure. The Government of the United States is unable or unwilling to suppress the traffic in slaves, carried on to a very considerable extent at this moment by the citizens of the Republic: will Lord PALMERSTON venture upon a bill to suppress the American slave-trade?

But we have power over Portugal: delicate points of national law being waived, ought it not to be exercised for the suppression of this infernal commerce in human beings? The inclination to answer this question in the affirmative is strong; but it happens, unfortunately, that Lord PALMERSTON's measure will not diminish the amount, while it must aggravate the horrors, of the Portuguese slave-trade. The bill authorizes the employment, with no material variation, of those means which Mr. FOWELL BUXTON, in his recent publication, tells us "have not only been attended with complete failure, but with an increase of Negro mortality," and which have "aggravated" the "cruelties and horrors of the passage across the Atlantic!" Lord PALMERSTON perseveres in a system which the same authority declares, "is erroneous, and must necessarily be attended with disappointment." Mr. BUXTON rightly concludes, that while an enormous profit is realized by the Negro trade, it will be carried on in spite of British cruisers. Ay, and although "all nations shall have acceded to the Spanish treaty, and that treaty shall have been rendered more effective" by "linking it to the article of piracy"—though you have "the cordial concurrence of the authorities at home and the populace in the Colonies—the contrabandist will yet baffle and defeat you. Such are Mr. BUXTON's deliberate opinions and declarations, forced upon him and from him by experience. Lord PALMERSTON's extraordinary measure ought to be entitled "a bill for insulting the Government of Portugal and increasing the horrors of the Portuguese slave-trade." The Government is attempting to gain credit and popularity with the Anti-Slavery party by it, but upon false pretences.

A SMUGGLER ON LAW AND DUTIES.

Peterson and Tom Graves remained on board the cutter; the former in obedience to his commander's directions, the latter because he firmly believed the vessel would not be safe without him. The children had gone early to rest, for they had lost their playmate; Ned cried himself to sleep, whilst Hamilton joined in his sorrow solely on Ned's account.

"I'm thinking, Muster Peterson," said old Tom, "that Muster Repartee owes us a grudge for that 'ere affair at Brest; for my part, I never bears no malice to any one, but he does not seem to me to come of a breed that 'ud forgive and forget."

"Our opinions are alike there, Graves," returned Peterson. "We cannot be too much on our guard against him. Lawless as our occupation is, at all events we ought to be true to one another. Rafferty has more of the tiger in him than any man I ever knew."

"I don't know what you call lawless, Sir," said Graves, somewhat offended at his honesty being suspected, "but to my notion of things, we act more by the rule of right than them as make so much palavering about law. They've a Parliament House and a customhouse here in Ireland, as well as they have in England; and all the money as they gets in the customhouses is shared out in the Parliament Houses, where they tell me it's 'catch as catch can.' Now, I take it we've a just right to some share, that is, if we can get it; so, if we helps ourselves to the valley o' the dooties, why we're only doing the same as they'rt doing—looking out for number one. They makes laws to divide it among themselves, and we makes laws not to let 'em get hould on it."

"There can be very little difference to us either way, Graves," said Peterson; "we are merely paid for our services; though I must own the wages are good, in consideration of the hazards that we run."

"There lies the difference, Muster Peterson," drily returned the boatswain; "the extra wages come out o' that which would otherwise be sarved out amongst the Parliament folk. And arter all, there's not none on 'em, from stem to starn, in your Lords and Commons, but likes a drop of stuff, or a bit of dry goods, dooty free, if so be as they can get it upon the sly. Why, there was a Parliament man, I thinks his name was Pennypunt, as we always used to supply reg'larly with pieces when I was in owld Dangerfield's 'None so Lucky,' belonging to Folkstun; and which on 'em is without his bangdanna either for his neck or for his pocket, and them bangdannas are next thing to being prohibitated by the heavy dooties. Well, if so be as they can get 'em for thirty shilling a piece smuggled, they won't go for to give three or four guineas, because it's the law."

"And so by your reckoning, Tom, conscience is sacrificed to pelf," said Peterson, laughing, "and therefore we of the contraband sell our consciences as well as our labour."

"Why, Muster Peterson, I ar'n't possessed of faculty enough to make any particular diskrimmagement in the religion of the business, but it does seem to my thinking out 'o reason to suppose sich a thing, 'kase why? we do for conscience sake that which they do again their consciences—for we sticks by our law, whilst they breaks theirn."

"A very nice distinction, truly, Tom," said Peterson in a tone of merriment. "And worthy of any lawyer in Westminster Hall; though I fear neither Judge nor jury would be of your opinion."

"'Kase they don't belong to us, Muster Peterson," answered the boatswain; "if the Judges were owners of craft and the Juries reg'lar hands at the trade, they'd soon show 'em right from wrong by their vardicks. Our skipper 'ud make a good foreman of Jury."—HAMILTON KING.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE SAMPHIRE GATHERER'S STORY.

BY ARTHUR HUME PLUNKETT.

"It was here, sir, that Mr. Clements descended."

"How fearful!" I exclaimed, scarcely venturing to look down a precipice at least six hundred feet in depth.

To repeat in a few words what had occupied nearly an hour, and omitting his numerous digressions, the samphire gatherer's tale ran thus:—

At the close of the last century he and his father, samphire gatherers by trade, had assisted in lowering one Mr. Clements down the cliff under rather extraordinary circumstances. Mr. Clements was returning home along the downs, from the then retired, but now fashionable town of ——, when he recognised a boat about a mile from the shore, strongly resembling one in which his wife and sister were in the frequent habit of passing hours, in a little bay or inlet of the sea near his house. He hastened home only to have all doubts removed as to their identity; and, hurrying back to the spot where he had first observed them, found, to his extreme terror, that the boat had been deserted by its occupants, who had been seen wandering on the rocks under the cliff. To approach them by the sea on either side in time to rescue them from their impending danger was impossible. The tide was rising fast, and their destruction appeared to be inevitable. In this emergency the samphire gatherers were thought of, and sought for; and, declining all their offers, Clements insisted upon descending the cliff, in the hope of placing his wife upon some rock or spot where she might remain in safety till the arrival of the boats from ——. Thus far had the samphire gatherer got in his story which he was relating to me as I,was strolling along the cliffs, when he paused, as I have already mentioned, and pointed to the spot where Mr. Clements descended.

Following his example, and taking a seat on the grass near him, the old man continued his tale. I give it in his own words.

"Well, sir; when we found we could not persuade him to let one of us go down in his place, father, as usual, secured a crow-bar into the earth, a few feet from the edge of the cliff; and then twining a rope once round it, in order to give us the steadier hold on Mr. Clements, fastened it under his arms. We then made him change his coat for one of our frocks, such as you see the common people wear in these parts; and taught him how to put his feet steadily against the side of the cliff—as it were thus; and made him take the rope between his hands just above the knot, and told him to lean out from the rock as far as he could, and to work downwards with his feet, and to look up, and keep a watch out for the stones and rubbish which the rope might dislodge. We told him all this, sir; and bade him not to be frightened at the birds, as they would not harm him;—the sun had set, sir; and they always make a horrid screeching if you go down the cliff after they are gone to roost;—and, that if he altered his mind, and wished to come back, he had only to give the rope a couple of pulls, and that we 'd haul him up directly. 'No—no,' says Mr. Clements, 'there 's no necessity for that.' When I get to the bottom, wait for a quarter of an hour; if at the end of that time, I give no signal for you to pull me up, you will know that the ladies are safe, and then make what haste you can, and get a boat from ——. I am ready now,' says he, in a faint voice, and his teeth all the while chattering with fear. Never was a man so frightened as he was at that moment. Well, sir, father and I once more lifted the rope, and Mr. Clements leaned back over the edge of the cliff. Down he went. We soon lost sight of him.

'Working with his feet, as father had told him, we slowly supplying out rope as he required it, he moved safely down for a bit; then he rested on a jutting rock. All this time he kept his eyes fixed on the sky. Pressing cautiously with his feet against the chalk; his body almost at right-angles with the cliff; his hands grasping the rope, or sheltering his face from the shower of stones and dirt which it dislodged. He had got about a hundred feet from the top, when, suddenly slipping from the cliff, his chest and face were flung violently against it. He endeavoured to regain his footing against the rocks, and in so doing broke through a resolution which he had formed, and looked beneath him. It is a rare sight *that* for the first time. Well do I remember how my head swam as I looked at the water far *far* below; and the waves that one could see, but not hear, as they broke over the shingles. Presence of mind, on which Mr. Clements so vaunted himself, where was it then? He was about to pull the rope; but he thought of his poor wife, and one thought of her was enough. On he went. To regain a footing was impossible. Father and I kept gradually lowering the rope; and, with his face to the cliff; his hands outstretched, catching at each object as he passed; enveloped in a shower of chalk and stones, which he had not the strength to avoid; gasping and panting for breath, poor Mr. Clements slided down for about another hundred feet. Here the cliff arched inwards, forming an immense hollow, like yonder rock, sir; and, swinging to and fro, and round and round, as it were betwixt heaven and earth, down he went. At one moment the wide ocean met his dizzy gaze; at another, flocks of the startled birds flew around his head, uttering their shrill and angry cries. Again, sir, he found himself sliding down against the side of the cliff, his flesh all sore and torn, and his body and arms in absolute torture from the pressure of the rope. Again in agony he made a frantic effort to regain a footing; but, in so doing, fastened one of his legs in a narrow fissure, or opening in the rock. Vain was the struggle to release it, sir; Mr. Clements was either too weak and faint, or the limb too firmly secured in the rock. All his efforts were useless; and, I shudder at the bare recollection while I tell it, *we continued to supply the rope!* Hanging by his leg, head downwards, there he lay; the cormorants and sea-mews flitting around him, and joining in his frightful shrieks."

"Horrible! was he long thus:"

"Not long, sir. Father soon discovered that there was no weight or pull upon the rope; and, judging from his experience of what had occurred, we raised it a few feet, and released Mr. Clements from his painful situation. From this moment, he told me, he was unconscious as to whether he was ascending or descending, until he heard his name called in a faint voice. He opened his eyes. We had lowered him over the arch of an immense cavern, within which all was darkness. The sea was rolling in beneath him; his feet touched it; he felt that he must either swim or drown; he feebly grasped the rope; a thrill of joy ran through his veins as he found an unexpected footing on a rock concealed by the waves in about three feet water; the depth around for the present mattered not. He remained for a few moments motionless on the rock. His name was again called; it sounded from within the cave.

"Extricating himself from the rope, he made an effort to swim; found that he had more strength than he had thought,—swam forward through the darkness up the cavern; struggled—sank—rose again—heard his name called louder and nearer,—made one effort more—felt the sand, the smooth sand, under his feet,—staggered forward,—reeled, and fell, exhausted, into the arms of his wife."

"And his sister?"

"The ladies were both there, sir. The cavern was about fifty feet in depth, sloping upwards towards the back, and partly filled with weeds, stones, and sand. Here Mrs. Clements and her sister had been driven to take refuge by the rising tide. They had landed from the boat on the rocks, at some distance below the cave, in the hope of finding a pathway or outlet, by which they could escape up the cliff. After a long and hopeless search, they bethought them of the boat; and to their extreme terror, found that it had been carried away by the rising tide, which now partly covered the rocks. They had just time to climb into the cavern over the fallen rocks under the arch, when the waters sweeping in, closed up all entrance to any but a swimmer. Although the tide was fast rising, the ladies cheered each other with the hope that they should escape. Fortunately the darkness at the back of the cavern was sufficient to prevent their discovering the height to which the water usually rose.

"As you may imagine, Mr. Clements was some time before he recovered his senses. His wife was kneeling beside him, chafing his brows, when her sister, starting up, called their attention to the rope by which he had descended. We were pulling it up; and he shook his head as it disappeared over the arch of the cavern. Well he knew how useless it would have been for *them* to use it. 'It matters not,' he said; they (meaning us) have gone to——. We shall have boats here soon; we are safe—quite safe,' and so on, endeavouring to keep their spirits up, while he well knew that in the darkness the chances were that the boat would never find the cave.

"Two hours, sir,—two long hours passed on in this way, and Mr. Clements had given up all hope. The water kept rising and rising, till at last the waves broke at their feet, and each instant threatened their destruction. The ladies were almost dead with fear and cold, when a large, heavy, Dutch-built boat—you don't see such now, sir,—swept, with scarcely a sound, under the arch into the cavern, her prow coming in close upon the spot where Mr. Clements and the ladies were. They did not hear her until she was within the cave; and no wonder, for the oars were muffled, and those who were in her were as silent as the grave. It was part of the cargo of a French smuggler, lying a few miles off, that her crew, assisted by some of the fishermen, were about to land, and they had taken shelter in the cavern, having been alarmed at the approach of a boat up the coast. Fortunate was it that Mr. Clements prevented the ladies from calling out for assistance from them——"

"Why I should have thought at such a moment that even smugglers——"

"Not they, sir,—not they; and Mr. Clements knew it. Desperate men like them would have left the poor things to drown, or have murdered them. No; Mr. Clements knew better. He tried a last and a dangerous chance; but it was his only one. Listen, sir: while the men had their heads turned to the opening of the cavern, watching the boat pass, the sight of which had driven them into it, he lifted the ladies gently into the end of the boat. They couldn't hear him for the noise of the waves; there was plenty of room for them, and he drew a sail over them, and was just stepping in himself after them, when one of the men turned, and he had only time to conceal himself under the bows of the boat before she was again moving silently out of the cave with, as her crew little suspected, the addition of two to their number since she had entered it.

"They went about a quarter of a mile down under the cliff, and landed a boy, who disappeared like a cat up the rocks. A dead silence ensued; no one ventured to speak; the men rested on their oars, and the boat gently rose and sank on the waves. At last the silence was broken; something dark was hurled down the cliff at a short distance from the boat. It fell heavily on the rocks. 'God forgive him, he's tossed him over,' muttered one of the men. And so it was, sir. The poor man on the look-out was asleep near the top of the cliff; and we often hear of these men rolling over in their sleep. There's always a reason for it, sir. They were going to land their cargo, when they heard a gun in the offing from one of the King's cutters. The alarm had been given. Not a moment was to be lost; and, straining every nerve, they bore out to sea.

"They were about two miles from the shore, when some of the men declared it was a lost job, and that they could go no further. Mrs. Clements was quite senseless with cold and exhaustion, but her sister listened eagerly to what the men said. They had some angry words, but the meaning of their conversation she could not understand. There was a little boat astern of the larger one, which they drew to it, and entered one by one, the last man calling out as he stepped in—'Now, then, boys, pull for your lives; they'll make after us when they find they've lost their prize.'

"The boat had disappeared in the surrounding darkness before the terrified lady comprehended all: and then, sir, in a moment the frightful truth flashed upon her. The devils had scuttled the boat, and it was sinking fast. She said one prayer, and turned to kiss her sleeping sister, when Mr. Clements's voice sounded almost at her side! There he was, sir,—there he was, in the self-same little pleasure-boat which had been the cause of all their misfortunes. He had just time to lift the ladies out of the boat, and to get clear of her, when she went down. The revenue-cutter came up, and took them on board all alive; but many months passed before Mrs. Clements recovered the events of that dreadful night."

"What became of Mr. Clements when they left him in the cave?"

"He held on to the boat for a few minutes till they got outside, and then swam to the rocks, where he found the little pleasure-boat, and entering it, followed in the track of the larger vessel in time to save the life of Mrs. Clements and that of her sister. The sun is setting, sir," said the samphire gatherer, touching his hat to me. "I must be going homewards. Mayhap," he added, as he turned away on his path, "one of these days, when you are strolling on the rocks below, sir, you will look at the cavern where Mr. Clements found his wife. You can imagine much better than I can describe what must have been their feelings in such a place, and at such a time. Good evening, sir."

From the Nickleby Papers.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY·

CHAPTER XLIX.

Chronicles the further proceedings of the Nickleby Family, and the sequel of the adventure of the gentleman in the small-clothes.

WHILE Nicholas, absorbed in the one engrossing subject of interest which had recently opened upon him, occupied his leisure hours with thoughts of Madeline Bray, and, in execution of the commissions which the anxiety of Brother Charles in her behalf imposed upon him, saw her again and again, and each time with greater danger to his peace of mind and a more weakening effect upon the lofty resolutions he had formed, Mrs. Nickleby and Kate continued to live in peace and quiet, agitated by no other cares than those which were connected with certain harrassing proceedings taken by Mr. Snawley for the recovery of his son, and their anxiety for Smike himself, whose health, long upon the wane, began to be so much affected by apprehension and uncertainty as sometimes to occasion both them and Nicholas considerable uneasiness, and even alarm.

It was no complaint or murmur on the part of the poor fellow himself that thus disturbed them. Ever eager to be employed in such slight services as he could render, and always anxious to repay his benefactors with cheerful and happy looks, less friendly eyes might have seen in him no cause for any misgiving. But there were times—and often too—when the sunken eye was too bright, the hollow cheek too flushed, the breath too thick and heavy in its course, the frame too feeble and exhausted, to escape their regard and notice.

There is a dread disease which so prepares its victim, as it were, for death; which so refines it of its grosser aspect, and throws around familiar looks unearthly indications of the coming change—a dread disease, in which the struggle between soul and body is so gradual, quiet, and solemn, and the result so sure, that day by day, and grain by grain, the mortal part wastes and withers away, so that the spirit grows light and sanguine with its lightening load, and feeling immortality at hand, deems it but a new term of mortal life—a disease in which death and life are so strangely blended, that death takes the glow and hue of life, and life the gaunt and grisly form of death—-a disease which medicine never cured, wealth warded off, or poverty could boast exemption from—which sometimes moves in giant strides, and sometimes at a tardy sluggish pace, but, slow or quick, is ever sure and certain.

It was with some faint reference in his own mind to this disorder, though he would by no means admit it, even to himself, that Nicholas had already carried his faithful companion to a physician of great repute. There was no cause for immediate alarm, he said. There were no present symptoms which could be deemed conclusive. The constitution had been greatly tried and injured in childhood, but still it *might* not be—and that was all.

But he seemed to grow no worse, and as it was not difficult to find a reason for these symptoms of illness in the shock and agitation he had recently undergone, Nicholas comforted himself with the hope that his poor friend would soon recover. This hope his mother and sister shared with him; and as the object of their joint solicitude seemed to have no uneasiness or despondency for himself, but each day answered with a quiet smile that he felt better than he had upon the day before, their fears abated, and the general happiness was by degrees restored.

Many and many a time in after years did Nicholas look back to this period of his life, and tread again the humble quiet homely scenes that rose up as of old before him. Many and many a time, in the twilight of a summer evening, or beside the flickering winter's fire—but not so often or so sadly then—would his thoughts wander back to these old days, and dwell with a pleasant sorrow upon every slight remembrance which they brought crowding home. The little room in which they had so often sat long after it was dark, figuring such happy futures—Kate's cheerful voice and merry laugh; and how, if she were from home they used to sit and watch for her return, scarcely breaking silence but to say how dull it seemed without her—the glee with which poor Smike would start from the darkened corner where he used to sit, and hurry to admit her, and the tears they often saw upon his face, half wondering to see them too and he so pleased and happy—every little incident, and even slight words and looks of those old days, little heeded then, but well remembered when busy cares and trials were quite forgot, came fresh and thick before him many and many a time, and, rustling above the dusty growth of years, came back green boughs of yesterday.

But there were other persons associated with these recollections, and many changes came about before they had being—a necessary reflection for the purposes of these adventures, which at once subside into their accustomed train, and shunning all flighty anticipations of wayward wanderings, pursue their steady and decorous course.

If the Brothers Cheeryble, as they found Nicholas worthy of trust and confidence, bestowed upon him every day some new and substantial mark of kindness, they were not less mindful of those who depended on him. Various little presents to Mrs. Nickleby—always of the very things they most required—tended in no slight degree to the improvement and embellishment of the cottage. Kate's little store of trinkets became quite dazzling; and for company——! If Brother Charles and Brother Ned failed to look in for at least a few minutes every Sunday or one evening in the week, there was Mr. Tim Linkinwater (who had never made half-a-dozen other acquaintances in all his life, and who took such delight in his new friends as no words can express) constantly coming and going in his evening walks, and stopping to rest; while Mr. Frank Cheeryble happened, by some strange conjunction of circumstances, to be passing the door on some business or other at least three nights in the week.

"He's the most attentive young man *I* ever saw, Kate," said Mrs. Nickleby to her daughter, one evening when this last-named gentleman had been the subject of the worthy lady's eulogium for some time, and Kate had sat perfectly silent.

"Attentive, mama!" rejoined Kate.

"Bless my heart, Kate!" cried Mrs. Nickleby, with her wonted suddenness, "what a colour you have got; why, you're quite flushed!"

"Oh, mama! what strange things you fancy."

"It wasn't fancy, Kate my dear, I'm certain of that," returned her mother. "However, it's gone now at any rate, so it don't much matter whether it was or not. What was it we were talking about? Oh! Mr. Frank. I never saw such attention in *my* life, never."

"Surely you are not serious," returned Kate, colouring again; and this time beyond all dispute.

"Not serious," returned Mrs. Nickleby; why shouldn't I be serious? I'm sure I never was more serious. I will say that his politeness and attention to me is one of the most becoming, gratifying, pleasant things I have seen for a very long time. You don't often meet with such behaviour in young men, and it strikes one more when one does meet with it."

"Oh! attention to *you*, mama," rejoined Kate quickly—"oh yes."

"Dear me, Kate," retorted Mrs. Nickleby, "what an extraordinary girl you are. Was it likely I should be talking of his attention to anybody else? I declare I'm quite sorry to think he should be in love with a German lady, that I am."

"He said very positively that it was no such thing, mama," returned Kate. "Don't you remember his saying so that very first night he came here? Besides," she added, in a more gentle tone, "why should *we* be sorry if it is the case? What is it to us, mama?"

"Nothing to *us*, Kate, perhaps," said Mrs. Nickleby emphatically; "but something to *me*, I confess. I like English people to be thorough English people, and not half English and half I don't know what. I shall tell him point-blank next time he comes, that I wish he would marry one of his own countrywomen; and see what he says to that."

"Pray don't think of such a thing, mama," returned Kate hastily; "not for the world. Consider—how very——."

"Well, my dear, how very what! said Mrs. Nickleby, opening her eyes in great astonishment.

Before Kate had returned any reply, a queer little double-knock announced that Miss La Creevy had called to see them; and when Miss La Creevy presented herself, Mrs. Nickleby, though strongly disposed to be argumentative on the previous question, forgot all about it in a gush of supposes about the coach she had come by; supposing that the man who drove must have been either the man in shirt-sleeves or the man with the black eye; that whoever he was, he hadn't found that parasol she left inside last week; that no doubt they had stopped a long while at the Halfway House, coming down; or that perhaps being full, they had come straight on; and lastly, that they surely must have passed Nicholas on the road.

"I saw nothing of him," answered Miss La Creevy; "but I saw that dear old soul Mr. Linkinwater."

"Taking his evening walk, and coming on to rest here before he turns back to the city, I'll be bound!" said Mrs. Nickleby.

"I should think he was," returned Miss La Creevy; especially as young Mr. Cheeryble was with him."

"Surely that is no reason why Mr. Linkinwater should be coming here," said Kate.

"Why I think it is, my dear," said Miss La Creevy. "For a young man Mr. Frank is not a very great walker; and I observe that he generally falls tired, and requires a good long rest, when he has come as far as this. But where is my friend?" said the little woman, looking about, after having glanced slyly at Kate. "He has not been run away with again, has he?"

"Ah! where is Mr. Smike?" said Mrs. Nickleby; "he was here this instant."

Upon further inquiry, it turned out, to the good lady's unbounded astonishment, that Smike had that moment gone up-stairs to bed.

"Well now," said Mrs. Nickleby, "he is the strangest creature! Last Tuesday—was it Tuesday? Yes to be sure it was; you recollect, Kate, my dear, the very last time young Mr. Cheeryble was here—last Tuesday night he went off in just the same strange way, at the very moment the knock came to the door. It cannot be that he don't like company, because he is always fond of people who are fond of Nicholas, and I am sure young Mr. Cheeryble is. And the strangest thing is, that he does not go to bed; therefore it cannot be because he is tired. I know he doesn't go to bed, because my room is the next one, and when I went up-stairs last Tuesday, hours after him, I found that he had not even taken his shoes off, and he had no candle, so he must have sat moping in the dark all the time. Now, upon my word," said Mrs. Nickleby, "when I come to think of it, that's very extraordinary!"

As the hearers did not echo this sentiment, but remained profoundly silent, either as not knowing what to say, or as being unwilling to interrupt, Mrs. Nickleby pursued the thread of her discourse after her own fashion.

"I hope," said that lady, "that this unaccountable conduct may not be the beginning of his taking to his bed and living there all his life, like the Thirsty Woman of Tutbury, or the Cock-lane Ghost, or some of those extraordinary creatures. One of them had some connection with our family. I forget, without looking back to some old letters I have up-stairs, whether it was my great-grandfather who went to school with the Cock-lane Ghost, or the Thirsty Woman of Tutbury who went to school with my grandmother. Miss La Creevy, you know, of course. Which was it that didn't mind what the clergyman said? The Cock-lane Ghost, or the Thirsty Woman of Tutbury?"

"The Cock-lane Ghost, I believe."

"Then I have no doubt," said Mrs. Nickleby "that it was with him my great-grandfather went to school; for I know the master of his school was a dissenter, and that would in a great measure account for the Cock-lane Ghost's behaving in such an improper manner to the clergymen when he grew up. Ah! Train up a Ghost—child, I mean——."

Any further reflections on this fruitful theme were abruptly cut short by the arrival of Tim Linkinwater, and Mr. Frank Cheeryble; in the hurry of receiving whom, Mrs. Nickleby speedily lost sight of everything else.

"I am so sorry Nicholas is not at home," said Mrs. Nickleby. "Kate, my dear, you must be both Nicholas and yourself."

"Miss Nickleby need be but herself," said Frank. "I—if I may venture to say so—oppose all change in her."

"Then at all events she shall press you to stay," returned Mrs. Nickleby. "Mr. Linkinwater says ten minutes, but I cannot let you go so soon; Nicholas would be very much vexed, I am sure. Kate, my dear——."

In obedience to a great number of nods and winks and frowns of extra significance, Kate added her entreaties that the visitors would remain; but it was observable that she addressed them exclusively to Tim Linkinwater; and there was, besides, a certain embarrassment in her manner, which, although it was as far from impairing its graceful character as the tinge it communicated to her cheek was from diminishing her beauty, was obvious at a glance even to Mrs. Nickleby. Not being of a very speculative character, save under circumstances when her speculations could be put into words and uttered aloud, that discreet matron attributed the emotion to the circumstance of her daughter's not happening to have her best frock on—"though I never saw her look better certainly," she reflected at the same time. Having settled the question in this way, and being most complacently satisfied in this, as in all other instances, her conjecture could fail to be the right one, Mrs. Nickleby dismissed it from her thoughts, and inwardly congratulated herself on being so shrewd and knowing.

Nicholas did not come home, nor did Smike reappear; but neither circumstance to say the truth, had any great effect upon the little party, who were all in the best humour possible. Indeed there sprung up quite a flirtation between Miss La Creevy and Tim Linkinwater, who said a thousand jocose and facetious things, and became, by degrees, quite gallant, not to say tender. Little Miss La Creevy on her part was in high spirits, and rallied Tim on having remained a bachelor all his life, with so much success, that Tim was actually induced to declare, that if he could get anybody to have him, he didn't know but what he might change his condition even yet.—Miss La Creevy earnestly recommended a lady she knew who would exactly suit Mr. Linkinwater, and had a very comfortable property of her own; but this latter qualification had very little effect upon Tim, who manfully protested that fortune would be no object with him, but that true worth and cheerfulness of disposition were what a man should look for in a wife, and that if he had these he could find money enough for the moderate wants of both. This avowal was considered so honourable to Tim, that neither Mrs. Nickleby nor Miss La Creevy could sufficiently extol it; and stimulated by their praises, Tim launched out into several other declarations also manifesting the disinterestedness of his heart, and a great devotion to the fair sex, which were received with no less approbation. This was done and said with a comical mixture of jest and earnest, and leading to a great amount of laughter, made them very merry indeed.

Kate was commonly the life and soul of the conversation at home; but she was more silent than usual upon this occasion—perhaps because Tim and Miss La Creevy engrossed so much of it—and keeping aloof from the talkers, sat at the window watching the shadows as the evening closed in, and enjoying the quiet beauty of the night, which seemed to have scarcely less attractions for Frank, who first lingered near and then sat down beside her. No doubt there are a great many things to be said appropriate to a summer evening, and no doubt they are best said in a low voice, as being most suitable to the peace and serenity of the hour; long pauses, too, at times, and then an earnest word or so, and then another interval of silence which somehow does not seem like silence either, and perhaps now and then a hasty turning away of the head, or drooping of the eyes towards the ground—all these minor circumstances, with a disinclination to have candles introduced and a tendency to confuse hours with minutes, are doubtless mere influences of the time, as many lovely lips can clearly testify. Neither is there the slightest reason why Mrs. Nickeby should have expressed surprise when—candles being at length brought in—Kate's bright eyes were unable to bear the light which obliged her to avert her face, and even to leave the room for some short time; because when one has sat in the dark so long, candles are dazzling, and nothing can be more strictly natural than that such results should be produced, as all well-informed young people know. For that matter, old people know it too, or did know it once, but they forget these things sometimes, and more's the pity.

The good lady's surprise, however, did not end here. It was greatly increased when it was discovered that Kate had not the least appetite for supper: a discovery so alarming that there is no knowing in what unaccountable efforts of oratory Mrs. Nickleby's apprehensions might have been vented, if the general attention had not been attracted at the moment by a very strange and uncommon noise, proceeding, as the pale and trembling servant-girl affirmed, and as everybody's sense of hearing seemed to affirm also, "right down" the chimney of the adjoining room.

It being quite plain to the comprehension of all present that however extraordinary and improbable it might appear, the noise did nevertheless proceed from the chimney in question; and the noise (which was a strange compound of various shuffling, sliding, rumbling, and struggling sounds all muffled by the chimney) still continuing, Frank Cheeryble caught up a candle, and Tim Linkinwater the tongs, and they would have very quickly ascertained the cause of this disturbance if Mrs. Nickleby had not been taken very faint, and declined being left behind on any account. This produced a short remonstrance, which terminated in their all proceeding to the troubled chamber in a body, excepting only Miss La Creevy, who, as the servant-girl volunteered a confession of having been subject to fits in her infancy, remained with her to give the alarm and apply restoratives, in case of extremity.

Advancing to the door of the mysterious apartment, they were not a little surprised to hear a human voice, chaunting with a highly elaborated expression of melancholy, and in tones of suffocation which a human voice might have produced from under five or six feather-beds of the best quality, the once popular air of "Has she then failed in her truth, the beautiful maid I adore!" Nor, on bursting into the room without demanding a parley, was their astonishment lessened by the discovery that these romantic sounds certainly proceeded from the throat of some man up the chimney, of whom nothing was visible but a pair of legs, which were dangling above the grate, apparently feeling with extreme anxiety for the top bar whereon to effect a landing.

A sight so unusual and unbusiness-like as this completely paralysed Tim Linkinwater, who, after one or two gentle pinches at the stranger's ancles, which were productive of no effect, stood clapping the tongs together as if he were sharpening them for another assault, and did nothing else.

"This must be some drunken fellow," said Frank. "No thief would announce his presence thus."

As he said this with great indignation, he raised the candle to obtain a better view of the legs, and was darting forward to pull them down with very little ceremony, when Mrs. Nickleby, clasping her hands, uttered a sharp sound something between a scream and an exclamation, and demanded to know whether the mysterious limbs were not clad in small-clothes and grey worsted stockings, or whether her eyes had deceived her.

"Yes," cried Frank, looking a little closer. "Small-clothes certainly, and—and—rough grey stockings, too. Do you know him, ma'am?"

"Kate, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby, deliberately sitting herself down in a chair with that sort of desperate resignation which seemed to imply that now matters had come to a crisis, and all disguise was useless, "you will have the goodness, my love, to explain precisely how this matter stands. I have given him no encouragement—none whatever—not the least in the world. You know that, my dear, perfectly well. He was very respectful—exceedingly respectful—when he declared, as you were a witness to; still at the same time, if I am to be persecuted in this way, if vegetable what's-his-names and all kinds of garden-stuff are to strew my path out of doors, and gentlemen are to come choking up our chimneys at home, I really don't know—upon my word I do *not* know—what is to become of me. It's a very hard case—harder than anything I was ever exposed to before I married your poor dear papa, though I suffered a good deal of annoyance then—but, that, of course, I expected, and made up my mind for. When I was not nearly so old as you, my dear, there was a young gentleman who sat next us at church, who used almost every Sunday to cut my name in large letters in the front of his pew while the sermon was going on. It was gratifying, of course, naturally so, but still it was an annoyance, because the pew was in a very conspicuous place, and he was several times publicly taken out by the beadle for doing it. But that was nothing to this. This is a great deal worse and a great deal more embarrassing. I would rather, Kate, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby, with great solemnity, and an effusion of tears—"I would rather, I declare, have been a pig-faced lady, than be exposed to such a life as this!"

Frank Cheeryble and Tim Linkinwater looked, in irrepressible astonishment, first at each other and then at Kate, who felt that some explanation was necessary, but who, between her terror at the apparition of the legs, her fear lest their owner should be smothered, and her anxiety to give the least ridiculous solution of the mystery that it was capable of bearing, was quite unable to utter a single word.

"He gives me great pain," continued Mrs. Nickleby, drying her eyes—"great pain; but don't hurt a hair of his head, I beg. On no account hurt a hair of his head."

It would not, under existing circumstances, have been quite so easy to hurt a hair of the gentleman's head as Mrs. Nickleby seemed to imagine, inasmuch as that part of his person was some feet up the chimney, which was by no means a wide one. But all this time he had never left off singing about the bankruptcy of the beautiful maid in respect of truth, and now began not only to croak very feebly, but to kick with great violence, as if respiration became a task of difficulty. Frank Cheeryble, without further hesitation pulled at the shorts and worsteds with such heartiness as to bring him floundering into the room with greater precipitation than he had quite calculated upon.

"Oh! yes, yes," said Kate, directly the whole figure of the singular visitor appeared in this abrupt manner. "I know who it is. Pray don't be rough with him. Is he hurt? I hope not—oh, pray see if he is hurt."

"He is not, I assure you," replied Frank, handling the object of his surprise, after this appeal, with sudden tenderness and respect. "He is not hurt in the least."

"Don't let him come any nearer," said Kate, retiring as far as she could.

"No, no, he shall not," rejoined Frank. "You see I have him secure here. But may I ask you what this means, and whether you expected this old gentleman?"

"Oh, no," said Kate, "of course not; but he—mama does not think so, I believe—but he is a mad gentleman who has escaped from the next house, and must have found an opportunity of secreting himself here."

"Kate," interposed Mrs. Nickleby, with a severe dignity, "I am surprised at you."

"Dear mama—" Kate gently remonstrated.

"I am surprised at you," repeated Mrs. Nickleby; "upon my word, Kate, I am quite astonished that you should join the persecutors of this unfortunate gentleman, when you know very well that they have the basest designs upon his property, and that that is the whole secret of it. It would be much kinder of you, Kate, to ask Mr. Linkinwater or Mr. Cheeryble to interfere in his behalf, and see him righted. You ought not to allow your feelings to influence you; it's not right—very far from it. What should my feelings be, do you suppose? If anybody ought to be indignant, who is it? I, of course, and very properly so. Still, at the same time, I wouldn't commit such an injustice for the world. No." continued Mrs. Nickleby, drawing herself up, and looking another way with a kind of bashful stateliness; "this gentleman will understand me when I tell him that I repeat the answer I gave him the other day—that I always will repeat it, though I do believe him to be sincere when I find him placing himself in such dreadful situations on my account—and that I request him to have the goodness to go away directly, or it will be impossible to keep his behaviour a secret from my son Nicholas. I am obliged to him, very much obliged to him, but I cannot listen to his addresses for a moment. It's quite impossible."

While this address was in course of delivery, the old gentleman, with his nose and cheeks embellished with large patches of soot, sat upon the ground with his arms folded, eyeing the spectators in profound silence, and with a very majestic demeanour. He did not appear to take the smallest notice of what Mrs. Nickleby said, but when she ceased to speak he honoured her with a long stare, and inquired if she had quite finished.

"I have nothing more to say," replied that lady modestly. "I really cannot say anything more."

"Very good," said the old gentleman, raising his voice, "then bring in the bottled lightning, a clean tumbler, and a corkscrew."

Nobody executing this order, the old gentleman, after a short pause, raised his voice again and demanded a thunder sandwich. This article not being forthcoming either, he requested to be served with a fricassee of boot-tops and gold-fish sauce, and then laughing heartily, gratified his hearers with a very long, very loud, and most melodious bellow.

But still Mrs. Nickleby, in reply to the significant looks of all about her, shook her head as though to assure them that she saw nothing whatever in all this, unless, indeed, it were a slight degree of eccentricity. She might have remained impressed with these opinions down to the latest moment of her life, but for a slight train of circumstances, which, trivial as they were, altered the whole complexion of the case.

It happened that Miss La Creevy, finding her patient in no very threatening condition and being strongly impelled by curiosity to see what was going forward, bustled into the room while the old gentleman was in the very act of bellowing. It happened, too, that the instant the old gentleman saw her, he stopped short, skipped suddenly on his feet, and fell to kissing his hand violently: a change of demeanour which almost terrified the little portrait-painter out of her senses, and caused her to retreat behind Tim Linkinwater with the utmost expedition.

"Aha!" cried the old gentleman, folding his hands and squeezing them with great force against each other. "I see her now; I see her now. My love, my life, my bride, my peerless beauty. She is come at last—at last——and all is gas and gaiters!"

Mrs. Nickleby looked rather disconcerted for a moment, but immediately recovering, nodded to Miss La Creevy and the other spectators several times, and frowned, and smiled gravely, giving them to understand that she saw where the mistake was, and would set it all to rights in a minute or two.

"She is come!" said the old gentleman, laying his hand upon his heart. "Cormoran and Blunderbore! She is come! All the wealth I have is hers if she will take me for her slave. Where are grace beauty and blandishments like those? In the Empress of Madagascar? No. In the Queen of Diamonds? No. In Mrs. Rowland, who every morning bathes in Kalydor for nothing? No. Melt all these down into one, with the three Graces, the nine Muses, and fourteen biscuit-bakers' daughters from Oxford-street, and make a woman half as lovely. Pho! I defy you."

After uttering this rhapsody, the old gentleman snapped his fingers twenty or thirty times, and then subsided into an ecstatic contemplation of Miss La Creevy's charms. This affording Mrs. Nickleby a favourable opportunity of explanation, she went about it straight.

"I am sure," said the worthy lady, with a prefatory cough, "that it's a great relief under such trying circumstances as these, to have any body else mistaken for me—a very great relief; and it's a circumstance that never occurred before, although I have several times been mistaken for my daughter Kate. I have no doubt the people were very foolish and perhaps ought to have known better, but still they did take me for her, and of course that was no fault of mine and it would be very hard indeed if I was to be made responsible for it. However, in this instance, of course I must feel that I should do exceedingly wrong if I suffered anybody—especially anybody that I am under great obligations to—to be made uncomfortable on my account, and therefore I think it my duty to tell that gentleman that he is mistaken—that I am the lady who he was told by some impertinent person was niece to the Council of Paving-stones, and that I do beg and intreat of him to go quietly away, if it's only for"—here Mrs. Nickleby simpered and hesitated—"for *my* sake."

It might have been expected that the old gentleman would have been penetrated to the heart by the delicacy and condescension of this appeal, and that he would at least have returned a courteous and suitable reply. What, then, was the shock which Mrs. Nickleby received, when, accosting *her* in the most unmistakeable manner, he replied in a loud and sonorous voice—"Avaunt——Cat!"

"Sir!" cried Mrs. Nickleby, in a faint tone.

"Cat!" repeated the old gentleman. "Puss, Kit, Tit, Grimalkin, Tabby, Brindle—Whoosh!" with which last sound, uttered in a hissing manner between his teeth, the old gentleman swung his arms violently round and round, and at the same time alternately advanced on Mrs. Nickleby, and retreated from her, in that species of savage dance with which boys on market-days may be seen to frighten pigs, sheep, and other animals, when they give out obstinate indications of turning down a wrong street.

Mrs. Nickleby wasted no words, but uttered an exclamation of horror and surprise, and immediately fainted away.

"I'll attend to mama," said Kate, hastily; "I am not at all frightened. But pray take him away; pray take him away."

Frank was not at all confident of his power of complying with this request, until he bethought himself of the stratagem of sending Miss La Creevy on a few paces in advance, and urging the old gentleman to follow her. It succeeded to a miracle; and he went away in a rapture of admiration, strongly guarded by Tim Linkinwater on one side, and Frank himself on the other.

"Kate," murmured Mrs. Nickleby, reviving when the coast was clear, "is he gone?"

She was assured that he was.

"I shall never forgive myself, Kate," said Mrs. Nickleby; "Never! That gentleman has lost his senses, and *I* am the unhappy cause.

"*You* the cause!" said Kate, greatly astonished.

"I, my love," replied Mrs. Nickleby, with a desperate calmness. "You saw what he was the other day; you see what he is now. I told your brother, weeks and weeks ago, Kate, that I hoped a disappointment might not be too much for him. You see what a wreck he is. Making allowance for his being a little flighty, you know how rationally, and sensibly, and honourably he talked, when we saw him in the garden. You have heard the dreadful nonsense he has been guilty of this night, and the manner in which he has gone on with that poor unfortunate little old maid. Can anybody doubt how all this has been brought about!"

"I should scarcely think they could," said Kate mildly.

"*I* should scarcely think so, either," rejoined her mother. "Well! if I am the unfortunate cause of this, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am not to blame. I told Nicholas—I said to him, 'Nicholas, my dear, we should be very careful how we proceed.' He would scarcely hear me. If the matter had only been properly taken up at first, as I wished it to be——. But you are both of you so like your poor papa. However, I have *my* consolation, and that should be enough for me!"

Washing her hands, thus, of all responsibility under this head, past, present, or to come, Mrs. Nickleby kindly added that she hoped her children might never have greater cause to reproach themselves than she had, and prepared herself to receive the escort, who soon returned with the intelligence that the old gentleman was safely housed, and that they found his custodians, who had been making merry with some friends, wholly ignorant of his absence.

Quiet being again restored, a delicious half hour—so Frank called it in the course of subsequent conversation with Tim Linkinwater as they were walking home—a delicious half hour was spent in conversation, and Tim's watch at length apprising him that it was high time to depart, the ladies were left alone, though not without many offers on the part of Frank to remain until Nicholas arrived, no matter what hour of the night it might be, if, after the late neighbourly interruption, they entertained the least fear of being left to themselves. As their freedom from all further apprehensions, however, left no pretext for his insisting on mounting guard, he was obliged to abandon the citadel, and to retire with the trusty Tim.

Nearly three hours of silence passed away, and Kate blushed to find when Nicholas returned, how long she had been sitting alone occupied with her own thoughts.

"I really thought it had not been half an hour." she said.

"They must have been pleasant thoughts, Kate," rejoined Nicholas gaily, "to make time pass away like that. What were they now?"

Kate was confused; she toyed with some trifle on the table—looked up and smiled—looked down and dropped a tear.

"Why, Kate;" said Nicholas, drawing his sister towards him and kissing her, "let me see your face. No? Ah! that was but a glimpse; that's scarcely fair. A longer look than that, Kate. Come—and I'll read your thoughts for you."

There was something in this proposition, albeit it was said without the slightest consciousness of application, which so alarmed his sister, that Nicholas laughingly changed the subject to domestic matters, and thus gathered by degrees as they left the room and went up-stairs together, how lonely Smike had been all night—and by very slow degrees, too, for on this subject also Kate seemed to speak with some reluctance.

"Poor fellow," said Nicholas, tapping gently at his door, "what can be the cause of all this?"

Kate was hanging on her brother's arm, and the door being quickly opened, had not time to disengage herself, before Smike, very pale and haggard, and completely dressed, confronted them.

"And have you not been to bed?" said Nicholas.

"N—n—no," was the reply.

Nicholas gently detained his sister, who made an effort to retire; and asked, "Why not?"

"I could not sleep," said Smike, grasping the hand which his friend extended to him.

"You are not well?" rejoined Nicholas.

"I am better, indeed—a great deal better," said Smike quickly.

"Then why do you give way to these fits of melancholy?" inquired Nicholas, in his kindest manner; "or why not tell us the cause? You grow a different creature, Smike."

"I do; I know I do," he replied. "I will tell you the reason one day, but not now. I hate myself for this; you are all so good and kind. But I cannot help it. My heart is very full;—you do not know how full it is."

He wrung Nicholas's hand before he released it; and glancing for a moment at the brother and sister as they stood together, as if there were something in their strong affection which touched him very deeply, withdrew into his chamber, and was soon the only watcher under that quiet roof.

CHAPTER L.

Involves a Serious Catastrophe.

The little race-course at Hampton was in the full tide and height of its gaiety, the day as dazzling as day could be, the sun high in the cloudless sky and shining in its fullest splendour. Every gaudy colour that fluttered in the air from carriage seat and garish tent top, shone out in its gaudiest hues. Old dingy flags grew new again, faded gilding was re-burnished, stained rotten canvass looked a snowy white; the very beggars' rags were freshened up, and sentiment quite forgot its charity in its fervent admiration of poverty so picturesque.

It was one of those scenes of life and animation, caught in its very brightest and freshest moments, which can scarcely fail to please: for if the eye be tired of show and glare, or the ear be weary with a ceaseless round of noise, the one may repose, turn almost where it will, on eager, happy and expectant faces, and the other deaden all consciousness of more annoying sounds in those of mirth and exhilaration. Even the sun-burnt faces of gipsy children, half naked though they be, suggest a drop of comfort. It is a pleasant thing to see that the sun has been there, to know that the air and light are on them every day, to feel that they *are* children and lead children's lives; that if their pillows be damp, it is with the dews of Heaven, and not with tears; that the limbs of their girls are free, and that they are not crippled by distortions, imposing an unnatural and horrible penance upon their sex; that their lives are spent from day to day at least among the waving trees, and not in the midst of dreadful engines which make young children old before they know what childhood is, and give them the exhaustion and infirmity of age, without, like age, the privilege to die. God send that old nursery tales were true, and that gipsies stole such children by the score!

The great race of the day had just been run; and the close lines of people on either side of the course suddenly breaking up and pouring into it, imparted a new liveliness to the scene, which was again all busy movement. Some hurried eagerly to catch a glimpse of the winning horse, others darted to and fro searching no less eagerly for the carriages they had left in quest of better stations. Here a little knot gathered round a pea and thimble table to watch the plucking of some unhappy greenhorn, and there another proprietor with his confederates in various disguises—one man in spectacles, another with an eye-glass and a stylish hat, a third dressed as a farmer well to do in the world, with his top-coat over his arm and his flash notes in a large leathern pocket-book, and all with heavy-handled whips to represent most innocent country fellows who had trotted there on horseback; sought, by loud and noisy talk and pretended play, to entrap some unwary customer, while the gentlemen confederates (of more villainous aspect still, in clean linen and good clothes,) betrayed their close interest in the concern by the anxious furtive glance they cast on all new comers. These would be hanging on the outskirts of a wide circle of people assembled round some itinerant juggler, opposed in his turn by a noisy band of music, or the classic game of "Ring the Bull," while ventriloquists holding dialogues with wooden dolls, and fortune-telling women smothering the cries of real babies, divided with them, and many more, the general attention of the company. Drinking-tents were full, glasses began to clink in carriages, hampers to be unpacked, tempting provisions to be set forth, knives and forks to rattle, champagne corks to fly, eyes to brighten that were not dull before, and pickpockets to count their gains during the last heat. The attention so recently strained on one object of interest, was now divided among a hundred; and look where you would, was a motley assemblage of feasting, laughing, talking, begging, gambling, and mummery.

Of the gambling-booths there was a plentiful show, flourishing in all the splendour of carpeted ground, striped hangings, crimson cloth, pinnacled roofs, geranium pots, and livery servants. There were the Stranger's club-house, the Athenæum club-house, the Hampton club-house, the Saint James's club-house, and half-a-mile of club-houses to play *in;* and there was *rouge-et-noir*, French hazard, and *La Marveille*, to play *at*. It is into one of these booths that our story takes its way.

Fitted up with three tables for the purposes of play, and crowded with players and lookers on, it was—although the largest place of the kind upon the course—intensely hot, notwithstanding that a portion of the canvas roof was rolled back to admit more air, and there were two doors for a free passage in and out. Excepting one or two men who—each with a long roll of half-crowns, chequered with a few stray sovereigns, in his left hand—staked their money at every roll of the ball with a business-like sedateness which showed that they were used to it, and had been playing all day and most probably all the day before, there was no very distinctive character about the players, who were chiefly young men apparently attracted by curiosity, or staking small sums as part of the amusement of the day, with no very great interest in winning or losing. There were two persons present, however, who, as peculiarly good specimens of a class, deserve a passing notice.

Of these, one was a man of six or eight and fifty, who sat on a chair near one of the entrances of the booth, with his hands folded on the top of his stick and his chin appearing above them. He was a tall, fat, long-bodied man, buttoned up to the throat in a light green coat, which made his body look still longer than it was, and wore besides drab breeches and gaiters, a white neckerchief, and a broad-brimmed white hat. Amid all the buzzing noise of the games and the perpetual passing in and out of people, he seemed perfectly calm and abstracted, without the smallest particle of excitement in his composition. He exhibited no indication of weariness, nor, to a casual observer, of interest either. There he sat, quite still and collected. Sometimes, but very rarely, he nodded to some passing face, or beckoned to a waiter to obey a call from one of the tables. The next instant he subsided into his old state. He might have been some profoundly deaf old gentleman, who had come in to take a rest, or he might have been patiently waiting for a friend without the least consciousness of anybody's presence, or fixed in a trance, or under the influence of opium. People turned round and looked at him; he made no gesture, caught nobody's eye,—let them pass away, and others come on and be succeeded by others, and took no notice. When he did move, it seemed wonderful how he could have seen anything to occasion it. And so in truth it was. But there was not a face that passed in or out this man failed to see, not a gesture at any one of the three tables that was lost upon him, not a word spoken by the bankers but reached his ear, not a winner or loser he could not have marked; and he was the proprietor of the place.

The other presided over the *rouge-et-noir* table. He was probably some ten years younger, and was a plump, paunchy, sturdy-looking fellow, with his under lip a little pursed from a habit of counting money inwardly as he paid it, but with no decidedly bad expression in his face, which was rather an honest and jolly one than otherwise. He wore no coat, the weather being hot, and stood behind the table with a huge mound of crowns and half-crowns before him, and a cash-box for notes. This game was constantly playing. Perhaps twenty people would be staking at the same time. This man had to roll the ball; to watch the stakes as they were laid down, to gather them off the colour which lost, to pay those who won, to do it all with the utmost despatch, to roll the ball again, and to keep this game perpetually alive. He did it all with a rapidity absolutely marvellous; never hesitating, never making a mistake, never stopping, and never ceasing to repeat such unconnected phrases as the following, which, partly from habit, and partly to have something appropriate and business-like to say, he constantly poured out with the same monotonous emphasis, and in nearly the same order, all day long:

"Rooge-a-nore from Paris gentlemen, make your game and back your own opinions—any time while the ball rolls—rooge-a-nore from Paris gentlemen, it's a French game, gentlemen, I brought it over myself I did indeed!—rooge-a-nore from Paris—black wins—black—stop a minute, sir, and I'll pay you directly,—two there, half a pound there, three there—

and one there—gentlemen, the ball's a rolling—any time, sir, while the ball rolls—the beauty of this game is, that you can double your stakes or put down your money, gentlemen, any time while the ball rolls—black again—black wins—I never saw such a thing—I never did in all my life, upon my word I never did; if any gentleman had been backing the black in the last five minutes he must have won five-and-forty pound in four rolls of the ball, he must indeed—Gentlemen, we've port, sherry, cigars, and most excellent champagne. Here, wai-ter, bring a bottle of champagne, and let's have a dozen or fifteen cigars here—and let's be comfortable, gentlemen—and bring some clean glasses—any time while the ball rolls—I lost one hundred and thirty-seven pound yesterday, gentlemen, at one roll of the ball: I did indeed! how do you do, sir," (recognising some knowing gentleman without any halt or change of voice, and giving a wink so slight that it seems an accident) "will you take a glass of sherry, sir—here wai-ter; bring a clean glass, and hand the sherry to this gentleman—and hand it round, will you waiter—this is the rooge-a-nore from Paris, gentlemen—any time while the ball rolls—gentlemen, make your game, and back your own opinions—it's the rooge-a-nore from Paris, quite a new game, I brought it over myself, I did indeed—gentlemen, the ball's a rolling!"

This officer was busily plying his vocation when half-a-dozen persons sauntered through the booth, to whom—but without stopping either in his speech or work—he bowed respectfully, at the same time directing by a look the attention of a man beside him to the tallest figure in the group, in recognition of whom the proprietor pulled off his hat. This was Sir Mulberry Hawk, with whom were his friend and pupil, and a small train of gentlemanly-dressed men, of characters more doubtful than obscure.

The proprietor, in a low voice, bade Sir Mulberry good day. Sir Mulberry, in the same tone, bade the proprietor go to the devil, and turned to speak with his friends.

There was evidently an irritable consciousness about him that he was an object of curiosity on this first occasion of showing himself in public after the accident that had befallen him; and it was easy to perceive that he appeared on the race-course, that day, more in the hope of meeting with a great many people who knew him, and so getting over as much as possible of the annoyance at once, than with any purpose of enjoying the sport. There yet remained a slight scar upon his face, and whenever he was recognised, as he was almost every minute by people sauntering in and out, he made a restless effort to conceal it with his glove, showing how keenly he felt the disgrace he had undergone.

"Ah! Hawk," said one very sprucely-dressed personage in a New-market coat, a choice neckerchief, and all other accessories of the most unexceptionable kind. "How d'ye do, old fellow?"

This was a rival trainer of young noblemen and gentlemen, and the person of all others whom Sir Mulberry most hated and dreaded to meet. They shook hands with excessive cordiality.

"And how are you now, old fellow, hey?"

"Quite well, quite well," said Sir Mulberry.

"That's right," said the other. "How d'ye do, Verisopht? He's a little pulled down, our friend here—rather out of condition still, hey?"

It should be observed that the gentleman had very white teeth, and that when there was no excuse for laughing, he generally finished with the same monosyllable, which he uttered so as to display them.

"He's in very good condition, there's nothing the matter with him," said the young man carelessly.

"Upon my soul I'm glad to hear it," rejoined the other. "Have you just returned from Brussels?"

"We only reached town late last night," said Lord Frederick. Sir Mulberry turned away to speak to one of his own party, and feigned not to hear.

"Now, upon my life," said the friend, affecting to speak in a whisper, "it's an uncommonly bold and game thing in Hawk to show himself so soon. I say it advisedly, there's a vast deal of courage in it. You see he has just rusticated long enough to excite curiosity, and not long enough for men to have forgotten that deuced unpleasant—by the bye—you know the rights of the affair, of course. Why did you never give those confounded papers the lie! I seldom read the papers, but I looked in the papers for that, and may I be——"

"Look in the papers," interrupted Sir Mulberry, turning suddenly round—"to-morrow—no, next day, will you?"

"Upon my life, my dear fellow, I seldom or never read the papers," said the other, shrugging his shoulders, "but I will at your recommendation. What shall I look for, hey?"

"Good day," said Sir Mulberry, turning abruptly on his heel, and drawing his pupil with him. Falling again into the loitering careless pace at which they had entered, they lounged out arm in arm.

"I won't give him a case of murder to read," muttered Sir Mulberry with an oath; "but it shall be something very near it, if whip-cord cuts and bludgeons bruise."

His companion said nothing, but there was that in his manner which galled Sir Mulberry to add, with nearly as much ferocity as if his friend had been Nicholas himself.

"I sent Jenkins to Nickleby before eight o'clock this morning. He's a staunch one; he was back with me before the messenger. I had it all from him in the first five minutes. I know where this hound is to be met with—time and place both. But there's no need to talk; to-morrow will soon be here."

"And wha-at's to be done to-morrow?" inquired Lord Frederick.

Sir Mulberry Hawk honoured him with an angry glance, but condescended to return no verbal answer to this inquiry, and both walked sullenly on as though their thoughts were busily occupied, until they were quite clear of the crowd, and almost alone, when Sir Mulberry wheeled round to return.

"Stop," said his companion, "I want to speak to you—in earnest. Don't turn back. Let us walk here a few minutes."

"What have you to say to me, that you could not say yonder as well as here?" returned his Mentor disengaging his arm.

"Hawk," rejoined the other, "tell me; I must know—"

"*Must* know," interrupted the other disdainfully. "Whew! Go on. If you must know, of course there's no escape for me. Must know!"

"Must ask then," returned Lord Frederick, "and must press you for a plain and straight-forward answer—is what you have just said only a mere whim of the moment, occasioned by your being out of humour and irritated, or is it your serious intention, and one that you have actually contemplated?"

"Why, don't you remember what passed on the subject one night, when I was laid up with a broken limb?" said Sir Mulberry with a sneer.

"Perfectly well."

"Then take that for an answer, in the devil's name," replied Sir Mulberry, "and ask me for no other."

Such was the ascendancy he had acquired over his dupe, and such the latter's general habit of submission, that, for the moment, the young man seemed half-afraid to pursue the subject. He soon overcame this feeling, however, if it had restrained him at all, and retorted angrily:

"If I remember what passed at the time you speak of, I expressed a strong opinion on this subject, and said that with my knowledge or consent, you never should do what you threaten now."

"Will you prevent me?" asked Sir Mulberry, with a laugh.

"Ye-es, if I can;" returned the other, promptly.

"A very proper saving clause, that last," said Sir Mulberry; "and one you stand in need of. Oh! look to your own business, and leave me to look to mine."

"This *is* mine," retorted Lord Frederick. "I make it mine; I will make it mine. It's mine already. I am more compromised than I should be, as it is."

"Do as you please, and what you please, for yourself," said Sir Mulberry affecting an easy good humour. "Surely that must content you! Do nothing for me; that's all. I advise no man to interfere in proceedings that I choose to take, and I am sure you know me better than to do so. The fact is, I see, you mean to offer me advice. It is well meant, I have no doubt, but I reject it. Now, if you please, we will return to the carriage. I find no entertainment here, but quite the reverse, and if we prolonged this conversation we might quarrel, which would be no proof of wisdom in either you or me."

With this rejoinder, and waiting for no further discussion, Sir Mulberry Hawk yawned, and very leisurely turned back.

There was not a little tact and knowledge of the young lord's disposition in this mode of treating him. Sir Mulberry clearly saw that if his dominion were to last, it must be established now. He knew that the moment he became violent, the young man would become violent too. He had many times been enabled to strengthen his influence when any circumstance had occurred to weaken it, by adopting this cool and laconic style, and he trusted to it now, with very little doubt of its entire success.

But while he did this, and wore the most careless and indifferent deportment that his practised arts enabled him to assume, he inwardly resolved not only to visit all the mortification of being compelled to suppress his feelings, with additional severity upon Nicholas, but also to make the young lord pay dearly for it one day in some shape or other. So long as he had been a passive instrument in his hands, Sir Mulberry had regarded him with no other feeling than contempt; but now that he presumed to avow opinions in opposition to his, and even to turn upon him with a lofty tone and an air of superiority, he began to hate him. Conscious that in the vilest and most worthless sense of the term, he was dependent upon the weak young lord, Sir Mulberry could the less brook humiliation at his hands, and when he began to dislike him he measured his dislike—as men often do—by the extent of the injuries he had inflicted upon its object. When it is remembered that Sir Mulberry Hawk had plundered, duped, deceived, and fooled his pupil in every possible way, it will not be wondered at that beginning to hate him, he began to hate him cordially.

On the other hand, the young lord having thought—which he very seldom did about anything—having thought, and seriously too, upon the affair with Nicholas, and the circumstances which led to it, had arrived at a manly and honest conclusion. Sir Mulberry's coarse and insulting behaviour on the occasion in question had produced a deep impression on his mind; a strong suspicion of his having led him on to pursue Miss Nickleby for purposes of his own, had been lurking there for some time; he really was ashamed of his share in the transaction, and deeply mortified by the misgiving that he had been gulled. He had had sufficient leisure to reflect upon these things during their late retirement, and at times when his careless and indolent nature would permit, had availed himself of the opportunity. Slight circumstances too had occurred to increase his suspicion. It wanted but a very slight circumstance to kindle his wrath against Sir Mulberry, and this his disdainful and insolent tone, in their recent conversation (the only one they had held upon the subject since the period to which Sir Mulberry referred) effected.

Thus they rejoined their friends, each with causes of dislike against the other rankling in his breast; and the young man haunted besides with thoughts of the vindictive retaliation which was threatened against Nicholas, and the determination to prevent it by some strong step, if possible. But this was not all. Sir Mulberry, conceiving that he had silenced him effectually, could not suppress his triumph, or forbear from following up what he conceived to be his advantage. Mr. Pyke was there, and Mr. Pluck was there, and Colonel Chouser, and other gentlemen of the same caste, and it was a great point for Sir Mulberry to show them that he had not lost his influence. At first the young lord contented himself with a silent determination to take measures for withdrawing himself from the connection immediately. By degrees he grew more angry, and was exasperated by jests and familiarities which in a few hours before would have been a source of amusement to him. This did not serve him, for at such bantering or retort as suited the company, he was no match for Sir Mulberry. Still no violent rupture took place, and they returned to town, Messrs. Pyke and Pluck and other gentlemen frequently protesting on the way thither, that Sir Mulberry had never been in such tip-top spirits in all his life.

They dined together sumptuously. The wine flowed freely, as indeed it had done all day. Sir Mulberry drank to recompense himself for his recent abstinence, the young lord to drown his indignation, and the remainder of the party because the wine was of the best and they had nothing to pay. It was nearly midnight when they rushed out, wild, burning with wine, their blood boiling, and their brains on fire, to the gaming-table.

Here they encountered another party, mad like themselves. The excitement of play, hot rooms, and glaring lights, was not calculated to allay the fever of the time. In that giddy whirl of noise and confusion the men were delirious. Who thought of money, ruin, or the morrow, in the savage intoxication of the moment? More wine was called for, glass after glass was drained, their parched and scalding mouths were cracked with thirst. Down poured the wine like oil on blazing fire. And still the riot went on—the debauchery gained its height—glasses were dashed upon the floor by hands that could not carry them to their lips, oaths were shouted out by lips which could scarcely form the words to vent them in; drunken losers cursed and roared; some mounted on the tables, waving bottles above their heads and bidding defiance to the rest; some danced, some sang, some tore the cards and raved.—Tumult and frenzy reigned supreme; when a noise arose that drowned all others, and two men, seizing each other by the throat, struggled into the middle of the room.

A dozen voices, until now unheard, called aloud to part them. Those who had kept themselves cool to win, and who earned their living in such scenes, threw themselves upon the combatants, and forcing them asunder, dragged them some space apart.

"Let me go!" cried Sir Mulberry, in a thick hoarse voice; "he struck me! Do you hear? I say, he struck me. Have I a friend here? Who is this? Westwood, do you hear me say he struck me?"

"I hear, I hear," replied one of those who held him. "Come away for to-night."

"I will not, by G—" he replied, fiercely. "A dozen men about us saw the blow."

"To-morrow will be ample time," said the friend.

"It will not be ample time!" cried Sir Mulberry, gnashing his teeth. "To-night—at once—here!" His passion was so great that he could not articulate, but stood clenching his fist, tearing his hair, and stamping upon the ground.

"What is this, my lord?" said one of those who surrounded him. "Have blows passed!"

"*One* blow has," was the panting reply. "I struck him, I proclaim it to all here. I struck him, and he well knows why. I say, with him, let this quarrel be adjusted now. Captain Adams," said the young lord, looking hurriedly about him, and addressing one of those who had interposed, "Let me speak with you, I beg."

The person addressed stepped forward, and taking the young man's arm, they retired together, followed shortly afterwards by Sir Mulberry and his friend.

It was a profligate haunt of the worst repute, and not a place in which such an affair was likely to awaken any sympathy for either party, or call forth any further remonstrance or interposition. Elsewhere its further progress would have been instantly prevented, and time allowed for sober and cool reflection; but not there. Disturbed in their orgies, the party broke up; some reeled away with looks of tipsy gravity, others withdrew noisily discussing what had just occured; the gentlemen of honour who lived upon their winnings remarked to each other that Hawk was a good shot; and those who had been most noisy fell fast asleep upon the sofas, and thought no more about it.

Meanwhile the two seconds, as they may be called now, after a long conference, each with his principal, met together in another room. Both utterly heartless, both men upon town, both thoroughly initiated in its worst vices, both deeply in debt, both fallen from some higher estate, both addicted to every depravity for which society can find some genteel name and plead its most depraving conventionalities as an excuse, they were naturally gentlemen of most unblemished honour themselves, and of great nicety concerning the honour of other people.

These two gentlemen were unusually cheerful just now, for the affair was pretty certain to make some noise, and could scarcely fail to enhance their reputations considerably.

"This is an awkward affair, Adams," said Mr. Westwood, drawing himself np.

"Very," returned the captain; "a blow has been struck, and there is but one course *of* course."

"No apology, I suppose?" said Mr. Westwood.

"Not a syllable, sir, from my man, if we talk till doomsday," returned the captain. "The original cause of dispute, I understand, was some girl or other, to whom your principal applied certain terms, which Lord Frederick, defending the girl, repelled. But this led to a long recrimination upon a great many sore subjects, charges, and counter-charges. Sir Mulberry was sarcastic; Lord Frederick was excited, and struck him in the heart of provocation, and under circumstances of great aggravation. That blow, unless there is a full retraction on the part of Sir Mulberry, Lord Frederick is ready to justify."

"There is *no* more to be said," returned the other, "but to settle the hour and the place of meeting. It's a responsibility; but there is a strong feeling to have it over; do you object to say at sunrise?"

"Sharp work," replied the captain, referring to his watch; "however, as this seems to have been a long time brooding, and negotiation is only a waste of words—no."

"Something may possibly be said out of doors after what passed in the other room, which renders it desirable that we should be off without delay, and quite clear of town," said Mr. Westwood. "What do you say to one of the meadows opposite Twickenham, by the river-side?"

The captain saw no objection.

"Shall we join company in the avenue of trees which leads from Petersham to Ham House, and settle the exact spot when we arrive there?" said Mr. Westwood.

To this the captain also assented. After a few other preliminaries, equally brief, and having settled the road each party should take to avoid suspicion, they separated.

"We shall just have comfortable time, my lord," said the captain, when he had communicated the arrangements, "to call at my room for a case of pistols, and then jog coolly down. If you will allow me to dismiss your servant, we'll take my cab, for yours, perhaps, might be recognised."

What a contrast, when they reached the street, to the scene they had just left! It was already daybreak. For the flaring yellow light within, was substituted the clear, bright, glorious morning; for a hot close atmosphere, tainted with the smell of expiring lamps, and reeking with the steams of riot and dissipation, the free, fresh, wholesome air. But to the fevered head on which that cool air blew, it seemed to come laden with remorse for time mis-spent and countless opportunities neglected. With throbbing veins and burning skin, eyes wild and heavy, thoughts hurried and disordered, he felt as though the light were a reproach, and shrunk involuntarily from the day as if he were some foul and hideous thing.

"Shivering?" said the captain. "You are cold."

"Rather."

"It does strike cool, coming out of those hot rooms. Wrap that cloak about you. So, so; now we're off."

They rattled through the quiet streets, made their call at the captain's lodgings, cleared the town, and emerged upon the open road, without hindrance or molestation.

Fields, trees, gardens, hedges, everything looked very beautiful; the young man scarcely seemed to have noticed them before, though he had passed the same objects a thousand times. There was a peace and serenity upon them all strangely at variance with the bewilderment and confusion of his own half-sobered thoughts, and yet impressive and welcome. He had no fear upon his mind; but as he looked about him he had less anger, and though all old delusions, relative to his worthless late companion, were now cleared away, he rather wished he had never known him than thought of its having come to this.

The past night, the day before, and many other days and nights beside, all mingled themselves up in one unintelligible and senseless whirl; he could not separate the transactions of one time from those of another. Last night seemed a week ago, and months ago were as last night. Now the noise of the wheels resolved itself into some wild tune in which he could recognise scraps of airs he knew, and now there was nothing in his ears but a stunning and bewildering sound like rushing water. But his companion rallied him on being so silent, and they talked and laughed boisterously. When they stopped he was a little surprised to find himself in the act of smoking, but on reflection he remembered when and where he had taken the cigar.

They stopped at the avenue gate and alighted, leaving the carriage to the care of the servant, who was a smart fellow, and nearly as well accustomed to such proceedings as his master. Sir Mulberry and his friend were already there, and all four walked in profound silence up the aisle of stately elm trees, which, meeting far above their heads, formed a long green perspective of gothic arches, terminating like some old ruin in the open sky.

After a pause, and a brief conference between the seconds, they at length turned to the right, and taking a track across a little meadow, passed Ham House and came into some fields beyond. In one of these they stopped. The ground was measured, some usual forms gone through, the two principals were placed front to front at the distance agreed upon, and Sir Mulberry turned his face towards his young adversary for the first time. He was very pale—his eyes were bloodshot, his dress disordered, and his hair dishevelled,—all most probably the consequences of the previous day and night. For the face, it expressed nothing but violent and evil passions. He shaded his eyes with his hand, gazed at his opponent steadfastly for a few moments, and then taking the weapon which was tendered to him, bent his eyes upon that, and looked up no more until the word was given, when he instantly fired.

The two shots were fired as nearly as possible at the same instant. In that instant the young lord turned his head sharply round, fixed upon his adversary a ghastly stare, and, without a groan or stagger, fell down dead.

"He's gone," cried Westwood, who with the other second, had run up to the body, and fallen on one knee beside it.

"His blood on his own head," said Sir Mulberry. "He brought this upon himself, and forced it upon me."

"Captain Adams, cried Westwood, hastily, "I call you to witness that this was fairly done. Hawk, we have not a moment to lose. We must leave this place immediately, push for Brighton, and cross to France with all speed. This has been a bad business, and may be worse if we delay a moment. Adams, consult your own safety, and don't remain here; the living before the dead—good bye."

With these words, he seized Sir Mulberry by the arm, and hurried him away. Captain Adams, only pausing to convince himself beyond all question of the fatal result, sped off in the same direction, to concert measures with his servant for removing the body, and securing his own safety likewise.

So died Lord Frederick Verisopht, by the hand which he had loaded with gifts and clasped a thousand times; by the act of him but for whom and others like him he might have lived a happy man, and died with children's faces round his bed.

The sun came proudly up in all his majesty, the noble river ran its winding course, the leaves quivered and rustled in the air, the birds poured their cheerful songs from every tree, the short-lived butterfly fluttered its little wings; all the light and life of day came on, and, amidst it all, and pressing down the grass whose every blade bore twenty tiny lives, lay the dead man, with his stark and rigid face turned upwards to the sky.

CHAPTER LI.

The project of Mr. Ralph Nickleby and his friend approaching a successful issue, becomes unexpectedly known to another party, not admitted into their confidence.

In an old house, dismal dark and dusty, which seemed to have withered, like himself, and to have grown yellow and shrivelled in hoarding him from the light of day, as he had been in hoarding his money, lived Arthur Gride. Meagre old chairs and tables of spare and bony make, and hard and cold as miser's hearts, were ranged in grim arrray against the gloomy walls; attenuated presses, grown lank and lantern-jawed in guarding the treasures they inclosed, and tottering, as though from constant fear and dread of thieves, shrunk up in dark corners, whence they cast no shadows on the ground, and seemed to hide and cower from observation. A tall grim clock upon the stairs, with long lean hands and famished face, ticked in cautious whispers, and when it struck the time in thin and piping sounds, like an old man's voice, rattled as if 'twere pinched with hunger.

No fireside couch was there, to invite repose and comfort. Elbow-chairs there were, but they looked uneasy in their minds, cocked their arms suspiciously and timidly, and kept upon their guard. Others were fantastically grim and gaunt, as having drawn themselves up to their utmost height, and put on their fiercest looks to stare all comers out of countenance. Others again knocked up against their neighbours, or leant for support against the wall, somewhat ostentatiously, as if to call all men to witness that they were not worth the taking. The dark square lumbering bedsteads seemed built for restless dreams; the musty hangings to creep in scanty folds together, whispering among themselves, when rustled by the wind, their trembling knowledge of the tempting wares that lurked within the dark and tight-locked closets.

From out the most spare and hungry room in all this spare and hungry house, there came one morning the tremulous tones of old Gride's voice, as it feebly chirruped forth the fag end of some forgotten song, of which the burden ran

Ta—ran—tan—too,
Throw the old shoe,
And may the wedding be lucky:

which he repeated in the same shrill quavering notes again and again, until a violent fit of coughing obliged him to desist, and to pursue in silence the occupation upon which he was engaged.

This occupation was to take down from the shelves of a worm-eaten wardrobe, a quantity of frowsy garments, one by one; to subject each to a careful and minute inspection by holding it up against the light, and after folding it with great exactness, to lay it on one or other of two little heaps beside him. He never took two articles of clothing out together, but always brought them forth singly, and never failed to shut the wardrobe door and turn the key, between each visit to its shelves.

"The snuff-coloured suit," said Arthur Gride, surveying a threadbare coat, "Did I look well in snuff-colour? let me think."

The result of his cogitations appeared to be unfavourable, for he folded the garment once more, laid it aside, and mounted on a chair to get down another, chirping while he did so—

Young, loving, and fair,
Oh what happiness there!
The wedding is sure to be lucky.

"They always put in 'young,'" said old Arthur, "but songs are only written for the sake of rhyme, and this is a silly one that the poor country people sang when I was a little boy. Though stop—young is quite right too—it means the bride—yes. He, he, he! It means the bride. Oh dear, that's good. That's very good. And true besides—quite true!"

In the satisfaction of this discovery he went over the verse again with increased expression and a shake or two here and there, and then resumed his employment.

"The bottle-green," said old Arthur; "the bottle-green was a famous suit to wear, and I bought it very cheap at a pawnbroker's, and there was—he, he, he!—a tarnished shilling in the waistcoat pocket. To think that the pawnbroker shouldn't have known there was a shilling in it! I knew it; I felt it when I was examining the quality. Oh, what a dull dog! It was a lucky suit too, this bottle-green. The very day I put it on first, old Lord Mallowford was burnt to death in his bed, and all the post-obits fell in. I'll be married in the bottle-green. Peg—Peg Sliderskew—I'll wear the bottle-green."

This call, loudly repeated twice or thrice at the room door, brought into the apartment a short, thin, weasen, blear-eyed old woman, palsy-stricken and hideously ugly, who, wiping her shrivelled face upon her dirty apron, inquired, in that subdued tone in which deaf people commonly speak:—

"Was that you a calling, or only the clock a striking? My hearing gets so bad, I never know which is which; but when I hear a noise I know it must be one of you, because nothing else ever stirs in the house."

"Me, Peg—me," said Arthur Gride, tapping himself on the breast to render the reply more intelligible.

"You, eh?" returned Peg. "And what do you want?"

"I'll be married in the bottle-green," cried Arthur Gride.

"It's a deal too good to be married in, master," rejoined Peg, after a short inspection of the suit. "Haven't you got anything worse than this?"

"Nothing that'll do," replied old Arthur.

"Why not do?" retorted Peg. "Why don't you wear your every-day clothes like a man—eh?"

"They an't becoming enough, Peg," returned her master.

"Not what enough?" said Peg.

"Becoming."

"Becoming what?" said Peg sharply. "Not becoming too old to wear?"

Arthur Gride muttered an imprecation upon his housekeeper's deafness, as he roared in her ear:—

"Not smart enough: I want to look as well as I can."

"Look?" cried Peg. "If she's as handsome as you say she is, she won't look much at you, master, take your oath of that; and as to how you look yourself—pepper-and-salt, bottle-green, sky-blue, or tartan-plaid, will make no difference in you."

With which consolatory assurance, Peg Sliderskew gathered up the chosen suit, and folding her skinny arms upon the bundle, stood mouthing, and grinning, and blinking her watery eyes like an uncouth figure in some monstrous piece of carving.

"You're in a funny humour, an't you, Peg?" said Arthur, with not the best possible grace.

"Why, isn't it enough to make me?" rejoined the old woman. "I shall soon enough be put out, though, if any body tries to domineer it over me, and so I give you notice, master. Nobody shall be put over Peg Sliderskew's head after so many years; you know that, and so I needn't tell you. That won't do for me—no, no, nor for you. Try that once and come to ruin—ruin—ruin."

"Oh dear, dear, I shall never try it," said Arthur Gride, appalled by the mention of the word, "not for the world. It would be very easy to ruin me; we must be very careful; more saving than ever with another mouth to feed. Only we—we musn't let her lose her good looks, Peg, because I like to see 'em."

"Take care you don't find good looks come expensive," returned Peg, shaking her fore-finger.

"But she can earn money herself, Peg," said Arthur Gride, eagerly watching what effect his communication produced upon the old woman's countenance: "She can draw, paint, work all manner of pretty things for ornamenting stools and chairs; slippers, Peg, watch-guards, hair-chains, and a thousand little dainty trifles that I couldn't give you half the names of. Then she can play the piano, (and, what's more, she's got one,) and sing like a little bird. She'll be very cheap to dress and keep, Peg; don't you think she will?"

"If you don't let her make a fool of you, she may," returned Peg.

"A fool of me!" exclaimed Arthur. "Trust your old master not to be fooled by pretty faces, Peg; no, no, no—nor by ugly ones neither, Mrs. Sliderskew," he softly added by way of soliloquy.

"You're a saying something you don't want me to hear," said Peg; "I know you are."

"Oh dear! the devil's in this woman," muttered Arthur; adding with an ugly leer, "I said I trusted everything to you, Peg, that was all."

"You do that, master, and all your cares are over," said Peg approvingly.

"*When* I do that, Peg Sliderskew," thought Arthur Gride, "they will be."

Although he thought this very distinctly, he durst not move his lips lest the old woman should detect him. He even seemed half afraid that she might have read his thoughts, for he leered coaxingly upon her as he said aloud:—

"Take up all loose stitches in the bottle-green with the best black silk. Have a skein of the best, and some new buttons for the coat, and—this is a good idea, Peg, and one you'll like, I know—as I have never given her anything yet, and girls like such attentions, you shall polish up a sparkling necklace that I've got up stairs, and I'll give it her upon the wedding morning—clasp it round her charming little neck myself—and take it away again next day. He, he, he!—lock it up for her, Peg, and lose it. Who'll be made the fool of there, I wonder, to begin with—eh Peg?"

Mrs. Sliderskew appeared to approve highly of this ingenious scheme, and expressed her satisfaction by various rackings and twitchings of her head and body, which by no means enhanced her charms. These she prolonged until she had hobbled to the door, when she exchanged them for a sour malignant look, and twisting her under-jaw from side to side, muttered hearty curses upon the future Mrs. Gride, as she crept slowly down the stairs, and paused for breath at nearly every one.

"She's half a witch, I think," said Arthur Gride, when he found himself again alone. "But she's very frugal, and she's very deaf; her living costs me next to nothing, and it's no use her listening at keyholes for she can't hear. She's a charming woman—for the purpose; a most discreet old housekeeper, and worth her weight in—copper."

Having extolled the merits of his domestic in these high terms, old Arthur went back to the burden of his song, and, the suit destined to grace his approaching nuptials being now selected, replaced the others with no less care than he had displayed in drawing them from the musty nooks where they had silently reposed for many years.

Startled by a ring at the door he hastily concluded this operation, and locked the press; but there was no need for any particular hurry as the discreet Peg seldom knew the bell was rung unless she happened to cast her dim eyes upwards and to see it shaking against the kitchen ceiling. After a short delay, however, Peg tottered in, followed by Newman Noggs.

"Ah! Mr. Noggs!" cried Arthur Gride, rubbing his hands. "My good friend, Mr. Noggs, what news do you bring for me?"

Newman, with a stedfast and immovable aspect, and his fixed eye very fixed indeed, replied, suiting the action to the word, "A letter. From Mr. Nickleby. The bearer waits."

"Won't you take a—a—"

Newman looked up, and smacked his lips.

"A chair?" said Arthur Gride.

"No," replied Newman. "Thank'ee."

Arthur opened the letter with trembling hands, and devoured its contents with the utmost greediness, chuckling rapturously over it and reading it several times before he could take it from before his eyes. So many times did he peruse and re-peruse it, that Newman considered it expedient to remind him of his presence.

"Answer," said Newman. "Bearer waits."

"True," replied old Arthur. "Yes—yes; I almost forgot, I do declare."

"I thought you were forgetting," said Newman.

"Quite right to remind me, Mr. Noggs. Oh, very right indeed," said Arthur. "Yes. I'll write a line. I'm—I'm—rather flurried, Mr. Noggs. The news is—"

"Bad?" interrupted Newman.

"No, Mr. Noggs, thank you; *good*, *good*. The very best of news. Sit down, I'll get the pen and ink, and write a line in answer. I'll not detain you long, I know you're a treasure to your master, Mr. Noggs. He speaks of you in such terms sometimes, that, *oh* dear! you'd be astonished. I may say that I do too, and always did. I always say the same of you."

"That's 'Curse Mr. Noggs with all my heart!' then, if you do," thought Newman, as Gride hurried out.

The letter had fallen on the ground. Looking carefully about him for an instant, Newman, impelled by curiosity to know the result of the design he had overheard from his office closet, caught it up and rapidly read as follows:

"Gride,

"I saw Bray again this morning, and proposed the day after to-morrow (as you suggested) for the marriage. There is no objection on his part, and all days are alike to his daughter. We will go together, and you must be with me by seven in the morning. I need not tell you to be punctual.

"Make no further visits to the girl in the meantime. You have been there of late much oftener than you should. She does not languish for you, and it might have been dangerous. Restrain your youthful ardour for eight-and-forty hours, and leave her to the father. You only undo what he does, and does well.

Yours,

"Ralph Nickleby."

A footstep was heard without. Newman dropped the letter on the same spot again, pressed it with his foot to prevent its fluttering away, regained his seat in a single stride, and looked as vacant and unconscious as ever mortal looked. Arthur Gride, after peering nervously about him, spied it on the ground, picked it up, and sitting down to write, glanced at Newman Noggs, who was staring at the wall with an intensity so remarkable, that Arthur was quite alarmed.

"Do you see anything particular, Mr. Noggs?" said Arthur, trying to follow the direction of Newman's eyes—which was an impossibility, and a thing no man had ever done.

"Only a cobweb," replied Newman.

"Oh! is that all?"

"No," said Newman. "There's a fly in it."

"There are a good many cobwebs here," observed Arthur Gride.

"So there are in our place," returned Newman; "and flies, too."

Newman appeared to derive great entertainment from this repartee, and to the great discomposure of Arthur Gride's nerves produced a series of sharp cracks from his finger-joints, resembling the noise of a distant discharge of small artillery. Arthur succeeded in finishing his reply to Ralph's note, nevertheless, and at length handed it over to the eccentric messenger for delivery.

"That's it, Mr. Noggs," said Gride.

Newman gave a nod, put it in his hat, and was shuffling away, when Gride, whose doting delight knew no bounds, beckoned him back again, and said in a shrill whisper, and with a grin which puckered up his whole face, and almost obscured his eyes—

"Will you—will you take a little drop of something—just a taste?"

In good fellowship (if Arthur Gride had been capable of it) Newman would not have drunk with him one bubble of the richest wine that was ever made; but to see what he would be at, and to punish him as much as he could, he accepted the offer immediately.

Arthur Gride, therefore, again applied himself to the press, and from a shelf laden with tall Flemish drinking-glasses and quaint bottles, some with necks like so many storks, and others with square Dutch-built bodies and short fat apoplectic throats, took down one dusty bottle of promising appearance and two glasses of curiously small size.

"You never tasted this," said Arthur. "Its *eau-d'or*—golden water. I like it on account of its name. It's a delicious name. Water of gold, golden water! Oh dear me, it seems quite a sin to drink it!"

As his courage appeared to be fast failing him, and he trifled with the stopper in a manner which threatened the dismissal of the bottle to its old place, Newman took up one of the little glasses and chinked it twice or thrice against the bottle, as a gentle reminder that he had not been helped yet. With a deep sigh Arthur Gride slowly filled it—though not to the brim—and then filled his own.

"Stop, stop; don't drink it yet," he said, laying his hand on Newman's; "it was given to me twenty years ago, and when I take a little taste, which is ve—ry seldom, I like to think of it beforehand and teaze myself. We'll drink a toast. Shall we have a toast, Mr. Noggs?"

"Ah!" said Newman, eyeing his little glass impatiently. "Look sharp. Bearer waits."

"Why, then, I'll tell you what," tittered Arthur, "we'll drink—he, he, he!—we'll drink a lady."

"*The* ladies?" said Newman.

"No, no, Mr. Noggs," replied Gride, arresting his hand, "*a* lady. You wonder to hear me say *a* lady—I know you do, I know you do. Here's little Madeline—that's the toast, Mr. Noggs—little Madeline!"

"Madeline!" said Newman; inwardly adding, "and God help her!"

The rapidity and unconcern with which Newman dismissed his portion of the golden water had a great effect upon the old man, who sat upright in his chair and gazed at him open-mouthed, as if the sight had taken away his breath. Quite unmoved, however, Newman left him to sip his own at leisure, or to pour it back again into the bottle if he chose, and departed; after greatly outraging the dignity of Peg Sliderskew by brushing past her in the passage without a word of apology or recognition.

Mr. Gride and his housekeeper, immediately on being left alone, resolved themselves into a committee of ways and means, and discussed the arrangements which should be made for the reception of the young bride. As they were, like some other committees, extremely dull and prolix in debate, this history may pursue the footsteps of Newman Noggs, thereby combining advantage with necessity; for it would have been necessary to do so under any circumstances, and necessity has no law as all the world know.

"You've been a long time," said Ralph, when Newman returned.

"He was a long time," replied Newman.

"Bah!" cried Ralph impatiently. "Give me his note, if he gave you one; his message, if he didn't. And don't go away. I want a word with you, sir."

Newman handed in the note, and looked very virtuous and innocent while his employer broke the seal, and glanced his eye over it.

"He'll be sure to come!" muttered Ralph, as he tore it to pieces; "why of course I know he'll be sure to come. What need to say that? Noggs! Pray sir, what man was that with whom I saw you in the street last night?"

"I don't know," replied Newman.

"You had better refresh your memory, sir," said Ralph with a threatening look.

"I tell you," returned Newman boldly, "that I don't know him at all. He came here twice and asked for you. You were out. He came again. You packed him off yourself. He gave the name of Brooker.

"I know he did," said Ralph; "what then?"

"What then? Why, then he lurked about and dogged me in the street. He follows me night after night, and urges me to bring him face to face with you, as he says he has been once, and not long ago either. He wants to see you face to face, he says, and you'll soon hear him out, he warrants."

"And what say you to that?" inquired Ralph, looking keenly at his drudge.

"That it's no business of mine, and I won't. I told him he might catch you in the street, if that was all he wanted, but no! that wouldn't do. You wouldn't hear a word there, he said. He must have you alone in a room with the door locked, where he could speak without fear, and you'd soon change your tone, and hear him patiently."

"An audacious dog!" Ralph muttered.

"That's all I know," said Newman. "I say again, I don't know what man he is. I don't believe he knows himself. You have seen him; perhaps *you* do."

"I think I do," replied Ralph.

"Well," retorted Newman, sulkily, "then don't expect me to know him too, that's all. You'll ask me next why I never told you this before. What would you say, if I was to tell you all that people say of you? What do you call me when I sometimes do? 'Brute, ass!' and snap at me like a dragon."

This was true enough, though the question which Newman anticipated was in fact, upon Ralph's lips at the moment.

"He is an idle ruffian," said Ralph; "a vagabond from beyond the sea where he travelled for his crimes, a felon let loose to run his neck into the halter; a swindler, who has the audacity to try his schemes on me who know him well. The next time he tampers with you, hand him over to the police, for attempting to extort money by lies and threats,—d'ye hear? and leave the rest to me. He shall cool his heels in jail a little time, and I'll be bound he looks for other folks to fleece when he comes out. You mind what I say, do you?"

"I hear," said Newman.

"Do it then," returned Ralph, "and I'll reward you. Now, you may go."

Newman readily availed himself of the permission, and shutting himself up in his little office, remained there in very serious cogitation all day. When he was released at night, he proceeded with all the expedition he could use to the city, and took up his old position behind the pump, to watch for Nicholas—for Newman Noggs was proud in his way, and could not bear to appear as his friend before the brothers Cheeryble, in the shabby and degraded state to which he was reduced.

He had not occupied this position many minutes when he was rejoiced to see Nicholas approaching, and darted out from his ambuscade to meet him. Nicholas, on his part, was no less pleased to encounter his friend, whom he had not seen for some time, so their greeting was a warm one.

"I was thinking of you at that moment," said Nicholas.

"That's right," rejoined Newman, "and I of you. I couldn't help coming up to-night. I say, I think I'm going to find out something."

"And what may that be?" returned Nicholas, smiling at this odd communication.

"I don't know what it may be, I don't know what it may not be," said Newman; "it's some secret in which your uncle is concerned, but what, I've not yet been able to discover, although I have my strong suspicions. I'll not hint 'em now, in case you should be disappointed."

"*I* disappointed!" cried Nicholas; "am I interested?"

"I think you are," replied Newman. "I have a crotchet in my head that it must be so. I have found out a man, who, plainly knows more than he cares to tell at once, and he has already dropped such hints to me as puzzle me—I say, as puzzle me," said Newman, scratching his red nose into a state of violent inflammation, and staring at Nicholas with all his might and main meanwhile.

Admiring what could have wound his friend up to such a pitch of mystery, Nicholas endeavoured, by a series of questions, to elucidate the cause, but in vain. Newman could not be drawn into any more explicit statement, than a repetition of the perplexities he had already thrown out, and a confused oration, showing, How it was necessary to use the utmost caution; how the lynx-eyed Ralph had already seen him in company with his unknown correspondent; and how he had baffled the said Ralph by extreme guardedness of manner and ingenuity of speech, having prepared himself for such a contingency from the first.

Remembering his companion's propensity,—of which his nose, indeed, perpetually warned all beholders like a beacon,—Nicholas had drawn him into a sequestered tavern, and here they fell to reviewing the origin and progress of their acquaintance, as men sometimes do, and tracing out the little events by which it was most strongly marked, came at last to Miss Cecilia Bobster.

"And that reminds me," said Newman, "that you never told me the young lady's real name."

"Madeline!" said Nicholas.

"Madeline!" cried Newman; "what Madeline? Her other name—say her other name."

"Bray," said Nicholas, in great astonishment.

"It's the same!" shrieked Newman. "Sad story? Can you stand idly by, and let that unnatural marriage take place without one attempt to save her?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Nicholas, starting up; "marriage! are you mad?"

"Are you? is she? are you blind, deaf, senseless, dead?" said Newman. "Do you know that within one day, by means of your uncle Ralph, she will be married to a man as bad as he, and worse, if worse there is? Do you know that within one day she will be sacrificed, as sure as you stand there alive, to a hoary wretch—a devil born and bred, and grey in devils' ways?"

"Be careful what you say," replied Nicholas, "for Heaven's sake be careful. I am left here alone, and those who could stretch out a hand to rescue her are far away. What is it that you mean?"

"I never heard her name said Newman, choking with his energy. "Why didn't you tell me? How was I to know? We might at least have had some time to think!"

"What is it that you mean?" cried Nicholas.

It was not an easy task to arrive at this information; but after a great quantity of extraordinary pantomime which in no way assisted it, Nicholas, who was almost as wild as Newman Noggs himself, forced him down upon his seat and held him down until he began his tale.

Rage, astonishment, indignation, and a storm of passions rushed through the listener's heart as the plot was laid bare. He no sooner understood it all, than with a face of ashy paleness, and trembling in every limb, he darted from the house.

"Stop him!" cried Newman, bolting out in pursuit. "He'll be doing something desperate—he'll murder somebody—hallo! there, stop him. Stop thief! stop thief!"

From Bentley's Miscellany.

JACK SHEPPARD.

EPOCH THE THIRD.—1724.

CHAPTER I.

The Return.

Nearly nine years after the events last recorded, and about the middle of May, 1724, a young man of remarkably prepossessing appearance took his way, one afternoon, along Wych-street; and, from the curiosity with which he regarded the houses on the left of the road, seemed to be in search of some particular habitation. The age of this individual could not be more than twenty-one; his figure was tall, robust, and gracefully proportioned; and his clear grey eye and open countenance bespoke a frank, generous, and resolute nature. His features were regular, and finely-formed; his complexion bright and blooming,—a little shaded, however, by travel and exposure to the sun; and, with a praiseworthy contempt for the universal and preposterous fashion then prevailing, of substituting a peruke for the natural covering of the head, he allowed his own dark-brown hair to fall over his shoulders in ringlets as luxuriant as those that distinguished the court gallant in Charles the Second's day—a fashion, which we do not despair of seeing revived in our own days. He wore a French military undress of the period, with high jack-boots, and a laced hat; and, though his attire indicated no particular rank, he had completely the air of a person of distinction. Such was the effect produced upon the passengers by his good looks and manly deportment, that few—especially of the gentler and more susceptible sex—failed to turn round and bestow a second glance upon the handsome stranger. Unconscious of the interest he excited, and entirely occupied by his own thoughts—which, if his bosom could have been examined, would have been found composed of mingled hopes and fears—the young man walked on till he came to an odd house, with great, projecting, bay windows on the first floor, and situated as nearly as possible at the back of St. Clement's church. Here he halted; and, looking upwards, read, at the foot of an immense sign-board, displaying a gaudily-painted angel with expanded pinions and an olive-branch, not the name he expected to find, but that of WILLIAM KNEEBONE, WOOLLEN-DRAPER.

Tears started to the young man's eyes on beholding the change, and it was with difficulty he could command himself sufficiently to make the inquiries he desired to do respecting the former owner of the house. As he entered the shop, a tall portly personage advanced to meet him, whom he at once recognised as the present proprietor. Mr. Kneebone was attired in the extremity of the mode. A full-curled wig descended half-way down his back and shoulders; a neckcloth of "right Mechlin" was twisted round his throat so tightly as almost to deprive him of breath, and threaten him with apoplexy; he had lace, also, at his wrists and bosom; gold clocks to his hose, and red heels to his shoes. A stiff, formally cut coat of cinnamon-coloured cloth, with rows of plate buttons, each of the size of a crown piece, on the sleeves, pockets, and skirts, reached the middle of his legs; and his costume was completed by the silver-hilted sword at his side, and the laced hat under his left arm.

Bowing to the stranger, the woollen-draper very politely requested to know his business.

"I'm almost afraid to state it," faltered the other; "but may I ask whether Mr. Wood, the carpenter, who formerly resided here, is still living?"

"If you feel any anxiety on his account, sir, I'm happy to be able to relieve it," answered Kneebone, readily. "My good friend, Owen Wood,—heaven preserve him!—*is* still living. And, for a man who'll never see sixty again, he's in excellent preservation, I assure you."

"You delight me with the intelligence," said the stranger, entirely recovering his cheerfulness of look. "I began to fear, from his having quitted the old place, that some misfortune must have befallen him."

"Quite the contrary," rejoined the woollen-draper, laughing good-humouredly. "Everything has prospered with him in an extraordinary manner. His business has thriven; legacies have unexpectedly dropped into his lap; and, to crown all, he has made a large fortune by a lucky speculation in South-Sea stock,—made it, too, where so many others have lost fortunes, your humble servant amongst the number—ha! ha! In a word, sir, Mr. Wood is now in very affluent circumstances. He stuck to the shop as long as it was necessary, and longer, in my opinion. When he left these premises, three years ago, I took them from him; or rather—to deal frankly with you,—he placed me in them rent-free; for, I'm not ashamed to confess it, I've had losses, and heavy ones; and, if it hadn't been for him, I don't know where I should have been. Mr. Wood, sir," he added, with much emotion, "is one of the best of men, and would be the happiest, were it not that——" and he hesitated.

"Well, sir?" cried the other, eagerly.

"His wife is still living," returned Kneebone, drily.

"I understand," replied the stranger, unable to repress a smile. "But, it strikes me, I've heard that Mrs. Wood was once a favourite of yours."

"So she was," replied the woollen-draper, helping himself to an enormous pinch of snuff, with the air of a man who does not dislike to be rallied about his gallantry,—"so she was. But those days are over—quite over. Since her husband has laid me under such a weight of obligation, I couldn't, in honour, continue—hem!" and he took another explanatory pinch. "Added to which, she is neither so young as she was, nor is her temper by any means improved—hem!"

"Say no more on the subject, sir!" observed the stranger, gravely; "but, let us turn to a more agreeable one—her daughter."

"That is a far more agreeable one, I must confess," returned Kneebone, with a self-sufficient smirk.

The stranger looked at him as if strongly disposed to chastise his impertinence.

"Is she married?" he asked, after a brief pause.

"Married!—no—no," replied the woollen-draper. "Winifred Wood will never marry, unless the grave can give up its dead. When a mere child, she fixed her affections upon a youth named Thames Darrell, whom her father had brought up, and who perished, it is supposed, about nine years ago; and she has determined to remain faithful to his memory."

"You astonish me," said the stranger, in a voice full of emotion.

"Why, it *is* astonishing, certainly," remarked Kneebone, "to find any woman constant—especially to a girlish attachment; but, such is the case. She has had offers innumerable; for, where wealth and beauty are combined, as in her instance, suitors are seldom wanting. But she was not to be tempted."

"She is a matchless creature!" exclaimed the young man.

"So I think," replied Kneebone, again applying to the snuffbox, and by that means escaping the angry glance levelled at him by his companion.

"I have one inquiry more to make of you, sir," said the stranger, as soon as he had conquered his displeasure, "and I will then trouble you no further. You spoke just now of a youth whom Mr. Wood brought up. As far as I recollect, there were two. What has become of the other?"

"Why, surely you don't mean Jack Sheppard?" cried the woollen-draper, in surprise.

"That was the lad's name;" returned the stranger.

"I guessed from your dress and manner, sir, that you must have been long absent from your own country," said Kneebone; "and now I am convinced of it, or you wouldn't have asked that question. Jack Sheppard is the talk and terror of the whole town. The ladies can't sleep in their beds for him; and as to the men, they daren't go to bed at all. He's the most daring and expert housebreaker that ever used a crow-bar. He laughs at locks and bolts; and the more carefully you guard your premises from him, the more likely you are to insure an attack. His exploits and escapes are in everybody's mouth. He has been lodged in every roundhouse in the metropolis, and has broken out of them all, and boasts that no prison can hold him. We shall see. His skill has not yet been tried. At present, he is under the protection of Jonathan Wild."

"Does that villain still maintain his power?" asked the stranger sternly.

"He does," replied Kneebone, "and, what is more surprising, it seems to increase. Jonathan completely baffles and derides the ends of justice. It is useless to contend with him, even with right on your side. Some years ago, in 1715, just before the Rebellion, I was rash enough to league myself with the Jacobite party, and by Wild's machinations got clapped into Newgate, whence I was glad to escape with my head upon my shoulders. I charged the thief-taker, as was the fact, with having robbed me, by means of the lad Sheppard, whom he instigated to the deed, of the very pocket-book he produced in evidence against me; but it was of no avail—I couldn't obtain a hearing. Mr. Wood fared still worse. Bribed by a certain Sir Rowland Trenchard, Jonathan kidnapped the carpenter's adopted son, Thames Darrell, and placed him in the hands of a Dutch skipper, with orders to throw him overboard when he got out to sea; and, though this was proved as clear as day, the rascal managed matters so adroitly, and gave such a different complexion to the whole affair, that he came off with flying colours. One reason, perhaps, of his success in this case might be, that having arrested his associate in the dark transaction, Sir Rowland Trenchard, on a charge of high treason, he was favoured by Walpole, who found his account in retaining such an agent. Be this as it may, Jonathan remained the victor; and shortly afterwards, —at the price of a third of his estate, it was whispered,—he procured Trenchard's liberation from confinement."

At the mention of the latter occurrence, a dark cloud gathered upon the stranger's brow.

"Do you know anything further of Sir Rowland?" he asked.

"Nothing more than this," answered Kneebone,—"that after the failure of his projects, and the downfal of his party, he retired to his seat, Ashton Hall, near Manchester, and has remained there ever since, entirely secluded from the world."

The stranger was for a moment lost in reflection.

"And now, sir," he said, preparing to take his departure, "will you add to the obligation already conferred by informing me where I can meet with Mr. Wood?"

"With pleasure," replied the woollen-draper. "He lives at Dollis Hill, a beautiful spot near Willesden, about four or five miles from town, where he has taken a farm. If you ride out there,—and the place is well worth a visit, for the magnificent view it commands of some of the finest country in the neighbourhood of London,—you are certain to meet with him. I saw him yesterday, and he told me he shouldn't stir from home for a week to come. He called here on his way back, after he had been to Bedlam to visit poor Mrs. Sheppard.'

"Jack's mother!" exclaimed the young man.—"Gracious heaven!—is she the inmate of a mad house?"

"She is, sir," answered the woollen-draper, sadly, "driven there by her son's misconduct. Alas! that the punishment of his offences should fall on her head. Poor soul! she nearly died when she heard he had robbed his master; and it might have been well if she had done so, for she never afterwards recovered her reason. She rambles continually about Jack, and her husband, and that wretch Jonathan, to whom, as far as can be gathered from her wild raving, she attributes all her misery. I pity her from the bottom of my heart. But, in the midst of all her affliction, she has found a steady friend in Mr. Wood, who looks after her comforts, and visits her constantly. Indeed, I've heard him say that, but for his wife, he would shelter her under his own roof. That, sir, is what I call being a Good Samaritan."

The stranger said nothing, but hastily brushed away a tear. Perceiving he was about to take leave, Kneebone ventured to ask whom he had the honour of addressing.

Before the question could be answered, a side-door was opened, and a very handsome woman of Amazonian proportions presented herself, and marched familiarly up to Mr. Kneebone. She was extremely showily dressed, and her large hooped petticoat gave additional effect to her lofty stature. As soon as she noticed the stranger, she honoured him with an extremely impudent stare, and scarcely endeavoured to disguise the admiration with which his good looks impressed her.

"Don't you perceive, my dear Mrs. Maggot, that I'm engaged," said Kneebone a little disconcerted.

"Who've you got with you?" demanded the Amazon boldly.

"The gentleman is a stranger to me, Poll," replied the woollen-draper, with increased embarrassment. "I don't know his name." And he looked at the moment as if he had lost all desire to know it.

"Well he's a pretty fellow, at all events," observed Mrs. Maggot, eyeing him from head to heel with evident satisfaction;—"a devilish pretty fellow!"

"Upon my word, Poll," said Kneebone, becoming very red, "you might have a little more delicacy than to tell him so before my face."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Maggot, drawing up her fine figure to its full height; "because I condescend to live with you, am I never to look at another man,—especially at one so much to my taste as this? Don't think it!"

"You had better retire, madam," said the woollen-draper, sharply, "if you can't conduct yourself with more propriety."

"Order those who choose to obey you," rejoined the lady scornfully. "Though you lorded it over that fond fool, Mrs. Wood, you shan't lord it over me, I can promise you. That for you!" And she snapped her fingers in his face.

"Zounds!" cried Kneebone, furiously. "Go to your own room, woman, directly, or I'll make you!"

"Make me!" echoed Mrs. Maggot, bursting into a loud contemptuous laugh. "Try!"

Enraged at the assurance of his mistress, the woollen-draper endeavoured to carry his threat into execution, but all his efforts to remove her were unavailing. At length, after he had given up the point from sheer exhaustion, the Amazon seized him by the throat, and pushed him backwards with such force that he rolled over the counter.

"There!" she cried, laughing, "that 'll teach you to lay hands upon me again, You should remember, before you try your strength against mine, that when I rescued you from the watch, and you induced me to come and live with you, I beat off four men, any of whom was a match for you—ha! ha!"

"My dear Poll!" said Kneebone, picking himself up, "I intreat you to moderate yourself."

"Intreat a fiddlestick!" retorted Mrs. Maggot: "I'm tired of you, and will go back to my old lover, Jack Sheppard. He's worth a dozen of you. Or, if this good-looking young fellow will only say the word, I'll go with him."

"You may go in welcome, madam!" rejoined Kneebone, spitefully. "But, I should think, after the specimen you've just given of your amiable disposition, no person would be likely to saddle himself with such an incumbrance."

"What say you, sir?" said the Amazon, with an engaging leer at the stranger. "*You* will find me tractable enough: and, with *me* by your side, you need fear neither constable nor watchman. I've delivered Jack Sheppard from many an assault. I can wield a quarter-staff as well as a prize-fighter, and have beaten Figg himself at the broadsword. Will you take me?"

However tempting Mrs. Maggot's offer may appear, the young man thought fit to decline it, and, after a few words of well-merited compliments upon her extraordinary prowess, and renewed thanks to Mr. Kneebone, he took his departure.

"Good by'e!" cried Mrs. Maggot, kissing her hand to him. "I'll find you out. And now," she added, glancing contemptuously at the woollen-draper, I'll go to Jack Sheppard."

"You shall first go to Bridewell, you jade!" rejoined Kneebone. "Here, Tom," he added, calling to a shop-boy, "run and fetch a constable."

"He had better bring half-a-dozen," said the Amazon, taking up a cloth-yard wand, and quietly seating herself; "one wont do."

On leaving Mr. Kneebone's house, the young man hastened to a hotel in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, where having procured a horse, he shaped his course towards the west end of the town. Urging his steed along Oxford Road, as that great approach to the metropolis was then termed,—he soon passed Marylebone Lane, beyond which, with the exception of a few scattered houses, the country was completely open on the right, and laid out in pleasant fields and gardens; nor did he draw in the rein until he arrived at Tyburn-gate, where before he turned off upon the Edgeware Road, he halted for a moment to glance at the place of execution.—This "fatal retreat for the unfortunate brave" was marked by a low wooden railing, within which stood the triple tree. Opposite the gallows was an open gallery, or scaffolding, like the stand at a race-course, which, on state occasions, was crowded with spectators. Without the inclosure were reared several lofty gibbets, with their ghastly burthens. Altogether, it was a hideous and revolting sight. Influenced, probably, by what he had heard from Mr. Kneebone, respecting the lawless career of Jack Sheppard, and struck with the probable fate that awaited him, the young man, as he contemplated this scene, fell into a gloomy reverie. While he was thus musing, two horsemen rode past him; and, proceeding to a little distance, stopped likewise. One of them was a stout square-built man, with a singularly swarthy complexion, and harsh forbidding features. He was well mounted, as was his companion; and had pistols in his holster, and a hanger at his girdle. The other individual, who was a little in advance, was concealed from the stranger's view. Presently, however a sudden movement occurred, and disclosed his features, which were those of a young man of nearly his own age. The dress of this person was excessively showy, and consisted of a scarlet riding-habit, lined and faced with blue, and bedizened with broad gold lace, a green silk-knit waistcoat, embroidered with silver, and decorated with a deep fringe, together with a hat tricked out in the same gaudy style. His figure was slight but well-built; and, in stature he did exceed five feet four. His complexion was pale, and there was something sinister in the expression of his large black eyes. His head was small and bullet-shaped, and he did not wear a wig, but had his sleek black hair cut off closely round his temples. A mutual recognition took place at the same instant between the stranger and this individual. Both started. The latter seemed inclined to advance and address the former; but suddenly changing his mind, he shouted to his companion in tones familiar to the stranger's ear; and striking spurs into his steed, dashed off at full speed along the Edgeware Road.—Impelled by a feeling, into which we shall not pause to inquire, the stranger started after them; but they were better mounted, and soon distanced him. Remarking that they struck off at a turning on the left, he took the same road, and soon found himself on Paddington-Green. A row of magnificent, and even then venerable, elms threw their broad arms over this pleasant spot. From a man, who was standing beneath the shade of one of these noble trees, information was obtained that the horsemen had ridden along the Harrow Road. With a faint view of overtaking them, the pursuer urged his steed to a quicker pace. Arrived at Westbourne-Green—then nothing more than a common covered with gorse and furzebushes, and boasting only a couple of cottages and an ale house—he perceived through the hedges the objects of his search slowly ascending the gentle hill that rises from Kensall-Green.

By the time he had reached the summit of this hill, he had lost all trace of them; and the ardour of the chase having in some measure subsided, he began to reproach himself for his folly, in having wandered—as he conceived—so far out of his course. Before retracing his steps, however, he allowed his gaze to range over the vast and beautiful prospect spread out beneath him, which is now hidden from the traveler's view by the high walls of the National Cemetry, and can, consequently, only be commanded from the interior of that attractive place of burial,—and which before it was intersected by canals and railroads, and proportioned out into hippodromes, was exquisite indeed. After feasting his eye upon this superb panorama, he was about to return, when he ascertained from a farmer that his nearest road to Willesden would be down a lane a little further on, to the right. Following this direction, he opened a gate, and struck into one of the most beautiful green lanes imaginable; which, after various windings, conducted him into a more frequented road, and eventually brought him to the place he sought. Glancing at the finger-post over the cage which has been described as situated at the outskirts of the village, and seeing no direction to Dollis Hill, he made fresh inquiries as to where it lay, from an elderly man, who was standing with another countryman near the little prison.

"Whose house do you want, master?" said the man touching his hat.

"Mr. Wood's," was the reply.

"There is Dollis Hill," said the man, pointing to a well-wooded eminence about a mile distant, "and there," he added, indicating the roof of a house just visible above a grove of trees, "is Mr. Wood's. If you ride past the church, and mount the hill, you'll come to Neasdon, and then you'll not have above half a mile to go."

The young man thanked his informant, and was about to follow his instructions, when he called after him—

"I say, master, did you ever hear tell of Mr. Wood's famous 'prentice?"

"What apprentice?" asked the stranger, in surprise.

"Why, Jack Sheppard, the notorious house-breaker,—him as has robbed half Lunnun, to be sure. You must know, sir, when he was a lad, the day after he broke into his master's house in Wych Street, he picked a gentleman's pocket in our church, during sarvice time,—that he did, the heathen. The gentleman catched him i' th' fact, and we shut him up for safety i' that pris'n. But," said the fellow, with a laugh, "he soon contrived to make his way out on it, though. Ever since he's become so famous, the folks about here ha' christened it Jack Sheppard's cage. His mother used to live i' this village, just down yonder; but when her son took to bad ways, she went distracted,—and now she's i' Bedlam, I've heerd."

"I tell e'e what, John Dump," said the other fellow, who had hitherto preserved silence, "I don't know whether you're talkin o' Jack Sheppard has put him into my head or not; but I once had him pointed out to me, and if that *were* him as I seed then, he's just now ridden past us, and put up at the Six Bells."

"The deuce he has!" cried Dump. "If you were sure o' that, we might seize him, and get the reward for his apprehension."

"That 'ud be no such easy matter," replied the countryman. "Jack's a desperate fellow, and is always well armed; besides, he has a comrade with him. But I tell e'e what we *might* do——"

The young man heard no more. Taking the direction pointed out, he rode off. As he passed the Six Bells, he noticed the steeds of the two horsemen at the door; and glancing into the house, perceived the younger of the two in the passage. The latter no sooner beheld him than he dashed hastily into an adjoining room. After debating with himself whether he should further seek an interview, which, though now in his power, was so sedulously shunned by the other party, he decided in the negative; and contenting himself with writing upon a slip of paper the hasty words,—"You are known by the villagers,—be upon your guard,"—he gave it to the ostler, with instructions to deliver it instantly to the owner of the horse he pointed out, and pursued his course.

Passing the old rectory, and still older church, with its reverend screen of trees, and slowly ascending a hill side, from whence he obtained enchanting peeps of the spire and college of Harrow, he reached the cluster of well-built houses which constitute the village of Neasdon. From this spot a road, more resembling the drive through a park than a public thoroughfare, led him gradually to the brow of Dollis Hill. It was a serene and charming evening, and twilight was gently stealing over the face of the country. Bordered by fine timber, the road occasionally offered glimpses of a lovely valley, until a wider opening gave a full view of a delightful and varied prospect. On the left lay the heights of Hampstead, studded with villas, while farther off a hazy cloud marked the position of the metropolis. The stranger concluded he could not be far from his destination, and a turn in the road showed him the house.

Beneath two tall elms, whose boughs completely over-shadowed the roof, stood Mr. Wood's dwelling,—a plain, substantial, commodious farm-house. On a bench at the foot of the trees, with a pipe in his mouth, and a tankard by his side, sat the worthy carpenter, looking the picture of good-heartedness and benevolence. The progress of time was marked in Mr. Wood by increased corpulence and decreased powers of vision,—by deeper wrinkles and higher shoulders, by scanty breath and a fuller habit. Still he looked hale and hearty, and the country life he led had imparted a ruddier glow to his cheek. Around him were all the evidences of plenty. A world of hay-stacks, bean-stacks, and straw-ricks flanked the granges adjoining his habitation; the yard was crowded with poultry, pidgeons were feeding at his feet, cattle were being driven towards the stall, horses led to the stable, a large mastiff was rattling his chain, and stalking majestically in front of his kennel, while a number of farming-men were passing and repassing about their various occupations. At the back of the house, on a bank, rose an old-fashioned terrace-garden, full of apple-trees and other fruit-trees in blossom, and lively with the delicious verdure of early spring.

Hearing the approach of the rider, Mr. Wood turned to look at him. It was now getting dusk, and he could only imperfectly distinguish the features and figure of the stranger.

"I need not ask whether this is Mr. Wood's," said the latter, "since I find him at his own gate."

"You are right, sir," said the worthy carpenter, rising. "I am Owen Wood, at your service."

"You do not remember me, I dare say," observed the stranger.

"I can't say I do," replied Wood. "Your voice seems familiar to me——and yet——but I'm getting a little deaf—— and my eyes don't serve me quite so well as they used to do, especially by this light."

"Never mind," returned the stranger, dismounting; "you'll recollect me by and by, I've no doubt. I bring you tidings of an old friend."

"Then you're heartily welcome, sir, whoever you are. Pray, walk in. Here, Jem, take the gentleman's horse to the stable——see him dressed and fed directly. Now, sir, will you please to follow me?"

Mr. Wood then led the way up a rather high and, according to modern notions, incommodious flight of steps, and introduced his guest to a neat parlour, the windows of which were darkened by pots of flowers and creepers. There was no light in the room; but, notwithstanding this, the young man did not fail to detect the buxom figure of Mrs. Wood, now more buxom and more gorgeously arrayed than ever,——as well as a young and beautiful female, in whom he was at no loss to recognise the carpenter's daughter.

Winifred Wood was now in her twentieth year. Her features were still slightly marked by the disorder alluded to in the description of her as a child,—but that was the only drawback to her beauty. Their expression was so amiable, that it would have redeemed a countenance a thousand times plainer than hers. Her figure was perfect,—tall, graceful, rounded, and, then, she had deep liquid blue eyes, that rivalled the stars in lustre. On the stranger's appearance, she was seated near the window busily occupied with her needle.

"My wife and daughter, sir," said the carpenter, introducing them to his guest.

Mrs. Wood, whose admiration for masculine beauty was by no means abated, glanced at the well proportioned figure of the young man, and made him a very civil salutation. Winifred's reception was kind, but more distant, and after the slight ceremonial she resumed her occupation.

"This gentleman brings us tidings of an old friend, my dear," said the carpenter.

"Ay, indeed! and who may that be?" inquired his wife.

"One whom you may perhaps have forgotten," replied the stranger, "but who can never forget the kindness he experienced at your hands, or at those of your excellent husband."

At the sound of his voice every vestige of colour fled from Winifred's cheeks, and the work upon which she was engaged fell from her hand.

"I have a token to deliver to you," continued the stranger, addressing her.

"To me?" gasped Winifred.

"This locket," he said, taking a little ornament attached to a black riband from his breast, and giving it her,—"do you remember it?

"I do—I do?" cried Winifred.

"What's all this?" exclaimed Wood, in amazement.

"Do you not know me, father?" said the young man, advancing towards him, and warmly grasping his hand. "Have nine years so changed me, that there is no trace left of your adopted son?"

"God bless me!" ejaculated the carpenter, rubbing his eyes, "can—can it be?"

"Surely," screamed Mrs. Wood, joining the group, "it isn't Thames Darrell come to life again!"

"It is—it is!" cried Winifred, rushing towards him, and flinging her arms round his neck,—"it is my dear—dear brother!"

"Well, this is what I never expected to see," said the carpenter, wiping his eyes; "I hope I'm not dreaming! Thames, my dear boy, as soon as Winny has done with you, let me embrace you."

"My turn comes before yours, sir," interposed his better half. "Come to my arms, Thames! Oh! dear! Oh! dear!"

To repeat the questions and congratulations which now ensued, or describe the extravagant joy of the carpenter, who, after he had hugged his adopted son to his breast with such warmth as almost to squeeze the breath from his body, capered around the room, threw his wig into the empty fire-grate, and committed various other fantastic actions, in order to get rid of his superfluous satisfaction—to describe the scarcely less extavagant raptures of his spouse, or the more subdued, but not less heartfelt delight of Winifred, would be a needless task, as it must occur to every one's imagination. Supper was quickly served; the oldest bottle of wine was brought from the cellar; the strongest barrel of ale was tapped; but not one of the party could eat or drink—their hearts were too full.

Thames sat with Winifred's hand clasped in his own, and commenced a recital of his adventures, which may be briefly told. Carried out to sea by Van Galgebrok, and thrown overboard, while struggling with the waves, he had been picked up by a French fishing-boat, and carried to Ostend. After encountering various hardships and privations for a long term, during which he had no means of communicating with England, he at length, found his way to Paris, where he was taken notice of by Cardinal Dubois, who employed him as one of his secretaries, and subsequently advanced to the service of Philip of Orleans, from whom he received a commission. On the death of his royal patron, he resolved to return to his own country; and, after various delays, which had postponed it to the present time, he had succeeded in accomplishing his object.

Winifred listened to his narration with the profoundest attention; and, when it concluded, her tearful eye and throbbing bosom told how deeply her feelings had been interested.

The discourse then turned to Darrell's old playmate, Jack Sheppard; and Mr. Wood, in deploring his wild career, adverted to the melancholy condition to which it had reduced his mother.

"For my part, it's only what I expected of him," observed Mrs. Wood, "and I'm sorry and surprised he hasn't swung for his crimes before this. The gallows has groaned for him for years. As to his mother, I've no pity for her. She deserves what has befallen her."

"Dear mother, dont say so," returned Winifred. "One of the consequences of criminal conduct, is the shame and disgrace which—worse than any punishment the evil doer can suffer—is brought by it upon the innocent relatives; and, if Jack had considered this, perhaps he would not have acted as he has done, and have entailed so much misery on his unhappy parent."

"I always detested Mrs. Sheppard," cried the carpenter's wife bitterly; "and I repeat, Bedlam's too good for her."

"My dear," observed Wood, "you should be more charitable——"

"Charitable!" repeated his wife, "that's your constant cry. Marry, come up! I've been a great deal too charitable. Here's Winny always urging you to go and visit Mrs. Sheppard in the asylum, and take her this, and send her that;—and I've never prevented you, though such mistaken liberality's enough to provoke a saint. And then, forsooth, she must needs prevent your hanging Jack Sheppard after the robbery in Wych-Street, when you might have done so. Perhaps you'll call that charity; *I* call it defeating the ends of justice. See what a horrible rascal you've let loose upon the world!"

"I'm sure, mother," rejoined Winifred, "if any one was likely to feel resentment, I was; for no one could be more frightened. But I was sorry for poor Jack—as I am still, and hoped he would mend."

"Mend!" echoed Mrs. Wood, contemptuously, "he'll never mend till he comes to Tyburn."

"At least, I will hope so," returned Winifred. "But, as I was saying, I was most dreadfully frightened on the night of the robbery. Though so young at the time, I remember every circumstance distinctly. I was sitting up, lamenting your departure, dear Thames, when, hearing an odd noise, I went to the landing, and, by the light of a dark lantern, saw Jack Sheppard stealing up stairs, followed by two men with crape on their faces. I'm ashamed to say that I was too much terrified to scream out—but ran and hid myself."

"Hold your tongue!" cried Mrs. Wood. "I declare you throw me into an ague. Do you think *I* forget it? Didn't they help themselves to all the plate and the money—to several of my best dresses, and amongst others, to my favourite kincob gown; and I've never been able to get another like it! Marry come up! I'd hang 'em all, if I could. Were such a thing to happen again, I'd never let Mr. Wood rest till he brought the villains to justice."

"I hope such a thing never *will* happen again, my dear," observed Wood, mildly; "but, when it does, it will be time to consider what course we ought to pursue."

"Let them attempt it, if they dare!" cried Mrs. Wood, who had worked herself into a passion; "and, I'll warrant 'em, the boldest robber among 'em all shall repent it, if he comes across me."

"No doubt, my dear," acquiesced the carpenter, "no doubt."

Thames, who had been more than once on the point of mentioning his accidental rencounter with Jack Sheppard, not being altogether without apprehension, from the fact of his being in the neighbourhood,—now judged it more prudent to say nothing on the subject, from a fear of increasing Mrs. Wood's displeasure; and he was the more readily induced to do this, as the conversation began to turn upon his own affairs. Mr. Wood could give him no further information respecting Sir Rowland Trenchard than what he had obtained from Kneebone; but begged him to defer the further consideration of the line of conduct he meant to pursue until the morrow, when he hoped to have a plan to lay before him, of which he would approve.

The night was now advancing, and the party began to think of separating. As Mrs. Wood, who had recovered her good humour, quitted the room, she bestowed a hearty embrace on Thames, and told him, laughingly, that she would "defer all *she* had to propose to him until to-morrow."

To-morrow! She never beheld it.

After an affectionate parting with Winifred, Thames was conducted by the carpenter to his sleeping apartment—a comfortable cosy chamber; such a one, in short, as can only be met with in the country, with its dimity-curtained bed, its sheets fragrant of lavender, its clean white furniture, and an atmosphere breathing of freshness. Left to himself, he took a survey of the room, and his heart leaped as he beheld over the chimney-piece a portrait of himself. It was a copy of the pencil sketch taken of him nine years ago by Winifred, and awakened a thousand tender recollections.

When about to retire to rest, the rencounter with Jack Sheppard again recurred to him, and he half blamed himself for not acquainting Mr. Wood with the circumstance, and putting him upon his guard against the possibility of an attack. On weighing the matter over, he grew so uneasy that he resolved to descend, and inform him of his misgivings. But when he got to the door with this intention, he became ashamed of his fears; and feeling convinced that Jack—bad as he might be—was not capable of such atrocious conduct as to plunder his benefactor twice, he contented himself with looking to the priming of his pistols, and placing them near him, to be ready in case of need, he threw himself on the bed, and speedily fell asleep.

CHAPTER II.

The Burglary at Dollis Hill.

THAMES DARRELL's fears were not, however, groundless. Danger, in the form he apprehended, was lurking outside: nor was he destined to enjoy long repose. On receiving the warning note from the ostler, Jack Sheppard and his companion left Willesden, and taking—as a blind—the direction of Harrow, returned at nightfall by a by-lane to Neasdon, and put up at a little public-house called the Spotted Dog. Here they remained till midnight, when, calling for their reckoning and their steeds, they left the house.

It was a night well-fitted to their enterprise,—calm, still, and profoundly dark. As they passed beneath the thick trees that shade the road to Dollis Hill the gloom was almost impenetrable. The robbers proceeded singly, and kept on the grass skirting the road, so that no noise was made by their horses' feet.

As they neared the house, Jack Sheppard, who led the way, halted, and addressed his companion in a low voice:—

"I don't half like this job, Blueskin," he said; "it always went against the grain. But, since I've seen the friend and companion of my childhood, Thames Darrell, I've no heart for it. Shall we turn back?"

"And disappoint Mr. Wild, captain?" remonstrated the other, in a deferential tone. "You know this is a pet project. It might be dangerous to thwart him."

"Pish!" cried Jack: "I don't value his anger a straw. All our fraternity are afraid of him; but *I* laugh at his threats. He daren't quarrel with me: and, if he does, let him look to himself. I've my own reasons for disliking this job."

"Well, you know I always act under your orders, captain," returned Blueskin; "and, if you give the word to retreat, I shall obey, of course: but I know what Edgeworth Bess will say when we go home empty-handed."

"Why, what will she say?" inquired Sheppard.

"That we were afraid," replied the other; "but never mind her."

"Ay; but I do mind her," cried Jack, upon whom his comrade's observation had produced the desired effect. "We'll do it."

"That's right, captain," rejoined Blueskin. "You pledged yourself to Mr. Wild——."

"I did;" interrupted Jack; "and I never yet broke an engagement. "Though a thief, Jack Sheppard is a man of his word."

"To be sure he is," acquiesced Blueskin; "I should like to meet the man who would dare to gainsay it."

"One word before we begin, Blueskin," said Jack, authoritatively; "in case the family should be alarmed—mind, no violence. There's one person in the house whom I wouldn't frighten for the world."

"Wood's daughter, I suppose?" observed the other.

"You've hit it," answered Sheppard.

"What say you to carrying her off, captain?" suggested Blueskin, "If you 've a fancy for the girl, we might do it."

"No—no," laughed Jack. "Bess would'nt bear a rival. But if you wish to do old Wood a friendly turn, you may bring off his wife."

"I shouldn't mind ridding him of her," said Blueskin, gruffly; "and if she comes in my way, may the devil seize me if I don't make short work with her!"

"You forget," rejoined Jack, sternly, "I've just said I'll have no violence—mind that."

With this they dismounted; and fastening their horses to a tree, proceeded towards the house. It was still so dark, that nothing could be distinguished except the heavy masses of timber by which the premises were surrounded; but as they advanced, lights were visible in some of the windows. Presently, they came to a wall, on the other side of which the dog began to bark violently; but Blueskin tossed him a piece of prepared meat, and uttering a low growl, he became silent. They then clambered over a hedge, and scaling another wall, got into the garden at the back of the house. Treading with noiseless step over the soft mould, they soon reached the building. Arrived there, Jack felt about for a particular window; and having discovered the object of his search, and received the necessary implements from his companion, he instantly commenced operations. In a few seconds, the shutter flew open,—then the window,—and they were in the room. Jack now carefully closed the shutters, while Blueskin struck a light, with which he set fire to a candle. The room they were in was a sort of closet, with the door locked outside; but this was only a moment's obstacle to Jack, who with a chisel forced back the bolt. The operation was effected with so much rapidity and so little noise, that even if any one had been on the alert, he could scarcely have detected it. They then took off their boots, and crept stealthily up stairs, treading upon the points of their toes so cautiously, that not a board creaked beneath their weight. Pausing at each door of the landing, Jack placed his ear to the key-hole, and listened intently. Having ascertained by the breathing which room Thames occupied, he speedily contrived to fasten him in. He then tried the door of Mr. Wood's bed-chamber—it was locked, with the key left in it. This occasioned a little delay; but Jack, whose skill as a workman in the particular line he had chosen was unequalled, and who laughed at difficulties, speedily cut out a panel by means of a centre-bit and knife, took the key from the other side, and unlocked the door. Covering his face with a crape mask, and taking the candle from his associate, Jack entered the room; and, pistol in hand, stepped up to the bed, and approached the light to the eyes of the sleepers. The loud noise proceeding from the couch proved that their slumbers were deep and real; and, unconscious of the danger in which she stood, Mrs. Wood turned over to obtain a more comfortable position. During this movement, Jack grasped the barrel of his pistol, held in his breath, and motioned to Blueskin, who had bared a long-knife, to keep still. The momentary alarm over, he threw a piece of wet leather over a bureau, so as to deaden the sound, and instantly broke it open with a small crow-bar. While he was filling his pockets with golden coin from this store, Blueskin had pulled the plate-chest from under the bed; and having forced it open, began filling a canvas bag with its contents,—silver coffee-pots, chocolate-dishes, waiters, trays, tankards, goblets, and candlesticks. It might be supposed that these articles, when thrust together into the bag, would have jingled; but these skilful practitioners managed matters so well that no noise was made. After rifling the room of everything portable, including some of Mrs. Wood's ornaments and wearing apparel, they prepared to depart. Jack then intimated his intention of visiting Winifred's chamber, in which several articles of value were known to be kept; but as, notwithstanding his reckless character, he still retained a feeling of respect for the object of his boyish affections, he would not suffer Blueskin to accompany him, so he commanded him to keep watch over the sleepers—strictly enjoining him, however, to do them no injury. Again having recourse to the centre-bit,—for Winifred's door was locked,—Jack had nearly cut out a panel, when a sudden outcry was raised in the carpenter's chamber. The next moment, a struggle was heard, and Blueskin appeared at the door, followed by Mrs. Wood.

Jack instantly extinguished the light, and called to his comrade to come after him.

But Blueskin found it impossible to make off,—at least with the spoil,—Mrs. Wood having laid hold of the canvas-bag.

"Give back the things!" cried the lady. "Help!—help, Mr. Wood!"

"Leave go!" thundered Blueskin,—"leave go—you'd better!"—and he held the sack as firmly as he could with one hand, while with the other he searched for his knife.

"No, I won't leave go!" screamed Mrs. Wood. "Fire!—murder!—thieves!—I've got one of 'em!"

"Come along," cried Jack.

"I can't," answered Blueskin. "This she-devil has got hold of the sack. Leave go, I tell you!" and he forced open the knife with his teeth.

"Help!—murder!—thieves!" screamed Mrs. Wood;—"Owen—Owen!—Thames, help!"

"Coming!" cried Mr. Wood, leaping from the bed. "Where are you?"

"Here," replied Mrs. Wood. "Help—I'll hold him!"

"Leave her," cried Jack, darting down stairs, amid a furious ringing of bells,—"the house is alarmed,—follow me!"

"Curses light on you!" cried Blueskin, savagely; "since you won't be advised, take your fate."

And seizing her by the hair, he pulled back her head, and drew the knife with all his force across her throat. There was a dreadful stifled groan, and she fell heavily upon the landing.

The screams of the unfortunate woman had aroused Thames from his slumbers. Snatching up his pistols, he rushed to the door, but to his horror found it fastened. He heard the struggle on the landing, the fall of the heavy body, the groan,—and excited almost to frenzy by his fears, he succeeded in forcing open the door. By this time, several of the terrified domestics appeared with lights. A terrible spectacle was presented to the young man's gaze:—the floor deluged with blood,—the mangled and lifeless body of Mrs. Wood,—Winifred fainted in the arms of a female attendant,—and Wood standing beside them almost in a state of distraction. Thus, in a few minutes, had this happy family been plunged into the depths of misery. At this juncture, a cry was raised by a servant from below, that the robbers were flying through the garden. Darting to a window looking in that direction, Thames threw it up, and discharged both his pistols, but without effect. In another minute, the tramp of horses' feet told that the perpetrators of the outrage had effected their escape.

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CHAPTER III.

Jack Sheppard's Quarrel with Jonathan Wild.

Scarcely an hour after the horrible occurrence just related, as Jonathan Wild was seated in the audience chamber of his residence at the Old Bailey, occupied, like Peachum, (for whose portrait he sat,) with his account-books and registers, he was interrupted by the sudden entrance of Quilt Arnold, who announced Jack Sheppard and Blueskin.

"Ah!" cried Wild, laying down his pen and looking up with a smile of satisfaction. "I was just thinking of you, Jack. What news. Have you done the trick at Dollis Hill?—brought off the swag—eh?"

"No;" answered Jack, flinging himself sullenly into a chair, "I've not."

"Why, how's this?" exclaimed Jonathan. "Jack Sheppard failed! I'd not believe it, if any one but himself told me so."

"I've not failed," returned Jack, angrily: "but we've done too much."

"I'm no reader of riddles," said Jonathan. "Speak plainly."

"Let this speak for me," said Sheppard, tossing a heavy bag of money towards him. "You can generally understand that language. There's more than I undertook to bring. It has been purchased by blood!"

"What! have you cut old Wood's throat?" asked Wild, with great unconcern, as he took up the bag.

"If I *had*, you'd not have seen me here," replied Jack, sullenly. "The blood that has been spilt is that of his wife."

"It was her own fault," observed Blueskin, moodily. "She wouldn't let me go. I did it in self-defence."

"I care not why you did it," said Jack, sternly. "We work together no more."

"Come, come, captain," remonstrated Blueskin. "I thought you'd have got rid of your ill-humour by this time. You know as well as I do that it was accident."

"Accident, or not," rejoined Sheppard; "you 're no longer pal of mine."

"And so this is my reward for having made you the tip-top cracksman you are," muttered Blueskin;—"to be turned off at a moment's notice, because I silenced a noisy woman. It's too hard. Think better of it."

"My mind's made up," rejoined Jack, coldly,—"we part to-night."

"I 'll not go," answered the other. "I love you like a son, and will follow you like a dog. You'd not know what to do without me, and shan't drive me off."

"Well!" remarked Jonathan, who had paid little attention to the latter part of the conversation; "this is an awkward business certainly; but we must do the best we can in it. You must keep out of the way till it's blown over. I can accommodate you below."

"I don't require it," returned Sheppard. "I 'm tired of the life I 'm leading. I shall quit it and go abroad."

"I'll go with you," said Blueskin.

"Before either of you go, you will ask my permission," said Jonathan, coolly.

"How!" exclaimed Sheppard. "Do you mean to say you will interfere—"

"I mean to say this," interrupted Wild, with contemptuous calmness, "that I 'll neither allow you to leave England nor the profession you've engaged in. I wouldn't allow you to be honest even if you could be so,—which I doubt. You are my slave—and such you shall continue."

"Slave?" echoed Jack.

"Dare to disobey," continued Jonathan: "neglect my orders, and I will hang you."

Sheppard started to his feet.

"Hear me," he cried, restraining himself with difficulty. "It is time you should know whom you have to deal with. Henceforth, I utterly throw off the yoke you have laid upon me. I will neither stir hand nor foot for you more. Attempt to molest me, and I split. You are more in my power than I am in yours. Jack Sheppard is a match for Jonathan Wild, any day."

"That he is," added Blueskin, approvingly.

Jonathan smiled contemptuously.

"One motive alone shall induce me to go on with you," said Jack.

"What's that?" asked Wild.

"The youth whom you delivered to Van-Galgebrok,—Thames Darrell, is returned."

"Impossible!" cried Jonathan. "He was thrown overboard, and perished at sea."

"He is alive," replied Jack, "I have seen him, and might have conversed with him if I had chosen. Now, I know you can restore him to his rights, if you choose. Do so; and I am yours as heretofore."

"Humph!" exclaimed Jonathan.

"Your answer!" cried Sheppard. "Yes, or no?"

"I will make no terms with you," rejoined Wild, sternly. "You have defied me, and shall feel my power. You have been useful to me, or I would not have spared you thus long. I swore to hang you two years ago, but I deferred my purpose."

"Deferred!" echoed Sheppard.

"Hear me out," said Jonathan. You came hither under my protection, and you shall depart freely,—nay, more, you shall have an hour's grace. After that time, I shall place my setters on your heels."

"You cannot prevent my departure," replied Jack, dauntlessly, "and therefore your offer is no favour. But I tell you in return, I shall take no pains to hide myself. If you want me, you know where to find me."

"An hour," said Jonathan, looking at his watch,—"remember!"

"If you send for me to the Cross Shovels in the Mint, where I'm going with Blueskin, I will surrender myself without resistance," returned Jack.

"You will spare the officers a labour then," rejoined Jonathan.

"Can't I settle this business, captain," muttered Blueskin, drawing a pistol.

"Don't harm him," said Jack, carelessly; "he dares not do it."

So saying he left the room.

"Blueskin," said Jonathan, as that worthy was about to follow, "I advise you to remain with me."

"No," answered the ruffian, moodily. "If you arrest him, you must arrest me also."

"As you will," said Jonathan, seating himself.

Jack and his comrade went to the Mint, where he was joined by Edgeworth Bess, with whom he sat down most unconcernedly to supper. His revelry, however, was put an end to at the expiration of the time mentioned by Jonathan by the entrance of a posse of constables with Quilt Arnold and Abraham Mendez at their head. Jack, to the surprise of all his companions, at once surrendered himself; but Blueskin would have made a fierce resistance, and attempted a rescue if he had not been ordered by his leader to desist. He then made off. Edgeworth Bess, who passed for Sheppard's wife, was secured. They were hurried before a magistrate, and charged by Jonathan Wild with various robberies; but, as Jack Sheppard stated that he had most important disclosures to make, as well as charges to bring forward against his accuser, he was committed with his female companion to the New Prison in Clerkenwell for further examination.

CHAPTER IV.

Jack Sheppard's escape from the new Prison.

In consequence of Jack Sheppard's desperate character, it was judged expedient by the keeper of the New Prison to load him with fetters of unusual weight, and to place him in a cell which, from its strength and security, was called the Newgate Ward. The ward in which he was confined, was about six yards in length, and three in width, and in height might be about twelve feet. The windows which were about nine feet from the floor, had no glass; but were secured by thick iron bars, and an oaken beam. Along the floor ran an iron bar to which Jack's chain was attached, so that he could move along it from one end of the chamber to the other. No prisoner except Edgeworth Bess was placed in the same cell with him. Jack was in excellent spirits; and by his wit, drollery, and agreeable demeanour, speedily became a great favourite with the turnkey, who allowed him every indulgence consistent with his situation. The report of his detention caused an immense sensation. Numberless charges were preferred against him, amongst others, information was lodged of the robbery at Dollis Hill, and murder of Mrs. Wood, and a large reward offered for the apprehension of Blueskin; and as, in addition to this, Jack had threatened to impeach Wild, his next examination was looked forward to with the greatest interest.

The day before this examination was appointed to take place—the third of the prisoner's detention—an old man, respectably dressed, requested permission to see him. Jack's friends were allowed to visit him; but, as he had openly avowed his intention of attempting an escape, their proceedings were narrowly watched. The old man was conducted to Jack's cell by the turnkey, who remained near him during the interview. He appeared to be a stranger to the prisoner, and the sole motive of his visit, curiosity. After a brief conversation, which Sheppard sustained with his accustomed liveliness, the old man turned to Bess and addressed a few words of commonplace gallantry to her. While this was going on, Jack suddenly made a movement which attracted the turnkey's attention; and during that interval the old man slipped some articles wrapped in a handkerchief into Bess's hands, who instantly secreted them in her bosom. The turnkey looked round the next moment, but the manœuvre escaped his observation. After a little further discourse the old man took his departure.

Left alone with Edgeworth Bess, Jack burst into a loud laugh of exultation.

"Blueskin's a friend in need," he said. "His disguise was capital; but I detected it in a moment. Has he given you the tools?"

"He has," replied Bess, producing the handkerchief.

"Bravo!" cried Sheppard, examining its contents, which proved to be a file, a chisel, two or three gimblets, and a piercer. "Jonathan Wild shall find it's not so easy to detain me. As sure as he's now living, I'll pay him a visit in the Old Bailey before morning. And then I'll pay off old scores. It's almost worth while being sent to prison to have the pleasure of escaping. I shall now be able to test my skill." And, running on in this way, he carefully concealed the tools.

Whether the turnkey entertained any suspicions of the old man, Jack could not tell, but that night he was more than usually rigorous in his search; and having carefully examined the prisoners and finding nothing to excite his suspicions, he departed tolerably satisfied.

As soon as he was certain he should be disturbed no more that night, Jack set to work, and with the aid of the file in less than an hour had freed himself from his fetters. With Bess's assistance he then climbed up to the window, which, as has just been stated, was secured by iron bars of great thickness crossed by a stout beam of oak. The very sight of these impediments, would have appalled a less courageous spirit than Sheppard's—but nothing could daunt him. To work then he went, and with wonderful industry filed off two of the iron bars. Just as he completed this operation, the file broke. The oaken beam, nine inches in thickness, was now the sole but most formidable obstacle to his flight. With his gimblet he contrived to bore a number of holes so close together that at last one end of the bar, being completely pierced through, yielded; and pursuing the same plan with the other extremity, it fell out altogether.

This last operation was so fatiguing, that for a short time he was obliged to pause to recover the use of his fingers. He then descended; and having induced Bess to take off some part of her clothing, he tore the gown and petticoat into shreds and twisted them into a sort of rope which he fastened to the lower bars of the window. With some difficulty he contrived to raise her to the window, and with still greater difficulty to squeeze her through it—her bulk being much greater than his own. He then made a sort of running noose, passed it over her body, and taking firmly hold of the bars, prepared to guide her descent. But Bess could scarcely summon resolution enough to hazard the experiment; and it was only on Jack's urgent entreaties, and even threats, that she could be prevailed upon to trust herself to the frail tenure of the rope he had prepared. At length, however, she threw herself off; and Jack carefully guiding the rope she landed in safety.

The next moment he was by her side.

But the great point was still unaccomplished. They had escaped from the New Prison, it is true; but the wall of Clerkenwell Bridewell, by which that jail was formerly surrounded, and which was more than twenty feet high, and protected by formidable and bristling *chevaux de frise*, remained to be scaled. Jack, however, had an expedient for mastering this difficulty. He ventured to the great gates, and by inserting his gimblets into the wood at intervals, so as to form points upon which he could rest his foot, he contrived to ascend them; and when at the top, having fastened a portion of his dress to the spikes, he managed, not without considerable risk, to draw up his female companion. Once over the iron spikes, Bess exhibited no reluctance to be let down on the other side of the wall. Having seen his mistress safe down, Jack instantly descended, leaving the best part of his clothes, as a memorial of his flight, to the jailor.

And thus he effected his escape from the New Prison.

EPOCH THE THIRD.—1724.

CHAPTER V.

The Disguise.

In a hollow in the meadows behind the prison whence Jack Sheppard had escaped,—for at this time, the whole of the now thickly-peopled district north of Clerkenwell Bridewell was open country, stretching out in fertile fields in the direction of Islington,—and about a quarter of a mile off, stood a solitary hovel, known as Black Mary's Hole. This spot, which still retains its name, acquired the appellation from an old crone who lived there, and who, in addition to a very equivocal character for honesty, enjoyed the reputation of being a witch. Without inquiring into the correctness of the latter part of the story, it may be suffcient to state, that Black Mary was a person in whom Jack Sheppard thought he could confide, and as Edgeworth Bess was incapable of much further exertion, he determined to leave her in the old woman's care till the following night, while he shifted for himself, and fulfilled his design—for, however rash or hazardous a project might be, if once conceived, Jack always executed it,—of visiting Jonathan Wild at his house in the Old Bailey.

It was precisely two o'clock on the morning of Whitmonday, the 25th of May 1724, when the remarkable escape before detailed was completed: and though it wanted full two hours to daybreak, the glimmer of a waning moon prevented it from being totally dark. Casting a hasty glance, as he was about to turn an angle of the wall, at the great gates and upper windows of the prison, and perceiving no symptoms of pursuit, Jack proceeded towards the hovel at a very deliberate pace, carefully assisting his female companion over every obstacle in the road, and bearing her in his arms when, as was more than once the case, she sank from fright and exhaustion. In this way he crossed one or two public gardens and a bowling-green,—the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell then abounded in such places of amusement,—passed the noted Ducking Pond, where Black Mary had been frequently immersed; and striking off to the left across the fields, arrived in a few minutes at his destination.

Descending the hollow, or rather excavation,—for it was an old disused clay-pit, at the bottom of which the cottage was situated,—he speedily succeeded in arousing the ancient sibyl, and having committed Edgeworth Bess to her care, with a promise of an abundant reward in case she watched diligently over her safety, and attended to her comforts till his return,—to all which Black Mary readily agreed,—he departed with a heart lightened of half its load.

Jack's first object was to seek out Blueskin, whom he had no doubt he should find at the New Mint, at Wapping, for the Old Mint no longer offered a secure retreat to the robber; and, with this view, he made the best of his way along a bye-lane leading towards Hockley-in-the-hole. He had not proceeded far when he was alarmed by the tramp of a horse which seemed to be rapidly approaching, and he had scarcely time to leap the hedge and conceal himself behind a tree, when a tall man, enveloped in an ample cloak, with his hat pulled over his brows, rode by at full speed. Another horseman followed quickly at the heels of the first; but just as he passed the spot where Jack stood, his steed missed its footing, and fell. Either ignorant of the accident, or heedless of it, the foremost horseman pursued his way without even turning his head.

Conceiving the opportunity too favourable to be lost, Jack sprang suddenly over the hedge, and before the man, who was floundering on the ground with one foot in the stirrup, could extricate himself from his embarrassing position, secured his pistols, which he drew from the holsters, and held them to his head. The fellow swore lustily, in a voice which Jack instantly recognised as that of Quilt Arnold, and vainly attempted to rise and draw his sword.

"Dog!" thundered Sheppard, putting the muzzle of the pistol so close to the janizary's ear, that the touch of the cold iron made him start, "don't you know me?"

"Blood and thunder!" exclaimed Quilt, opening his eyes with astonishment. "It can't be Captain Sheppard!"

"It *is*," replied Jack; "and you had better have met the devil on your road than me. Do you remember what I said when you took me at the Mint four days ago. I told you my turn would come. It *has* come,—and sooner than you expected."

"So I find, captain," rejoined Quilt, submissively; "but you're too noble-hearted to take advantage of my situation. Besides, I acted for others, and not for myself."

"I know it," replied Sheppard, "and therefore I spare your life."

"I was sure you wouldn't injure me, captain, remarked Quilt, in a wheedling tone, while he felt about for his sword; "you're far too brave to strike a fallen man."

"Ah! traitor!" cried Jack, who had noticed the movement; "make such another attempt, and it shall cost you your life." So saying, he unbuckled the belt to which the janizary's hanger was attached, and fastened it to his own girdle.

"And now," he continued, sternly, "was it your master who has just ridden by?"

"No," answered Quilt, sullenly.

"Who, then?" demanded Jack. "Speak, or I fire!"

"Well, if you *will* have it, it's Sir Rowland Trenchard."

"Sir Rowland Trenchard!" echoed Jack, in amazement. "What are you doing with him?"

"It's a long story, captain, and I've no breath to tell it,—unless you choose to release me," rejoined Quilt.

"Get up, then," said Jack, freeing his foot from the stirrup. "Now—begin."

Quilt, however, seemed unwilling to speak.

"I should be sorry to proceed to extremities," continued Sheppard, again raising the pistol.

"Well, since you force me to betray my master's secrets," replied Quilt, sullenly, "I've ridden express to Manchester to deliver a message to Sir Rowland."

"Respecting Thames Darrell?" observed Jack.

"Why, how the devil did you happen to guess that?" cried the janizary.

"No matter," replied Sheppard. "I'm glad to find I'm right. You informed Sir Rowland that Thames Darrell was returned?"

"Exactly so," replied Quilt, "and he instantly decided upon returning to London with me. We've ridden post all the way, and I'm horribly tired, or you wouldn't have mastered me so easily.

"Perhaps not," replied Jack, to whom an idea had suddenly occurred. "Now, sir, I'll trouble you for your coat. I've left mine on the spikes of the New Prison, and must borrow yours."

"Why, surely you can't be in earnest, captain. "You wouldn't rob Mr. Wild's chief janizary?"

"I'd rob Mr. Wild himself if I met him," retorted Jack. "Come, off with it, sirrah, or I'll blow out your brains, in the first place, and strip you afterwards."

"Well, rather than you should commit so great a crime, captain, here it is," replied Quilt, handing him the garment in question. "Anything else?"

"Your waistcoat."

"'Zounds! captain, I shall get my death of cold. I was in hopes you'd be content with my hat and wig."

"I shall require them as well," rejoined Sheppard; "and your boots."

"My boots! Fire and fury! They won't fit you; they're too large. Besides, how am I to ride home without them?"

"Don't distress yourself," returned Jack, "you shall walk. Now," he added, as his commands were reluctantly obeyed, "help me on with them."

Quilt knelt down, as if he meant to comply; but, watching his opportunity, he made a sudden grasp at Sheppard's leg, with the intention of overthrowing him.

But Jack was too nimble for him. Striking out his foot, he knocked half a dozen teeth down the janizary's throat; and seconding the kick with a blow on the head from the butt-end of the pistol, stretched him, senseless and bleeding, on the ground.

"Like master like man," observed Jack as he rolled the inanimate body to the side of the road. "From Jonathan Wild's confidential servant what could be expected but treachery?"

With this, he proceeded to dress himself in Quilt Arnold's clothes, pulled the wig over his face and eyes so as completely to conceal his features, slouched the hat over his brows, drew the huge boots above his knees, and muffled himself up in the best way he could. On searching the coat, he found amongst other matters, a mask, a key, and a pocket-book. The latter appeared to contain several papers, which Jack carefully put by, in the hope that they might turn out of importance in a scheme of vengeance which he meditated against the the thieftaker. He then mounted the jaded hack, which had long since regained its legs, and was quietly browsing the grass at the road-side, and, striking spurs into its side, rode off. He had not proceeded far when he encountered Sir Rowland, who having missed his attendant, had returned to look after him.

"What has delayed you?" demanded the knight, impatiently.

"My horse has had a fall," replied Jack, assuming to perfection—for he was a capital mimic—the tones of Quilt Arnold. "It was some time before I could get him to move."

"I fancied I heard voices," rejoined Sir Rowland.

"So did I," answered Jack; "we had better move on. This is a noted place for highwaymen."

"I thought you told me that the rascal who has so long been the terror of the town—Jack Sheppard—was in custody."

"So he is," returned Jack; but, there's no saying how long he may remain so. Besides, there are greater rascals than Jack Sheppard at liberty, Sir Rowland."

Sir Rowland made no reply, but angrily quickened his pace. The pair then descended Saffron-hill, threaded Field-lane, and, entering Holborn, passed over the little bridge which then crossed the muddy waters of Fleet-ditch, mounted Snow-hill, and soon drew in the bridle before Jonathan Wild's door. Aware of Quilt Arnold's mode of proceeding, Jack instantly dismounted, and instead of knocking, opened the door with the pass-key. The porter instantly made his appearance, and Sheppard ordered him to take care of the horses.

"Well, what sort of a journey have you had, Quilt?" asked the man as he hastened to assist Sir Rowland to dismount.

"Oh! we've lost no time, as you perceive," replied Jack. "Is the governor within?"

"Yes; you'll find him in the audience-chamber. He has got Blueskin with him."

"Ah! indeed! what's he doing here?" inquired Jack.

"Come to buy off Jack Sheppard, I suppose," replied the fellow. "But it won't do. Mr. Wild has made up his mind; and, when that's the case, all the persuasion on earth won't turn him. Jack will be tried to-morrow; and, as sure as my name's Obadiah Lemon he'll take up his quarters at the King's-Head," pointing to Newgate, "over the way."

"Well, we shall see," replied Jack. "Look to the horses, Obadiah. This way, Sir Rowland."

As familiar as Quilt Arnold himself with every part of Wild's mysterious abode, as well as with the ways of its inmates, Jack, without a moment's hesitation, took up a lamp which was burning in the hall, and led his companion up the great stone stairs. Arrived at the audience-chamber, he set down the light upon a stand, threw open the door, and announced in a loud voice, but with the perfect intonation of the person he represented,—"Sir Rowland Trenchard."

Jonathan, who was engaged in conversation with Blueskin, instantly arose, and bowed with cringing ceremoniousness to the knight. The latter haughtily returned his salutation, and flung himself, as if exhausted, into a chair.

"You've arrived sooner than I expected, Sir Rowland," observed the thief-taker. "Lost no time on the road—eh?—I didn't expect you till to-morrow at the earliest. Excuse me an instant while I dismiss this person.—You've your answer, Blueskin," he added, pushing that individual, who seemed unwilling to depart, towards the door; "it's useless to urge the matter further. Jack is registered in the Black Book."

"One word before I go," urged Blueskin.

"Not a syllable," replied Wild. "If you talk as long as an Old Bailey counsel, you'll not alter my determination."

"Won't my life do as well as his?" supplicated the other.

"Humph!" exclaimed Jonathan, doubtfully. "And you would surrender yourself—eh?"

"I'll surrender myself at once, if you'll engage to bring him off; and you'll get the reward from old Wood. It's two hundred pounds. Recollect that."

"Faithful fellow!" murmured Jack. "I forgive him his disobedience."

"Will you do it?" persisted Blueskin.

"No," replied Wild; "and I've only listened to your absurd proposal to see how far your insane attachment to this lad would carry you."

"I *do* love him," cried Blueskin, "and that's the long and short of it. I've taught him all he can do; and there isn't his fellow, and never will be again. I've seen many a clever cracksman, but never one like him. If you hang Jack Sheppard, you'll cut off the flower o' the purfession. But I'll not believe it of you. It's all very well to read him a lesson, and teach him obedience; but you've gone far enough for that."

"Not quite," rejoined the thieftaker, significantly.

"Well," growled Blueskin, "you've had my offer."

"And you my warning," retorted Wild. "Good night!"

"Blueskin," whispered Jack, in his natural tones, as the other passed him, "wait without."

"Powers o' mercy!" cried Blueskin, starting.

"What's the matter?" demanded Jonathan, harshly.

"Nothin'—nothin'," returned Blueskin; "only I thought—"

"You saw the hangman, no doubt," said Jack. "Take courage, man; it's only Quilt Arnold. Come, make yourself scarce. Don't you see Mr. Wild's busy." And then he added, in an under tone, "Conceal yourself outside, and be within call."

Blueskin nodded, and left the room. Jack affected to close the door, but left it slightly ajar.

"What did you say to him? inquired Jonathan, suspiciously.

"I advised him not to trouble you farther about Jack Sheppard," answered the supposed janizary.

"He seems infatuated about the lad," observed Wild. "I shall be obliged to hang him to keep him company.—And now, Sir Rowland," he continued, turning to the knight, "to our own concerns. It's a long time since we met—eight years, and more. I hope you've enjoyed your health. 'S life! you're wonderfully altered. I should scarcely have known you."

The knight was indeed greatly changed. Though not much past the middle term of life, he seemed prematurely stricken with old age. His frame was wasted, and slightly bent; his eyes were hollow, his complexion haggard, and his beard, which had remained unshorn during his hasty journey, was perfectly white. His manner, however, was as stern and haughty as ever, and his glances retained their accustomed fire.

"I did not come hither to consult you as to the state of my health, sir," he observed, displeased by Jonathan's allusion to the alteration in his appearance.

"True," replied Wild. "You were no doubt surprised by the unlooked-for intelligence I sent you of your nephew's return?"

"Was it *unlooked-for* on your part?" demanded the knight, distrustfully.

"On my soul, yes," rejoined Jonathan. "I should as soon have expected the bones of Tom Sheppard to reunite themselves and walk out of that case, as Thames Darrell to return. The skipper, Van Galgebrok, affirmed to me,—nay, gave me the additional testimony of two of his crew,—that he was thrown overboard. But it appears he was picked up by fishermen, and carried to France, where he has remained ever since, and where it would have been well for him if he had remained altogether."

"Have you seen him?" asked Trenchard.

"I have," replied Wild; "and nothing but the evidence of my senses would have made me believe he was living, after the positive assurance I received to the contrary. He is at present with Mr. Wood,—the person whom you may remember adopted him,—at Dollis Hill, near Willesden; and it's a singular but fortunate circumstance, so far as we are concerned, that Mrs. Wood chanced to be murdered by Blueskin, the fellow who has just left the room, on the very night of his return, as it has thrown the house into such confusion, and so distracted them, that he has had no time as yet for hostile movements."

"And what course do you propose to pursue in reference to him?" asked Sir Rowland.

"My plan is a very simple one," rejoined the thief-taker, smiling bitterly. "I would treat him as you treated his father, Sir Rowland."

"Murder him!" cried Trenchard, shuddering.

"Ay, murder him, if you like the term," returned Wild. "I should call it putting him out of the way. But, no matter how you phrase it, the end is the same."

"I cannot consent to it," replied Sir Rowland, firmly. "Since the sea has spared him, I will spare him. It is in vain to struggle against the arm of fate. I will shed no more blood."

"And perish upon the gibbet," rejoined Jonathan, contemptuously.

"Flight is still left me," replied Trenchard. "I can escape to France."

"And do you think I'll allow you to depart," cried Jonathan, in a menacing tone, "and compromise *my* safety? No, no. We are linked together in this matter, and must go through with it. You cannot—shall not retreat."

"Death and hell!" cried Sir Rowland, rising and drawing his sword; "do you think you can shackle my free will, villain?"

"In this particular instance I do, Sir Rowland," replied Jonathan, calmly, "because you are wholly in my power. But be patient, I am your fast friend. Thames Darrell MUST die. Our mutual safety requires it. Leave the means to me."

"More blood! more blood!" cried Trenchard, passing his hand with agony across his brow. "Shall I never banish those horrible phantoms from my couch—the father with his bleeding breast and dripping hair!——the mother with her wringing hands, and looks of vengeance and reproach!——And must another be added to their number—their son! Horror!—let me be spared this new crime! And yet the gibbet—my name tarnished—my escutcheon blotted by the hangman?—No. I cannot submit to that."

"I should think not," observed Jonathan, "who had some practice in the knight's moods, and knew how to humour him.

"It's a miserable weakness to be afraid of bloodshed. The general who gives an order for wholesale carnage never sleeps a wink the less soundly for the midnight groans of his victims, and we should deride him as a coward if he did. And life is much the same, whether taken in battle or on the couch, or by the road-side. Besides those whom I 've slain with my own hand, I 've brought upwards of thirty persons to the gallows. Most of their relics are in yonder cases: but I don't remember that any of them have disturbed my rest. The mode of destruction makes no difference. It's precisely the same thing to me to bid my janizaries cut Thames Darrell's throat, as to order Jack Sheppard's execution."

As Jonathan said this, Jack's hand involuntarily sought a pistol.

"But to the point," continued Wild, unconscious of the peril in which the remark had placed him,——"to the point. On the terms that procured your liberation from Newgate, I will free you from this new danger."

"Those terms were a third of my estate," observed Trenchard, bitterly.

"What of that?" rejoined Jonathan. "Any price was better than your head. If Thames Darrell escapes, you will lose both life and property."

"True, true," replied the knight, with an agonised look: "there is no alternative."

"None whatever," rejoined Wild. "Is it a bargain?"

"Take half of my estate——take all——my life, if you will——I *am* weary of it!" cried Trenchard, passionately.

"No," replied Jonathan, "I 'll not take you at your word, as regards the latter proposition. We shall both, I hope, live to enjoy our shares—long after Thames Darrell is forgotten——ha! ha! A third of your estate I accept. And, as these things should always be treated as matters of business, I 'll just draw up a memorandum of our arrangement."

And, as he spoke, he took up a sheet of paper, and hastily traced a few lines upon it.

"Sign this," he said, pushing the document towards Sir Rowland.

The knight mechanically complied with his request.

"Enough!" cried Jonathan, eagerly pocketing the memorandum. "And now, in return for your liberality, I 'll inform you of a secret with which it is important you should be acquainted."

"A secret!" exclaimed Trenchard. "Concerning whom?"

"Mrs. Sheppard," replied Jonathan, mysteriously.

"Mrs. Sheppard!" echoed Jack, surprised out of his caution.

"Ah!" exclaimed Wild, looking angrily towards his supposed attendant.

"I beg pardon, sir," replied Jack, with the accent and manner of the janizary; "I was betrayed into the exclamation by my surprise that anything in which Sir Rowland Trenchard was interested could have reference to so humble a person as Mrs. Sheppard."

"Be pleased, then, in future not to let your surprise find vent in words," rejoined Jonathan, sternly. "My servants, like Eastern mutes must have eyes, and ears,—and *hands*, if need be,—but no tongues. You understand me, sirrah?"

"Perfectly," replied Jack. "I'm dumb."

"Your secret?" demanded Trenchard, impatiently.

"I need not remind you, Sir Rowland," replied Wild, "that you had two sisters—Aliva and Constance."

"Both are dead," observed the knight, gloomily.

"Not so;" answered Wild. "Constance is yet living."

"Constance alive! Impossible!" ejaculated Trenchard.

"I've proofs to the contrary," replied Jonathan.

"If this is the case, where is she?"

"In Bedlam," replied the thieftaker, with a Satanic grin.

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the knight, upon whom a light seemed suddenly to break. "You mentioned Mrs. Sheppard, What has she to do with Constance Trenchard?"

"Mrs. Sheppard *is* Constance Trenchard," replied Jonathan, maliciously.

Here Jack Sheppard was unable to repress an exclamation of astonishment.

"Again," cried Jonathan, sternly; "beware!"

"What!" vociferated Trenchard. "My sister the wife of one condemned felon! the parent of another! It cannot be."

"It *is* so, nevertheless," replied Wild. "Stolen by a gipsy when scarcely five years old, Constance Trenchard, after various vicissitudes, was carried to London, where she lived in great poverty, with the dregs of society. It is useless to trace out her miserable career; though I can easily do so if you require it. To preserve herself, however, from destitution, or what she considered worse, she wedded a journeyman carpenter, named Sheppard."

"Alas! that one so highly born should submit to such a degradation?" groaned the knight.

"I see nothing surprising in it," rejoined Jonathan. "In the first place, she had no knowledge of her birth; and, consequently, no false pride to get rid of. In the second, she was wretchedly poor, and assailed by temptations of which you can form no idea. Distress like hers might palliate far greater offences than she ever committed. With the same inducements we should all do the same thing. Poor girl! she was beautiful once; so beautiful as to make *me*, who care little for the allurements of women, fancy myself enamoured of her."

Jack Sheppard again sought his pistol, and was only withheld from levelling it at the thieftaker's head, by the hope that he might gather some further information respecting his mother. And he had good reason before long to congratulate himself on his forbearance.

"What proof have you of the truth of this story?" inquired Trenchard.

"This," replied Jonathan, taking a paper from a portfolio, and handing it to the knight, "this written evidence, signed by Martha Cooper, the gipsy, by whom the girl was stolen, and who was afterwards executed for a similar crime. It is attested, you will observe, by the Reverend Mr. Purney, the present ordinary of Newgate."

"I am acquainted with Mr. Purney's hand-writing," said Jack, advancing, "and can at once decide whether this is a forgery or not."

"Look at it then," said Wild, giving him the portfolio.

"It's the ordinary's signature, undoubtedly," replied Jack.

And as he gave back the portfolio to Sir Rowland he contrived, unobserved, to slip the precious document into his sleeve, and from thence into his pocket.

"And, does any of our bright blood flow in the veins of a ruffianly housebreaker?" cried Trenchard, with a look of bewilderment. "I'll not believe it."

"Others may, if you won't," muttered Jack, retiring. "Thank heaven! I'm not basely born."

"Now, mark me," said Jonathan, "and you'll find I don't do things by halves. By your father, Sir Montacute Trenchard's will, you are aware,—and, therefore, I need not repeat it, except for the special purpose I have in view,—you are aware, I say, that, by this will, in case your sister Aliva, died without issue, or, on the death of such issue, the property reverts to Constance and *her* issue."

"I hear," said Sir Rowland, moodily.

"And I," muttered Jack.

"Thames Darrell once destroyed," pursued Jonathan, "Constance—or, rather, Mrs. Sheppard—becomes entitled to the estates; which eventually—provided he escapes the gallows—would descend to her son."

"Ha!" exclaimed Jack, drawing in his breath, and leaning forward with intense curiosity.

"Well, sir?" gasped Sir Rowland.

"But this need give you no uneasiness," pursued Jonathan; "Mrs. Sheppard, as I told you, is in Bedlam, an incurable maniac; while her son is in the New Prison, whence he will only be removed to Newgate and Tyburn."

"So you think," muttered Jack, between his ground teeth.

"To make your mind perfectly easy on the score of Mrs. Sheppard," continued Jonathan; "after we've disposed of Thames Darrell, I'll visit her in Bedlam; and, as I understand I form one of her chief terrors, I'll give her such a fright that I'll engage she shan't long survive it."

"Devil!" muttered Jack, again grasping his pistol. But, feeling secure of vengeance, he determined to abide his time.

"And now, having got rid of the minor obstacles," said Jonathan, "I'll submit a plan for the removal of the main difficulty. Thames Darrell, I've said, is at Mr. Wood's at Dollis-hill, wholly unsuspicious of any designs against him, and, in fact, entirely ignorant of your being acquainted with his return, or even of his existence. In this state, it will be easy to draw him into the snare. To-morrow night—or rather to-night, for we are fast verging on another day—I propose to lure him out of the house by a stratagem which I am sure will prove infallible; and, then, what so easy as to knock him on the head. To make sure work of it, I'll superintend the job myself. Before midnight, I'll answer for it, it shall be done. My janizaries shall go with me. You hear what I say, Quilt?" he added, looking at Jack.

"I do," replied Sheppard.

"Abraham Mendez will like the task,—for he has entertained a hatred to the memory of Thames Darrell ever since he received the wound in the head, when the two lads attempted to break out of St. Giles's roundhouse. I've despatched him to the New Prison. But I expect him back every minute."

"The New Prison!" exclaimed Sheppard. "What is he gone there for?"

"With a message to the turnkey to look after his prisoner," replied Wild, with a cunning smile. "Jack Sheppard had a visiter, I understand, yesterday, and may make an attempt to escape. It's as well to be on the safe side."

"It is," replied Jack.

At this moment, his quick ears detected the sound of footsteps on the stairs. He drew both his pistols and prepared for a desperate encounter.

"There is another mystery I would have solved," said Trenchard, addressing Wild; "you have told me much, but not enough."

"What do you require further?" asked Jonathan.

"The name and rank of Thames Darrell's father," said the knight.

"Another time," replied the thieftaker, evasively.

"I will have it now," rejoined Trenchard, "or our agreement is void."

"You cannot help yourself, Sir Rowland," replied Jonathan contemptuously.

"Indeed!" replied the knight, drawing his sword, "the secret, villain, or I will force it from you."

Before Wild could make any reply, the door was thrown violently open, and Abraham Mendez rushed into the room, with a face of the utmost consternation.

"He hash eshcaped!" cried the Jew.

"Who? Jack!" exclaimed Jonathan.

"Yesh," replied Abraham. "I vent to de New Prish'n, and on wishitin' his shell vid de turnkey, vot should ve find but de shains on de ground, de vinder broken, and Jack and Ageoorth Besh gone."

"Damnation!" cried Jonathan, stamping his foot with uncontrollable rage. "I'd rather have given a thousand pounds than this had happened. But he might have broken out of prison, and yet not get over the wall of Clerkenwell Bridewell. Did you search the yard, fool?"

"Ve did," replied Abraham; "and found his fine coat and ruffles torn to shtrips on de shpikes near de create cate. It vos plain he vent dat vay."

Jonathan gave utterance to a torrent of imprecations.

While he thus vented his rage, the door again opened, and Quilt Arnold rushed into the room, bleeding, and half-dressed.

"'Sblood! what's this?" cried Jonathan, in the utmost surprise. "Quilt Arnold, is that you?"

"It is, sir," sputtered the janizary. "I've been robbed, maltreated, and nearly murdered by Jack Sheppard."

"By Jack Sheppard!" exclaimed the thieftaker.

"Yes; and I hope you'll take ample vengeance upon him," said Quilt.

"I will, when I catch him, rely on it," rejoined Wild.

"You needn't go far to do that," returned Quilt; "There he stands."

"Ay, here I am," said Jack, throwing off his hat and wig, and marching towards the group, amongst whom there was a general movement of surprise at his audacity. "Sir Rowland, I salute you as your nephew."

"Back, villain?" said the knight, haughtily. "I disown you. The whole story of your relationship is a fabrication."

"Time will show," replied Jack with equal haughtiness. "But, however, it may turn out, I disown *you*."

"Well, Jack," said Jonathan, who had looked at him with surprise not unmixed with admiration, "you are a bold and clever fellow, I must allow. Were I not Jonathan Wild, I'd be Jack Sheppard. I'm almost sorry I've sworn to hang you. But, it can't be helped. I'm a slave to my word. Were I to let you go, you'd say I feared you. Besides, you've secrets which must not be disclosed. Nab and Quilt to the door! Jack, you are my prisoner."

"And you flatter yourself you can detain me?" laughed Jack.

"At least I'll try," replied Jonathan, sarcastically. "You must be a cleverer lad than even *I* take you for, if you get out of this place."

"What ho! Blueskin!" shouted Jack.

"Here I am, captain," cried a voice from without. And the door was suddenly thrown open, and the two janizaries felled to the ground by the strong arm of the stalwart robber.

"Your boast, you see, was a little premature, Mr. Wild," said Sheppard. "Adieu, my worthy uncle. Fortunately, I've secured the proof of my birth."

"Confusion!" thundered Wild, "Close the doors below! Loose the dogs! Curses! they don't hear me! I'll ring the alarm-bell." And he raised his arm with the intention of executing his purpose, when a ball from Jack's pistol passed through the back of his hand, shattering the limb. "Aha! my lad!" he cried, without appearing to regard the pain of the wound; "now I'll show you no quarter." And, with the uninjured hand he drew a pistol, which he fired, but without effect, at Jack.

"Fly, captain, fly!" vociferated Blueskin; "I shan't be able to keep these devils down. Fly! They shall knock me on the head—curse 'em!—before they shall touch you."

"Come along!" cried Jack, darting through the door. "The key's on the outside—quick! quick!"

Instantly alive to this chance, Blueskin broke away. Two shots were fired at him by Jonathan; one of which passed through his hat, and the other through the fleshy part of his arm; but he made good his retreat. The door was closed—locked,—and the pair were heard descending the stairs.

"Hell's curses!" roared Jonathan. "They'll escape. Not a moment is to be lost."

So saying, he took hold of a ring in the floor, and disclosed a flight of steps, down which he hurried, followed by the janizaries. This means of communication instantly brought them to the lobby. But, Jack and his companion were already gone.

Jonathan threw open the street-door. Upon the pavement near the court lay the porter, who had been prostrated by a blow from the butt-end of a pistol. The man, who was just able to move, pointed towards Giltspur-street. Jonathan looked in that direction, and beheld the fugitives riding off in triumph.

"To-night it is *their* turn," said Jonathan, binding up his wounded fingers with a handkerchief. "To-morrow it will be *mine*."

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CHAPTER VI.

Winifred receives two Proposals.

The tragical affair at Dollis Hill, it need scarcely be said, was a dreadful blow to the family. Mr. Wood bore up with great fortitude against the shock, attended the inquest, delivered his evidence with composure, and gave directions afterwards for the funeral, which took place on the day but one following—Sunday. As soon, however, as the last solemn rites were over, and the remains of the unfortunate woman committed to their final resting-place in Willesden churchyard, his firmness completely deserted him, and he sank beneath the weight of his affliction. It was fortunate that by this time Winifred had so far recovered, as to be able to afford her father the best and only solace that, under the circumstances, he could have received,—her personal attentions.

The necessity which had previously existed of leaving the ghastly evidence of the murderous deed undisturbed,—the presence of the mangled corpse,—the bustle of the inquest, at which her attendance was required,—all these circumstances produced a harrowing effect upon the young girl's imagination. But when all was over, a sorrowful calm succeeded, and, if not free from grief, she was tranquil. As to Thames, though deeply and painfully affected by the horrible occurrence that had marked his return to his old friends, he was yet able to control his feelings, and devote himself to the alleviation of the distress of the more immediate sufferers by the calamity.

It was Sunday evening—a soft delicious evening, and, from the happy, *cheerful* look of the house, none would have dreamed of the dismal tragedy so lately acted within its walls. The birds were singing blithely amid the trees,—the lowing of the cows resounded from the yard,—a delicious perfume from the garden was wafted through the open window,—at a distance, the church-bells of Willesden were heard tolling for evening service. All these things spoke of peace;—but there are seasons when the pleasantest external influences have a depressing effect on the mind, by painfully recalling past happiness. So, at least, thought one of two persons who were seated together in a small back-parlour of the house at Dollis Hill. She was a lovely girl, attired in deep mourning, and having an expression of profound sorrow on her charming features. Her companion was a portly handsome man, also dressed in a full suit of the deepest mourning, with the finest of lace at his bosom and wrists, and a sword in a black sheath by his side. These persons were Mr. Kneebone and Winifred.

The funeral, it has just been said, took place on that day. Amongst others, who attended the sad ceremony was Mr. Kneebone. Conceiving himself called upon, as the intimate friend of the deceased, to pay this last tribute of respect to her memory, he appeared as one of the chief mourners. Overcome by his affliction, Mr. Wood had retired to his own room, where he had just summoned Thames. Much to her annoyance, therefore, Winifred was left alone with the woollen-draper, who, following up a maxim of his own, that "nothing was gained by too much bashfulness," determined to profit by the opportunity. He had only been prevented, indeed, by a fear of Mrs. Wood from pressing his suit long ago. This obstacle removed, he thought he might now make the attempt. Happen what might, he could not be in a worse position.

"We have had a sad loss, my dear Winifred," he began,—"for I must use the privilege of an old friend, and address you by that familiar name,—we have had a sad loss in the death of your lamented parent, whose memory I shall for ever revere."

Winifred's eyes filled with tears. This was not exactly what the woollen-draper desired. So he resolved to try another tack.

"What a very remarkable thing it is," he observed, applying to his snuff-box, "that Thames Darrell, whom we all supposed dead,"—Kneebone in his heart sincerely wished he *had* been so,—"should turn out to be alive after all. Strange, I shouldn't know him when he called on me."

"It *is* strange," replied Winifred, artlessly. *I* knew him at once."

"Of course," rejoined Kneebone, a little maliciously: but that's easily accounted for. May I be permitted, as a very old and very dear friend of your lamented parent, whose loss I shall ever deplore, to ask you one question?

"Undoubtedly," replied Winifred.

"And you will answer it frankly?"

"Certainly."

"Now for it," thought the woollen-draper. "I shall at least, ascertain how the land lies.—Well, then, my dear," he added aloud, "do you still entertain the strong attachment you did to Captain Darrel?

Winifred's cheeks glowed with blushes, and fixing her eyes which flashed with resentment, upon the questioner, she said,

I have promised to answer your question, and I will do so. I love him as a brother."

"*Only* as a brother? persisted Kneebone.

If Winifred remained silent, her looks would have disarmed a person of less assurance than the woollen-draper.

"If you knew how much importance I attach to your answer," he continued, passionately, "you would not refuse me one. Were Captain Darrell to offer you his hand, would you accept it?"

"Your impertinence deserves very different treatment, sir," said Winifred; "but to put an end to this annoyance, I will tell you—I would not."

"And why not?" asked Kneebone, eagerly.

"I will not submit to be thus interrogated," said Winifred, angrily.

"In the name of your lamented parent whose memory I shall for ever revere, I implore you to answer me," urged Kneebone, "why—why would you not accept him?"

"Because our positions are different," replied Winifred, who could not resist this appeal to her feelings."

"You are a paragon of prudence and discretion," rejoined the woollen-draper, drawing his chair closer to hers. "Disparity of rank is very productive of unhappiness in the married state. When Captain Darrell's birth is ascertained, I've no doubt he'll turn out a nobleman's son. At least I hope so for his sake, as well as my own," he added, mentally. "He has quite the air of one. And now, my angel, that I am acquainted with your sentiments on this subject, I shall readily fulfil a promise which I made to your lamented parent, whose loss I shall ever deplore."

"A promise to my mother?" said Winifred unsuspiciously.

"Yes, my angel, to *her*—rest her soul! She extorted it from me and bound me, by a solemn oath to fulfil it."

"Oh! name it?"

"You are a party concerned. Promise me that you will not disobey the injunctions of her whose memory we must both of us revere. Promise me."

"If in my power—certainly. But, what is it? What *did* you promise?"

"To offer you my heart, my hand, my life," replied Kneebone, falling at her feet.

"Sir!" exclaimed Winifred, rising.

"Inequality of rank can be no bar to *our* union," continued Kneebone. "Heaven be praised, I am not the son of a nobleman.

In spite of her displeasure, Winifred could not help smiling at the absurdity of this address. Taking this for encouragement, her suitor proceeded still more extravagantly. Seizing her hand, he covered it with kisses.

"Adorable girl!" he cried, in the most impassioned tone, and with the most impassioned look he could command, "Adorable girl, I have long loved you to desperation. Your lamented mother, whose loss I shall ever deplore, perceived my passion and encouraged it. Would she were alive to back my suit!"

"This is beyond all endurance," said Winifred, striving to withdraw her hand. "Leave me, sir; I insist."

"Never!" rejoined Kneebone, with increased ardour,—"never, till I receive from your own lips the answer which is to make me the happiest or the most miseaable of mankind. Hear me, adorable girl! You know not the extent of my devotion. No mercenary consideration influences me. Love—admiration for your matchless beauty alone sways me. Let your father—if he chooses—leave all his wealth to his adopted son. I care not. Possessed of *you*, I shall have a treasure such as kings could not boast."

"Pray, cease this nonsense," said Winifred, "and quit the room, or I will call for assistance."

At this juncture the door opened, and Thames entered the room. As the woollen-draper's back was towards him, he did not perceive him, but continued his passionate addresses.

"Call as you please, beloved girl," he cried; "I will not stir till I am answered. You say that you only love Captain Darrell as a brother——"

"Mr. Kneebone!"

"That you would not accept him were he to offer——"

"Be silent, sir!"

"He then," continued the woollen-draper, "is no longer to be considered——"

"How, sir!" cried Thames, advancing. "What is the meaning of your reference to my name? Have you dared to insult this lady? If so——"

"Insult her!" replied Kneebone, rising, and endeavouring to hide his embarrassment under a look of defiance. "Far from it, sir. I have made her an honourable proposal of marriage, in compliance with the request of her lamented parent, whose memory——"

"Dare to utter that falsehood in my hearing again, scoundrel," interrupted Thames, fiercely, "and I will put it out of your power to repeat the offence. Leave the room! leave the house, sir! and, enter it again at your peril."

"I shall do neither, sir," replied Kneebone, "unless I am requested by this lady to withdraw,—in which case I shall comply with her request. And you have to thank *her* presence, hot-headed *boy*, that I do not chastise your insolence as it deserves."

"Go, Mr. Kneebone—pray go!" implored Winifred. "Thames, I entreat——"

"Your wishes are my laws, beloved girl," replied Kneebone, bowing profoundly. "Captain Darrell," he added, sternly, "you shall hear from me."

"When you please, sir," said Thames coldly.

And the woollen-draper departed.

"What is all this, dear Winny?" inquired Thames, as soon as they were alone.

"Nothing—nothing," she answered, bursting into tears. "Don't ask me about it now."

"Winny," said Thames, tenderly, "something which that self-sufficient fool has said has so far done me a service in enabling me to speak upon a subject which I have long had upon my lips, but have not had courage to utter."

"Thames!"

"You seem to doubt my love," he continued,—"you seem to think that change of circumstances may produce some change in my affections. Hear me then, now, before I take one step to establish my origin, or secure my rights. Whatever those rights may be, whoever I am, my heart is yours. Do you accept it."

"Dear Thames!"

"Forgive this ill-timed avowal of my love. But, answer me. Am I mistaken? Is your heart mine?"

"It is—it is; and has ever been," replied Winifred, falling upon his neck.

Lovers' confidences should be respected. We close the chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

Jack Sheppard warns Thames Darrell.

On the following night—namely, Monday,—the family assembled together, for the first time since the fatal event, in the chamber to which Thames had been introduced on his arrival at Dollis Hill. As this had been Mrs. Wood's favourite sitting-room, and her image was so intimately associated with it, neither the carpenter nor his daughter could muster courage to enter it before. Determined, however, to conquer the feeling as soon as possible, Wood had given orders to have the evening meal served there; but, notwithstanding all his good resolutions upon his first entrance, he had much ado to maintain his self-command. His wife's portrait had been removed from the walls, and the place it had occupied was only to be known by the cord by which it had been suspended. The very blank, however, affected him more deeply than if it had been left. Then, a handkerchief was thrown over the cage, to prevent the bird from singing; it was *her* favourite canary. The flowers upon the mantel-shelf were withered and drooping—*she* had gathered them. All these circumstances—slight in themselves, but powerful in their effect,—touched the heart of the widowed carpenter, and added to his depression.

Supper was over. It had been discussed in silence. The cloth was removed, and Wood, drawing the table as near the window as possible—for it was getting dusk—put on his spectacles, and opened that sacred volume from which the best consolation in affliction is derived, and left the lovers—for such they may now be fairly termed—to their own conversation. Having already expressed our determination not to betray any confidence of this sort, which, however interesting to the parties concerned, could not possibly be so to others, we shall omit also the "love passages," and, proceeding to such topics as may have general interest, take up the discourse at the point when Thames Darrell, expressed his determination of starting for Manchester as soon as Jack Sheppard's examination had taken place.

"I am surprised we have received no summons for attendance to-day," he remarked; "perhaps the other robber may be secured."

"Or Jack have escaped," remarked Winny.

"I don't think that's likely. But, this sad affair disposed of, I will not rest till I have avenged my murdered parents."

"'*The avenger of blood himself shall slay the murderer*,'" said Wood, who was culling for himself certain texts from the scriptures.

"It is the voice of inspiration," said Thames; "and I receive it as a solemn command. The villain has enjoyed his security too long."

"'*Bloody and deceitful men shall not live half their days*,'" said Wood, reading aloud another passage.

"And yet, *he* has been spared thus long; perhaps with a wise purpose," rejoined Thames. "But, though the storm has spared him, *I* will not."

"'*No doubt*,'" said Wood, who had again turned over the leaves of the sacred volume,—"'*no doubt this man is a murderer, whom, though he escaped the seas, yet vengeance suffereth not to live*.'"

"No feelings of consanguinity shall stay my vengeance," said Thames, sternly. "I will have no satisfaction but his life."

"'*Thou shalt take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer which is guilty of death, but he shall surely be put to death*,'" said Wood, referring to another text.

"Do not steel your heart against him, dear Thames," interposed Winifred.

"'*And thine eye shall not pity*,'" said her father, in a tone of rebuke, "'*but, life shall be for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot*.'"

As these words were delivered by the carpenter with stern emphasis, a female servant entered the room, and stated that a gentleman was at the door, who wished to speak with Captain Darrell on business of urgent importance.

"With me?" said Thames. "Who is it?"

"He didn't give his name, sir," replied the maid; "but he's a young gentleman."

"Don't go near him, dear Thames," said Winifred; "he may have some ill intention."

"Pshaw!" cried Thames. "What! refuse to see a person who desires to speak with me. Say I will come to him."

"Law! miss," observed the maid, "there's nothing mischievous in the person's appearance, I'm sure. He's as nice and civil-spoken a gentleman as need be; by the same token," she added, in an under tone, "that he gave me a span new crown piece."

"'*The thief cometh in the night, and the troop of robbers spoileth without*,'" said Wood, who had a text for every emergency.

"Lor' ha' mussy, sir!—how you *do* talk," said the woman; "this is no robber, I'm sure. I should have known at a glance if it was. He's more like a lord than——"

As she spoke, steps were heard approaching; the door was thrown open, and a young man marched boldly into the room.

The intruder was handsomely, even richly, attired in a scarlet riding-suit, embroidered with gold; a broad belt, to which a hanger was attached, crossed his shoulders; his boots rose above his knee, and he carried a laced hat in his hand. Advancing to the middle of the chamber, he halted, drew himself up, and fixed his dark, expressive eyes, on Thames Darrell. His appearance excited the greatest astonishment and consternation amid the group. Winifred screamed. Thames sprang to his feet, and half drew his sword, while Wood, removing his spectacles to assure himself that his eyes did not deceive him, exclaimed in a tone and with a look that betrayed the extremity of surprise—"Jack Sheppard!"

"Jack Sheppard!" echoed the maid. "Is this Jack Sheppard? Oh, la! I'm undone! We shall all have our throats cut! Oh! oh!" And she rushed, screaming, into the passage, where she fell down in a fit.

The occasion of all this confusion and dismay, meanwhile, remained perfectly motionless; his figure erect, and with somewhat of dignity in his demeanour. He kept his keen eyes steadily fixed on Thames, as if awaiting to be addressed.

"Your audacity passes belief," cried the latter, as soon as his surprise would allow him utterance. "If you have contrived to break out of your confinement, villain, this is the last place where you ought to show yourself."

"And, therefore, the first I would visit," replied Jack, boldly. "But, pardon my intrusion. I was *resolved* to see you. And, fearing you might not come to me, I forced my way hither, even with certainty of discomposing your friends."

"Well, villain!" replied Thames, "I know not the motive of your visit. But, if you have come to surrender yourself to justice, it is well. You cannot depart hence."

"Cannot!" echoed Jack, a slight smile crossing his features. "But, let that pass. My motive in coming hither is to serve you, and save your life. If you choose to requite me by detaining me, you are at liberty to do so. I shall make no defence. That I am not ignorant of the reward offered for my capture this will show," he added, taking a large placard headed '*Murder*' from his pocket, and throwing it on the floor. "My demeanour ought to convince you that I came with no hostile intention. And, to show you that I have no intention of flying, I will myself close and lock the door. There is the key. Are you now satisfied?"

"No," interposed Wood, furiously, "I shall never be satisfied till I see you hanged on the highest gibbet at Tyburn."

"A time may come when you will be gratified, Mr. Wood," replied Jack, calmly.

"May come!——it *will* come!——it *shall* come!" cried the carpenter, shaking his hand menacingly at him. "I have some difficulty in preventing myself from becoming your executioner. Oh! that I should have nursed such a viper!"

"Hear me, sir," said Jack.

"No, I won't hear you, murderer," rejoined Wood.

"I am no murderer," replied Sheppard. "I had no thought of injuring your wife, and would have died rather than commit so foul a crime."

"Think not to delude me, audacious wretch," cried the carpenter. "Even if you are not a principal, you are an accessary. If you had not brought your companion here, it would not have happened. But you shall swing, rascal,——you shall swing."

"My conscience acquits me of all share in the offence," replied Jack, humbly. "But the past is irremediable, and I did not come hither to exculpate myself. I came to save *your* life, he added, turning to Thames,

"I was not aware it was in danger," rejoined Darrell.

"Then you ought to be thankful to me for the warning. You *are* in danger."

"From some of your associates?"

"From your uncle,——from my uncle,——Sir Rowland Trenchard."

"What means this idle boasting, villain?" said Thames. "*Your* uncle, Sir Rowland?"

"It is no idle boasting," replied the other. "You are cousin to the house-breaker, Jack Sheppard."

"If it were so, he would have great reason to be proud of the relationship, truly," observed Wood, shrugging his shoulders.

"It is easy to make an assertion like this," said Thames, contemptuously.

"And equally easy to prove it," replied Jack, giving him the paper he had abstracted from Wild. "Read that."

Thames hastily cast his eyes over it, and transferred it with a look of incredulity to Wood,

"Gracious heavens! this is more wonderful than all the rest," cried the carpenter, rubbing his eyes. "Thames, this is no forgery."

"You believe it father?"

"From the bottom of my heart. I always thought Mrs. Sheppard superior to her station."

"So did I," said Winifred. "Let me look at the paper."

"Poor soul!——poor soul!" groaned Wood, brushing the tears from his vision. "Well, I 'm glad she's spared this. Oh! Jack, Jack, you 've much to answer for!"

"I have indeed," replied Sheppard, in a tone of contrition.

"If this document is correct," continued Wood, "and I am persuaded it is so,—you are as unfortunate as wicked. See what your misconduct has deprived you of ——see what you might have been. This is retribution."

"I feel it," replied Jack, in a tone of agony, "and I feel it more on my poor mother's account than my own."

"She has suffered enough for you," said Wood.

"She has, she has," said Jack, in a broken voice.

"Weep on, reprobate," cried the carpenter, a little softened. "Those tears will do you good."

"Do not distress him, dear father," said Winifred: "he suffers deeply. Oh, Jack! repent, while it is yet time, of your evil conduct. I will pray for you."

"I cannot repent,—I cannot pray," replied Jack, recovering his hardened demeanor. "I should never have been what I am, but for you."

"How so!" inquired Winifred.

"I loved you," replied Jack,—"don't start——it is over now——I loved you, I say, as a boy, *hopelessly*, and it made me desperate. And now I find, when it is too late, that I *might* have deserved you——that I am as well born as Thames Darrell. But I mustn't think of these things, or I shall grow mad. I have said your life is in danger, Thames. Do not slight my warning. Sir Rowland Trenchard is aware of your return to England. I saw him last night at Jonathan Wild's, after my escape from the New Prison. He had just arrived from Manchester, whence he had been summoned by that treacherous thief-taker. I over-heard them planning your assassination. It is to take place to-night."

"Oh heavens?" screamed Winifred, while her father lifted up his hands in silent horror.

"And when I further tell you," continued Jack, "that, after yourself and my mother, *I* am the next heir to the estates of my grand-father, Sir Montacute Trenchard, you will perhaps own that my caution is sufficiently disinterested."

"Could I credit your wild story, I might do so," returned Thames, with a look of perplexity.

"Here are Jonathan Wild's written instructions to Quilt Arnold," rejoined Sheppard, producing the pocket-book he had found in the janizary's clothes. "This letter will vouch for me that a communication has taken place between your enemies."

Thames glanced at the despatch, and, after a moment's reflection, inquired, "In what way is the attempt upon my life to be made?"

"That I couldn't ascertain," replied Jack; "but I advise you to be upon your guard. For aught I know, they may be in the neighbourhood at this moment."

"Here!" ejaculated Wood, with a look of alarm. "Oh Lord! I hope not."

"This I do know," continued Jack,—"Jonathan Wild superintends the attack."

"Jonathan Wild!" repeated the carpenter, trembling. "Then it's all over with us. Oh dear!—how sorry I am I ever left Wych-street. We may be all murdered in this unprotected place, and nobody be the wiser."

"There's some one in the garden at this moment," cried Jack; "I saw a face at the window."

"Where—where?" cried Thames.

"Don't stir," replied Jack. "I will at once convince you of the truth of my assertions, and ascertain whether the enemy really is at hand."

So saying, he advanced towards the window, threw open the sash, and called out in the voice of Thames Darrell,

"Who's there?"

He was answered by a shot from a pistol. The ball passed over his head, and lodged in the ceiling.

"I was right," replied Jack, returning as coolly as if nothing had happened. "It is Jonathan. Your uncle—*our* uncle is with him. I saw them both."

"May I trust you?" cried Thames, eagerly.

"You may," replied Jack; "I'll fight for you to the last gasp."

"Follow me, then," cried Thames drawing his sword, and springing through the window.

"To the world's end," answered Jack, darting after him.

"Thames!—Thames!" cried Winifred, rushing to the window. "Oh! he will be murdered!—oh!"

"My child!—my love!" cried Wood, dragging her forcibly back.

Two shots were fired, and presently the clashing of swords was heard below.

After some time, the scuffle grew more and more distant, until nothing could be heard.

Wood, meanwhile, had summoned his men-servants, and having armed them with such weapons as could be found, they proceeded to the garden, where the first object they encountered was Thames Darrell, extended on the ground, and weltering in his blood. Of Jack Sheppard or the assailants they could not discover a single trace.

As the body was borne to the house in the arms of the farming-men, Mr. Wood fancied he heard the exulting laugh of Jonathan Wild.

CHAPTER VIII.

Old Bedlam.

When Thames Darrell and Jack Sheppard sprang through the window, they were instantly assailed by Wild, Trenchard, and their attendants. Jack attacked Jonathan Wild with such fury, that he drove him into a shrubbery, and might perhaps have come off the victor, if his foot had not slipped as he made a desperate lunge. In this state it would have been all over with him, as, being stunned by the fall, it was some moments before he could recover himself, if another party had not unexpectedly come to his rescue. This was Blueskin, who burst through the trees, and sword in hand assaulted the thief-taker. As soon as Jack gained his legs, he perceived Blueskin lying, as he thought, dead in the plantation, with a severe cut across his temples, and while he was stooping to assist him, he heard groans at a little distance. Hastening in the direction of the sound, he discovered Thames Darrell stretched upon the ground.

"Are you hurt, Thames?" asked Jack, anxiously.

"Not dangerously, I hope," returned Thames; "but fly—save yourself."

"Where are the assassins?" cried Sheppard.

"Gone," replied the wounded man. "They imagine their work is done. But I may yet live to thwart them."

"I will carry you to the house, or fetch Mr. Wood," urged Jack.

"No, no," rejoined Thames; "fly—or I will not answer for your safety. If you desire to please me, you will go."

"And leave you thus?" rejoined Jack. "I cannot do it."

"Go, I insist," cried Thames, "or take the consequences upon yourself. I cannot protect you."

Thus urged, Jack reluctantly departed. Hastening to the spot where he had tied his horse to a tree, he vaulted into the saddle, and rode off across the fields,—for he was fearful of encountering the hostile party,—till he reached the Edgeware Road. Arrived at Paddington, he struck across Marylebone Fields,—for as yet the New Road was undreamed of;—and never moderated his speed until he reached the city. His destination was the New Mint. At this place of refuge, situated in the heart of Wapping, near the river side, he arrived in less than an hour, in a complete state of exhaustion.

In consequence of the infamous abuse of its liberties, an act for the entire suppression of the Old Mint was passed in the ninth year of the reign of George the First, not many months before the date of the present epoch of this history; and as, after the destruction of Whitefriars, which took place in the reign of Charles the Second, in consequence of the protection afforded by its inmates to the Levellers and Fifth-monarchy-men, when the inhabitants of Alsatia crossed the water, and settled themselves in the borough of Southwark,—so now, driven out of their fastnesses, they again migrated, and re-crossing the Thames, settled in Wapping, in a miserable quarter between Artichoke Lane and Nightingale Lane, which they termed the New Mint. Ousted from his old retreat, the Cross Shovels, Baptist Kettleby opened another tavern, conducted upon the same plan as the former, which he denominated the Seven Cities of Refuge. His subjects, however, were no longer entirely under his control; and, though he managed to enforce some little attention to his commands, it was evident his authority was waning fast. Aware that they would not be allowed to remain long unmolested, the New Minters conducted themselves so outrageously, and with such extraordinary insolence, that measures were at this time being taken for their effectual suppression.

To the Seven Cities of Refuge Jack proceeded. Having disposed of his steed, and swallowed a glass of brandy, without taking any other refreshment, he threw himself on a couch, where he sank at once into a heavy slumber.

When he awoke it was late in the day, and he was surprised to find Blueskin seated by his bed-side, watching over him with a drawn sword on his knee, a pistol in each hand, and blood-stained cloth bound across his brow.

"Don't disturb yourself," said his follower, motioning him to keep still; "it's all right."

"What time is it?" inquired Jack.

"Past noon," replied Blueskin. "I didn't awaken you, because you seemed tired."

"How did you escape?" asked Sheppard, who, as he shook off his slumber, began to recall the events of the previous night.

"Oh, easily enough," rejoined the other. "I suppose I must have been senseless for some time; for, on coming to myself, I found this gash in my head, and the ground covered with blood. However, no one had discovered me, so I contrived to drag myself to my horse. I thought if you were living, and not captured, I should find you here,—and I was right. I kept watch over you, for fear of a surprise on the part of Jonathan. But what's to be done?"

"The first thing I do," replied Jack, "will be to visit my poor mother in Bedlam."

"You'd better take care of your mother's son instead," rejoined Blueskin. "It's runnin' a great risk."

"Risk, or no risk, I shall go," replied Jack. "Jonathan has threatened to do her some mischief. I am resolved to see her without delay, and ascertain if it's possible to remove her."

"It's a hopeless job," grumbled Blueskin, "and harm will come of it. What are you to do with a mad mother at a time when you need all your wits to take care of yourself?"

"Don't concern yourself further about me," returned Jack, "Once for all, I shall go."

"Won't you take me?"

"No; you must await my return here."

"Then I must wait a long time," grumbled Blueskin. You'll never return."

"We shall see," replied Jack. "But, if I should *not* return, take this purse to Edgeworth Bess. You'll find her at Black Mary's Hole."

And, having partaken of a hasty breakfast, he set out. Taking his way along East Smithfield; mounting Little Tower-hill, and threading the Minories and Hounsditch, he arrived without accident or molestation, at Moorfields.

Old Bethlehem, or Bedlam,—every trace of which has been swept away, and the hospital for lunatics removed to Saint George's Field,—was a vast and magnificent structure. Erected in Moorfields in 1675, upon the model of the Tuilleries, it is said that Louis the Fourteenth was so incensed at the insult offered to his palace, that he had a counterpart of St. James's built for offices of the meanest description. The size and grandeur of the edifice, indeed, drew down the ridicule of several of the wits of the age: by one of whom—the facetious Tom Brown—it was said, "Bedlam is a pleasant place, and abounds with amusements;—the first of which is the building so stately a fabric for persons wholly insensible of the beauty and use of it: the outside being a perfect mockery of the inside, and admitting of two amusing queries,—Whether the persons that ordered the building of it, or those that inhabit it, were the maddest? and, whether the name and thing be not as disagreeable as harp and harrow." By another—the no less facetious Ned Ward—it was termed, "A costly college for a crack-brained society, raised in a mad age, when the chief of the city were in a great danger of losing their senses, and so contrived it the more noble for their own reception; or they would never have flung away so much money to so foolish a purpose." The cost of the building exceeded seventeen thousand pounds. However the taste of the architecture may be questioned, which was the formal French style of the period, the general effect was imposing. Including the wings, it presented a frontage of five hundred and forty feet. Each wing had a small cupola; and, in the centre of the pile rose a larger dome, surmounted by a gilded ball and vane. The asylum was approached by a broad gravel walk, leading through a garden edged on either side by a stone balustrade, and shaded by tufted trees. A wide terrace then led to large iron gates, over which were placed the two celebrated figures of Raving and Melancholy Madness, executed by the elder Cibber, and commemorated by Pope in the Dunciad, in the well-known lines:—

"Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his famed father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand."

Internally, it was divided by two long galleries, one over the other. These galleries were separated in the middle by iron grates. The wards on the right were occupied by male patients, on the left by the females. In the centre of the upper gallery was a spacious saloon, appropriated to the governors of the asylum. But, the besetting evil of the place, and that which drew down the severest censures of the writers above-mentioned, was that this spot,——which of all others should have been most free from such intrusion——was made a public exhibition. There all the loose characters thronged, assignations were openly made, and the spectators diverted themselves with the vagaries of its miserable inhabitants.

Entering the outer gate, and traversing the broad gravel walk before-mentioned, Jack ascended the steps, and was admitted, on feeing the porter, by another iron gate, into the hospital. Here he was almost stunned by the deafening clamour resounding on all sides. Some of the lunatics were rattling their chains; some shrieking; some singing; some beating with frantic violence against the doors. Altogether, it was the most dreadful noise he had ever heard. Amidst it all, however, there were several light-hearted and laughing groups walking from cell to cell, to whom all this misery appeared matter of amusement. The doors of several of the wards were thrown open for these parties, and as Jack passed, he could not help glancing at the wretched inmates. Here was a poor half-naked creature, with a straw crown on his head, and a wooden sceptre in his hand, seated on the ground with all the dignity of a monarch on his throne. There was a mad musician, seemingly rapt in admiration of the notes he was extracting from a child's violin. Here was a terrific figure gnashing his teeth, and howling like a wild beast:—there a lover, with hands clasped together, and eyes turned passionately upward. In this cell was a huntsman, who had fractured his skull while hunting, and was perpetually hallooing after the hounds:—in that, the most melancholy of all, the grinning gibbering lunatic, the realization of "moody madness, laughing wild."

Hastening from this heart-rending spectacle, Jack soon reached the grating that divided the men's compartment from that appropriated to the women. Inquiring for Mrs. Sheppard, a matron offered to conduct him to her cell.

"You'll find her quiet enough to-day, sir," observed the woman, as they walked along; "but she has been very outrageous latterly. Her nurse says she may live some time; but she seems to me to be sinking fast."

"Heaven help her?" sighed Jack. "I hope not."

"Her release would be a mercy," pursued the matron. "Oh! sir, if you'd seen her as I've seen her, you'd not wish her a continuance of misery."

As Jack made no reply, the woman proceeded.

"They say her son's taken at last, and is to be hanged. I'm glad of it, I'm sure; for it's all owing to him his poor mother's here. See what crime does, sir. Those who act wickedly bring misery on all connected with them. And so gentle as the poor creature is, when she's not in her wild fits—it would melt a heart of stone to see her. She will cry for days and nights together. If Jack Sheppard could behold his mother in this state, he'd have a lesson he'd never forget—ay, and a severer one than even the hangman could read him. Hardened as he is, that would touch him. But he has never been near her—never."

Rambling in this way, the matron at length came to a halt, and taking out a key, pointed to a door and said, "This is Mrs. Sheppard's ward, sir."

"Leave us together, my good woman," said Jack, putting a guinea into her hand.

"As long as you please, sir," answered the matron, dropping a curtsey. "There, sir," she added, unlocking the door, "you can go in. Don't be frightened of her. She's not mischievous,—and besides, she's chained, and can't reach you."

So saying, she retired, and Jack entered the cell.

Prepared as he was for a dreadful shock, and with his nerves strung to endure it, Jack absolutely recoiled before the appalling object that met his gaze. Cowering in a corner upon a heap of straw sat his unfortunate mother, the complete wreck of what she had been. Her eyes glistened in the darkness—for light was only admitted through a small grated window—like flames, and, as she fixed them on him, their glances seemed to penetrate his very soul. A piece of old blanket was fastened across her shoulders, and she had no other clothing except a petticoat. Her arms and feet were uncovered, and of almost skeleton thinness. Her features were meagre, and ghastly white, and had the fixed and horrible stamp of insanity. Her head had been shaved, and around it was swathed a piece of rag, in which a few straws were stuck. Her thin fingers were armed with nails as long as the talons of a bird. A chain, riveted to an iron belt encircling her waist, bound her to the wall. The cell in which she was confined was about six feet long and four wide; the walls were scored all over with fantastic designs, snatches of poetry, short sentences and names,—the work of its former occupants, and of its present inmate.

When Jack entered the cell, she was talking to herself in the muttering unconnected way peculiar to her distracted condition: but, after her eye had rested on him some time, the fixed expression of her features relaxed, and a smile crossed them. This smile was more harrowing even than her former rigid look.

"You are an angel," she cried, with a look beaming with delight.

"Rather a devil," groaned her son, "to have done this."

"You are an angel, I say," continued the poor maniac: "and my Jack would have been like you, if he had lived. But he died when he was a child—long ago—long ago—long ago."

"Would he had done so!" cried Jack.

"Old Van told me if he grew up he would be hanged. He showed me a black mark under his ear, where the noose would be tied. And so I'll tell you what I did—"

And she burst into a laugh that froze Jack's blood in his veins.

"What did you do?" he asked, in a broken voice.

"I strangled him—ha! ha! ha!—strangled him while he was at my breast—ha! ha!"—And then with a sudden and fearful change of look she added. "That's what has driven me mad. I killed my child to save him from the gallows—oh! oh! One man hanged in a family is enough. If I'd not gone mad, they would have hanged me."

"Poor soul!" ejaculated her son.

"I'll tell you of a dream I had last night," continued the unfortunate being. "I was at Tyburn. There was a gallows erected, and a great mob round it—thousands of people, and all with white faces like corpses. In the midst of them there was a cart with a man in it—and that man was Jack—my son Jack—they were going to hang him. And opposite to him, with a book in his hand,—but it couldn't be a prayer-book,—sat Jonathan Wild, in a parson's cassock and band. I knew him in spite of his dress. And when they came to the gallows, Jack leaped out of the cart, and the hangman tied up Jonathan instead—ha! ha! How the mob shouted and huzzaed—and I shouted too—ha! ha! ha!"

"Mother!" cried Jack, unable to endure this agonizing scene longer. "Don't you know me, mother!"

"Ah!" shrieked Mrs. Sheppard. "What's that! Jack's voice!"

"It is," replied her son.

"The ceiling is breaking! the floor is opening! he is coming to me!" cried the unhappy woman.

"He stands before you," rejoined her son.

"Where?" she cried. . "I can't see him. Where is he?"

"Here," answered Jack.

"Are you his ghost, then?"

"No—no," answered Jack. "I am your most unhappy son."

"Let me touch you, then; let me feel if you are really flesh and blood," cried the poor maniac, creeping towards him on all fours."

Jack did not advance to meet her. He could not move; but stood like one stupified with his hands clasped together, and his eyes almost starting out of their sockets, fixed upon his unfortunate parent.

"Come to me!" cried the poor maniac, who had crawled as far as the chain would permit her,—"come to me!" she cried, extending her thin arm towards him.

Jack fell on his knees beside her.

"Who are you?" inquired Mrs. Sheppard, passing her hands over his face, and gazing at him with a look that made him shudder.

"Your son," replied Jack,—"your miserable, repentant son."

"It is false," cried Mrs. Sheppard. "You are not. Jack was not half your age when he died. They buried him in Willesden churchyard after the robbery."

"Oh, God!" cried Jack, "she does not know me. Mother—dear mother!" he added, clasping her in his arms. "Look at me again."

"Off!" she exclaimed, breaking from his embrace with a scream. "Don't touch me. I'll be quiet. I'll not speak of Jack or Jonathan. I won't dig their graves with my nails. Don't strip me quite. Leave me my blanket! I'm very cold at nights. Or, if you must take off my clothes, don't dash cold water on my head. It throbs cruelly."

"Horror!" cried Jack.

"Don't scourge me," she cried, trying to hide herself in the farthest corner of the cell. "The lash cuts to the bone. I can't bear it. Spare me, and I'll be quiet—quiet—quiet!"

"Mother!" said Jack, advancing towards her.

"Off!" she cried, with a prolonged and piercing shriek. And she buried herself beneath the straw, which she tossed above her head with the wildest gestures.

"I shall kill her if I stay longer," muttered her son, completely terrified.

While he was thus considering what it would be best to do, the poor maniac, over whose bewildered brain another change had come, raised her head from under the straw, and, peeping round the room, asked in a low voice, "If they were gone?"

"Who?" inquired Jack.

"The nurses," she answered.

"Do they treat you ill?" asked her son.

"Hush!" she said, putting her lean fingers to her lips. "Hush!—come hither, and I'll tell you."

Jack approached her.

"Sit beside me," continued Mrs. Sheppard. "And, now I'll tell you what they do. Stop! we must shut the door, or they'll catch us. See!" she added, tearing off the rag from her head,—"I had beautiful black hair once. But, they cut it all off."

"I shall go mad myself if I listen to her longer," said Jack, attempting to rise. "I must go."

"Don't stir, or they'll chain you to the wall," said his mother, detaining him. "Now, tell me why they brought you here?"

"I came to see you, dear mother!" answered Jack.

"Mother!" she echoed.—"mother! why do you call me by that name?"

"Because you are my mother."

"What!" she exclaimed, staring eagerly in his face. "Are you my son? Are you Jack?"

"I am," replied Jack. "Heaven be praised, she knows me at last."

"Oh, Jack!" cried his mother, falling upon his neck, and covering him with kisses.

"Mother—dear mother!" said Jack, bursting into tears.

"You will never leave me," said the poor woman, straining him to her breast.

"Never—never!"

The words were scarcely pronounced, when the door was violently thrown open, and two men appeared at it. They were Jonathan Wild and Quilt Arnold.

"Ah!" exclaimed Jack, starting to his feet.

"Just in time," said the thieftaker. "You are my prisoner, Jack."

"You shall take my life first," rejoined Sheppard.

And, as he was about to put himself into a posture of defence, his mother clasped him in her arms.

"They shall not harm you, my love!" she exclaimed.

The movement was fatal to her son. Taking advantage of his embarrassed position, Jonathan and his assistant rushed upon him, and disarmed him.

"Thank you, Mrs. Sheppard," cried the thieftaker, as he slipped a pair of handcuffs over Jack's wrists, "for the help you have given us in capturing your son. Without you, we might have had some trouble."

Aware, apparently, in some degree, of the mistake she had committed, the poor maniac sprang towards him with frantic violence, and planted her long nails in his cheek.

"Keep off, you accursed jade!" roared Jonathan—"Keep off, I say, or—" And he struck her a violent blow with his clenched hand.

The miserable woman staggered, uttered a deep groan, and fell senseless on the straw.

"Devil!" cried Jack; "that blow shall cost you your life."

"It'll not need to be repeated, at all events," rejoined Jonathan, looking with a smile of satisfaction at the body. "And, now,—to Newgate."

From the Nickleby Papers.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

CHAPTER LII.

Nicholas despairs of rescuing Madeline Bray, but plucks up his spirits again, and determines to attempt it. Domestic intelligence of the Kenwigses and Lillyvicks.

Finding that Newman was determined to arrest his progress at any hazard, and apprehensive that some well intentioned passenger attracted by the cry of "stop thief," might really lay violent hands upon his person, and place him in a disagreeable predicament from which he might have some difficulty in extricating himself, Nicholas soon slackened his pace, and suffered Newman Noggs to come up with him, which he did in so breathless a condition that it seemed impossible he could have held out for a minute longer.

"I will go straight to Bray's" said Nicholas. "I will see this man; and if there is one feeling of humanity lingering in his breast, one spark of consideration for his own child, motherless and friendless as she is, I will awaken it."

"You will not," replied Newman. "You will not, indeed."

"Then," said Nicholas, pressing onward, "I will act upon my first impulse, and go straight to Ralph Nickleby."

"By the time you reach his house he will be in bed," said Newman.

"I'll drag him from it," cried Nicholas, fiercely.

"Tut, tut," said Noggs. "Be yourself."

"You are the best of friends to me, Newman," rejoined Nicholas after a pause, and taking his hand as he spoke. "I have made head against many trials, but the misery of another, and such misery is involved in this one, that I declare to you I am rendered desperate, and know not how to act."

In truth it did seem a hopeless case. It was impossible to make any use of such intelligence as Newman Noggs had gleaned when he lay concealed in the closet. The mere circumstance of the compact between Ralph Nickleby and Gride would not invalidate the marriage, or render Bray averse to it, who, if he did not actually know of the existence of some such understanding, doubtless suspected it. What had been hinted with reference to some fraud on Madeline, had been put with sufficient obscurity by Arthur Gride, but coming from Newman Noggs, and obscured still further by the smoke of his pocket-pistol, it became wholly unintelligible and involved in utter darkness.

"There seems no ray of hope," said Nicholas.

"The greater necessity for coolness, for reason, for consideration, for thought," said Newman, pausing at every alternate word, to look anxiously into his friend's face. "Where are the brothers ?"

"Both absent on urgent business, as they will be for a week to come."

"Is there no way of communicating with them ? no way of getting one of them here by to-morrow night ?"

"Impossible!" said Nicholas, "the sea is between us and them. With the fairest winds that ever blew, to go and return would take three days and nights."

"Their nephew—" said Newman, "their old clerk."

"What could either do that I cannot ?" rejoined Nicholas. "With reference to them especially, I am enjoined to the strictest silence on this subject. What right have I to betray the confidence reposed in me, when nothing but a miracle can prevent this monstrous sacrifice ?"

"Think," urged Newman. "Is there no way ?"

"There is none," said Nicholas, in utter dejection. "Not one. The father urges—the daughter consents. These demons have her in their toils; legal right, might, power, money, and every influence are on their side. How can I hope to save her ?"

"Hope to the last," said Newman, clapping him on the back. "Always hope, that's a dear boy. Never leave off hoping, it don't answer. Do you mind me, Nick ? it don't answer. Don't leave a stone unturned. It's always something to know you've done the most you could. But don't leave off hoping, or it's of no use doing anything. Hope, hope, to the last!"

Nicholas needed encouragement, for the suddenness with which intelligence of the two usurers' plans had come upon him, the little time which remained for exertion, the probability, almost amounting to certainty itself, that a few hours would place Madeline Bray for ever beyond his reach, consign her to unspeakable misery, and perhaps to an untimely death: all this quite stunned and overwhelmed him. Every hope connected with her that he had suffered himself to form, or had entertained unconsciously, seemed to fall at his feet withered and dead. Every charm with which his memory or imagination had surrounded her, presented itself before him only to heighten his anguish and add new bitterness to his despair. Every feeling of sympathy for her forlorn condition, and of admiration for her heroism and fortitude, aggravated the indignation which shook him in every limb, and swelled his heart almost to bursting.

But if Nicholas's own heart embarrassed him, Newman's came to his relief. There was so much earnestness in his remonstrance, and such sincerity and fervour in his manner, odd and ludicrous as it always was, that it imparted to Nicholas new firmness, and enabled him to say, after he had walked on for some little way in silence,

"You read me a good lesson, Newman, and I will profit by it. One step at least I may take, am bound to take indeed, and to that I will apply myself to-morrow.

"What is that ?" asked Noggs, wistfully. "Not to threaten Ralph ? Not to see the father ?"

"To see the daughter, Newman," replied Nicholas. "To do what after all is the utmost that the brothers could do if they were here, as Heaven send they were! To reason with her upon this hideous union, to point out to her all the horrors to which she is hastening; rashly, it may be, and without due reflection. To entreat her at least to pause. She can have had no councellor for her good; and perhaps even I may move her so far yet, though it is the eleventh hour, and she upon the very brink of ruin."

"Bravely spoken!" said Newman. "Well done, well done! Yes. Very good.

"And I do declare," cried Nicholas, with honest enthusiasm, "that in this effort I am influenced by no selfish or personal considerations, but by pity for her and detestation and abhorrence of this heartless scheme; and that I would do the same were there twenty rivals in the field, and I the last and least favoured of them all."

"You would, I believe," said Newman. "But where are you hurrying now ?"

"Homewards," answered Nicholas. "Do you come with me, or shall I say good night !"

"I'll come a little way if you will but walk, not run," said Noggs.

"I cannot walk to-night, Newman," returned Nicholas, hurriedly. "I must move rapidly, or I could not draw my breath. I'll tell you what I've said and done to-morrow !"

Without waiting for a reply, he darted off at a rapid pace, and plunging into the crowds which thronged the street, was quickly lost to view.

"He's a violent youth at times," said Newman, looking after him; "and yet I like him for it. There's cause enough now, or the deuce is in it. Hope! I *said* hope, I think! Ralph Nickleby and Gride with their heads together—and hope for the opposite party! Ho! ho!"

It was with a very melancholy laugh that Newman Noggs concluded this soliloquy, and it was with a very melancholy shake of the head and a very rueful countenance, that he turned about, and went plodding on his way.

This, under ordinary circumstances, would have been to some small tavern or dram-shop, that being his way in more senses than one; but Newman was too much interested and too anxious to betake himself even to this resource, and so, with many desponding and dismal reflections, went straight home.

It had come to pass that afternoon, that Miss Morleena Kenwigs had received an invitation to repair next day per steamer from Westminster Bridge unto the Eel-pie Island at Twickenham, there to make merry upon a cold collation, bottled-beer, shrub, and shrimps, and to dance in the open air to the music of a locomotive band, conveyed thither for the purpose: the steamer being specially engaged by a dancing-master of extensive connection for the accommodation of his numerous pupils, and the pupils displaying their appreciation of the dancing-master's services by purchasing themselves, and inducing their friends to do the like, divers light-blue tickets, entitling them to join the expedition. Of these light-blue tickets, one had been presented by an ambitious neighbour to Miss Morleena Kenwigs, with an invitation to join her daughters; and Mrs. Kenwigs, rightly deeming that the honour of the family was involved in Miss Morleena's making the most splendid appearance possible on so short a notice, and testifying to the dancing-master that there were other dancing-masters besides him, and to all fathers and mothers present that other people's children could learn to be genteel besides theirs, had fainted away twice under the magnitude of her preparations, but upheld by a determination to sustain the family name or perish in the attempt, was still hard at work when Newman Noggs came home.

Now, between the Italian-ironing of frills, the flouncing of trousers, the trimming of frocks, the faintings and the comings-to again incidental to the occasion, Mrs. Kenwigs had been so entirely occupied that she had not observed, until within half an hour before, that the flaxen tails of Miss Morleena's hair were in a manner run to seed; and that unless she were put under the hands of a skilful hair-dresser, she never could achieve that signal triumph over the daughters of all other people, anything less than which would be tantamount to defeat. This discovery drove Mrs. Kenwigs to despair, for the hair-dresser lived three streets and eight dangerous crossings off. Morleena could not be trusted to go there alone, even if such a proceeding were strictly proper, of which Mrs. Kenwigs had her doubts; Mr. Kenwigs had not returned from business; and there was nobody to take her. So Mrs. Kenwigs first slapped Miss Kenwigs for being the cause of her vexation, and then shed tears.

"You ungrateful child!" said Mrs. Kenwigs, "after I have gone through what I have this night for your good."

"I can't help it, ma," replied Morleena, also in tears; "my hair *will* grow."

"Don't talk to me, you naughty thing!" said Mrs. Kenwigs, "don't. Even if I was to trust you by yourself and you were to escape being run over, I know you'd run in to Laura Chopkins," who was the daughter of the ambitious neighbour, "and tell her what you're going to wear to-morrow, I know you would. You've no proper pride in yourself, and are not to be trusted out of sight for an instant.

Deploring the evil-mindedness of her eldest daughter in these terms, Mrs. Kenwigs distilled fresh drops of vexation from her eyes, and declared that she did believe there never was anybody so tried as she was. Thereupon Morleena Kenwigs wept afresh, and they bemoaned themselves together.

Matters were at this point as Newman Noggs was heard to limp past the door on his way up-stairs, when Mrs. Kenwigs, gaining new hope from the sound of his footsteps, hastily removed from her countenance as many traces of her late emotion as were effaceable on so short a notice: and presenting herself before him, and representing their dilemma, entreated that he would escort Morleena to the hair-dresser's shop.

"I wouldn't ask you, Mr. Noggs," said Mrs. Kenwigs, "if I didn't know what a good, kind-hearted creature you are—no, not for worlds. I am a weak constitution, Mr. Noggs, but my spirit would no more let me ask a favour where I thought there was a chance of its being refused, than it would let me submit to see my children trampled down and trod upon by envy and lowness!"

Newman was too good-natured not to have consented, even without this avowal of confidence on the part of Mrs. Kenwigs. Accordingly, a very few minutes had elapsed when he and Miss Morleena were on their way to the hair-dresser's.

It was not exactly a hair-dresser's; that is to say, people of a coarse and vulgar turn of mind might have called it a barber's, for they not only cut and curled ladies elegantly and children carefully, but shaved gentlemen easily. Still it was a highly genteel establishment—quite first-rate in fact—and there were displayed in the window, besides other elegancies, waxen busts of a light lady and a dark gentleman which were the admiration of the whole neighbourhood. Indeed, some ladies had gone so far as to assert, that the dark gentleman was actually a portrait of the spirited young proprietor, and the great similarity between their head-dresses—both wore very glossy hair with a narrow walk straight down the middle, and a profusion of flat circular curls on both sides—encouraged the idea. The better informed among the sex, however, made light of this assertion, for however willing they were (and they were very willing) to do full justice to the handsome face and figure of the proprietor, they held the countenance of the dark gentleman in the window to be an exquisite and abstract idea of masculine beauty, realised sometimes perhaps among angels and military men, but very rarely embodied to gladden the eyes of mortals.

It was to this establishment that Newman Noggs led Miss Kenwigs in safety, and the proprietor knowing that Miss Kenwigs had three sisters, each with two flaxen tails, and all good for sixpence a-piece once a month at least, promptly deserted an old gentleman whom he had just lathered for shaving, and handing him over to the journeyman, (who was not very popular among the ladies, by reason of his obesity and middle age) waited on the young lady himself.

Just as this change had been effected, there presented himself for shaving, a big, burly, good-humoured coal-heaver with a pipe in his mouth, who drawing his hand across his chin, requested to know when a shaver would be disengaged.

The journeyman to whom this question was put looked doubtfully at the young proprietor, and the young proprietor looked scornfully at the coal-heaver, observing at the same time—

"You won't get shaved here, my man."

"Why not?" said the coal-heaver.

"We don't shave gentlemen in your line," remarked the young proprietor.

"Why, I see you a shaving of a baker when I was a looking through the winder, last week," said the coal-heaver.

"It's necessary to draw the line somewheres my fine feller," replied the principal. "We draw the line there. We can't go beyond bakers. If we was to get any lower than bakers our customers would desert us, and we might shut up shop. You must try some other establishment, sir. We couldn't do it here."

The applicant stared, grinned at Newman Noggs, who appeared highly entertained, looked slightly round the shop as if in depreciation of the pomatum pots and other articles of stock, took his pipe out of his mouth and gave a very loud whistle, and then put it in again, and walked out.

The old gentleman who had just been lathered, and who was sitting in a melancholy manner with his face turned towards the wall, appeared quite unconscious of this incident, and to be insensible to everything around him in the depth of a reverie—a very mournful one, to judge from the sighs he occasionally vented—in which he was absorbed. Affected by this example, the proprietor began to clipp Miss Kenwigs, the journeyman to scrape the old gentleman, and Newman Noggs to read last Sunday's paper, all three in silence; when Miss Kenwigs uttered a shrill little scream, and Newman raising his eyes, saw that it had been elicited by the circumstance of the old gentleman turning his head, and disclosing the features of Mr. Lillyvick the collector.

The features of Mr. Lillyvick they were, but strangely altered. If ever an old gentleman had made a point of appearing in public, shaved close and clean, that old gentleman was Mr. Lillyvick. If ever a collector had borne himself like a collector, and assumed before all men a solemn and portentous dignity as if he had the world on his books and it was all two quarters in arrear, that collector was Mr. Lillyvick. And now, there he sat with the remains of a beard at least a week old encumbering his chin, a soiled and crumpled shirt-frill crouching as it were upon his breast instead of standing boldly out; a demeanor so abashed and drooping, so despondent, expressive of such humiliation, grief, and shame, that if the souls of forty unsubstantial housekeepers all of whom had had their water cut off for non-payment of the rate, could have been concentrated in one body, that one body could hardly have expressed such mortification and defeat as were now expressed in the person of Mr. Lillyvick the collector.

Newman Noggs uttered his name, and Mr. Lillyvick groaned, then coughed to hide it. But the groan was a full-sized groan, and the cough was but a wheeze.

"Is anything the matter?" said Newman Noggs.

"Matter, Sir!" cried Mr. Lillyvick. "The plug of life is dry, Sir, and but the mud is left."

This speech—the style of which Newman attributed to Mr. Lillyvick's recent association with theatrical characters—not being quite explanatory, Newman looked as if he were about to ask another question, when Mr. Lillyvick prevented him by shaking his hand mournfully, and then waving his own.

"Let me be shaved," said Mr. Lillyvick. I shall be done before Morleena—it *is* Morleena, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Newman.

"Kenwigses have got a boy, haven't they?" inquired the collector.

Again Newman said "Yes."

"Is it a nice boy?" demanded the collector.

"It ain't a very nasty one," returned Newman, rather embarrassed by the question.

"Susan Kenwigs used *to* say," observed the collector, "that if ever she had another boy, she hoped it might be like me. Is this one like me, Mr. Noggs?"

This was a puzzling inquiry, but Newman evaded it by replying to Mr. Lillyvick, that he thought the baby might possibly come like him in time.

"I should be glad to have somebody like me, somehow," said Mr. Lillyvick, "before I die."

"You don't mean to do that yet awhile?" said Newman.

Unto which Mr. Lillyvick replied in a solemn voice, "Let me be shaved;" and again consigning himself to the hands of the journeyman, said no more.

This was remarkable behaviour, and so remarkable did it seem to Miss Morleena, that that young lady, at the imminent hazard of having her ear sliced off, had not been able to forbear looking round some score of times during the foregoing colloquy. Of her, however, Mr. Lillyvick took no notice, rather striving (so, at least, it seemed to Newman Noggs) to evade her observation, and to shrink into himself whenever he attracted her regards. Newman wondered very much what could have occasioned this altered behaviour on the part of the collecter; but philosophically reflecting that he would most likely know sooner or later, and that he could perfectly afford to wait, he was very little disturbed by the singularity of the old gentleman's deportment.

The cutting and curling being at last concluded, the old gentleman, who had been some time waiting, rose to go, and walking out with Newman and his charge, took Newman's arm, and proceeded with them for some time without making any observation. Newman, who in power of taciturnity was excelled by few people, made no attempt to break silence, and so they went on until they had very nearly reached Miss Morleena's home, when Mr. Lillyvick said—

"Were the Kenwigses very much overpowered, Mr. Noggs, by that news?"

"What news?" returned Newman.

"That about—my—being——"

"Married?" suggested Newman.

"Ah!" replied Mr. Lillyvick, with another groan—this time not even disguised by a wheeze.

"It made ma cry when she knew it," interposed Miss Morleena, "but we kept it from her for a long time; and pa was very low in his spirits, but he is better now; and I was very ill, but I am better too."

"Would you give your great-uncle Lillyvick a kiss if he was to ask you, Morleena?" said the collector, with some hesitation.

"Yes,—uncle Lillyvick, I would," returned Miss Morleena, with the energy of both her parents combined; "but not aunt Lillyvick. She's not an aunt of mine, and I'll never call her one."

Immediately upon the utterance of these words, Mr. Lillyvick caught Miss Morleena up in his arms and kissed her, and being by this time at the door of the house where Mr. Kenwigs lodged (which, as has been before-mentioned, usually stood wide open,) he walked straight up into Mr. Kenwigs' sitting-room, and put Miss Morleena down in the midst. Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs were at supper. At sight of their perjured relative, Mrs. Kenwigs turned faint and pale, and Mr. Kenwigs rose majestically.

"Kenwigs," said the collector, "shake hands."

"Sir," said Mr. Kenwigs, "the time has been when I was proud to shake hands with such a man as that man as now surweys me. The time has been, Sir," said Mr. Kenwigs, "when a visit from that man has excited in me and my family's boozums sensations both nateral and awakening. But now I look upon that man with emotions totally surpassing everythink, and I ask myself where is his honour, where is his straight'for'ardness, and where is his human natur."

"Susan Kenwigs," said Mr. Lillyvick, turning humbly to his niece, "don't you say anything to me?"

"She is not equal to it, Sir," said Mr. Kenwigs, striking the table emphatically. "What with the nursing of a healthy babby, and the reflections upon your cruel conduct, four pints of malt liquor a day is hardly able to sustain her."

"I am glad," said the poor collector meekly, "that the baby is a healthy one. I am very glad of that."

This was touching the Kenwigses on the tenderest point. Mrs. Kenwigs instantly burst into tears, and Mr. Kenwigs evinced great emotion.

"My pleasantest feeling all the time that child was expected," said Mr. Kenwigs, mournfully, "was a thinking, 'if it's a boy, as I hope it may be, for I have heard it uncle Lillyvick say again and again he would perfer ou having a boy next—if it's a boy, what will his unc Lillyvick say—what will he like him to be called—wi he be Peter, or Alexander, or Pompey, or Diorgeenes, or what will he be?' and now when I look at him—precious, unconscious, helpless infant, with no use in his little arms but to tear his little cap, and no use in his lit legs but to kick his little self—when I see him a-lying o his mother's lap cooing and cooing, and in his innocent state almost a choking himself with his little fist—when I see him such a infant as he is, and think that that unc Lillyvick, as was once a going to be so fond of him has withdrawed himself away, such a feeling of wengean comes over me as no language can depicter, and I feel as if even that holy babe was a telling me to hate him."

This affecting picture moved Mrs. Kenwigs deeply. After several imperfect words which vainly attempted to struggle to the surface, but were drowned and washed away by the strong tide of her tears, she spake.

"Uncle," said Mrs. Kenwigs, "to think that you should have turned your back upon me and my dear children, and upon Kenwigs which is the author of their being—you who was once so kind and affectionate, and who, if anybody had told us such a thing of, we should have withered with scorn like lightning—you that little Lillyvick our first and earliest boy was named after at the very altar—oh gracious!"

"Was it money that we cared for!" said Mr. Kenwigs. "Was it property that we ever thought of!"

"No," cried Mrs. Kenwigs, "I scorn it."

"So do I," said Mr. Kenwigs, "and always did."

"My feelings have been lancerated," said Mrs. Kenwigs, "my heart has been torn asunder with anguish, I have been thrown back in my confinement, my unoffending infant has been rendered uncomfortable and fractious. Morleena has pined herself away to nothing; all this I forget and forgive, and with you, uncle, I never can quarrel. But never ask me to receive *her*——never do it, uncle. For I will not, I will not, I won't, I won't, I won't——"

"Susan, my dear," said Mr. Kenwigs, "consider your child."

"Yes," shrieked Mrs. Kenwigs, "I will consider my child! I will consider my child!! my own child, that no uncles can deprive me of, my own hated, despised, deserted, cut-off little child." And here the emotions of Mrs. Kenwigs became so violent that Mr. Kenwigs was fain to administer hartshorn internally and vinegar externally, and to destroy a stay-lace, four petticoat strings, and several small buttons.

Newman had been a silent spectator of this scene, for Mr. Lillyvick had signed to him not to withdraw, and Mr. Kenwigs had further solicited his presence by a nod of invitation. When Mrs. Kenwigs had been in some degree restored, and Newman, as a person possessed of some influence with her, had remonstrated and begged her to compose herself, Mr. Lillyvick said in a faltering voice:

"I never shall ask any-body here to receive my——— I needn't mention the word, you know what I mean. Kenwigs and Susan, yesterday was a week she eloped with a half-pay captain."

Mr. and Mrs. Kenwigs started together.

"Eloped with a half-pay captain," repeated Mr. Lillyvick, "basely and falsely eloped with a half-pay captain——with a bottle-nosed captain that any man might have considered himself safe from. It was in this room," said Mr. Lillyvick, looking sternly round, "that I first see Henrietta Petowker. It is in this room that I turn her off for ever."

This declaration completely changed the whole posture of affairs. Mrs. Kenwigs threw herself upon the old gentleman's neck, bitterly reproaching herself for her late harshness, and exclaiming if she had suffered, what must his sufferings have been? Mr. Kenwigs grasped his hand and vowed eternal friendship and remorse. Mrs. Kenwigs was horror-stricken to think that she should ever have nourished in her bosom such a snake, adder, viper, serpent, and base crocodile as Henrietta Petowker. Mr. Kenwigs argued that she must have been bad indeed not to have improved by so long a contemplation of Mrs. Kenwig's virtue. Mrs. Kenwigs remembered that Mr. Kenwigs had often said that he was not quite satisfied of the propriety of Miss Petowker's conduct, and wondered how it was that she could have been blinded by such a wretch. Mr. Kenwigs remembered that he had had his suspicions, but did not wonder why Mrs. Kenwigs had not had hers, as she was all chastity, purity, and truth, and Henrietta all baseness, falsehood, and deceit. And Mr and Mrs. Kenwigs both said with strong feeling and tears of sympathy, that everything happened for the best, and conjured the good collector not to give way to unavailing grief, but to seek consolation in the society of those affectionate relations whose arms and hearts were ever open to him.

"Out of affection and regard for you, Susan and Kenwigs," said Mr. Lillyvick, "and not out of revenge and spite against her, for she is below it, I shall to-morrow morning settle upon your children, and make payable to the survivors of them when they come of age or marry, that money that I once meant to leave 'em in my will. The deed shall be executed to-morrow, and Mr. Noggs shall be one of the witnesses. He hears me promise this, and he shall see it done."

Overpowered by this noble and generous offer, Mr. Kenwigs, Mrs. Kenwigs, and Miss Morleena Kenwigs all began to sob together, and the noise of their sobbing communicating itself to the next room, where the children lay a-bed, and causing them to cry too, Mr. Kenwigs rushed wildly in and bringing them out in his arms by two and two, tumbled them down in their night-caps and gowns at the feet of Mr. Lillyvick, and called upon them to thank and bless him.

"And now," said Mr. Lillyvick, when a heart-rending scene had ensued and the children were cleared away again, "Give me some supper. This took place twenty mile from town. I came up this morning, and have been lingering about all day without being able to make up my mind to come and see you. I humoured her in everything, she had her own way, she did just as she pleased, and now she has done this. There was twelve tea-spoons and twenty-four pound in sovereigns——I missed them first——it's a trial——I feel I shall never be able to knock a double knock again when I go my rounds ——don't say anything more about it, please——the spoons were worth——never mind——never mind!"

With such muttered outpourings as these, the old gentleman shed a few tears, but they got him into the elbow-chair and prevailed upon him, without much pressing, to make a hearty supper, and by the time he had finished his first pipe and disposed of half-a-dozen glasses out of a crown bowl of punch, ordered by Mr. Kenwigs in celebration of his return to the bosom of his family, he seemed, though still very humble, quite resigned to his fate, and rather relieved than otherwise by the flight of his wife.

"When I see that man," said Mr. Kenwigs, with one hand round Mrs. Kenwig's waist, his other hand supporting his pipe (which made him wink and cough very much, for he was no smoker) and his eyes on Morleena, who sat upon her uncle's knee, "when I see that man a mingling once again in the spear which he adorns, and see his affections deweloping themselves in legitimate sitiwations, I feel that his natur is as elewated and expanded as his standing afore society as a public character is unimpeached, and the woices of my infant children purvided for in life, seem to whisper to me softly, 'This is an ewent at which Evins itself looks down!'"

CHAPTER LIII.

Containing the further progress of the plot contrived by Mr. Ralph Nickleby and Mr. Arthur Gride.

With that settled resolution and steadiness of purpose to which extreme circumstances so often give birth, acting upon far less excitable and more sluggish temperaments

than that which was the lot of Madeline Bray's admirer, Nicholas started, at dawn of day, from the restless couch which no sleep had visited on the previous night, and prepared to make that last appeal by whose slight and fragile thread her only remaining hope of escape depended.

Although to restless and ardent minds, morning may be the fitting season for exertion and activity, it is not always at that time that hope is strongest or the spirit most sanguine and buoyant. In trying and doubtful positions, use, custom, a steady contemplation of the difficulties which surround us, and a familiarity with them, imperceptibly diminish our apprehensions and beget comparative indifference, if not a vague and reckless confidence in some relief, the means or nature of which we care not to foresee. But when we come fresh upon such things in the morning, with that dark and silent gap between us and yesterday, with every link in the brittle chain of hope to rivet afresh, our hot enthusiasm subdued, and cool calm reason substituted in its stead, doubt and misgiving revive. As the traveller sees farthest by day, and becomes aware of rugged mountains and trackless plains which the friendly darkness had shrouded from his sight and mind together, so the wayfarer in the toilsome path of human life sees with each returning sun some new obstacle to surmount, some new height to be attained; distances stretch out before him which last night were scarcely taken into account, and the light which gilds all nature with its cheerful beams, seems but to shine upon the weary obstacles which yet lie strewn between him and the grave.

So thought Nicholas, when, with the impatience natural to a situation like his, he softly left the house, and feeling as though to remain in bed were to lose most precious time, and to be up and stirring were in some way to promote the end he had in view, he wandered into London, although perfectly well knowing that for hours to come he could not obtain speech with Madeline, and could do nothing but wish the intervening time away.

And even now, as he paced the streets and listlessly looked round on the gradually increasing bustle and preparation for the day, everything appeared to yield him some new occasion for despondency. Last night the sacrifice of a young, affectionate, and beautiful creature to such a wretch and in such a cause, had seemed a thing too monstrous to succeed, and the warmer he grew the more confident he felt that some interposition must save her from his clutches. But now, when he thought how regularly things went on from day to day in the same unvarying round—how youth and beauty died, and ugly griping age lived tottering on—how crafty avarice grew rich, and manly honest hearts were poor and sad—how few they were who tenanted the stately houses, and how many those who lay in noisome pens, or rose each day and laid them down at night, and lived and died, father and son, mother and child, race upon race, and generation upon generation, without a home to shelter them or the energies of one single man directed to their aid—how in seeking, not a luxurious and splendid life, but the bare means of a most wretched and inadequate subsistence, there were women and children in that one town, divided into classes, numbered and estimated as regularly as the noble families and folks of great degree, and reared from infancy to drive most criminal and dreadful trades—how ignorance was punished and never taught—how jail-door gaped and gallows loomed for thousands urged towards them by circumstances darkly curtaining their very cradles' heads, and but for which they might have earned their honest bread and lived in peace—how many died in soul, and had no chance of life—how many who could scarcely go astray, be they vicious as they would, turned haughtily from the crushed and stricken wretch who could scarce do otherwise, and who would have been a greater wonder had he or she done well, than even they had they done ill—how much injustice, and misery, and wrong there was, and yet how the world rolled on from year to year, alike careless and indifferent, and no man seeking to remedy or redress it:—when he thought of all this, and selected from the mass the one slight case on which his thoughts were bent, he felt indeed that there was little ground for hope, and little cause or reason why it should not form an atom in the huge aggregate of distress and sorrow, and add one small and unimportant unit to swell the great amount.

But youth is not prone to contemplate the darkest side of a picture it can shift at will. By dint of reflecting on what he had to do and reviving the train of thought which night had interrupted, Nicholas gradually summoned up his utmost energy, and by the time the morning was sufficiently advanced for his purpose, had no thought but that of using it to the best advantage. A hasty breakfast taken, and such affairs of business as required prompt attention disposed of, he directed his steps to the residence of Madeline Bray, whither he lost no time in arriving

It had occurred to him that very possibly the young lady might be denied, although to him she never had been; and he was still pondering upon the surest method of obtaining access to her in that case, when, coming to the door of the house, he found it had been left ajar—probably by the last person who had gone out. The occasion was not one upon which to observe the nicest ceremony; therefore, availing himself of this advantage, Nicholas walked gently up stairs and knocked at the door of the room into which he had been accustomed to be shown. Receiving permission to enter from some person on the other side, he opened the door and walked in.

Bray and his daughter were sitting there alone. It was nearly three weeks since he had seen her last, but there was a change in the lovely girl before him which told Nicholas, in startling terms, what mental suffering had been compressed into that short time. There are no words which can express, nothing with which can be compared, the perfect pallor, the clear transparent cold ghastly whiteness, of the beautiful face which turned towards him when he entered. Her hair was a rich deep brown, but shading that face, and straying upon a neck that rivalled it in whiteness, it seemed by the strong contrast raven black. Something of wildness and restlessness there was in the dark eye, but there was the same patient look, the same expression of gentle mournfulness which he well remembered, and no trace of a single tear. Most beautiful—more beautiful perhaps in appearance than ever—there was something in her face which quite unmanned him, and appeared far more touching than the wildest agony of grief. It was not merely calm and composed, but fixed and rigid, as though the violent effort which had summoned that composure beneath her father's eye, while it mastered all other thoughts, had prevented even the momentary expression they had communicated to the features from subsiding, and had fastened it there as an evidence of its triumph.

The father sat opposite to her—not looking directly in her face, but glancing at her as he talked with a gay air which ill disguised the anxiety of his thoughts. The drawing materials were not on their accustomed table, nor were any of the other tokens of her usual occupations to be seen. The little vases which he had always seen filled with fresh flowers, were empty or supplied only with a few withered stalks and leaves. The bird was silent. The cloth that covered his cage at night was not removed. His mistress had forgotten him.

There are times when the mind being painfully alive to receive impressions, a great deal may be noted at a glance. This was one, for Nicholas had but glanced round him when he was recognised by Mr. Bray, who said impatiently,

"Now sir, what do you want? Name your errand here quickly if you please, for my daughter and I are busily engaged with other and more important matters than those you come about. Come, sir, address yourself to your business at once."

Nicholas could very vell discern that the irritability and impatience of this speech were assumed, and that Bray in his heart was rejoiced at any interruption which promised to engage the attention of his daughter. He bent his eyes involuntarily upon the father as he spoke, and marked his uneasiness, for he coloured directly and turned his head away.

The device, however, so far as it was a device for causing Madeline to interfere, was successful. She rose, and advancing towards Nicholas paused half way, and stretched out her hand as expecting a letter.

"Madeline," said her father impatiently, "my love, what are you doing?"

"Miss Bray expects an enclosure perhaps," said Nicholas, speaking very distinctly, and with an emphasis she could scarcely misunderstand. "My employer is absent from England, or I should have brought a letter with me. I hope she will give me time—a little time—I ask a very little time."

"If that is all you come about, Sir," said Mr. Bray, "you may make yourself easy on that head. Madeline, my dear, I didn't know this person was in your debt?"

"A—a trifle I believe," returned Madeline, faintly.

"I suppose you think now," said Bray, wheeling his chair round and confronting Nicholas, "that but for such pitiful sums as you bring here because my daughter has chosen to employ her time as she has we should starve?"

"I have not thought about it," returned Nicholas.

"You have not thought about it!" sneered the invalid. "You know you have thought about it, and have thought that and think so every time you come here. Do you suppose young man, that I don't know what little purse-proud tradesmen are, when through some fortunate circumstance they get the upper hand for a brief day—or think they get the upper hand—of a gentleman?"

"My business," said Nicholas respectfully, "is with a lady."

"With a gentleman's daughter, Sir," returned the sick man, "and the pettifogging spirit is the same, But perhaps you bring *orders* eh? Have you any fresh *orders* for my daughter, Sir?"

Nicholas understood the tone of triumph and the sneer in which this interrogatory was put, but remembering the necessity of supporting his assumed character, produced a scrap of paper purporting to contain a list of some subjects for drawings which his employer desired to have executed; and with which he had prepared himself in case of any such contingency.

"Oh!" said Mr. Bray. "These are the orders, are they?"

"Since you insist upon the term, Sir—yes," replied Nicholas.

"Then you may tell your master," said Bray, tossing the paper back again with an exulting smile, "that my daughter—Miss Madeline Bray—condescends to employ herself no longer in such labours as these; that she is not at his beck and call as he supposes her to be; that we don't live upon his money as he flatters himself we do; that he may give whatever he owes us to the first beggar that passes his shop, or add it to his own profits next time he calculates them; and that he may go to the devil, for me. That's my acknowledgement of his orders, Sir!"

"And this is the independence of a man who sells his daughter as he has sold that weeping girl!" thought Nicholas indignantly.

The father was too much absorbed with his own exultation to mark the look of scorn which for an instant Nicholas would not have suppressed had he been upon the rack. "There," he continued, after a short silence, "you have your message and can retire—unless you have any further—ha!—any further orders."

"I have none," said Nicholas sternly; "neither in consideration of the station you once held, have I used that or any other word which, however harmless in itself, could be supposed to imply authority on my part or dependence on yours. I have no orders, but I have fears—that I will express, chafe as you may—fears that you may be consigning that young lady to something worse than supporting you by the labour of her hands, had she worked herself dead. These are my fears, and these fears I found upon your own demeanour. Your conscience will tell you, Sir, whether I construe it well or not."

"For heaven's sake!" cried Madeline, interposing in alarm between them. "Remember, Sir, he is ill."

"Ill! cried the invalid, gasping and catching for breath. "Ill! Ill! I am bearded and bullied by a shop-boy, and she beseeches him to pity me and remember I am ill!"

He fell into a paroxysm of his disorder, so violent that for a few moments Nicholas was alarmed for his life; but finding that he began to recover, he withdrew, after signifying by a gesture to the young lady that he had something important to communicate, and would wait for her outside the room. He could hear that the sick man came gradually but slowly to himself, and that without any reference to what had just occurred, as though he had no distinct recollection of it as yet, he requested to be left alone.

"Oh!" thought Nicholas, "that this slender chance might not be lost, and that I might prevail if it were but for one week's time and re-consideration!"

"You are charged with some commission to me, Sir," said Madeline, presenting herself in great agitation. "Do not press it now, I beg and pray you. The day after to-morrow—come here then."

"It will be too late—too late for what I have to say," rejoined Nicholas, "and you will not be here Oh, Madam, if you have but one thought of him who sent me here, but one last lingering care for your own peace of mind and heart, I do for God's sake urge you to give me a hearing."

She attempted to pass him, but Nicholas gently detained her.

"A hearing," said Nicholas. "I ask you but to hear me—not me alone, but him for whom I speak, who is far away and does not know your danger. In the name of Heaven hear me."

The poor attendant with her eyes swollen and red with weeping stood by, and to her Nicholas appealed in such passionate terms that she opened a side-door, and supporting her mistress into an adjoining room beckoned Nicholas to follow them.

"Leave me, Sir, pray," said the young lady.

"I cannot, will not leave you thus," returned Nicholas. "I have a duty to discharge, and either here or in the room from which we have just now come, at whatever risk or hazard to Mr. Bray, I must beseech you to contemplate again the fearful course to which you have been impelled."

"What course is this you speak of, and impelled by whom, Sir!" demanded the young lady, with an effort to speak proudly.

"I speak of this marriage," returned Nicholas, "of this marriage, fixed for to-morrow by one who never faltered in a bad purpose, or lent his aid to any good design; of this marriage, the history of which is known to me, better, far better, than it is to you. I know what web is wound about you. I know what men they are from whom these schemes have come. You are betrayed, and sold for money—for gold, whose every coin is rusted with tears, if not red with the blood of ruined men, who have fallen desperately by their own mad hands."

"You say you have a duty to discharge," said Madeline firmly, "and so have I. And with the help of Heaven I will perform it."

"Say rather with the help of devils," replied Nicholas, "with the help of men, one of them your destined husband, who are———"

"I must not hear this," cried the young lady, striving to repress a shudder, occasioned, as it seemed, even by this slight allusion to Arthur Gride. "This evil, if evil it is, has been of my own seeking. I am impelled to this course by no one, but follow it of my own free will.

"You see I am not constrained or forced by menace and intimidation. Report this," said Madeline, "to my dear friend and benefactor, and taking with you my prayers and thanks for him and for yourself, leave me for ever."

"Not until I have besought you, with all the earnestness and fervour by which I am animated," cried Nicholas, "to postpone this marriage for one short week. Not until I have besought you to think more deeply than you can have done, influenced as you are, upon the step you are about to take. Although you cannot be fully conscious of the villainy of this man to whom you are about to give your hand, some of his deeds you know. You have heard him speak, and looked upon his face—reflect, reflect before it is too late, on the mockery of plighting to him at the altar, faith in which your heart can have no share—of uttering solemn words, against which nature and reason must rebel—of the degradation of yourself in your own esteem, which must ensue, and must be aggravated every day as his detested character opens upon you more and more. Shrink from the loathsome companionship of this foul wretch as you would from corruption and disease. Suffer toil and labour if you will, but shun him, shun him, and be happy. For, believe me, that I speak the truth, the most abject poverty, the most wretched condition of human life, with a pure and upright mind, would be happiness to that which you must undergo as the wife of such a man as this!"

Long before Nicholas ceased to speak, the young lady buried her face in her hands, and gave her tears free way. In a voice at first inarticulate with emotion, but gradually recovering strength as she proceeded, she answered him,

"I will not disguise from you, Sir—though perhaps I ought—that I have undergone great pain of mind, and have been nearly broken-hearted since I saw you last. I do *not* love this gentleman; the difference between our ages, tastes, and habits, forbids it. This he knows, and knowing, still offers me his hand. By accepting it, and by that step alone, I can release my father who is dying in this place, prolong his life, perhaps, for many years, restore him to comfort—I may almost call it affluence—and relieve a generous man from the burden of assisting one by whom, I grieve to say, his noble heart is little understood. Do not think so poorly of me as to believe that I feign a love I do not feel. Do not report so ill of me, for *that* I could not bear. If I cannot in reason or in nature love the man who pays this price for my poor hand, I can discharge the duties of a wife; I can be all he seeks in me, and will. He is content to take me as I am. I have passed my word, and should rejoice, not weep, that it is so—I do. The interest you take in one so friendless and forlorn as I, the delicacy with which you have discharged your trust, the faith you have kept with me, have my warmest thanks, and while I make this last feeble acknowledgement, move me to tears, as you see. But I do not repent, nor am I unhappy. I am happy in the prospect of all I can achieve so easily, and shall be more so when I look back upon it, and all is done, I know."

"Your tears fall faster as you talk of happiness," said Nicholas, "and you shun the contemplation of that dark future which must come laden with so much misery to you. Defer this marriage for a week—for but one week."

"He was talking, when you came upon us just now, with such smiles as I remember to have seen of old, and have not seen for many and many a day, of the freedom that was to come to-morrow," said Madeline, with momentary firmness, "of the welcome change, the fresh air; all the new scenes and objects that would bring fresh life to his exhausted frame. His eye grew bright, and his face lightened at the thought. I will not defer it for an hour."

"These are but tricks and wiles to urge you on," cried Nicholas.

"I'll hear no more," said Madeline, hurriedly, "I have heard too much—more than I should—already. What I have said to you, sir, I have said as to that dear friend to whom I trust in you honourably to repeat it. Some time hence when I am more composed and reconciled to my new mode of life, if I should live so long, I will write to him. Meantime, all holy angels shower their blessings on his head, and prosper and preserve him."

She was hurrying past Nicholas, when he threw himself before her, and implored her to think but once again upon the fate to which she was precipitately hastening.

"There is no retreat," said Nicholas, in an agony of supplication, "no withdrawing; all regret will be unavailing, and deep and bitter it must be. What can I say that will induce you to pause at this last moment! What can I do to save you?"

"Nothing," she incoherently replied. "This is the hardest trial I have had. Have mercy on me, Sir, I beseech, and do not pierce my heart with such appeals as these. I—I hear him calling;—I—I—must not, will not, remain here for another instant."

"If this were a plot," said Nicholas, with the same violent rapidity with which she spoke, "a plot, not yet laid bare by me, but which, with time, I might unravel, if you were (not knowing it) entitled to a fortune of your own, which being recovered, would do all that this marriage can accomplish, would you not retract!"

"No, no, no, !— it is impossible; it is a child's tale, time would bring his death. He is calling again."

"It may be the last time we shall ever meet on earth," said Nicholas, "it may be better for me that we should never meet more."

"For both—-for both," replied Madeline, not heeding what she said, "The time will come when to recal the memory of this one interview might drive me mad. Be sure to tell them that you left me calm and happy. And God be with you, Sir, and my grateful heart and blessing!"

She was gone, and Nicholas, staggering from the house, thought of the hurried scene which had just closed upon him, as if it were the phantom of some wild, unquiet dream. The day wore on: at night, having been enabled in some measure to collect his thoughts, he issued forth again.

That night, being the last of Arthur Gride's bachelorship, found him in tip-top spirits and great glee. The bottle-green suit had been brushed ready for to-morrow. Peg Sliderskew had rendered the accounts of her past housekeeping; the eighteen-pence had been rigidly accounted for (she was never trusted with a larger sum at once, and the accounts were not usually balanced more than twice a-day), every preparation had been made for the coming festival, and Arthur might have sat down and contemplated his approaching happiness, but that he preferred sitting down and contemplating the entries in a dirty old vellum-book with rusty clasps.

"Well-a-day!" he chuckled, as sinking on his knees before a strong chest screwed down to the floor, he thrust in his arm nearly up to the shoulder, and slowly drew forth this greasy volume, "Well-a-day now, this is all my library, but it's one of the most entertaining books that were ever written: it's a delightful book, and all true and real—-that's the best of it—-true as the Bank of England, and real as its gold and silver. Written by Arthur Gride——he, he, he! None of your story-book writers will ever make as good a book as this, I warrant me. It's composed for private circulation—for my own particular reading, and nobody else's. He, he!"

Muttering this soliloquy, Arthur carried his precious volume to the table, and adjusting it upon a dusty desk, put on his spectacles, and began to pore among the leaves.

"It's a large sum to Mr. Nickleby," he said, in a dolorous voice. "Debt to be paid in full, nine hundred and seventy-five, four, three, Additional sum as per bond five hundred pound. One thousand, four hundred and seventy-five pounds, four shillings, and three-pence, to-morrow at twelve o' clock. On the other side though, there's the *per contra* by means of this pretty chick. But again there's the question whether I mightn 't have brought all this about myself. 'Faint heart never won fair lady.' Why was my heart so faint! Why didn 't I boldly open it to Bray myself, and save one thousand four hundred and seventy-five, four, three!"

These reflections depressed the old usurer so much as to wring a feeble groan or two from his breast, and cause him to declare with uplifted hands that he would die in a work-house. Remembering on further cogitation, however, that under any circumstances he must have paid, or handsomely compounded for, Ralph's debt, and being by no means confident that he would have succeeded had he undertaken his enterprise alone, he regained his equanimity, and chattered and mowed over more satisfactory items until the entrance of Peg Sliderskew interrupted him.

"Aha, Peg!" said Arthur, "what is it? What is it now, Peg?"

"It's the fowl," replied Peg, holding up a plate containing a little—a very little one—quite a phenomenon of a fowl—so very small and skinny.

"A beautiful bird!" said Arthur, after inquiring the price, and finding it proportionate to the size. "With a rasher of ham, and an egg made into sauce, and potatoes, and greens, and an apple-pudding, Peg, and a little bit of cheese, we shall have a dinner for an emperor. There'll only be she and me—and you, Peg, when we've done—nobody else."

"Don't you complain of the expense afterwards," said Mrs. Sliderskew, sulkily.

"I'm afraid we must live expensively for the first week," returned Arthur, with a groan, "and then we must make up for it. I won't eat more than I can help, and I know you love your old master too much to eat more than *you* can help, don't you, Peg?"

"Don't I what?" said Peg.

"Love your old master too much—"

"No, not a bit too much," said Peg.

"Oh dear, I wish the devil had this woman!" cried Arthur—"love him too much to eat more than you can help at his expense."

"At his what?" said Peg.

"Oh dear! she can never hear the most important word, and hears all the others!" whined Gride. "At his expense—you catamaran."

The last-mentioned tribute to the charms of Mrs. Sliderskew being uttered in a whisper, that lady assented to the general proposition by a harsh growl, which was accompanied by a ring at the street-door.

"There's the bell," said Arthur.

"Ay, ay; I know that," rejoined Peg.

"Then why don't you go?" bawled Arthur.

"Go where?" retorted Peg. "I ain't doing any harm here, am I?"

Arthur Gride in reply repeated the word "bell" as loud as he could roar, and his meaning being rendered further intelligible to Mrs. Sliderskew's dull sense of hearing by pantomime expressive of ringing at a street-door, Peg hobbled out, after sharply demanding why he hadn't said there was a ring before, instead of talking about all manner of things that had nothing to do with it, and keeping her half-pint of beer waiting on the steps.

"There's a change come over you, Mrs. Peg," said Arthur, following her out with his eyes. "What it means I don't quite know, but if it lasts we shan't agree together long, I see. You are turning crazy, I think, and if you are you must take yourself off, Mrs. Peg—or be taken off. All's one to me."

Turning over the leaves of his book as he muttered this, he soon lighted upon something which attracted his attention, and forgot Peg Sliderskew and everything else in the engrossing interest of its pages.

The room had no other light than that which it derived from a dim and dirt clogged lamp, whose lazy wick, being still further obscured by a dark shade, cast its feeble rays over a very little space, and left all beyond in heavy shadow. This, the money-lender had drawn so close to him, that there was only room between it and himself for the book over which he bent; and as he sat with his elbows on the desk, and his sharp cheek-bones resting on his hands, it only served to bring out his hideous features in strong relief, together with the little table at which he sat, and to shroud all the rest of the chamber in a deep sullen gloom. Raising his eyes and looking vacantly into this gloom as he made some mental calculation, Arthur Gride suddenly met the fixed gaze of a man.

"Thieves! thieves!" shrieked the usurer, starting up and folding his book to his breast, "robbers! murder!"

"What is the matter?" said the form advancing.

"Keep off!" cried the trembling wretch. "Is it a man or a—a—"

"For what do you take me, if not for a man?" was the disdainful inquiry.

"Yes, yes," cried Arthur Gride, shading his eyes with his hand, "it is a man, and not a spirit. It is a man. Robbers! robbers!"

"For what are these cries raised—unless indeed you know me, and have some purpose in your brain?" said the stranger, coming close up to him. "I am no thief, fellow."

"What then, and how come you here?" cried Gride, somewhat reassured, but still retreating from his visitor, "what is your name, and what do you want?"

"My name you need not know," was the reply. "I came here because I was shown the way by your servant. I have addressed you twice or thrice, but you were too profoundly engaged with your book to hear me, and I have been silently waiting until you should be less abstracted. What I want I will tell you, when you can summon up courage enough to hear and understand me."

Arthur Gride venturing to regard his visitor more attentively, and perceiving that he was a young man of good mien and bearing, returned to his seat and muttering that there were bad characters about, and that this with former attempts upon his house, had made him nervous, requested his visitor to sit down. This however he declined.

"Good God! I don't stand up to have you at an advantage," said Nicholas (for Nicholas it was), as he observed a gesture of alarm on the part of Gride. "Listen to me. You are to be married to-morrow morning."

"N—n—no," rejoined Gride. "Who said I was? How do you know that?"

"No matter how," replied Nicholas, "I know it. The young lady who is to give you her hand hates and despises you. Her blood runs cold at the mention of your name—the vulture and the lamb, the rat and the dove, could not be worse matched than you and she. You see I know her."

Gride looked at him as if he were petrified with astonishment, but did not speak, perhaps lacking the power.

"You and another man, Ralph Nickleby by name, have hatched this plot between you," pursued Nicholas, "you pay him for his share in bringing about this sale of Madeline Bray. You do. A lie is trembling on your lips, I see."

He paused, but Arthur making no reply, resumed again.

"You pay yourself by defrauding her. How or by what means—for I scorn to sully her cause by falsehood or deceit—I do not know; at present I do not know, but I am not alone or single-handed in this business. If the energy of man can compass the discovery of your fraud and treachery before your death—if wealth, revenge, and just hatred can hunt and track you through your windings—you will yet be called to a dear account for this. We are on the scent already—judge you, that know what we do not, when we shall have you down."

He paused again, and still Arthur Gride glared upon him in silence.

"If you were a man to whom I could appeal with any hope of touching his compassion or humanity," said Nicholas, "I would urge upon you to remember the helplessness, the innocence, the youth of this lady, her worth and beauty, her filial excellence, and last, and more than all as concerning you more nearly, the appeal she has made to your mercy and your manly feeling. But I take the only ground that can be taken with men like you, and ask what money will buy you off. Remember the danger to which you are exposed. You see I know enough to know much more with very little help. Bate some expected gain, for the risk you save, and say what is your price."

Old Arthur Gride moved his lips, but they only formed an ugly smile and were motionless again.

"You think," said Nicholas, "that the price would not be paid. Miss Bray has wealthy friends who would coin their hearts to save her in such a strait as this. Name your price, defer these nuptials for but a few days, and see whether those I speak of shrink from the payment. Do you hear me?"

When Nicholas began, Arthur Gride's impression was that Ralph Nickleby had betrayed him; but as he proceeded he felt convinced that however he had come by the knowledge he possessed, the part he acted was a genuine one, and that with Ralph he had no concern. All he seemed to know for certain was, that he, Gride, paid Ralph's debt, but that to anybody who knew the circumstances of Bray's detention—even to Bray himself on Ralph's own statement—must be perfectly notorious. As to the fraud on Madeline herself, his visitor knew so little about its nature or extent, that it might be a lucky guess or a hap-hazard accusation, and whether or no, he had clearly no key to the mystery, and could not hurt him who kept it close within his own breast. The allusion to friends and the offer of money Gride held to be mere empty vapouring for purposes of delay. "And even if money were to be had," thought Arthur Gride, as he glanced at Nicholas, and trembled with passion at his boldness and audacity, "I'd have that dainty chick for my wife, and cheat *you* of her young smooth-face."

Long habit of weighing and noting well what clients said, and nicely balancing chances in his mind and calculating odds to their faces, without the least appearance of being so engaged, had rendered Gride quick in forming conclusions and arriving, from puzzling, intricate, and often contradictory premises, at very cunning deductions. Hence it was that as Nicholas went on he followed him closely with his own constructions, and when he ceased to speak was as well prepared as if he had deliberated for a fortnight.

"I hear you," he cried, starting from his seat, casting back the fastenings of the window-shutters, and throwing up the sash. "Help here! Help! Help!"

"What are you doing!" said Nicholas, seizing him by the arm.

"I'll cry robbers, thieves, murder, alarm the neighbourhood, struggle with you, let loose some blood, and swear you came to rob me if you don't quit my house," replied Gride, drawing in his head with a frightful grin, "I will."

"Wretch!" cried Nicholas.

"*You'll* bring your threats here, will you!" said Gride, whom jealousy of Nicholas and a sense of his own triumph had converted into a perfect fiend.

"You, the disappointed lover—oh dear! He! he! he!—but you shan't have her, no, nor she you. She's my wife, my fond doting little wife. Do you think she'll miss you? Do you think she'll weep? I shall like to see her weep—I shan't mind it. She looks prettier in tears."

"Villain!" said Nicholas, choking with his rage.

"One minute more," cried Arthur Gride, "and I'll rouse the street with such screams as, if they were raised by anybody else, should wake me even in the arms of pretty Madeline."

"You base hound!" said Nicholas, "if you were but a younger man——"

"Oh yes!" sneered Arthur Gride, "if I was but a younger man it would'nt be so bad, but for me, so old and ugly—to be jilted by little Madeline for me!"

"Hear me," said Nicholas, "and be thankful I have enough command over myself not to fling you into the street, which no aid could prevent my doing if I once grappled with you. I have been no lover of this lady's. No contract or engagement, no word of love has ever passed between us. She does not even know my name."

"I'll ask it for all that—I'll beg it of her with kisses," said Arthur Gride. "Yes, and she'll tell me, and pay them back, and we'll laugh together, and hug ourselves—and be very merry—when we think of the poor youth that wanted to have her, but couldn't, because she was bespoke by me."

This taunt brought such an expression into the face of Nicholas, that Arthur Gride plainly apprehended it to be the forerunner of his putting his threat of throwing him into the street in immediate execution, for he thrust his head out of the window, and holding tight on with both hands, raised a pretty brisk alarm. Not thinking it necessary to abide the issue of the noise, Nicholas gave vent to an indignant defiance, and stalked from the room and from the house. Arthur Gride watched him across the street, and then drawing in his head, fastened the window as before, and sat down to take breath.

"If she ever turns pettish or ill-humored, I'll taunt her with that spark," he said, when he had recovered. "She'll little think I know about him, and if I manage it well, I can break her spirit by this means and have her under my thumb. I'm glad nobody came. I didn't call too loud. The audacity to enter my house, and open upon me!—But I shall have a very good triumph to-morrow, and he'll be gnawing his fingers off, perhaps drown himself, or cut his throat! I shouldn't wonder! That would make it quite complete, that would—quite."

When he had become restored to his usual condition by these and other comments on his approaching triumph, Arthur Gride put away his book, and having locked up the chest with great caution, descended into the kitchen to warn Peg Sliderskew to bed, and to scold her for having afforded such ready admission to a stranger.

The unconscious Peg, however, not being able to comprehend the offence of which she had been guilty, he summoned her to hold the light while he made a tour of the fastenings, and secured the street door with his own hands.

"Top bolt," muttered Arthur, fastening as he spoke, "bottom bolt—chain—bar—double-lock—and key out to put under my pillow—so if any more rejected admirers come, they may come through the keyhole. And now I'll go to sleep till half-past five, when I must get up to be married, Peg."

With that, he jocularly tapped Mrs. Sliderskew under the chin, and appeared, for the moment, inclined to celebrate the close of his bachelor days by imprinting a kiss on her shrivelled lips. Thinking better of it, however, he gave her chin another tap in lieu of that warmer familiarity, and stole away to bed.

CHAPTER LIV.

The Crisis of the Project and its Result.

There are not many men who lie abed too late or oversleep themselves on their wedding morning. A legend there is of somebody remarkable for absence of mind, who opened his eyes upon the day which was to give him a young wife, and forgetting all about the matter, rated his servants for providing him with such fine clothes as had been prepared for the festival. There is also a legend of a young gentleman who, not having before his eyes the fear of the canons of the church for such cases made and provided, conceived a passion for his grandmama. Both cases are of a singular and special kind, and it is very doubtful whether either can be considered as a precedent likely to be extensively followed by succeeding generations.

Arthur Gride had enrobed himself in his marriage garments of bottle-green, a full hour before Mrs. Sliderskew, shaking off her more heavy slumbers, knocked at his chamber door; and he had hobbled down stairs in full array and smacked his lips over a scanty taste of his favourite cordial, ere that delicate piece of antiquity enlightened the kitchen with her presence.

"Faugh!" said Peg, grubbing in the discharge of her domestic functions, among a scanty heap of ashes in the rusty grate, "Wedding indeed! A precious wedding! He wants somebody better than his old Peg to take care of him, does he? And what has he said to me many and many a time to keep me content with short food, small wages, and little fire? 'My will, Peg! my will!' says he, 'I'm a bachelor—no friends—no relations, Peg.' Lies! And now he's to bring home a new mistress, a baby-faced chit of a girl—if he wanted a wife, the fool, why couldn't he have one suitable to his age and that knew his ways? She won't come in my way, he says. No, that she won't, but you little think why, Arthur boy."

While Mrs. Sliderskew, influenced possibly by some lingering feelings of disappointment and personal slight occasioned by her old master's preference for another, was giving loose to these grumblings below stairs, Arthur Gride was cogitating in the parlour upon what had taken place last night.

"I can't think how he can have picked up what he knows," said Arthur, "unless I have committed myself—let something drop at Bray's, for instance, which has been overheard. Perhaps I may. I shouldn't be surprised if that was it. Mr. Nickleby was often angry at my talking to him before we got outside the door. I mustn't tell him that part of the business, or he'll put me out of sorts and make me nervous for the day."

Ralph was universally looked up to and recognised among his fellows as a superior genius, but upon

Arthur Gride his stern unyielding character and consummate art had made so deep an impression, that he was actually afraid of him. Cringing and cowardly to the core by nature, Arthur Gride humbled himself in the dust before Ralph Nickleby, and even when they had not this stake in common, would have licked his shoes and crawled upon the ground before him rather then venture to return him word for word, or retort upon him in any other spirit than that of the most slavish and abject sycophancy.

To Ralph Nickleby's, Arthur Gride now betook himself according to appointment, and to Ralph Nickleby he related how that last night some young blustering blade, whom he had never seen, forced his way into his house, and tried to frighten him from the proposed nuptials;—told in short, what Nicholas had said and done, with the slight reservation upon which he had determined.

"Well, and what then?" said Ralph.

"Oh! nothing more," rejoined Gride.

"He tried to frighten you?" said Ralph, disdainfully, "and you *were* frightened I suppose, is that it?"

"I frightened him by crying thieves and murder," replied Gride. "Once I was in earnest, I tell you that, for I had more than half a mind to swear he uttered threats and demanded my life or my money."

"Oho!" said Ralph, eyeing him askew. "Jealous too!"

"Dear now, see that!" cried Arthur, rubbing his hands and affecting to laugh.

"Why do you make those grimaces, man?" said Ralph, harshly, "you *are* jealous—and with good cause I think."

"No, no, no,—not with good cause, hey? You don't think with good cause, do you?" cried Arthur, faltering, "Do you though—hey?"

"Why, how stands the fact?" returned Ralph. "Here is an old man about to be forced in marriage upon a girl, and to this old man there comes a handsome young fellow—you said he was handsome, didn't you?"

"No!" snarled Arthur Gride.

"Oh!" rejoined Ralph, "I thought you did. Well, handsome or not handsome, to this old man there comes a young fellow who casts all manner of fierce defiances in his teeth—gums I should rather say—and tells him in plain terms that his mistress hates him. What does he do that for? Philanthropy's sake?"

"Not for love of the lady," replied Gride, "for he said that no word of love—his very words—had ever passed between 'em."

"He said!" repeated Ralph, contemptuously. "But I like him for one thing, and that is his giving you this fair warning to keep your—what is it? Tit-tit or dainty chick—which?—under lock and key. Be careful, Gride, be careful. It's a triumph too to tear her away from a gallant young rival; a great triumph for an old man. It only remains to keep her safe when you have her—that's all."

"What a man it is!" cried Arthur Gride, affecting in the extremity of his torture to be highly amused. And then he added, anxiously, "Yes; to keep her safe, that's all. And that isn't much, is it?"

"Much!" said Ralph, with a sneer. "Why, everybody knows what easy things to understand and to control, women are. But come, it's very nearly time for you to be made happy. You'll pay the bond now I suppose, to save us trouble afterwards."

"Oh what a man you are!" croaked Arthur.

"Why not?" said Ralph. "Nobody will pay you interest for the money, I suppose, between this and twelve o'clock, will they?"

"But nobody would pay you interest for it either, you know," returned Arthur, leering at Ralph with all the cunning and slyness he could throw into his face.

"Besides which," said Ralph, suffering his lip to curl into a smile, "you haven't the money about you, and you weren't prepared for this or you'd have brought it with you, and there's nobody you'd so much like to accommodate as me. I see. We trust each other in about an equal degree. Are you ready?"

Gride, who had done nothing but grin, and nod, and chatter, during this last speech of Ralph's, answered in the affirmative, and producing from his hat a couple of large white favours, pinned one on his breast, and with considerable difficulty induced his friend to do the like. Thus accoutred they got into a hired coach which Ralph had in waiting, and drove to the residence of the fair and most wretched bride.

Gride, whose spirits and courage had gradually failed him more and more as they approached nearer and nearer to the house, was utterly dismayed and cowed by the mournful silence which pervaded it. The face of the poor servant-girl, the only person they saw, was disfigured with tears and want of sleep. There was nobody to receive or welcome them; and they stole up stairs into the usual sitting-room more like two burglars than the bridegroom and his friend.

"One would think," said Ralph, speaking in spite of himself in a low and subdued voice, "that there was a funeral going on here, and not a wedding."

"He, he!" tittered his friend, "you are so—so very funny!"

"I need be," remarked Ralph, drily, "for this is rather dull and chilling. Look a little brisker, man, and not so hang-dog like."

"Yes, yes, I will," said Gride. "But—but—you don't think she's coming just yet, do you!

"Why, I suppose she'll not come till she is obliged," returned Ralph looking at his watch, "and she has a good half hour to spare yet. Curb your impatience."

"I—I—am not impatient," stammered Arthur. "I wouldn't be hard with her for the world. Oh dear, dear, not on any account. Let her take her time—her own time. Her time shall be ours by all means."

While Ralph bent upon his trembling friend a keen look, which showed that he perfectly understood the reason of this great consideration and regard, a footstep was heard upon the stairs, and Bray himself came into the room on tiptoe, and holding up his hand with a cautious gesture as if there were some sick person near who must not be disturbed.

"Hush!" he said in a low voice. "She was very ill last night. I thought she would have broken her heart. She is dressed, and crying bitterly in her own room; but she's better, and quite quiet—that's everything."

"She is ready, is she?" said Ralph.

"Quite ready," returned the father.

"And not likely to delay us by any young-lady weaknesses—fainting, or so forth?" said Ralph.

"She may be safely trusted now," returned Bray. "I have been talking to her this morning. Here—come a little this way."

He drew Ralph Nickleby to the further end of the room, and pointed towards Gride, who sat huddled together in a corner, fumbling nervously with the buttons of his coat, and exhibiting a face of which every skulking and base expression was sharpened and aggravated to the utmost by his anxiety and trepidation.

"Look at that man," whispered Bray, emphatically. "This seems a cruel thing, after all."

"What seems a cruel thing?" inquired Ralph, with as much stolidity of face as if he really were in utter ignorance of the other's meaning.

"This marriage," answered Bray. "Don't ask me what. You know quite as well as I do."

Ralph shrugged his shoulders in silent deprecation of Bray's impatience, and elevated his eyebrows, and pursed his lips as men do when they are prepared with a sufficient answer to some remark, but wait for a more favourable opportunity of advancing it, or think it scarcely worth while to answer their adversary at all.

"Look at him. Does it not seem cruel?" said Bray.

"No!" replied Ralph boldly.

"I say it does," retorted Bray with a show of much irritation. "It is a cruel thing, by all that's bad and treacherous!"

When men are about to commit or to sanction the commission of some injustice, it is not at all uncommon for them to express pity for the object either of that or some parallel proceeding, and to feel themselves at the time quite virtuous and moral, and immensely superior to those who express no pity at all. This is a kind of upholding of faith above works, and is very comfortable. To do Ralph Nickleby justice, he seldom practised this sort of dissimulation; but he understood those who did, and therefore suffered Bray to say again and again with great vehemence that they were jointly doing a very cruel thing, before he again offered to interpose a word.

"You see what a dry, shrivelled, withered old chip it is," returned Ralph, when the other was at length silent. "If he were younger, it might be cruel, but as it is—hark'ee Mr. Bray, he'll die soon, and leave her a rich young widow. Miss Madeline consults your taste this time; let her consult her own next."

"True, true," said Bray, biting his nails, and plainly very ill at ease. "I couldn't do anything better for her than advise her to accept these proposals, could I? Now, I ask you, Nickleby, as a man of the world—could I?"

"Surely not," answered Ralph. "I tell you what, Sir;—there are a hundred fathers within a circuit of five miles from this place, well off, good rich substantial men, who would gladly give their daughters and their own ears with them, to that very man yonder, ape and mummy as he looks."

"So there are!" exclaimed Bray, eagerly catching at anything which seemed a justification of himself. "And so I told her, both last night and to-day!"

"You told her truth," said Ralph, "and did well to do so; though I must say, at the same time, that if I had a daughter, and my freedom, pleasure, nay, my very health and life, depended on her taking a husband whom I pointed out, I should hope it would not be necessary to advance any other arguments to induce her to consent to my wishes."

Bray looked at Ralph as if to see whether he spoke in earnest, and having nodded twice or thrice in unqualified assent to what had fallen from him, said,

"I must go up stairs for a few minutes to finish dressing, and when I come down, I'll bring Madeline with me. Do you know I had a very strange dream last night, which I have not remembered till this instant. I dreamt that it was this morning, and you and I had been talking, as we have been this minute that I went up stairs, for the very purpose for which I am going now, and that as I stretched out my hand to take Madeline's, and lead her down, the floor sunk with me, and after falling from such an indescribable and tremendous height as the imagination scarcely conceives except in dreams, I alighted in a grave."

"And you awoke, and found you were lying on your back, or with your head hanging over the bedside, or suffering some pain from indigestion?" said Ralph. "Pshaw, Mr. Bray, do as I do (you will have the opportunity now that a constant round of pleasuer and enjoyment opens upon you) and occupying yourself a little more by day, have no time to think of what you dream by night."

Ralph followed him with a steady look to the door, and turning to the bridegroom, when they were again alone, said,

"Mark my words, Gride, you won't have to pay *his* annuity very long. You have the devil's luck in bargains always. If he is not booked to make the long voyage before many months are past and gone, I wear an orange for a head."

To this prophecy so agreeable to his ears, Arthur returned no answer than a cackle of great delight, and Ralph, throwing himself into a chair, they both sat waiting in profound silence. Ralph was thinking with a sneer upon his lips on the altered manner of Bray that day, and how soon their fellowship in a bad design had lowered his pride and established a familiarity between them, when his attentive ear caught the rustling of a female dress upon the stairs, and the footstep of a man.

"Wake up," he said, stamping his foot impatiently upon the ground, "and be something like life, man, will you? They are here. Urge those dry old bones of yours this way—quick, man, quick."

Gride shambled forward, and stood leering and bowing close by Ralph's side, when the door opened and there entered in haste—not Bray and his daughter, but Nicholas and his sister Kate.

If some tremendous apparition from the world of shadows had suddenly presented itself before him, Ralph Nickleby could not have been more thunderstricken than he was by this surprise. His hands fell powerless by his side, he staggered back, and with open mouth, and a face of ashy paleness, stood gazing at them in speechless rage; his eyes so prominent, and his face so convulsed and changed by the passions which raged within him, that it would have been difficult to recognise in him the same stern, composed, hard-featured man he had been not a minute ago.

"The man that came to me last night," whispered Gride, plucking at his elbow. "The man that came to me last night."

"I see," muttered Ralph, "I know. I might have guessed as much before. Across my every path, at every turn, go where I will, do what I may, he comes."

The absence of all colour from the face, the dilated nostril, the quivering of the lips which though set firmly against each other would not be still, showed what fierce emotions were struggling for the mastery with Nicholas. But he kept them down, and gently pressing Kate's arm to re-assure her, stood erect and undaunted front to front with his unworthy relative.

As the brother and sister stood side by side with a gallant bearing which became them well, a close likeness between them was apparent, which many, had they only seen them apart, might have failed to remark. The air, carriage, and very look and expression of the brother were all reflected in the sister, but softened and refined to the nicest limit of feminine delicacy and attraction. More striking still was some indefinable resemblance in the face of Ralph to both. While they had never looked more handsome nor he more ugly, while they had never held themselves more proudly, nor he shrunk half so low, there never had been a time when this resemblance was so perceptible, or when all the worst characteristics of a face rendered coarse and harsh by evil thoughts were half so manifest as now.

"Away!" was the first word he could utter as he literally gnashed his teeth. "Away! What brings you here—liar—scoundrel—dastard—thief."

"I come here," said Nicholas in a low deep voice, "to save your victim if I can. Liar and scoundrel you are in every action of your life, theft is your trade, and double dastard you must be or you were not here to day. Hard words will not move me, nor would hard blows. Here I stand and will till I have done my errand."

"Girl!" said Ralph, "retire. We can use force to him, but I would not hurt you if I could help it. Retire you weak and silly wench, and leave this dog to be dealt with as he deserves."

"I will not retire," cried Kate, with flashing eyes and the red blood mantling in her cheeks. "You will do him no hurt they he will not repay. You may use force with me; I think you will, for I *am* a girl, and that would well become you. But if I have a girl's weakness, I have a woman's heart, and it is not you who in a cause like this can turn that from its purpose."

"And what may your purpose be, most lofty lady?" said Ralph.

"To offer to the unhappy subject of your treachery at this last moment," replied Nicholas, "a refuge and a home. If the near prospect of such a husband as you have provided will not prevail upon her, I hope she may be moved by the prayers and entreaties of one of her own sex. At all events, they shall be tried, and I myself avowing to her father from whom I come and by whom I am commissioned, will render it an act of greater baseness, meanness, and cruelty in him if he still dares to force this marriage on. Here I wait to see him and his daughter. For this I came and brought my sister even into your vile presence. Our purpose is not to see or speak with you; therefore to you, we stoop to say no more."

"Indeed!" said Ralph. "You persist in remaining here, Ma'am, do you?"

His neice's bosom heaved with the indignant excitement into which he had lashed her, but she gave him no reply.

"Now, Gride, see here," said Ralph. "This fellow—I grieve to say my brother's son; a reprobate and profligate, stained with every mean and selfish crime—this fellow coming here to-day to disturb a solemn ceremony, and knowing that the consequence of his presenting himself in another man's house at such a time, and persisting in remaining there, must be his being kicked into the streets and dragged through them like the vagabond he is—this fellow, mark you, brings with him his sister as a protection, thinking we would not expose a silly girl to the degradation and indignity which is no novelty to him; and even after I have warned her of what must ensue, he still keeps her by him as you see, and clings to her apron-strings like a cowardly boy to his mother's. Is not this a pretty fellow to talk as big as you have heard him now!"

"And as I heard him last night," said Arthur Gride, "as I heard him last night when he sneaked into my house, and—he! he! he!—very soon sneaked out again, when I nearly frightened him to death. And *he* wanting to marry Miss Madeline too! Oh, dear! Is there anything else he'd like—anything else we can do for him, besides giving her up! Would he like his debts paid and his house furnished, and a few bank notes for shaving paper if he shaves at all! He! he!"

"You will remain, girl, will you?" said Ralph. turning upon Kate again, "to be hauled down stairs like a drunken drab—as I swear you shall if you stop here? No answer! Thank your brother for what follows. Gride, call down Bray—and not his daughter. Let them keep her above."

"If you value your head," said Nicholas, taking up a position before the door, and speaking in the same low voice in which he had spoken before, and with no more outward passion than he had before displayed; "stay where you are."

"Mind me and not him, and call down Bray," said Ralph.

"Mind yourself rather than either of us, and stay where you are," said Nicholas.

"Will you call down Bray?" cried Ralph passionately.

"Remember that you come near me at your peril," said Nicholas.

Gride hesitated: Ralph being by this time as furious as a baffled tiger, made for the door, and attempting to pass Kate clasped her arm roughly with his hand. Nicholas with his eyes darting fire seized him by the collar. At that moment a heavy body fell with great violence on the floor above, and an instant afterwards was heard a most appalling and terrific scream.

They all stood still and gazed upon each other. Scream succeeded scream; a heavy pattering of feet succeeded; and many shrill voices clamouring together were heard to cry, "He is dead!"

"Stand off!" cried Nicholas, letting loose all the violent passion he had restrained till now, "if this is what I scarcely dare to hope it is, you are caught, villains, in your own toils."

He burst from the room, and darting up stairs to the quarter from whence the noise proceeded, forced his way through a crowd of persons who quite filled a small bedchamber, and found Bray lying on the floor quite dead, and his daughter clinging to the body.

"How did this happen?" he cried, looking wildly about him.

Several voices answered together that he had been observed through the half-opened door reclining in a strange and uneasy position upon a chair; that he had been spoken to several times, and not answering, was supposed to be asleep, until some person going in and shaking him by the arm, he fell heavily to the ground and was discovered to be dead.

"Who is the owner of this house?" said Nicholas hastily.

An elderly woman was pointed out to him; and to her he said, as he knelt down and gently unwound Madeline's arms from the lifeless mass round which they were entwined: "I represent this lady's nearest friends as her servant here knows, and must remove her from this dreadful scene. This is my sister to whose charge you confide her. My name and address are upon that card, and you shall receive from me all necessary directions for the arrangements that must be made. Stand aside, every one of you, and give me room and air for God's sake."

The people fell back, scarce wondering more at what had just occurred, than at the excitement and impetuosity of him who spoke, and Nicholas, taking the insensible girl in his arms, bore her from the chamber and down stairs into the room he had just quitted, followed by his sister and the faithful servant, whom he charged to procure a coach directly, while he and Kate bent over their beautiful charge and endeavoured, but in vain, to restore her to animation. The girl performed her office with such expedition, that in a very few minutes the coach was ready.

Ralph Nickleby and Gride, stunned and paralysed by the awful event which had so suddenly overthrown their schemes (it would not otherwise, perhaps, have made such an impression on them), and carried away by the extraordinary energy and precipitation of Nicholas, which bore down all before them, looked on at these proceedings like men in a dream or trance. It was not until every preparation was made for Madeline's immediate removal that Ralph broke silence by declaring she should not be taken away.

"Who says that?" cried Nicholas, starting from his knee and confronting them, but still retaining Madeline's lifeless hand in his.

"I!" answered Ralph, hoarsely.

"Hush, hush!" cried the terrified Gride, catching him by the arm again. "Hear what he says."

"Aye!" said Nicholas, extending his disengaged hand in the air, "hear what he says. That both your debts are paid in the one great debt of nature—that the bond due to-day at twelve is now waste paper—that your contemplated fraud shall be discovered yet—that your schemes are known to man, and overthrown by Heaven—wretches, that he defies you both to do your worst."

"This man," said Ralph, in a voice scarcely intelligible, "this man claims his wife, and he shall have her."

"That man claims what is not his, and he should not have her if he were fifty men, with fifty more to back him," said Nicholas.

"Who shall prevent him?"

"I will."

"By what right I should like to know," said Ralph. "By what right I ask?"

"By this right—that, knowing what I do, you dare not tempt me further," said Nicholas, "and by this better right, that those I serve, and with whom you would have done me base wrong and injury, are her nearest and her dearest friends. In their name I bear her hence. Give way!"

"One word!" cried Ralph, foaming at the mouth.

"Not one," replied Nicholas, "I will not hear of one—save this. Look to yourself, and heed this warning that I give you. Your day is past, and night is coming on—"

"My curse, my bitter deadly curse, upon you, boy!"

"Whence will curses come at your command? or what avails a curse or blessing from a man like you? I warn you, that misfortune and discovery are thickening about your head; that the structures you have raised through all your ill-spent life are crumbling into dust; that your path is beset with spies; that this very day, ten thousand pounds of your hoarded wealth have gone in one great crash!"

"'Tis false!" cried Ralph, shrinking back.

"'Tis true, and you shall find it so. I have no more words to waste. Stand from the door. Kate, do you go first. Lay not a hand on her, or on that woman, or on me, or so much as brush their garments as they pass you by!—You let them pass and he blocks the door again!"

Arthur Gride happened to be in the doorway, but whether intentionally or from confusion was not quite apparent. Nicholas swung him away with such violence as to cause him to spin round the room until he was caught by a sharp angle of the wall and there knocked down; and then taking his beautiful burden in his arms rushed violently out. No one cared to stop him, if any were so disposed. Making his way through a mob of people, whom a report of the circumstances had attracted round the house, and carrying Madeline in his great excitement as easily as if she were an infant, he reached the coach in which Kate and the girl were already waiting, and confiding his charge to them, jumped up beside the coachman and bade him drive away.

From the Spectator.

MURRAY'S TRAVELS IN AMERICA AND CUBA.*

Mr. Murray set off for America in 1834, apparently on business connected with some estates in Virginia; but stumbled at starting. The vessel sprung a leak in a storm; and, after many contentions with the elements and ceaseless exertions in keeping her afloat, the worn-out passengers and crew were enabled to make the port of Fayal, in the Azores. Delayed a month by the repairs necessary to be effected, Mr. Murray occupied himself in pigeon-shooting, frequenting parties, and visiting the different island of the group; encountering on his departure, a month and more of adverse gales and short commons ere he reached New York. After visiting the chief towns and places in the Atlantic provinces, which usually excite the attention of the tourist, and sporting, land-surveying, and exploring in Virginia, he crossed the Alleghany range by a railroad; steamed on the Missouri and its tributary the Ohio, and sojourned at several of the settlements on their banks till he found himself at the frontier fort of Leavenworth, the last station of the far West. At this post, accident enabled him to execute a meditated trip amongst the remoter Indians of the Prairies. A band of Pawnees arriving at the fort, he made arrangements to return with them to their village and remain there for some time. The head-quarters of the tribe were reached without more accidents or hardships than are usual in Prairie travelling, especially with novices; but the account of his mode of life on their arrival must deter any one from following his example, unless stimulated by some higher motive than mere curiosity. The women were ugly and dirty drudges; with the men he could not talk; their habits are so monotonous as to be soon exhausted; and every place and person teemed with vermin, which infested his skin and clothes. His only occupations were trying to acquire their language; assisting at feasts, where politeness compelled him to gorge himself with their ill-cooked provisions; accompanying the camp in its changes of ground, and attending their hunting-parties. The magnificent appearance of a herd of buffaloes in full charge, and the picturesqueness of the Indian hunters on these occasions, could not be destroyed; but the charm of hunting was gone, for with the Pawnees it was a trade. Depending upon success for subsistence, their object was to kill as much and as quickly as possible, without regard to the excitement of the chase; and Mr. Murray, who, has doubtless assisted an English sporting-party, was shocked at a battue of bisons. His sport was to single out an animal and slaughter it with his own hand,—sometimes at no small risk, and always with the certainty of hunger; for the Indians took little with them, trusting to the produce of their arms, and he was several times so ravenous as to follow their example and devour a slice of buffalo liver raw and reeking! When he got tired of the monotony of Indian life and departed, his companions fleeced him without mercy, with an honourable exception in his host; his guides deserted him in the Prairies, leaving him with a friend and two attendants to find his way to Fort Leavenworth; which, after much anxiety and difficulty, was successfully accomplished.

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* Travels in North America during the Years 1834, 1835, and 1836; including a Summer Residence with the Pawnee Tribe of Indians, in the remote Prairies of the Missouri, and a Visit to Cuba and the Azore Islands. By the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray. I 2 vols.

Arrived once more amongst civilized men, our adventurer explored the most remarkable places in the West, and then descended the Mississippi to New Orleans. From that city of the South he sailed to Havanna; and after visiting the planters of Cuba, he returned to America, whence he finally sailed to England.

The accomplishments and qualities of Mr. Murray, though superficial, are unique, and not ill adapted to the circumstances into which he was thrown. He possesses the classical education and reading of a gentleman, with a certain amount of dilettante taste in music and the arts, but has no scientific knowledge or intellectual pursuit. His mind is also deficient in depth or penetration; and his style, rarely rising to picturesqueness and never to strength, often runs wild, is as often sentimental, and spreads his matter over too wide a space. On the other hand, his manner is free, agreeable, and animated; he has much native good sense, improved by previous travel, and a buoyant and hearty spirits disposed to look at the bright side of affairs and find some good in every thing. What is more important, as regards a judge of American manners, he possessed a wide acquaintance with life, and a born familiarity with aristocratical usages, which enabled him to overlook conventional modes, and, neglecting the husk, regard the kernel of social practices; so that the son of the house of Dunmore and the Equerry of Queen Victoria is the most tolerant *arbiter elegantiarum* the Americans have yet had. But his physical qualities were the most characteristic, and the most useful too, in situations where a high development of the animal man was necessary to success.—A sportsman, thoroughly equipped with the perfection of English gunnery, he beat the Americans and the Indians at a long-shot, where their rifles could not carry; a Highland deer-stalker, he surpassed the Pawnees in the art of winding and creeping upon game; if his senses were not so quick, his speed so great, his wind so exhaustless, his powers of endurance so wonderful, and his stomach so capacious when victuals was to be had, as those of the born child of the Prairie, he could compete with them in such things without being visibly disgraced.—Nothing but a strong constitution, trained and hardened by pedestrian exercise and field sports enabled him to thread the forests of frontier America, or to bear up against the fatigues, privations, and exposure to wet and variable weather, he underwent in his journey across the waste, after his Pawnee guides had left him. It was only an eye accustomed to note trifling landmarks, with an observation sharpened by experience among Indians, that brought him successively through his weary pilgrimage.—Let no Highland chieftain throw himself amongst the Red Indians, without a tail, unless his teeth are hard enough to chew bullets as a substitue for water, his stamina strong enough to fast for four-and-twenty hours, the greater part of the time under strong exercise, and his constitution able to defy ague, fever and all the other ailments of the West.

The amount of new knowledge which Mr. *Murray* has contributed to what previously existed respecting America is not great; but he has thrown a new light upon many subjects. The impression his remarks leave upon the mind with respect to manners is, that in the better circles there is no lack of refinement, courtesy, or accomplishments, though sometimes taking a different form from that of England. Among the multitude he found manners sometimes "more free than welcome"—rusticity, coarseness, rudeness, blackguardism, but not vulgarity. Hospitality is hearty almost everywhere; the entertainments of the wealthier classes are well regulated, and agreeable; and in one respect superior to those of London, for they give you the same wines at a ball as they do at a dinner, instead of palming off an inferior article upon the dancers. Young unmarried women possess a much greater freedom than is allowed in this country, matrons a good deal less; the young men are more addicted to physical amusements—racing, sporting, billiards, &c. than Mr. Murray approves of; which he attributes to their superficial education. Reading, however, the daily press, and seeing what we see of the pranks of the aristocracy at home, it does not appear that the more limited course of study at Oxford and Cambridge infuses such an extraordinary love of letters. To the rapid advance of the country, the ease with which a competency may be obtained, and the extraordinary rise in the value of property, with the prospect to the speculator of making an enormous fortune, Murray bears the same testimony as Marryat: and notes the squeamish aversion to public executions which allows the greatest monsters to escape. He also agrees with **Marryat** as to the caution with which any judgement on the Americans in general should be hazarded, on account of the great varieties in the different States; the Southern Planter, the Kentucky settler, and the merchant of the North-eastern States, differing as much from each other as the most opposite nations of Europe. In the wealthy commercial cities of the seaboard, he found aristocratical ideas, and even an aristocracy, growing out of the natural circumstances of society,—great wealth in a few hands, and a denser population, capable, it is true, of earning an ample subsistence, but obliged to earn it by labour: and here the lines of demarcation drawn in society, Mr. *Murray* inclines to think, are as strong and as various as in England. In Virginia, the manners were more akin to those of the old English country gentleman, modified of course by circumstances, and breaking down under the law of equal partition; the old manor-houses of their fathers standing empty and decaying, none of the sons being rich enough to live in them. It was only in the new settlements of the West, where law is almost a name, and every one must in a measure depend upon his own resources, that he found pure unmitigated equality; and a very unpleasant thing it was,—intrusive, blasphemous, bullying, gambling, drunken, and murderous, but not thieving.

"It certainly appears at first sight to be a strange anomaly in human nature, that at Dubuques, Galena, and other rising towns on the Mississippi, containing in proportion to their size as profligate, turbulent, and abandoned a population as any in the world, theft is almost unknown; and though dirks are frequently drawn, and pistols fired in savage and drunken brawls, by ruffians who regard neither the laws of God nor man, I do not believe that an instance of larceny or house-breaking has occurred. So easily are money and food here obtained by labour, that it seems scarcely worth a man's while to steal. Thus, the solution of the apparent anomaly is to be found in this, that theft is a naughty child, of which idleness is the father and want the mother."

Of the different peoples whom emigration brings together as subjects of the United States, he says the Scotch have earned the highest average character. The Irish, notwithstanding their many good qualities, are the most lawless and troublesome; and *Mr. Murray* regretted to find in many of them a malicious hatred of Great Britain. *Washington Irving* and others have done something to dissipate the halo of mingled philosophy and romance which report had shed over the Red Indian—"the stoic of the woods;" but *Mr. Murray* gives them the *coup de grace*. In the society of White men, he says they act a part; their gravity and immoveable calmness being assumed, and their high sense of honour and adherence to their word being a chimera. He found them riotous, curious, jocular to buffoonery, licentious in conversation, thieving, treacherous, and subject to paroxysms of ungovernable passion. It must, however, be remembered, that his experience was limited to the Pawnees, who have a bad character from all the other Indians and the traders. It is also contended by some, that the once powerful Five Nations, from whom the poetical notion was drawn, were far superior in character and the arts to the degenerate tribes of the Prairie.

Although, luckily, wanting in those scenes of frightful suffering which some adventurers in the vast interior have undergone, Mr. **Murray**'s journey homewards, when abandoned by his guides, is as interesting a narrative of the kind as we have met with, from the skill, self-reliance, and ready application of the Indian principles of journeying, which he displayed; showing the superiority of an educated mind, in a position where education would seem of little use. The attraction of this part, however, depends upon its continuity: so we shall pass it over, taking our extracts indifferently from any part of the author's multifarious tour.

THE NECTAR OF THE WEST.

I spent two or three days here (at Rockaway) very agreeably, being at once introduced to many members of the best society from all parts of the Union. During the morning we strolled on the shore, bathed, rode, or drove about in the light carriages, which the active horses of this country draw at a speed truly surprising: the evenings were passed in music or dancing; and after the ladies retired, I joined some of the younger men of the party in smoking a cigar under the verandah, fanned by the cool night breeze from the sea, and making my first acquaintance with a beverage approaching more nearly to nectar than any that I had ever tasted or imagined. The American reader will at once know how to apply this panegyric; but how shall I attempt to convey to English senses all thy fragrant merits divine *mint-julep*!—This delicious compound (which is sometimes in the Southern and Western States denominated "hail storm") is usally made with wine, madeira or claret, mingled in a tumbler with a *soupcon* of French brandy, lime, or lemon, ice pulverised by attrition, and a small portion of sugar, the whole being crowned with a bunch of fresh mint, through which the liquor percolates before it reaches the drinker's lips and laps him in Elysium." This beverage is supposed to be of Southern origin, and the methods of preparing it vary in the different States; some Carolinians will assert that it can only be found in perfection at Charleston; but I believe that, by common consent, the immortal Willard (who kept the bar of the City-hotel in New York for many years) was allowed to be the first master of this art in the known world.

LATE REWARD OF EARLY TOIL.

From Canandaigua, which I left with much reluctance, we passed through a thriving and well-cultivated country to Geneseo, where I had the pleasure of being introduced to Mr. W———, the owner of a magnificent estate in the Genesee flats. Fortune seemed not yet wearied of being bountiful, and allowed us to see this most beautiful valley with the advantage of residing in one of the most hospitable and agreeable houses that I ever entered. Mr. W———'s son accompanied us through his extensive farms, which are formed to delight equally the eye of a Poussin or a Sir J. Sinclair. The broad meadows of an alluvial soil, covered with the richest grasses and watered by the winding Genesee, are studded with trees, beautifully and negligently grouped, among which are scattered large herds of cattle of various breeds and kinds, both English and American; these meadows are here and there interspersed with fields of Indian corn and wheat, while the hills that rise on each side are crowned with timber, excepting spots where the encroaching hand of improvement has begun to girdle some of the tall sons of the forest, whose scathed tops and black bare arms, betokening their approaching fall, give a picturesque variety to the scene.

Yet this scene, extraordinary and interesting as it was, possessed less interest to a contemplative and musing mind than the venerable and excellent gentleman who had almost *created* it; for it was now forty-four years since Mr. W——— came as the first settler to this spot, with an axe on his shoulder, and slept the first night under a tree. After this, he lodged in a log-house; subsequently in a cottage; and he is now the universally esteemed and respected possessor of a demesne which many of the proudest nobility of Europe might look upon with envy, where he exercises the rites of hospitality in the midst of his amiable family with a sincerity and kindness that I shall not easily forget.

DEFENCE OF THE YANKEE[*] AND THE INNS.

Here I cannot help making a few remarks upon a subject on which I think the general opinion in Britain is erroneous. We are taught to believe that the Yankee is invariably a suspicious and avaricious man in his money transactions, and incapable of those feelings and acts of liberality for which the British character is distinguished. I shall mention two instances that occurred to me in the space of four days, which show a very different character from that of which the New Englanders are accused. The change in the route which the prevalence of the cholera at Montreal induced me to adopt, had prevented me from drawing any of the money which I intended to get in that city; and my finances were, therefore, so much reduced as to leave me only just sufficient to take me as far as Boston. Upon my mentioning the circumstance to Mr. T——, my landlord at Burlington, as my reason for not making some trifling purchases in that town, he at once advanced me fifty dollars, by endorsing my draft on New York, and presenting the bill to the Burlington Bank.

The second instance which I shall quote was in the purchase of the Indian pony. Mr. C—— of Montpelier, understanding that it would be inconvenient for me to pay his price out of my travelling pocket-money, offered at once to accept my draft on New York for the sum, in which manner the purchase was made. Neither of these gentlemen had ever seen or heard of me before, and neither of them asked even for a letter of introduction or other papers to satisfy them as to any particulars respecting me; and with all due and *modest* allowance for my own *gentlemanly* appearance, I very much doubt whether I should have met with the same liberal treatment, under similiar circumstances, at a country town in Yorkshire or Lancashire.

Another thing I am also bound in candour to say,—namely, that the descriptions hitherto given by travellers of the accommodations at the taverns in the more remote parts of the country have been highly coloured to their disadvantage. In travelling for the last fortnight with my own horse and waggon, I have stopped at three or four different places in the course of each day, and have gone through a great portion of the most unsettled country in New York, Vermont, and New Hampshire. In many instances the taverns have been very small; but I have never had reason to complain of want of cleanliness, good victuals, or civility. I have asked at the most unseasonable hours, both early and late, for breakfast, dinner, and supper; and in the course of ten minutes have always been supplied with a beefsteak, potatoes, bread and cheese, butter, eggs, and tea or coffee: the beds have been clean, and whenever I asked for two or three towels instead of the one placed in the room, they have been furnished without any hesitation or extra charge. All that a traveller requires is a sufficient knowledge of the world to prevent his mistaking manners for intention, and a sufficient fund of good temper in himself to keep him from being irritated by trifles. Upon entering or driving up to a tavern, the landlord will sometimes continue smoking his pipe without noticing your entrance; and if you ask whether you can have dinner, you may be told "Dinner is over, but I guess you can have something." If you are a true John Bull, you will fret and sulk; and, silently comparing this with the bustling attention and *empressement* of an English waiter or boots, you walk about by yourself, chewing the bitter cud of your wrath; but if you are a traveller, or formed by nature to become one, (which John Bull is not,) you will take this reception as you find it and as the usage of the country, and in a few minutes he of the pipe will be assisting to arrange your baggage, to dry your wet great coat, and a tolerable dinner will be in preparation.

RED INDIAN DANDIES.

I have seen some dandies in my life, English, Scotch, French, German, ay, and American dandies too; but none of them can compare with the vanity or coxcombry of the Pawnee dandy. Lest any of the gentry claiming this distinction, and belonging to the above-mentioned nations, should doubt or feel aggrieved at this assertion, I will faithfully narrate what passed constantly before my eyes in our own tent; namely, the manner in which Sa-ni-tas-rish's son passed the days on which there was no buffalo-hunt.

He began his toilet, about eight in the morning, by greasing and smoothing his whole person with fat, which he rubbed afterwards perfectly dry, only leaving the skin sleek and glossy; he then painted his face vermillion, with a stripe of red also along the centre of the crown of the head; he then proceeded to his "coiffure," which received great attention, although the quantum of hair demanding such care was limited, inasmuch as his head was shaved close, except one tuft at the top, from which hung two plaited "tresses." (Why must I call them "pigtails?") He then filled his ears, which were bored in two or three places, with rings and wampum, and hung several strings of beads round his neck; then, sometimes painting stripes of vermillion and yellow upon his breast and shoulders, and placing armlets above his elbows and rings upon his finger, he proceeded to adorn the nether man with a pair of mocassins, some scarlet cloth leggings fastened to his waist-belt, and bound round below the knee with garters of beads four inches broad. Being so far prepared, he drew out his mirror, fitted into a small wooden frame, which he always, whether hunting or at home, carried about his person, and commenced a course of self-examination, such as the severest disciple of Watts, Mason, or any other religious moralist, never equalled. Nay more, if I were not afraid of offending the softer sex by venturing to bring man into comparison with them in an occupation which is considered so peculiarly their own, I would assert that no female creation of the poets, from the time that Eve first saw "that smooth watery image," till the polished toilet of the lovely Belinda, ever studied her own reflected self with more perseverance or satisfaction than this Pawnee youth. I have repeatedly seen him sit, for an hour at a time, examining his face in every possible position and expression; now frowning like Homer's Jove before a thundér-storm, now like the same god, described by Milton, "smiling with superior love;" now slightly varying the streaks of paint upon his cheeks and forehead, and then pushing or pulling "each particular hair" of his eyebrows into its most becoming place. Could the youth have seen any thing in that mirror half so dangerous as the features which the glassy wave gave back to the gaze of the fond Narcissus, I might have feared for his life or reason; but, fortunately for these, they had only to contend with a low receding forehead, a nose somewhat *simious*, a pair of small sharp eyes, with high cheek-bones, and a broad mouth, well furnished with a set of teeth which had at least the merit of demolishing speedily every thing, animal or vegetable, that came within their range.

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[*] This name is limited in the United States to the New Englanders.

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All things being now ready for the promenade, he threw a scarlet mantle over his shoulders, thrust his mirror in below his belt, took in one hand a large fan of wild-goose or turkey feathers, to shield his fair and delicate complexion from the sun; while a whip hung from his wrist, having the handle studded with brass nails. Thus accoutred, he mounted his jingling palfrey, and ambled through the encampment, envied by all the youths less gay in attire, attracting the gaze of the unfortunate drudges who represent the gentler sex, and admired supremely by himself.

From Chamber's Journal.

AGE AND SIZE OF TREES.

Within the last three or four years, several works of great merit have been published in America and France, in which the age and size of trees have been discussed in a very philosophical manner. M. Decandolle, the greatest botanist in Europe, as far as the physiology of plants is concerned, has given to the world an elaborate and profound paper, entitled "The Antiquity of Trees." In this valuable contribution to science, the author has embodied the results of many years' investigation of the subject, and some of them are of such a nature as to startle us not a little. When, for instance, we are told, that by calculations which are at all events made on ingenious and plausible principles, there is every reason for believing in the existence of trees that were contemporaries of the first generations of men, and probably witnesses of the last great changes of the globe which preceded the creation of the human race, our curiosity is excited in the liveliest manner to know by what mode of observation and process of reasoning philosophers arrive at such extraordinary conclusions. It is simply by counting the concentric circles in trees. This method of computation is not admitted by all botanists; but if those trees, called by Decandolle exogenous, form annually an external woody deposit, which is distinctly marked in the timber like a ring, and which remains indelible, and if this process is regularly continued from year to year without interruption or failure, then we can see no reasonable objection to it. The number of these concentric circles seen on a horizontal section of a trunk will inform us how long a tree has lived, as a section of a branch gives us the age of that branch. "This method," says our author, "is not liable to much error, and is a simple criterion to ascertain the age of a tree; but the inspection of these concentric circles must be made with the greatest care. By their number they give the age, and the degree of their thickness gives also the rate of their increase; therefore they should be measured as well as counted. My plan is as follows: When I have got a section of an old tree, on which I can see the circles, I place a sheet of paper upon it, extending from the centre to the circumference. On this paper I mark every circle, showing also the situation of the pith, the bark, the name of the tree, the country where it grew, and any other necessary observations. I also mark in a stronger manner, the lines which indicate every *ten years*, and thus I measure their growth at *ten years'* intervals. Measuring from centre to circumference gives me the circles, doubling this I have the diameter, and multiplying by six I have the circumference."

The learned professor then presents a table of the periods of increase in the diameter of various trees; an inspection of which proves that every tree, after having grown rapidly when young, seems at a certain age to take a regular march of growth, which may perhaps be accounted for by supposing that young trees have more room to expand in, are less pressed by the roots and branches of their neighbours, and may not have penetrated down to a hard, arid, or otherwise unfavourable soil; and also, that as trees advance in age, they still continue to form layers as thick as they previously did subsequently to the period of rapid growth. If such tables were multiplied to a sufficient extent, as we have no doubt they will be in course of time, they would form data from which, by ascertaining the circumference of a tree, its age might be known without having recourse to the destructive process of cutting deep into the growing timber. "If," says Decandolle, "one cannot get a transverse section of a trunk, then one must seek for old specimens of each kind, the date of whose planting is known, measure their circumference, deduce their average growth, and calculate from them the age of other trees of the same kind, always keeping in mind that young trees grow faster than old ones." Decandolle cites instances of trees whose ages have been ascertained according to the rule here laid down. Some of these we shall present to the reader, along with descriptions of other trees obtained from a variety of sources, particularly American publications.

A certain *Baobad tree* of Africa is considered by Humboldt as the oldest organic monument of our planet; and Adanson, a distinguished botanist, by ingenious calculations, has ascertained its age to be 5150 years. The method adopted by Adanson for finding its age, was by making a deep cut in the side of the trunk, and counting the concentric rings, by which he ascertained how much the tree had grown in three centuries; and having already learned the growth of young trees, he established his general law through the average growth. The enormous dimensions of the trunk of this tree bear a striking disproportion to the other parts. Examples of the species have been seen, which, with a trunk ninety feet in circumference, were only twelve feet in height. A still larger was seen by Mr. Golbery in the valley of the two Gagnacks in Africa; it was thirty-four feet in diameter. The flower is of the same gigantic proportions as the tree. Such colossal masses of timber might be hollowed out into by no means straitened dwelling-houses.

One of the most celebrated trees described by travellers of recent times, is the *Great Dragon tree* of the island of Teneriffe. It derives its name of *dragon's blood*, by which it is popularly known, from the circumstance of a liquor of a deep red colour like blood flowing from its hoary trunk during the dog-days. This exudation soon becomes dry and brittle by the action of the atmosphere, and is the true dragon's-blood of the apothecaries, and other venders. The wonderful size and appearance of this tree excited the admiration of Humboldt, who thus describes it: "We were told that the trunk of this tree, which is mentioned in some very ancient documents as marking the boundaries of a field, was as gigantic in the fifteenth century as it is at the present moment. Its height appeared to us to be about fifty or sixty feet; its circumference near the roots is forty-five feet. * * The trunk is divided into a great number of branches, which rise in the form of a candelabrum, and are terminated by tufts of leaves, like the yucca which adorns the valley of Mexico. It still bears, every year, both leaves and fruit. Its aspect feelingly recalls to mind 'that eternal youth of nature which is an inexhaustible source of motion and of life.' This giant plant was laid prostrate by a tempest in 1822.

The fact here noticed by the learned traveller, that the tree annually bore leaves and fruit, affords indubitable proof of a very remarkable circumstance connected with the vegetable kingdom. In man and all other animals, we find an organization and a process of life going on which is destined to cease at a certain period. Mortality is written in irrevocable characters on every thing which treads the earth, or wings the air, or cleaves the flood. Life in these, is like sand in the hour-glass; its very motion, so to speak, involves the necessity of its becoming exhausted at last, and ceasing to move. But it is otherwise with trees. They appear to possess the power of growing on for ever without exhibiting any symptoms of decay, unless from accidental or extraneous causes. We shall quote the words of Decandolle on this point. "As there is formed every year a ligneous deposit, and generally new organs, there is not among the vegetable creation place for that hardness or rigidity, that obstruction of old and permanent organs, which constitutes properly the *death of old age*, and, consequently, that being the case, trees can only die from accidental causes. Trees do not die from age in the true sense of the word; they have no fixed period of existence; and, consequently, some may be found that have arrived at an extraordinary age." But although a tree thus possesses in itself the elements of continual strength and youth. numerous causes step in to interrupt or destroy its existence. In corroboration of what we state, we need only allude to the facts, that soil is of limited depth—that, below the soil, there are usually hard strata, which the feelers of a plant cannot penetrate—that the roots intercrossing encumber each other, and check vegetation—besides which, there are other destructive and obstructive causes which we need not occupy the reader's time by specifying. Consequently, although what the French philosopher says is quite true, that "some (trees) may be found that have arrived at an extraordinary age," yet, every circumstance considered, we are not to be surprised if the number found should prove exceedingly small, compared with the immense extent of the earth's surface which is covered with forest trees.

Cypresses of gigantic dimensions are met with in Mexico. At Atlexo there is one seventy-six feet in girth; and another at St. Maria del Tuli, in the province of Oaxaca, which is one hundred and eighteen feet in circumference! This is larger than the dragon tree of the Canaries, and all the baobabs of Africa. "But," says Humboldt, "on examining it narrowly, M. Anza observes, that what excites the admiration of travellers is not a single individual, but that three united trunks form the famous *Sabino of Santa Maria del Tuli*." The fact of the threefold nature of the stem, seems to have escaped the notice of some writers; it is of importance in determining which is really the largest organic monument of our planet. There is another cypress at Chapultepec in the same region, which is said to be one hundred and seventeen feet ten inches round, and the younger Decandolle considers it even older than the baobab of Adanson. If the measurement here given be correct, and the tree consists only of one stem, we are entitled to regard this Mexican cypress as the most gigantic and ancient tree hitherto discovered on the globe. Hunter says that in 1776 there existed in the garden of the palace of Grenada, cypresses that were celebrated even in the time of the Moorish kings, and which were named *Cupressos de la Regna Sultana*, from a sultana who was seen sitting under it with a lover, who was one of the Abencerrages. They are supposed to be eight or nine hundred years old. Strabo mentions a Persian cypress in girth as much as five men could span, and he believed it to be two thousand five hundred years old. But this must have been guess-work; at least we are not aware that he made the computation after the skilful manner of Adanson or Decandolle. Michaux, a Frenchman, has published a splendid work on the forest trees of the United States. He says that the largest stocks of the cypress are one hundred and twenty feet in height, and from twenty-five to forty feet in circumference, above the conical base, which at the surface of the earth is always three or four times as large as the continued diameter of the trunk. Cypresses are among the trees in the south of Europe which live to the most advanced age; and the custom of planting them in cemeteries and consecrated ground, ensures respect being paid to them, and thus affords botanists the means of measuring them.

The Oaks are amongst the patriarchs of Europe, but they have been treated at sufficient length on former occasions. Yews are believed to be the most ancient trees of Great Britain; and no doubt can exist that there are individuals of the species in England as old as the introduction of Christianity, and there is every reason to believe a very great deal older. It is the opinion of Decandolle, that of all European trees the yew is that which attains the greatest age. "I have measured the deposits of one of seventy years; Œlhafen has measured one of one hundred and fifty years; and Veillard has measured one of two hundred and eighty years. These three measurements agree in proving that the yew grows a little more than one line annually in the first one hundred and fifty years, and less than a line from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty. If for very aged yews we take the average of one line annually, it is probably an admission beyond the truth; and thus in estimating the number of lines and years as equal, we make them younger than they really are." We think this reasoning very plausible, and point out to such of our readers as may have opportunities of seeing old yew trees, how easily they may ascertain their age.* The line here spoken of is one-tenth of an inch. The circumference may be taken just above the base of the tree; the third of this measurement gives the diameter, and every inch of diameter is equal to ten years. There are four measurements of venerable yews in England—those of the ancient Abbey of Fountains, near Ripon in Yorkshire, which yews were well known as early as 1155. Pennant says that in 1770 they were 1214 lines in diameter, and, consequently, were more than twelve centuries old. Those of the churchyard of Crowhurst in Surrey, on Evelyn's authority, were 1287 lines in diameter. There are two remarkable yews still in the same cemetery, and if they be the same which Evelyn refers to, they must be fourteen centuries and a half old. The yew tree at Fortingal in Perthshire, mentioned by Pennant, in 1770 had a diameter of 2588 lines, and consequently, we must reckon it at from twenty-five to twenty-six centuries old. The yew of Brabourn churchyard in Kent has attained the age of 3000 years; but that at Hedsor in Bucks surpasses all others in magnitude and antiquity. It is in full health, and measures above twenty-seven feet in diameter; consequently, according to Decandolle's method of computation, this yew has reached the enormous age of 3240 years! In all likelihood this is the most ancient specimen of European vegetation.

The Elm attains a very large size, and has a very rapid growth, both in Europe and America; but the elm of the latter country has a much more majestic appearance than that of Europe. Michaux characterises it as the "most magnificent vegetable of the temperate zone." A specimen mentioned by Decandolle, which grew near the town of Morges in Switzerland, measured seventeen feet seven inches in diameter, and was estimated at three hundred and thirty five years of age. He informs us that it grew on an average three lines and a half yearly; but dividing its growth each century, it grew six lines annually the first, two and a half the second, and two and three-fourths the third; and this growth agrees with that of those elms planted by order of Sully before the Chambers in France. Every one who has it in his power to ascertain the rate of growth of trees, ought to do so, as he is thereby not only gratifying a rational curiosity, but conferring a benefit on science. Wherever the age of an elm or other tree is correctly known, its girth should be taken, and a plain statement of the species of trees, the nature of the soil where it grew, its diameter and age, transmitted to any journal, the special object of which is to take cognisance of the vegetable kingdom. We are certain that hundreds of our readers have this in their power. Indeed, Decandolle earnestly solicits the attention of English botanists to the subject; for it is only by an extensive accumulation of individual facts that general laws can be established.

One of the most curious and beautiful of nature's productions, is the Banian or Burr tree, the *Ficus Indica* of botanists. Each tree forms in itself a grove, composed of numerous stems connected together, some of which are of the size of a large tree. On the island of Nerbuddah, near Baroach, in Hindostan, there is still standing, a celebrated banian, called the *Cubbeer Burr*. The tradition of the natives is, that it is three thousand years old. It is supposed by some to be the same tree that was visited by Nearchus, one of Alexander the Great's officers. The large trunks of this tree amount in number to 350, the smaller ones exceed 3000, and each of these is constanly sending forth branches and hanging roots to form other trunks. The circumference of this remarkable plant is nearly 2000 feet. Milton, in his "Paradise Lost," has described one of these trees as that of whose leaves our first parents "made themselves aprons" after the fall.

——————"Soon they chose
The fig tree, not that kind for fruit renowned,
But such as at this day, to Indians known,
In Malabar or Decan, spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade
High over-arched, and echoing walks between."

The Lime is the European tree which, in a given time, appears capable of acquiring the largest diameter. Decandolle has some observations on the rate of growth of this tree, which may prove useful. He says, "That which was planted at Fribourgh in 1476, on occasion of the battle of Morat, has now a diameter of 13 feet 9 inches, which would give about two lines of annual diameter growth. This is about the rate of the increase of the growth of an oak, and therefore, I suppose, the tree had not found a favourable soil, and it would be nearer the truth to calculate the annual growth of the lime at four lines.—There are in Europe a great number of limes of large size, and it would be interesting to have the circumference of those whose date is known. I shall mention for their size that of the Chateau of Chaille, near Melles, in the department of the Deux Sevres, which in 1804 measured 15 metres round (about 50 feet) and, and which I suppose was then five hundred and thirty-eight years old: that of Trons in the Grisons, already celebrated in 1424, which in 1798 measured 51 feet in circumference, and which I calculate to be five hundred and eighty-three years old; that of Depeham, near Norwich, which in 1664 was 8½ yards in circumference; and that of Henstadt in Wurtemberg, which in 1550 was so large as to have need of props, and which in 1664 was 37 feet 4 inches in circumference. One must distinguish between the large and small leaved limes, as the former appear to grow faster than the latter." There appears to be a mistake in regard to the Depeham lime. We suspect it is the same mentioned by Sir Thomas Browne, which he says was 90 feet in height, and 48 feet round at a foot and a half from the ground. He also describes a poplar near Harling as of nearly the same dimensions. The largest now known in England grows in Moor Park, Herts.

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* We are aware that at the British Association, which met in 1836, a paper was read contradictory of Decandolle's computation regarding yew trees, and stating that he made the old trees too young, and the young trees too old. The experimenter asserted that the mean average of the number of lines which a tree increased in a year, was two, or one fifth of an inch. But Decandolle is the highest authority, and we are inclined to abide by his opinion till further experiments have been made.

The Oriental Plane is one of those trees which attain the largest size, but the rate of its increase is not ascertained. In the valley of Bujukdere, about three leagues from Constantinople, there is a plane which recalls to mind one which Pliny has celebrated. According to the Roman naturalist, there was a plane-tree in Lycia, which had a hollow trunk capacious enough to accommodate the consul Licinius Multianus and eighteen followers, who found within its ample cavity a retreat for the night. This living vegetable grotto was 75 feet in circumference, and the summit of the tree resembled a small forest. The plane at Constantinople is 150 feet round, and within it there is a cavity of 80 feet in circumference. This transcends the tree of Pliny. There are other very large oriental planes mentioned by Clark and others, and one of vast size was lately noticed by Mr. Quin in his voyage down the Danube. For the information of our readers, we may mention that in the eastern states of the North American Union, this tree is called Button-wood, and in the western states Sycamore. Under the latter appellation, Mr. Flint, the distinguished geographer, styles it "the king of the western forests. It is the largest tree of our woods, and rises in the most graceful forms, with vast spreading lateral branches, covered with bark of a brilliant white. A tree of this kind near Marietta (Ohio) measured 15½ feet in diameter. We have seen one on the Big Miami (a river,) which we thought still larger. Judge Tucker of Missouri cut off a section of a hollow trunk of a sycamore, and applied a roof to it, and fitted it up as a study. It was regularly cylindrical, and when furnished with a stove and other arrangements, made an ample and convenient apartment." But buildings of a more extensive description than the above have been constructed out of this tree. We learn that a hollow trunk of an enormous sycamore was fitted up with the requisite appendages, and made use of at Utica in New York state as a retail shop; and it was afterwards carried to the city of New York for a show. We extract from the *New York Traveller* the following notice of such another extraordinary domicile, or in all likelihood the same as that made use of at Utica. It was exhibited in the saloon of the American Museum in New York. "A sycamore tree of most singular and extraordinary size has been brought to this city from the western part of this state. The interior is hollowed out, and will comfortably accommodate some forty or fifty persons. It is splendidly furnished as a sitting-room, and contains every article of elegance and usefulness. It has a handsome piano, sofas, glasses, and mirrors, of fit and becoming style, and is decorated with pictures and fancy articles." The reader is not to class this account with the many incredible trans-Atlantic stories which are imported into this country. We have no reason to doubt the fact; but it seems quite clear that the apartments must have been hollowed out of the tree lengthways, its diameter affording sufficient height for them.

There are still some trees of a very remarkable size or age which remain to be described, but we can only briefly notice the most celebrated of them. In the Garden of Olives at Jerusalem there are now existing eight olives, which can be proved by historical documents to have existed anterior to the taking of Jerusalem by the Turks, and which consequently must be at least 800 years old. A writer in the North American Review remarks, that the largest oak, and indeed the largest tree he has seen in that country, is an oak about twenty-seven feet in circumference at the smallest part. Its age he computes at not less than 500 years, so that it must have been a majestic tree at the time when Columbus discovered the western world. We wish he had told us its girth immediately above the base, but it is quite clear that this oak must be a stupendous organic fabric.

In 1804, Decandolle saw at Gigean, near Montpelier, in France, an ivy, the trunk of which near the base was six feet round, and whose immensity, he says, was truly astonishing. Another ivy, only forty-five years old, was only seven and a half inches round; so, taking it as a general type, the specimen at Gigean in the year 1804, ought to have been of the age of 435 years. We have nowhere seen mentioned an ivy of such colossal dimensions. A writer in the North American Review mentions wild grape vines of enormous size. He says that, whilst in the eastern states, and, we may add, in Europe, it "rarely grows larger than a stout walking-stick, in our western states it sometimes surpasses, in diameter, the body of a full-grown man. This fact we have verified by actual measurement."

Amongst the largest *flowers*, are those of an Aristolochia of South America, which are four feet round: the Indian boys, in their sports, draw them over their heads as a cowl. Probably the largest flower-cup in the world is that of the *Rafflesia* of Sumatra, in the East Indian seas, which is nearly three feet in diameter, and weighs fourteen pounds. The largest *leaf* is that of the Talipot, which has been measured, and found eleven feet in length, and sixteen in breadth. It was used as a parasol, and screened six persons at table.

From the Spectator.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GRATTAN.*

A Son can never be well qualified to write the biography of his father. Of much that is known to others he will of necessity be ignorant; some things known only to the nearest connexions he will not tell; filial affection, the force of habit, or that mysterious influence of blood by which nations and families inherit certain qualities, will blind him to what are probably the most striking traits of character; and a sense of propriety will restrain his freedom of judgment, if no kindlier or more sacred feeling should bias it. Valuable information he may of course impart, as may any one enjoying unreserved intercourse with an eminent man and capable of turning his opportunities to account; many documents his relationship may put him in possession of, but their value is intrinsic, and worth as much in the hands of a stranger as a son; in short, memoirs written by a near relation may furnish valuable stores for the future biographer, but are not likely to form a very perfect biography themselves.

Mr. Grattan's Memoirs of his celebrated parent present no exception to this rule; less, however, from any direct influence of the causes hinted at, than from his not reflecting what a biography should be. He has lost his father in a crowd of events and of other people. These Memoirs are not so much a life of Grattan, as a history of Irish politics and politicians during the last century, preceded by a sketch of Ireland's grievances and government from the conquest under Henry to the reign of William the Third, with a superadded defence of Milesian antiquities. The events of Grattan's life are told, indeed, with more minuteness and continuity than those of any other individual, and upon the whole he occupied more space in the volumes; but on particular subjects he is overtopped by other persons or things. As a politician, the great affair of his life was carrying the Declaration of Independence, (by which appeals from Irish courts to those of England, and the power of the British Parliament to make laws for Ireland, were put an end to;) but all force, point, and distinction, are lost in the narrative of this event, by the introduction of subordinate matter. Not only is attention distracted from the principal person by long and tedious letters from Fox, the Lord-Lieutenant, Fitzpatrick, and others, but by verbatim resolutions and addresses of corps of volunteers, &c; whilst Lord Charlemont takes up as much room as Grattan in the history of this period. Of the thirty-one chapters that the book contains, nearly one-half make no mention of the hero, and in many of the others he is often a collateral person in the piece.

If it be alleged that the author intended to write a history as well as a biography, the answer is, he should in that case have written two books. His notices, often elaborate, of every politician or event of eminence, would have made, so far as structure goes, a continuous and useful work: as it is, they serve to interrupt the life of Grattan, which returns the compliment *pari passu*. But this plan gives rise to a graver fault: as the sketches of Flood, Yelverton, Scott, (Lord Clonmel,) and other politicians of Whig and Tory, who figured on the turbid stage of Irish politics during the latter half of the last century, deal only with the general points of their character and career, they are more striking and effective than those of the hero, overwhelmed in a mass of details.

These faults of plan, arising from want of judgment and skill, are not redeemed by any particular merit of execution. A kind of "wild Irish" fluency, but without the imagination or humour of the Irish vulgar, is the chief excellence of the volumes. This carries the reader along without fatigue, but always amid exaggeration, incongruity, or absurdity. In general these arise from the nature of the writer's mind, sometimes from imitation. Mr. Grattan, we suspect, is emulous of Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches; and endeavours in his portraits to achieve the force and spirit which characterize those celebrated productions, without remembering the greater interest inspired by the subjects of Brougham—the advantage he often possessed in drawing from life instead of from books or hearsay—as well as the difference of natural genius.

To convey an idea of the character of Mr. Grattan's manner, is impossible without examples, and not very easy with them, as it is better developed by continuous touches than any single specimen. But the first chapter, without going further, may give the reader an idea of it. The subject is an historical sketch of Irish history: the author opens with an allusion to the times before George the Third; he next touches upon Strafford and the Commonwealth; then he goes back to the conquest by Henry; afterwards he falls foul of James the First, and mixes up the houses of Stuart, Orange, and Brunswick, in a general censure, attacking on more than one occasion the historian Hume. Of the last feature we quote a specimen.

HUME IMPUGNED.

Hume when he states that the Irish "from the beginning of time were buried in profound barbarism and ignorance, and continued (while the Western world grew civilized) distinguished by vices alone," only discovers his prejudices and want of research, and misleads his readers. Did he forget that in 1417, at the Council of Constance, when the legate of Henry the Fifth of England and of Charles the Sixth of France disputed the precedency, the preference was allowed to England, *entirely on account of the antiquity of Ireland?* The argument on which the contest was decided was taken from the authority of Albertus Magnus and Bartholomæus, and is in these words: "In the division of the world, Europe was subdivided into four great kingdoms: 1. That of Rome; 2. That of Constantinople; 3. That of Ireland; 4. That of Spain; whence it appears that the King of England, being also King of Ireland, is one of the most ancient Kings of Europe.

It appears, therefore, that Ireland had, among other kingdoms of Europe, all the weight and dignity of a respectable and free nation long before its connexion with England.

It is possible that Hume was acquainted with the circumstance; it is not likely that the decision of Albertus Magnus, Bartholomeus; and the Council of Constance to boot, would have had much effect upon *his*.

It must not however, be supposed that Mr. Grattan's book is without value. It certainly contains a narrative of Irish political history, from the latter end of George the second's reign to the Declaration of Independence in 1782—partial and ill-arranged, perhaps; but there it is. It also contains a portrait-gallery of eminent Irish politicians, which, be its faults what they may, cannot be found elsewhere. But the most attractive part of the work consists in original letters. Some of these are from friends or relatives of Grattan; and besides throwing light upon the times, are, in the case of his uncle Marlay especially, distinguished by much ability. Many are from Grattan himself, during his earlier life, and are truly autobiographical; freely unfolding his circumstances, thoughts and feelings. Not a few are despatches from the Lord-Lieutenant to the Ministry in England: giving a very readable summary of Irish politics, and indicating the way in which the King's Government was carried on. A complete collection of these documents, we are inclined to think, would form the best history of Ireland, under the House of Brunswick, that has yet appeared.

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* Memoirs of the Life and Times of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan. By his Son, Henry Grattan, Esq., M. P. In 2 vols.

The most interesting letters of Grattan are those written when he was in London preparing as a templar for the bar. For instance, he was in the habit of getting into the Houses of Parliament when he could; and his letters contain a few sketches of the leading speakers, struck off whilst the impression was fresh on his mind. Here are

NORTH, GRENVILLE, AND BURKE, IN 1768.

I was present at one debate before the execution of the order. It arose on an address to be presented to his Majesty, expressing the satisfaction of Parliament at the measures taken to suppress the recent tumult, and promising the succour of Parliament to all such measures as might further be found necessary. The intent and tendency of this was to get Parliament to approve of the present Administration, and to promise to support it. The Opposition spoke against the Address, but did not vote; so that it passed without a negative. Lord North, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a man versed in state mystery and learned in finances, spoke in defence of the Court in a manner impetuous, not rapid; full of cant, not melody; and deserved the eulogium of a fervent speaker, not a great one. Grenville, on the part of the Opposition, was peevish and wrangling, and provoked those whom he could not defeat.

Burke, the only orator I have yet heard in the House of Commons here, (and this character arises from his matter, not his delivery,) was ingenious, oratorical, undaunted; he treated the Ministry with high contempt, and displayed with most animated derision their schemes and purposes.

The following letter contains a variety of subjects—the writer's own position, Burke, and a comparision of the English and Irish Houses. It is also remarkable as showing how soon Grattan formed his pointed and artificial style.

"My dear Broome—From a person living in the metropolis of the world, you may expect some news, some politics that may interest you, some facts that may amuse you. Alas! how much must I disappoint all these expectations. Unconnected with the great world, I learn no political intrigues; and unconcerned in the matter-of-fact world, I attend to none of its momentous incidents. Excluded from the House of Commons, I want even my usual resort of amusements; and weary of the repetition of bad plays, I am thrown into the wanderer's last resort, the arms of a coffee-house, where I meet few acquaintances—no friends. I leave London in a few days, to retire to a pretty situation in Windsor. I need not tell you how I wish your partnership in my destined hermitage. It is not pure friendship, it is interested selfishness in part, that dictates my passion; for you have an uncontrolled influence over me, banishing every gloomy suggestion, and reconciling me even to myself.

"I have heard too little of the capital speakers to characterize them to you; having gained admission one or two days, we have been excluded since.

"Burke is unquestionably the first orator among the Commons of England; boundless in knowledge, instantaneous in his apprehensions, and abundant in his language. He speaks with profound attention and acknowledged superiority, notwithstanding the want of energy, the want of grace, and the want of elegance in his manner.

"The other speakers whom I have heard do not deserve relation; they sink down to the lumber of our house, only that they are not so deficient in language nor so entirely overrun with vulgarity."

Like many *young* men Grattan seems to have entertained notions adverse to marriage: and upon insufficient grounds. So far from being an "artificial," marriage is a "natural institution;" as may be seen at once by the length of time required to rear one child, saying nothing of the succession of children, or the "relations dear, and all the charities of father, son, and brother." At the time he wrote, Grattan was speculating on pursuing a philosophical life; which is not congenial to marriage, because the married man has given "hostages to fortune."

GRATTAN ON MARRIAGE.

Our friend Macaulay seems happy in the connubial state; he speaks as a man attached and contented, and, like a missionary of Hymen, preaches his dominion to all. I am too well acquainted with my own inequalities, as well as too poor to receive the yoke, and become a votarist even in so chaste a cause. You and I, in this, as in most other things, perfectly agree; we think marriage an artificial, not a natural institution, and imagine woman too frail a bark for so long and so tempestuous a voyage as that of life. I long infinitely to argue with you upon matters of philosophy. My principles, when we parted, had got a little the start of yours in eccentricity; though the precept of the world would recal me, its conduct confirms my deviation. I have become an Epicurian philosopher; consider this world as our *ne plus ultra*, and happiness as our great object in it. The sensualities, the vices, the insignificance, and the pursuits of mankind are arguments in favour of this conviction. To a man steeped in vice, and therefore alarmed by fear, such philosophy would be influence; but to one who is neither devoted to vice, nor afraid of its penalties, I fear it is reason. Such a subject is too extensive and too dangerous for a letter: in our privacy we shall dwell on it more copiously.

In our review of the life of Flood, we alluded to his duel with Mr. Agar, and the patriotic Lord Charlemont's endeavours to influence the fountain of justice in a choice of judges, when there was not the slightest occasion, the duel having been forced upon FLOOD. In the present volume we have the full particulars of the fight, in a letter from Mr. BUSHE the second. The "pistols" alluded to, however were a mere excuse; some electioneering grudge, we believe, was the real cause.

AN IRISH DUEL AND VERDICT.

My Dear Harry—I must postpone every other topic to inform you that on Friday last a duel was fought between Harry Flood and Mr. Agar the elder, in Dunmore Park near Kilkenny, in which Mr. Agar was unfortunately killed. As Mr. Flood was not the challenger, and as it was out of his power to avoid it, he has nothing to reproach himself with.—The cause was a case of pistols belonging to Mr. Agar, which one Keogh lost at Burn Church, in the riot about ten months ago. I hear that the unfortunate gentleman had often asked Mr. Flood about them, who always said "that he had them not, and was not accountable for them." But on Friday, they produced a challenge, to my great surprise, for if there were any offence, it was as much an offence any day these ten months as it was on that day. They stood at about fourteen yards asunder. Before they fired, Mr. Agar questioned Mr. Flood about the pistols, in a threatening and offensive manner. Mr. Flood answered very deliberately, "You know I will not answer you while you ask me in that manner." Mr. G. Bushe, who was Mr. Flood's friend said something to Mr. Agar to induce him to ask in another manner, and not to bring such an affair upon himself so needlessly; but without effect. He laid down one pistol, and rested the other on his arm to take his aim. Both Mr. G. B. and Mr. Roth, his own friend, called to him to fire fairly. (N. B. Besides the unfairness of using a rest, it was particularly unfair at that time, for Mr. A. had proposed they should stand alongside a quick set-hedge, but Mr. Roth declared "*there should be no* LEVELLING.") Upon their calling out he desisted, and took another posture, and fired first, and missed. He then took up his other pistol, and then said to Mr. Flood, "Fire, you scoundrel." Mr. Flood thereupon presented his pistol, which he held all this time with the muzzle turned upwards, and shot Mr. A. through the heart. Mr. A's left breast was towards him, Mr. A. being left-handed. He expired in a few minutes, without speaking any thing articulate. The Coroner's have found the verdict specially—"That he came by his death by a pistol-bullet."

Our author is full of wrath and rhetoric at the corrupt manner in which the Irish Government was carried on, and the resources of the country misapplied; but he seems to forget that there must always be two parties to political prostitution. If the Irish Executive used more gross and extensive bribery than was practised in England or elsewhere, the crime must be divided between the Minister and the Members, who considered their country in the light of a "milch cow." Neither does he exhaust the subject of his charge, or sustain it to the height of his language: enough, however, is proved to show the nature of the traffic, and the business-like way in which it was carried on. Corruption, in the native Parliament of College Green, seemed destitute of the disguises which it puts on elsewhere as a tribute to decency. There was not even the *pretence* of the public service.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE PEERAGE.

The Lord-Lieutenant to Lord North.

Dublin Castle, 8th September, 1780.

My Lord—Nothing could be more against my inclinations than the yielding to solicitations of gentlemen upon the line of peerage; but without engagements strongly to recommend several to that mark of his Majesty's favour at the close of the session, it would have been impossible for me in any sort to have surmounted the various difficulties which have lately attended Government.

I must therefore request that your Lordship will submit the following names to his Majesty—

Sir Robert Dean has uniformly, with four friends, supported his Majesty's measures, and *has never sugges'ed a difficulty upon any occasion;* his property is very considerable.

Lord Chief Baron Dennis is recommended by Lord Shannon; but exclusive of that consideration, his abilities may be of great use in the House of Lords, especially as Lord Annaly has an asthmatic complaint, which renders his attendance precarious. He has no family, nor is there any probability of his having any; and upon the whole, I should think his appointment full as desirable to Government as it may be agreeable to himself.

My private wish would certainly influence in favour of Mr. Armar Lowry Corry; but his extensive property, *his having supported Government, though elected for the county of Tyrone by popular interest, his having also induced another gentleman to follow his example,* may give some claim to his Majesty's favour.

Mr. Matthew is of a very ancient respectable family, and has upon every occasion supported his Majesty's Government. His brother-in-law *through his means was induced to act the same part.*

Mr. Pomeroy was originally recommended by the Duke of Leinster; but at a time his Grace was undecided, he engaged, at all events, with his brother and his son to support Government. The Duke of Leinster lately renewed the application in his favour.

Mr. Clements the son of an old meritorious servant of the Crown, has a very considerable fortune, and has, with three friends, supported Government, exclusive of his brother, the Deputy Vice-Treasurer.

Mr. Knox, of Dungannon, is a gentleman of respectable family, with a very large property, and has, with two sons, supported Government. He was strongly recommended also by Colonel Burton.

The English Government demurred to grant all the promotions in this and one or two other batches; upon which the Lord-Lieutenant writes—

"With respect to the noblemen and gentlemen whose request have not succeeded, I must say that no man can see the inconvenience of increasing the number of Peers more forcibly than myself, but the recommendations of many of those persons submitted to his Majesty for that honour, arose from engagements taken up at the press of the moment, to secure questions upon which the English Government were very particulary anxious. My sentiments cannot but be the same with respect to the Privy Council and pensions, and I had not contracted any enagements of recommendation either to peerage or pension, till difficulties arose which necessarily occasioned so much and so forcibly communicated anxiety in his

Majesty's Cabinet, that I must have been culpable in neglecting any possible means of securing a majority in the House of Commons."

Peerages, however, were not the only means of traffic. Places and pensions were lavishly scattered, and made matter of regular bargain and sale. The public may remember that Mr. Rice's Committee of last session were shut out from investigating the pensions in the Irish Civil List; and no wonder.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE PENSION-LIST.

In speaking of the several persons, I shall beg leave to follow the order in which they stand in my official despatch.

James Carigue Ponsonby, Esq. This gentleman bought his seat in Parliament; and in the contest for the Speaker's chair offered his vote to Lord Harcourt, in favour of Mr. Pery, *on condition he should represent his conduct to his Majesty*, hoping it might be kept in account when he should on some future day be thought deserving of his Majesty's favour. This request was complied with by Lord Harcourt, as will appear by his Lordship's letter to Lord Weymouth, of the 11th September 1776: and as this gentleman's conduct in support of Government has been very uniform and honourable during my Administration, and I have not been able to provide for him in the line of office agreeably to the expectations which have been given him, I am induced to hope his Majesty will consider him as a worthy object of his royal bounty.

Charles Henry Coote, Esq., son to Deane Coote. This gentleman is a Member for the Queene's County, and has generally during the present Parliament, supported his Majesty's measures, but in the last session, when it became difficult for members of counties to give an uniform support, I promised Mr. Coote to recommend him to his Majesty for his favour, in the manner specified in my official letter, if there should not be an opportunity for my gratifying him with some civil employment, *upon the terms* of his giving a consistent support to Government, which he has very honourably performed.

Francis Bernard Beamish, Esq., was brought into Parliament, for the borough of Rathcormack, by Mr. Tonson, in conjunction with whom he has uniformly supported his Majesty's measures. In the session of 1777, Mr Tonson having resigned the office of Lieutenant-Govenor of Cork, I gave Mr. Beamish assurance of a civil employment; and not having found it in my power to provide for him in that mode, I promised to recommend him to his Majesty for this mark of the royal favour.

Ponsonby Tottenham, Esq., nephew to the Earl of Ely. His father and two brothers are in Parliament, and with him have been constant supporters of his Majesty's Government.

James Sommerville, Esq., Member of Parliament for the borough of New Town, which seat he purchased. Before the opening of the last session, Mr. Sommerville offered his support, which he has most uniformly given, upon the assurance of some provision. He was formerly in business as a merchant, but unsuccessful; and being in distressed circumstances, and no opportunities offering of providing him with office, I am induced to recommend him for his Majesty's bounty.

William Caulfield, Esq., Member for the borough of Tulsk, who has the collection of Donaghadee, and keeping house at Copeland Isle, worth about 300*l.* per annum, which he will resign to accommodate Government. He was formerly an officer in the army, in which service, and in the revenue, he has been upwards of forty years. Mr. Caulfield has been a constant and uniform supporter of Government, and is most zealously attached to his Majesty's service.

Thomas Nesbitt, Esq., Member for the borough of Cavan. This gentleman was early recommended to me for some mark of favour by the late Attorney-General, and he has been a constant supporter of Government; and as I have not been able to provide for him in office, and he has represented to me that the expense of living in Dublin during the session is distressing to him, I have recommended him to his Majesty for this small pension, his father having already a pension of 600*l.* a year.

Mrs. Elizabeth Jebb, wife of Dr. Frederick Jebb, a physician in this town, and author of the letters which appeared in the beginning of the last session under the signature of Guatimozin, and other political productions. As the press was exceedingly violent at that time, and had great effect in inflaming the minds of the people, it was recommended to me as a measure of absolute necessity, by some means, if possible, to check its spirit. On this, a negotiation was opened with Dr. Jebb, who was then the chief of the political writers, and he agreed upon the terms of my recommending him for a pension of 300*l.* a year to give his assistance to Government; since that time he has been very useful, as well by *suppressing* inflamatory publications, as by *writing* and other services which he promises to continue to the extent of his power.

The reader will probably think that this notice resembles the work it reviews, in saying as much about other things as GRATTAN. But the Life is yet unfinished—only coming down to 1782, whilst its subject was still a young man. We therefore reserve any regular account of his biography, until we can take a complete view, not only of his life and character, but of the moral they may inculcate.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

WE MEET IN CROWDS!

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

We meet in crowds! who used to meet all lonely,
  Where the soft moonbeams trembling lit the shade;
And, for the vows we interchanged, now only
  Are the cold courtesies of fashion paid!

We meet in crowds!—where empty mirth is lighting
  The flashing eye;—but reaches not the heart,
Where Pleasure brims the cup, with smiles inviting,
  And lures her victims, with a siren's art.

We meet in crowds!—ah! how unlike the meeting
  Our bosoms knew, in those sweet by-gone hours,
When Time's swift pinions seem'd on sunbeams fleeting,
  And youth's light footsteps trod alone on flowers!

We meet in crowds!—as strangers, cold and sadly,
  Who ne'er *had* met, nor e'er *may* meet again;
We part!—and in each bosom, deeply, madly,
  Rankles the wound, that must for aye remain!